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THE TROUBLESOME REIGN OF
KING JOHN







Troublesome Raigne

of *Iohn* King of *England*, with the discouerie of *King* Richard Cordelions

Base sonne (vulgarly named, The Bastard Fawconbridge) : also the death of *King Iohn* at Swinestead Abbey.

As it was (sundry times) publikely acted by the Quenes Maiesties Players, in the honourable Citie of London.



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Imprinted at London for Sampson Clarke, and are to be solde at his shop on the backside of the Royall Exchange.

1591.

Title to Part One of the First Edition
1591

‘THE TROUBLESOME
REIGN OF KING JOHN’:
BEING THE ORIGINAL
OF SHAKESPEARE’S
‘LIFE AND DEATH OF
KING JOHN’ : EDITED
BY F. J. FURNIVALL
AND JOHN MUNRO

CHATTO & WINDUS, PUBLISHERS
LONDON MDCCCCXIII

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1913

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THOMAS FULLER ON SHAKESPEARE

HE was an eminent instance of the truth of that Rule, *Poeta non fit, sed nascitur*; one is not *made*, but *born* a Poet. Indeed, his Learning was very little, so that, as Cornish diamonds are not polished by any Lapidary, but are pointed and smoothed even as they are taken out of the Earth, so nature itself was all the art which was used upon him.

Many were the wit-combats betwixt him and Ben Jonson; which two I behold like a Spanish great Gallion and an English man of War: Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in Learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, with the English man of War, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his Wit and Invention.

The History of the Worthies of England:
Warwickshire : 1662 : p. 126.

INTRODUCTION

Authorship.—The publisher of the 2nd Quarto of this play, in 1611, John Helme, put on its title-page that it was “Written by W. Sh.” The publisher of the 3rd Quarto in 1622 altered this into “Written by W. Shakespeare.”

The Editor of the 1764 reprint of the 2nd, or 1611, Quarto calls it in his Preface, “the first work probably of the great man whose name it bears [W. Sh.], and whose genuine performance it most unquestionably is.” He adds, “’Tis somewhat remarkable that the several editors of *Shakespeare* should have so totally unnoticed this work, as not to have told their readers that it contains nothing to be met with in any of their several editions. *Theobald* and *Warburton* have given us the title in their several lists of his Writings, but make no mention of this particular . . . thus far is indisputable, that this is his earliest publication, and the only one of the year in which it was published” (sign. A 2 bk.).

"The present work will be found to contain many speeches worthy of its author: and there is much singular humour in those of the bastard; particularly in the ballad-metre dialogue betwixt him and the friar" (sign. A 3).¹

Malone attributed *The Troublesome Reign* to Marlowe, and on his authority the British Museum Catalogue has entered it under Marlowe, after a line drawn between it and his genuine works, as "Written by W. Sh[akspere. Attributed by Malone to Christopher Marlowe]." Of which Mr. Fleay's version is, "Yet in the British Museum Catalogue Marlowe is given as the probable author." This and like entries are made, says Mr. Barwick, only for the convenience of readers, who, seeing Malone's statement, would naturally turn to "Marlowe" for the play.

This practical joke of attributing the play to Shakspeare was modified by Pope, who, "in one of his Notes," as Steevens says, "affirms the old Play to have been written by Shakespeare and Rowley;"² and in 1878 it was

¹ The little volume "Miscellaneous Pieces of Antient English Poesie." [See below, p. xiv.]

² *The troublesome reign of K. John was written in two parts by W. Shakespeare and W. Rowley, and printed in 1611.*—Pope, *Works of Shakespear*, iii, 115 n. A.D. 1723.

transformed by Mr. Fleay into the statement that only "the platform or plot of the play" was due to Shakspeare (*K. John*, p. 11), while Greene, Peele and Lodge wrote it (*ib.* p. 34).¹

These guesses we need not trouble about. Nothing is known of the plotter or author, or authors, of the play, and no convincing arguments with regard to them have been brought forward. It is enough for us to know that Shakspeare cared enough for *The Troublesome Reign* to remodel it into his *King John*, and that he did

¹ [Sir Sidney Lee in his introduction to *Leir* (Shakespeare Classics), p. xxxiii, draws attention to the similarity between the "bluff breezy-tempered" Mumford of that play and the Bastard of *King John*. The comparison is a singularly happy one. With the theory of identity of authorship in *Leir* and *Lochrine* I can only disagree absolutely; but the Mumford-Bastard link is only one of a number between *Leir* and *The Troublesome Reign*. Both plays exhibit the same admixture of religion and ribaldry. Both possess singular verbs in plural cases. The verse in each case has the same characteristics of flat pedestrianism and classical allusions in tragic circumstances. The murderer in each play is provided with a letter which he shows to his victims, and the victims prevail upon the murderer with arguments on "everlasting torments" in "grisly hell." The Bastard-Limoges wrangle is equivalent to the Mumford-Cambria wrangle; and the same interludes of farce in prose are provided. Ragan, like Constance, is desirous "with these nails" to "scratch out her [enemy's] hateful eyes." A perusal of the plays is very persuasive that the same author wrote them.—J. M.]

not go outside its bounds for fresh material for his drama.¹

Editions.—Q 1 (Part I) was printed in 1591 with the title “The Troublesome Raigne of Iohn King of England, with the discouerie of King Richard Cordelions Base son (vulgarly named, The Bastard Fawconbridge) : also the death of King John at Swinstead Abbey. As it was (sundry times) publikely acted by the Queenes Maiesties Players, in the honourable Citie of London. [Device] Imprinted at London for Sampson Clarke, and are to be solde at his shop, on the back-side of the Royall Exchange, 1591.”

Part II has a different device and heading, the latter running: “The Second part of the troublesome Raigne of King Iohn, conteining the death of Arthur Plantaginet, the landing of Lewes, and the poysoning of King Iohn at Swinstead Abbey.”

Q 2 presented one title-page for the two parts with the addition of “Written by W. Sh.”: “The First and Second -Part of the troublesome Raigne of John King of England. With the discouerie of King Richard

¹ Except for an unfinished sentence, which follows the above, this is all Dr. Furnivall wrote of the Introduction. It was appropriate that he never came to write *Finis*

Cordelions Base sonne (vulgarly named the Bastard Fawconbridge:) Also, the death of King John at Swinstead Abbey, As they were (sundry times) lately acted by the Queenes Maiesties Players. Written by W. Sh. [Device] Imprinted at London by Valentine Simmes for Iohn Helme, and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstons Churchyard in Fleetestreet, 1611."

Q 3 has the same heading with minor changes, and proceeds: "As they were (sundry times) lately acted. Written by W. Shakespeare. [Device] London, Printed by Aug: Mathewes for Thomas Dewe, and are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstones Churchyard in Fleetstreet, 1622."

The "W. Sh." and "W. Shakespeare" are generally regarded as attempts to sell the book. The expression "lately acted" may point to a recent presentation either of Shakspeare's play or the old one. In the former hypothesis the addition of the initials or name may have been merely due to supposing the play to be the same. Other editions are as follows—

1. 1760. "Twenty of the Plays of Shakespeare, Being the whole Number printed in Quarto During his Life-time, or before the Restoration . . London, for Tonson, Payne, and Richardson." Edited by G.

Steevens. *The Troublesome Reign* is reprinted from the second quarto, and Steevens says of it: "The Author seems to have been so thoroughly dissatisfied with this Play as to have written it almost entirely new, reserving only a few of the Lines and the conduct of several Scenes . . ."

2. 1764. "Miscellaneous Pieces of Antient English Poesie, viz. *The Troublesome Raigne of King John*, Written by Shakespeare, Extant in no Edition of his Writings. *The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image*, and certain Satyres. By John Marston. *The Scourge of Villanie*. By the same. All printed before the year 1600. London: Printed for Robert Horsefield, at the Crown in Ludgate Street, M.DCC.LXIV." From the second quarto.

3. 1779. "Six Old Plays on which Shakespeare founded his *Measure for Measure*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Taming the Shrew*, *King John*, *K. Henry IV*, and *K. Henry V*, *King Lear*. In Two Volumes. London, Printed for S. Learoft, Charing Cross . . . MDCCLXXIX." Edited by J. Nichols. Reprinted from Q 2. The Lines to the Reader before Part II are omitted.

4. Fleay's edition, in Collins' School and College

Classics, was published in 1878. Besides a modernized text of *The Troublesome Reign* it contains Shakspeare's play, together with notes and a lengthy introduction.

Date.—The play is anti-Papal, anti-foreign, and strongly Protestant. It represents popular opinion at about the year of the Armada, 1588. The reference in the first Prologue to Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, acted in 1587, is a confirmation.

Theme and Characteristics of "The Troublesome Reign."—Certain characteristics in the play—like the description of Lewis as "Lodowick" in Sc. VII of Part II¹—have been held to show plurality of authors; but it is convenient to refer the authorship to one person.

Historical as the play pretends to be, it was neither conceived nor carried out from a truly historical standpoint. It is a mere travesty of historical fact, although, as in the case of *Richard II* and *Richard III*, the King John plays have affected historical opinion. The plot is replete with glaring perversions of Holinshed's narrative, on which it is based. The clock of historical

¹ Fleay's point, p. 213. Lewis is twice called "Lodowick" in this scene (though consistently "Lewis" in all the stage directions, etc.); while in each case the trisyllabic form simply makes up a pentameter.

time is accelerated or retarded according to dramatic needs, and the important doings of the actual John are rendered only so far as they subserve to an ulterior purpose of the author's.

Historical fact is throughout subservient to that aspect of history emphasized by the author. Chatillion's embassy is devoid of authenticity. Philip the Bastard decides upon his own paternal parent after the fashion of Dunois, the Bastard of Orleans, and slays a Viscount of Limoges who is a compound of that noble and of a Leopold, Duke of Austria, who died in 1195, four years before the action begins. The betrothal of Blanche in 1200 was never conceived in the circumstances provided; and Angers fell twice a spoil before English arms, to Elinor in 1199 and John in 1206. Constance's third marriage with Guy de Thouars in 1199, moreover, at the very time she was returning the dual Austria "a widow's thanks," is conveniently ignored. Any reader of Holinshed could add amply to these examples.¹

Other omissions are notorious and sometimes commented upon. No mention is made of *Magna Carta*. But *Magna Carta*, a feudal document, only assumes proper

¹ See Boswell Stone's remarks in his *Shakespeare's Holinshed* (Chatto and Windus).

significance in the light of subsequent movements, and Harrison, Shakspeare, and Sir Thomas Smith are enough to show that democratic ideals had not yet appeared on the mental horizon. Hadiwist¹ could not possibly extend to satisfying us in this direction.

These characteristics are true, in varying degrees, of all "historical" drama: but when we turn to the true purposes of drama itself, our author appears unfortunate. If the business of the dramatist be to depict the course of idealized life as the product of thought, feeling and impulse, the play has still but partial success. The subject selected was, with Elizabethan ideals, not naturally suitable for dramatic treatment; and it proves itself so. John is first presented as a hero—"a warlike Christian, and your countryman,"—to be set off with due insular principle against the "Scythian Tamburlaine": but historical fact, transformable as it was, could not be so far transformed as to maintain this false greatness of character. The unfortunate author was forced to damn John with his own utterances (though he does shift to lay the blame as much as possible on the Romanists), and tear the veil from his baseness with his own hands: and it cannot be that the author was so blind as not to per-

¹ Part I, sc. xii. l. 79.

ceive the dilemma. Nor was Shakspeare. The fact is, that from the first author's standpoint, John was both a blackguard and a hero. He could be at once both a villain and a man of prophetic greatness.

The play is loosely constructed; crowded in some scenes, barren in others. Scene viii of Part I is without words. The dramatic climax at the death of John is spoilt by the protracted finale. The author wastefully describes at length in one place what he enacts in another,¹ neglecting the economy characteristically introduced by Shakspeare. The manipulation of characters is sometimes awkward: Lady Falconbridge is present at the discussion of her misconduct with Cœur de Lion; and Constance and Arthur take part in the negotiations for Blanche's betrothal; while Constance's only attempt at protest does little to enhance her either as a woman or mother—

Ay, there's the wretch that broacheth all this ill!
Why fly I not upon the beldame's face,
And with my nails pull forth her hateful eyes.²

¹ As, for instance, Meloun's confession after the swearing on the altar. Shakspeare could dispense with the swearing, but his author retained it for anti-foreign and anti-Romanist reasons.

² Cf. Ragan in *Leir*, ed. Lee, V. ii. 27: "And with these nails scratch out her hateful eyes."

Hubert tells John openly of the death of Arthur before the discontented nobles. Too much time is taken up with the Bastard-Austria wrangle, Peter the Prophet, and the Nobles' plot. The scenes portraying monachal corruption take much time, and contain poor humour and worse taste; but would be popular. The author desires to be formal and sententious; the Heralds are extraordinarily prosy; even Arthur interposes a legal argument, and convinces Hubert by theological contention.

The verse is plain and generally regular. The occasional aspiration to emulate Marlowe's mighty line breaks down or results in an approximation to "Pilatès voys,"—as when John says of his subjects and himself—

But now, they shun me as a serpent's sting,
A tragic tyrant, stern and pitiless,
And not a title follows after John,
But butcher, bloodsucker, and murderer!
What planet govern'd my nativity,
To bode me sovereign types of high estate,
So interlac'd with hellish discontent,
Wherein fell fury hath no interest?
Curst be the crown, chief author of my care!
Nay, curst my will, that made the crown my care!
Curst be my birthday! curst ten times the womb
That yielded me alive unto the world!¹

The play has been called worthless: it is better than that. Dr. F. S. Boas justly says of it: "It contained

¹ I. sc. xii. ll. 248-259.

the outlines, sketched with a good deal of vigour, of all the principal characters.”¹ It is here—here alone, perhaps—that the author’s merit lies. The great characters are all decisively limned by a strong though not delicate hand. John’s brutal selfishness, Arthur’s boyish gentleness, the Bastard’s rough manliness, audacity and capability, Pandulph’s subtlety, and Elinor’s masterful shrewdness, have definite beginnings in the old play. Had the author possessed more humanistic feeling, more sympathetic imagination, his art might have been better and his figures more replete with telling detail. He was obsessed by other ideals. Situations which a man with dramatic instinct could (and did later) develop with tremendous human appeal, he neglects or abuses with theological allusions. But, like all the Elizabethan playwrights, he knew his business well enough to satisfy the needs of his theatre: he gives us three battles, disputes of monarchs, a coronation, prophecies and marvels, a betrothal, humour in a friary, plots, rebellions, proclamations, the sufferings of innocence, a death-scene, some bombast and satire, and much patriotic feeling. He was, indeed, for an age, and has crept into all time in the shadow of another.

¹ *Shakspeare and his Predecessors*, p. 239.

His standpoint is largely theological. He selected and constructed his plot as much for religious argument as the author of *Respublica* had written for the opposite school. His intention was to depict John as the prophetic forerunner of Henry VIII; to emphasize how much national solidarity was bound up with opposition to Rome; to portray corruption in the monasteries and faithlessness in the Papacy; and to show how John's pandering to priesthood had produced internecine strife and invasion. He was incited by the passionate national feeling which had seized hold of men: Drake had burst on Cadiz in 1587, and the Armada sailed in 1588.

The lines "to the Gentlemen Readers" strike the prevailing note: John is "the warlike Christian," who, "for Christ's *true faith* . . . set himself against the man of Rome." From the first John promises what Henry VIII accomplished. "I'll seize the lazy abbey-lubbers lands," he declares in the first scene; and later he replaces "abbey-lubbers" by such contumelious phrases as "the pope and his shavelings," supported by opprobrious references to "trental obsequies, mass, and month's-mind." He speaks of himself as "in arms against the Romish pride" (Sc. viii. l. 49). Although he honours the church and holy churchmen, and is eager

for the service of the Highest (Part I, sc. ii. l. 124), he scorns "to be subject to the greatest prelate in the world" (Sc. v.); and designates as asses those kings before him who had borne,

The slavish weight of that controlling priest (Sc. xii.).

He grieves that their devotion had led them into "a thousand acts of shame." His conception of kingship is such that he repudiates the overlordship of any power in Christendom; and his intention is to the full all that the *Fidei Defensor* of 1544 was to imply: "As I am King, so will I reign next under God, Supreme Head both over spiritual and temporal" (Sc. v. p. 48). He satirizes the riches and idleness of the monks and friars; and the adventures of the Bastard, his abettor, among the "smooth-skin nuns" and "fausen friars" are depicted with coarse humour.

John's position declares the author's intention. Here was the instrument, had it been worthy, which might have accomplished for England all that Henry VIII accomplished. But John made one fatal blunder. The turning-point in the action, and the primary cause of John's failure, was the murder of, or the intent to murder, Arthur. It was this which caused the secession of nobles, and lent weight to the charges of Rome.

Hauteur, usurpation and disobedience put him without the pale of the Church; murder without the pale of humanity. And it was the secession of nobles which gave Lewis his chance, which made him the formidable tool of Pandulph, and indirectly entailed John's end. Lewis himself is made to dwell upon the necessity of the rebels in his campaign, and the impregnability of the island without them (Part II. sc. ix. ll. 25, and on).

The logical climax, so far as this author was concerned, was the failure of John. Such a climax was the consistent outcome of his purpose. That, however, was already accomplished when John bared his head to Pandulph. Still, the "Fall of Princes" conception of tragedy carries the play on to what should have been the dramatic climax, the death, when again the desire to present the first step in the prophetic mission of John, the accession of Henry, spoils the dramatic effect even of this.

The principal dramatic consequence of the attack on Arthur is obscured by the author: but he attempts to intensify the nemesis which overtakes John by relieving him of direct responsibility for the boy's death. Hubert disobeys his orders and the boy lives; and it seems as if all might yet go well. We leave John at the end of Part I "replete with bliss that Arthur lives." But he had

gone too far. The death of Arthur, and all that seemed frustrated through no virtue of John's, speedily follow. Heaven averts its face ; sickness smites him ; his mother dies ; he is compelled dissemblingly and unavailingly to bow to the power he had rejected and insulted ; his forces are lost in the Wash ; and finally, in the war his folly has invited, he is poisoned at the abbey which has been ransacked by his orders. The author is anxious to emphasize that submission to Rome was John's greatest blunder (Pt. II. sc. viii. l. 95) ; and the Bastard describes his misfortune as "the fruit of Popery" (Pt. II. sc. viii. l. 113).

John came to recognize his own unworthiness, and declared his forerunnership—

Thy sins are far too great to be the man
T' abolish Pope and popery from thy realm :
But in thy seat, if I may guess at all,
A king shall reign that shall suppress them all.

(Pt. II. sc. ii. ll. 169-72.)

There is a touch of nobler regret in his last utterance—

I am not he shall build the Lord a house,
Or root these locusts from the face of earth ;
But if my dying heart deceive me not,
From out these loins shall spring a kingly branch,
Whose arms shall reach unto the gates of Rome,
And with his feet tread down the strumpet's pride
That sits upon the chair of Babylon.

For the rest, the author always keeps his end in view : the easy Papal excommunication and dispensation ; Papal fickleness ; the treacherous swearing by Lewis on the altar ; the definite connexion between the rebels and Pandulph and Lewis ; the theological contention between Hubert and Arthur ; the reviling of Rome by Lewis himself ; John's utterances and the friary scenes ; the appeal to Englishmen never to trust foreign rule, and the concluding words of the Bastard, are all designed to maintain the plea with which the author begins.

Bale's Kynges Johan.—Having examined the handling of the King John theme in *The Troublesome Reign* it is opportune to turn to Bale's older play.¹ It has generally been maintained even by the highest authorities that Bale's production in no way influenced our play. This view is open to some little doubt.

Bale's play concerns itself with John's war on the church, his excommunication, submission and poisoning by Simon of Swynsette. It is in Bale's play that King John is associated with the messiahship of Henry VIII—

¹ Claimed by Bale as his in his *Scriptorum Illustr. majoris Britanniae*, preserved in MS. in the Duke of Devonshire's library, and edited by J. P. Collier for the Camden Society in 1838.

This noble Kynge Johan, as a faythfull Moyses,
 Withstode proude Pharao for hys poore Israel,
 Myndynge to brynge yt owt of the lande of darkenesse,
 But the Egyptyanes did agaynst hym so rebell,
 That hys poore people ded styll in the desert dwell,
 Tyll that duke Josue, whych was our late Kynge Henrye,
 Clerely brought us in to the lande of mylke and honye.
 (Collier, p. 43.)

This view of John is maintained throughout by Bale. John, for all his righteous striving to introduce the "true faythe," is vanquished by the powers of evil identified with the papacy; and the papacy, as in the later play, is assisted by Sedition. John is loud in his denunciation of the "lewd pryst," and recounts all the clerical crimes (p. 17). He definitely claims supremacy (p. 14). Latin songs and doggerel are interlarded in the text as in *The Troublesome Reign*, and for the same purpose (pp. 25, 30). The crimes of the church are burlesqued with the same gross exaggeration and some indelicacy (cf. pp. 47-48), and there are resemblances in the poisoning scene.

A perusal of Bale's play with *The Troublesome Reign* may persuade the student of the possibility that Bale instituted a tradition concerning John which the later dramatist worked on. Still, it cannot be shown definitely that Bale's play was known to our author, and the differences are great. By 1588, to antagonism to the papacy was added

hatred of the invader. This, with the fact that drama had adopted a new form and had found wider interests, is responsible for the introduction of the French wars and invasion, the historical matter, the Arthur episodes, and the rejection of allegory. It is important to notice that in Bale the theological consideration was supreme; that in the second dramatist a new age superadded other interests; and that in Shakspeare all these various interests were subordinate to the interplay of character, and the intensely moving story of the thinking, striving, erring and suffering human soul.

Shakspeare's use of "The Troublesome Reign."—The view put forward by Mr. R. Simpson in 1874¹ that Shakspeare's purpose in *King John* was to reflect political problems connected with Elizabeth's tenure of the crown, is still sometimes accepted. The comparison of the two plays seriously modifies, if it does not utterly destroy, Mr. Simpson's contentions. The eight points on which his case is based in the main, and which show "where Shakspeare deserts the Chronicles, without precisely following the old play," turn out to be minor and unimportant, or points where he does in fact follow *The Troublesome Reign*.

Trans. N. Sh. Socy., 1874, pp. 398-456.

A study of sources reveals, to a great extent, sameness of treatment by Shakspeare. The same unmistakable methods are adopted in handling Lodge's *Rosalynde*, Greene's *Pandosto*, Brooke's *Romeus*, *Leir* and *The Troublesome Reign*. Convenient headings for the discussion of the matter are, 1, compression; 2, development of characters and introduction of new characters; 3, re-modelling of the story; 4, development of scenes of strong human interest; 5, excision of the undramatic—obscenity, theology, etc.; 6, general improvement in stage-business and the handling of parts; 7, introduction of a wider philosophical outlook; 8, intensification of the dialogue, and the introduction of a higher level of poetry; 9, arrangement of the plot with a view to effective climax.

1. *Compression*. Without a slavish submission to the unities, Shakspeare usually reduces the dramatic time. Time-compression is generally a necessary part or dramatic intensification. *Romeo* is a conspicuous example. In the case of *King John*, Shakspeare's play occupies seven days with intervals,¹ and the old piece ten days with intervals,² the period covered by the two being about the same. In each case the historical time is 1199-1216.

¹ Mr. P. A. Daniel, *Trans. N. Sh. Socy.*, 1877-9, pp. 257-64.

² Mr. P. A. Daniel, Appendix II, below.

Another means is compression of subject matter. . The common fault with poor plays is that they neglect, greatly from lack of insight and power, the moving situations, and waste time on weak display, sententiousness or minor details. It was Shakspeare's business to cut all this away. The prosy speeches of *Rosalynde* and *Romeus*, the preliminaries of *Leir*, and the preliminary talk of *The Troublesome Reign* are dispensed with, and the dramatist plunges at once into the main course of the action.

Compression is also effected by the excision of whole scenes, which duplicate action, or which can be made up by mention and description elsewhere. Shakspeare is careful to avoid the repetition of the older dramatist in such matters as Lewis's swearing and Meloun's confession. His rejection of scenes and passages introduced for other than dramatic purposes also helps in his powerful contraction. (See 5, below.)

Certain of the characters may also be dispensed with. There is no question but Mr. Fleay's theory that Shakspeare intended to dispense with Essex, is correct. The part is restricted to three lines in Act I. sc. i. corresponding to a prose bit of Salisbury's in *The Troublesome Reign*. Shakspeare has, of course, no need for the characters in the burlesque friary scenes.

But in his scrupulous cutting-down for purposes of intensification and economy, it has been claimed that Shakspeare actually weakened the play in several details. Three points have been discussed by Mr. Edward Rose in his paper, *Shakespeare as an Adapter*,¹ the third also by Dr. F. S. Boas.² The first is, that the real cause of the Austria-Bastard dispute, as outlined in the old play—the Duke's cruelty to the Bastard's father, Richard—is omitted in Shakspeare's version. But the facts that Austria actually wears the lion's skin and that definite reference is twice made to Richard in this connexion in sc. ii. of Act I, prove that the dramatist was not forgetful in this connexion. The second point, that the Bastard's antagonism to the betrothal of Blanche was, as expressly shown in *The Troublesome Reign*, greatly actuated by a previous promise of Elinor's to bestow her on him, and that Shakspeare omits this,—is also a plea of small importance. Shakspeare was certainly right in omitting the talk on the promise; and the Bastard's soliloquy at the end of Act II, sc. i. on the "Mad world" and Commodity, all in keeping with his own blunt honesty, is

¹ *Macmillan's Magazine*, Nov. 1878, pp. 69-77; facsimile, by Praetorius, ed. Furnivall, 1888, pp. xv-xvi.

² *Shakspeare and his Predecessors*, pp. 243-4.

enough to show why he objected. The third point, far more serious than the preceding two, is that Shakspeare does not show *why* the monk poisoned John. The earlier dramatist presented the poisoning as a direct nemesis falling upon John at the friary which had been ransacked by his orders. Shakspeare leaves the previous indefinite references to spoliation and the quarrel with papacy and church to supply the motive; and he omits the steps which lead up to the deed. "We feel," says Dr. Boas, "that the King's ignoble end should have had more intimate relation to his design upon Arthur."

This brings us to a further and more important charge *change* by Shakspeare, hitherto, so far I know, overlooked by critics. It concerns the news of Arthur's actual death, which, together with the election of Lewis, forces John in *The Troublesome Reign* to submit to Pandulph: in Shakspeare's play we pass with extraordinary swiftness from John having learnt that Arthur actually lives (Act IV. sc. ii.) to John having just resigned his crown to Rome (Act V. sc. i.). Between these two scenes Arthur has died (Act IV. sc. iii.); but John does not know of it. The Bastard returns subsequently from his mission to win back the rebels, and John says (Act V. sc. i. ll. 37-8)—

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

Bastard. They found him dead and cast into the streets . .

John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.

John thus submits to Rome still thinking Arthur lives. This is so important and obvious a change that it cannot have been without design. The intention of the dramatist is fairly apparent. The news of Arthur's death smites John down (Act V. sc. i. l. 43, etc.) ; it paralyses his action : it is now that the energetic and intrepid Bastard comes forward with all the fire of Richard, and steps into John's place as leader ; it is now that John begins his decline. The submission of the crown to Rome was but a step on the way, and it is not that step in the main which Shakspeare has in view. What to him is dramatically so important is the final catastrophe. The attempt on Arthur and the consequent secession of nobles drove John to surrender to Rome. Surrender to Rome proved unavailing. But the old John sending back Chatillion "as lightning in the eyes of France," and hurling defiance at France and Rome, could yet have arisen as the Bastard objurgated him, to "outface the brow of bragging horror." To all the Bastard's exclamations of shame at compromise with the "cock' red silken wanton" of France, John says but this—

Have thou the ordering of this present time.

The news of the actual death of Arthur is carried over from the dramatically incidental resignation of the crown to the dramatically important death. The change is part of Shakspeare's attempt to reconcile the brave and aggressive John of the play's beginning with the weakling at its end. It links the death of Arthur with the death of John.

2. *Development of Characters, etc.* Shakspeare still leaves a number of characters mere outlines, but pays especial attention to the main ones. Whatever important traits are insisted upon in the earlier play are developed and knit into the action. The dishonest and permutative adroitness (now called diplomacy) of Pandulph is more subtle and profound. Constance, who in the old piece shares with Ragan the feline desire to scratch out her enemy's eyes, becomes a figure terrific in its comfortless passion. The boyishness of Arthur is specially emphasized, and he is relieved of the theologico-legal alertness he had earlier possessed.¹ John ceases to be the prophetic forerunner of the first English *Defensor*, and becomes the very human central figure of a drama which is of intense

¹ The statement sometimes made that the Arthur of the *T. R.* was a youth is wrong: it was doubtless an error of judgment to bestow adult reason and interests on him; but the earlier dramatist still describes him as a "boy" (Pt. I. sc. i. l. 50, etc.).

emotional interest and devoid of ulterior homiletic purpose, theological or political ; an attempt is also made to reconcile the early confident John with the irresolute latter-day monarch. The most important character so far as development goes, is Philip the Bastard. He is of the same stock as Mumford in *Leir* and Mercutio in *Romeo*. Like the latter, he is intended to provide a contrast and a commentary. It is evidently Shakspeare's intention to make him a sort of backbone to the story ; but as his chance only arises after the decline of John, and as this prominence is obviously artificial, the device is not altogether a success. One new character, Gurney, is used to lend realism to the introduction of Lady Falconbridge.

3. *Remodelling of the Story.* There is little remodelling in *John*. Shakspeare follows his original almost scene by scene ; but it is important to notice how completely he re-writes the whole play, and from an entirely different standpoint. Hardly two lines are identical and but few phrases. It looks as though he might have noted down the progress of the action, and written his play from memory of the text and an independent view of the story. *The Taming of the Shrew* represents a different method, and has far more verbal borrowings from its original, which the later dramatist probably had before him as he wrote.

Lear and *Romeo* are noteworthy as having been freely remodelled in their plots.

4. *Development of Scenes.* Having removed Constance from the negotiations for the betrothal, Shakspeare introduces her apart, where she pours forth her grief and anger. He creates John's subtle innuendoes to Hubert from a mere suggestion. The crafty handling of Lewis by Pandulph is developed in as remarkable a manner. The scene between Arthur and Hubert is lifted to a sphere beyond the vision of the first poet, and it is Arthur's tender moving appeal which touches Hubert's heart rather than his appeal for Hubert's immortal soul. Shakspeare's Arthur, after leaping from the walls, utters but eighteen words and dies: the original Arthur (like Peele's Absalom hanging by the hair) indulges in a set speech on his "tragic overthrow," not, however, devoid of some true pathos. There is throughout the play the same sensible enlargement of the tragic and determining situations, with condensation or rejection of the accidental. The same criticism applies in greater degree to *Lear*.

5. *Excision of the Undramatic.* With the main end in view Shakspeare could afford to dispense with unessentials. The doggerel and ribaldry of the monastic scenes; the marvels of Peter the Prophet, and the five moons on the

stage ; Constance's supposed tragic appeal to Dido (Pt. I. sc. ix.) ; the ceremony of coronation, and submission of the crown ; the anti-papal invective and the whole of the adscititious theological matter ; and John's bombast, could well be relinquished. The removal of these things is a tribute to the dramatist's good taste. It is noteworthy, however, that he retains enough of the theological matter and John's talk of supremacy to maintain the proper atmosphere and historical consistency, and to provide a motive for the monkish assassin.

6. *Improvement in Stage-business.* Shakspeare avoids lengthy 'asides' in the middle of scenes, (like the Bastard's in Sc. I. of *T. R.*) ; and the awkward habit of delivering up the dialogue for long to two of the characters. Lady Falconbridge is absent during the discussion on Philip's father, and Constance and Arthur are "off" during the proposals for the marriage. Hubert no longer blandly informs the king before the discontented nobles of his fulfilment of the order to blind Arthur. The whole scene (Act IV. sc. ii.) is much better managed. Other points concerning Peter, Meloun, etc., have been touched on above.

7. *New Philosophical Outlook.* In *John* this is effected principally by means of the Bastard. In the older play

the Bastard, more than John, had been the mouthpiece of patriotism; in the later he is none the less its voice, but his patriotism is of a richer, deeper kind. Even Austria (Act I. sc. ii. ll. 23-30) has words which are redolent of an affectionate regard for

that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides.

But the philosophical note lies in the comments of the Bastard. His utterances on "tickling commodity . . . the bias of the world" proceed from the application to the affairs of men of that reflective genius which reaches its highest achievement in *Hamlet*.

8. *Intensification of Dialogue, etc.* The forceful brevity with grip and life in it characteristic of Shakspeare at the opening of his scenes, designed to command attention and arouse interest, is conspicuous in *John*. It is most noticeable in the Hubert-Arthur scene, where the old play prosily begins: "My masters! I have showed you what warrant I have for this attempt. I perceive, by your heavy countenances," etc.: while Shakspeare's Hubert opens—

Heat me these irons hot . . .

The beginning of the play itself, and the outcry of Constance (Act III. sc. i.)—

Gone to be married? gone to swear a peace?
False blood to false blood joined? . . .

are other examples. This intensification, however, the utterance of people with hearts that burn, is maintained in due degree throughout.

Not less noticeable is the higher level of poetry: the metre is no longer pedestrian; the sentiment no longer artificial; the purple patches, with a few exceptions, are not so obviously superfluous. The patriotism is less bombast and brag: it rings sincere and true.

9. *Arrangement of Plot for Effective Climax.* There is little alteration of the plot other than the Arthur shift mentioned above, and the dramatist's diversion of attention from the crown by the rejection of the second coronation and the submission. The audience's familiarity with the story precluded extensive re-handling: but all of Shakespeare's changes tend to indicate that his interest in *John* was interest in a living human story rather than a legal or theological plea, and that the climax for him lay in the fall and death of John. Patriotic rhetoric is enough to show that he was deeply interested in the national question,—he was above all an Englishman; but none the less a dramatist for that.

Concluding Note.—Some interest attaches to this

volume as containing the last work to which Dr. Furnivall put his pen. He is responsible for no more of the book (though he left parts of it in various stages of progress) than the Introduction up to p. ~~xii.~~ ~~xiv~~

This volume has also the advantage of a time-analysis of the two parts of the play, printed as Appendix II, and made by Mr. P. A. Daniel, the old and honoured Shaksperian scholar.

J. M.

THE TROUBLESOME REIGN

of *John*, King of *England*, with the *discovery of King Richard Cordelion's* Base sone (vulgarly named, the Bastard Fawconbridge) : *also the death of King John at Swinstead Abbey.*

As it was (sundry times) publicly acted by the Queen's Majesty's Players, in the honourable City of
London.

[Device]

Imprinted at London for *Sampson Clarke*,
and are to be sold at his shop, on the back-
side of the Royall Exchange.

1591.

TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS.

You that with friendly grace of smoothed brow
Have entertained the Scythian *Tamburlaine*,
And given applause unto an Infidel,
Vouchsafe to welcome, with like courtesy,
A warlike Christian and your countryman.
For Christ's true faith endur'd he many a storm,
And set himself against the Man of Rome,
Until base treason (by a damnèd wight)
Did all his former triumphs put to flight.
Accept of it, sweet Gentles, in good sort,
And think it was prepar'd for your disport.

[THE CHARACTERS IN PART I
IN THE ORDER OF THEIR ONCOMING

(Those not in Shakespeare's King John are starred *.)

KING JOHN, sc. i, p. 1 ; p. 24, 33, 44, 55, 76.

QUEEN ELINOR, his Mother, sc. i, p. 1 ; p. 24, 33,
44, 53, 55.

WILLIAM MARSHAL, Earl of Pembroke, sc. i, p. 1,
&c.

The EARL OF ESSEX, sc. i, p. 1, &c.

The EARL OF SALISBURY, sc. i, p. 1, &c.

LORD CHATILLION, Ambassador from France, sc. i,
p. 2 ; p. 23, 34, 44.

THOMAS NEWDIGATE, Sheriff of Northamptonshire,
sc. i, p. 4.

PHILIP FALCONBRIDGE, bastard son of K. Richard I,
Cœur de Lion, by Lady R. Falconbridge, Sir
Robert's wife, sc. i, p. 4 ; p. 24, 32, 33, 44, 52,
60, 78, 83.

ROBERT FALCONBRIDGE, son and heir of Sir Robert
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LADY FALCONBRIDGE, sc. i, p. 4.

PHILIP, the French King, sc. ii, p. 21 ; p. 33, 44, 57.

LEWIS, the Dauphin, Philip's son, sc. ii, p. 21 ; 33,
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LIMOGES, the Austrian Duke, sc. ii, p. 21 ; p. 32, 33,
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CONSTANCE, mother of Arthur, widow of Geoffrey,
Duke of Bretagne, elder brother of K. John, sc.
ii, p. 21 ; p. 34, 44, 53, 58.

ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, son of Constance, sc. ii,
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BLANCHE, niece to Q. Elinor, daughter to the King of
Spain (Alphonso IX), sc. ii, p. 24 ; p. 33, 44.

Citizens of Angiers, sc. ii, p. 30 ; p. 33.

English Herald, sc. iv, p. 33.

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PANDULPH, Cardinal of Milan, and Legate from the
See of Rome, sc. v, p. 47 ; p. 57.

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*FRIAR LAURENCE, sc. xi, p. 65.

PETER, a Prophet, with People, sc. xi, p. 67 ; p. 83.

**Boy*, sc. xi, p. 68.

Three Men employed to bind Arthur, sc. xii, p. 69.

English Nobles, sc. xiii, p. 79.

Trumpeters, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE—*England and France.*

TIME OF THE TWO PARTS—A.D. 1199-1216.]

THE TROUBLESOME REIGN OF KING JOHN

[SCENE I.

Northampton. A Room of State in the Palace, 1199.]

Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR *his mother*, WILLIAM MARSHALL, *Earl of PEMBROKE, the Earls of ESSEX and of SALISBURY.*

Q. Elinor. Barons of England, and my noble
Lords! 1

Though God and Fortune have bereft from us
Victorious Richard, scourge of infidels,
And clad this land in stole of dismal hue, 4
Yet give me leave to joy,—and joy you all!—
That from this womb hath sprung a second hope,
A King that may, in rule and virtue both,
Succeed his brother in his Empery. 8

K. John. My gracious mother-queen, and barons
all!

Though far unworthy of so high a place

B

As is the throne of mighty England's king,
 Yet John, your Lord, contented uncontent, 12
 Will, as he may, sustain the heavy yoke
 Of pressing cares that hang upon a crown.
 ¶ My Lord of Pembroke, and Lord Salisbury,
 Admit the Lord Chatillion to our presence, 16
 That we may know what Philip, King of France,
 By his ambassadors, requires of us.

[*Exeunt PEM. and SAL.*]

Q. Elinor. Dare lay my hand, that Elinor can
 guess
 Whereto this weighty embassy doth tend : 20
 If of my nephew Arthur and his claim,
 Then say, my son, I have not mist my aim.

Enter CHATILLION and the two Earls.

K. John. My Lord Chatillion, welcome into
 England !
 How fares our brother Philip, King of France ? 24
Chat. His Highness, at my coming, was in health,
 And will'd me to salute your Majesty,
 And say the message he hath given in charge.
K. John. And spare not, man ; we are prepar'd
 to hear. 28
Chat. Philip, by the grace of God, most Christian

King of France, having taken into his guardain and protection, Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, son and heir to Jeffrey, thine elder brother, requireth, in the behalf of the said Arthur, the Kingdom of England, with the Lordship of Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine : and I attend thine answer.

K. John. A small request ! belike he makes
account 36

That England, Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine,
Maine,

Are nothing for a king to give at once.

I wonder what he means to leave for me !

Tell Philip, he may keep his lords at home 40

With greater honour than to send them thus

On embassades that not concern himself,

Or if they did, would yield but small return.

Chat. Is this thine answer ?

K. John. It is ; and too good 44

An answer for so proud a message.

Chat. Then, King of England, in my master's name,

And in Prince Arthur, Duke of Bretagne's name,

I do defy thee as an enemy, 48

And wish thee to prepare for bloody wars.

Q. Elinor. My Lord,—that stands upon defiance
thus,—

Commend me to my nephew ! tell the boy,
 That I, Queen Elinor, his Grandmother, 52
 Upon my blessing, charge him leave his arms,
 Whereto his head-strong mother pricks him so.
 Her pride we know, and know her for a dame
 That will not stick to bring him to his end, 56
 So she may bring herself to rule a realm.
 Next, wish him to forsake the King of France,
 And come to me, and to his uncle here.
 And he shall want for nothing at our hands. 60

Chat. This shall I do ; and thus I take my leave.

K. John [*to Pembroke, &c.*]. Pembroke, convey
 him safely to the sea,

But not in haste ; for, as we are advis'd,
 We mean to be in France as soon as he, 64
 To fortify such towns as we possess
 In Anjou, Touraine, and in Normany.

[*Exit* CHATILLION, [*with* PEMBROKE.]

Enter the Sheriff [*of Northamptonshire*, THOMAS NEW-
 DIGATE,—*with the brothers* PHILIP *and* ROBERT
 FALCONBRIDGE, *and their mother*, LADY FALCON-
 BRIDGE,]—*and whispers the Earl of* SALISBURY *in*
the ear.

Salisbury. Please it your Majesty, here is the

Sheriff of Northamptonshire, with certain persons that of late committed a riot, and have appeal'd to your Majesty, beseeching your Highness, for special cause, to hear them.

K. John. Will them come near ! ¶ And while we
hear the cause, 72

Go, Salisbury, and make provision,
We mean with speed to pass the sea to France.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.]

¶ Say, Shrieve, what are these men ? what have they done ?
Or whereto tends the course of this appeal ? 76

Sheriff. Please it your Majesty, these two brethren, unnaturally falling at odds about their father's living, have broken your Highness' peace, in seeking to right their own wrongs without cause of law or order of justice, and unlawfully assembled themselves in mutinous manner, having committed a riot, appealing from trial in their country to your Highness ; and here I, Thomas Newdigate, Sheriff of Northamptonshire, do deliver them over to their trial. 85

K. John. My Lord of Essex ! will the offenders to stand forth, and tell the cause of their quarrel.

Essex. Gentlemen, it is the King's pleasure that you discover your griefs ; and doubt not but you shall have justice. 90

Philip. Please it your Majesty, the wrong is mine ;
yet will I abide all wrongs, before I once open my
mouth to unrip the shameful slander of my parents,
the dishonour of myself, and the wicked dealing of my
brother, in this princely assembly. 95

Robert. Then, by my Prince his leave, shall Robert
speak,
And tell your Majesty what right I have
To offer wrong, as he accounteth wrong. 98
My father,—not unknown unto your Grace,—
Receiv'd his spurs of knighthood in the field,
At kingly Richard's hands in Palestine,
Whenas the walls of Acon gave him way : 102
His name, Sir Robert Falconbridge of Mountbery.
What by succession from his ancestors,
And warlike service under England's arms,
His living did amount to, at his death, 106
Two thousand marks revénue every year :
And this, my lord, I challenge for my right,
As lawful heir to Robert Falconbridge.

Philip. If first-born son be heir indubitate 110
By certain right of England's ancient law,
How should myself make any other doubt
But I am heir to Robert Falconbridge ?

K. John. Fond youth, to trouble these our princely ears,

Or make a question in so plain a case :

Speak ! Is this man [*Points to PHILIP F.*] thine
elder brother born ?

Robert. Please it your Grace with patience for to
hear ;

I not deny but he mine elder is, 118

Mine elder brother too ; yet in such sort,

As he can make no title to the land.

K. John. A doubtful tale as ever I did hear !

Thy brother and thine elder, and no heir ! 122

Explain this dark enigma.

Robert. I grant, my lord, he is my mother's son,

Base born, and base begot ; no Falconbridge.

Indeed, the world reposes him lawful heir ; 126

My father in his life did count him so,

[*Points to LADY F.*]

And here my mother stands, to prove him so :

But I, my lord, can prove, and do aver,

Both to my mother's shame and his reproach, 130

He is no heir, nor yet legitimate.

Then, gracious lord, let Falconbridge enjoy

The living that belongs to Falconbridge,

And let not him possess another's right. 134

K. John. Prove this, the land is thine by England's
law.

Q. Elinor [to Robert]. Ungracious youth! to rip
thy mother's shame,

The womb from whence thou did'st thy being take.
All honest ears abhor thy wickedness; 138
But gold, I see, doth beat down Nature's law.

Mother. My gracious lord,—¶ and you, thrice
reverend Dame,

[Turns to *Q. ELINOR*, and kneels.]

That see the tears distilling from mine eyes,
And scalding sighs blown from a rented heart,— 142
For honour and regard of womanhood,
Let me entreat to be commanded hence!
Let not these ears receive the hissing sound
Of such a viper, who, with poison'd words 146
Doth macerate the bowels of my soul!

K. John. Lady, stand up! be patient for a while.

[Turns to *PHILIP*.]

¶ And fellow, say, whose bastard is thy brother?

Philip. Not for myself, nor for my mother now, 150
But for the honour of so brave a man
Whom he accuseth with adultery,
Here I beseech your Grace, upon my knees,
To count him mad, and so dismiss us hence. 154

Robert [to Philip]. Nor mad, nor maz'd, but
well advised, I

Charge thee, before this royal presence here
To be a bastard to King Richard's self,

[Turns to Q. ELINOR.]

¶ Son to your Grace [Turns to K. JOHN] ¶ and
brother to your Majesty. 158

Thus bluntly, and . . .

Q. Elinor. Young man,

Thou needst not be ashamed of thy kin,
Nor of thy sire. But forward with thy proof! 162

Robert. The proof so plain, the argument so strong,
As that your Highness and these noble lords,
And all—save those that have no eyes to see—
Shall swear him to be bastard to the King. 166

First, when my father was Ambassador
In Germany unto the Emperor,
The King lay often at my father's house,
And all the realm suspected what befell: 170

And at my father's back-return again,
My mother was deliver'd, as 'tis said,
Six weeks before the account my father made.
But more than this: look but on Philip's face, 174

His features, actions, and his lineaments,
And all this princely presence shall confess
He is no other but King Richard's son.

Then, gracious lord, rest he King Richard's son, 178

And let me rest safe in my father's right,
That am his rightful son and only heir.

K. John. Is this thy proof, and all thou hast to say?

Robert. I have no more, nor need I greater proof.

K. John. First, where thou saidst, in absence of
thy sire, 183

My brother often lodged in his house :

And what of that, base groom, to slander him
That honour'd his Ambassador so much, 186

In absence of the man, to cheer the wife ?

This will not hold, proceed unto the next.

Q. Elinor. Thou say'st, she teem'd six weeks
before her time.

Why, good Sir Squire, are you so cunning grown, 190
To make account of women's reckonings ?

Spit in your hand, and to your other proofs :

Many mischances hap in such affairs,

To make a woman come before her time. 194

K. John. And where thou say'st, he looketh like
the King

In action, feature and proportion :

Therein I hold with thee, for in my life

I never saw so lively counterfeit 198

Of Richard Cœur de Lion, as in him.

Robert. Then, good my lord, be you indifferent judge,

And let me have my living and my right.

Q. Elinor. Nay, hear you, sir! you run away too fast: 202

Know you not, *Omne simile non est idem*?

Or have read in . . . ? Harke ye, good sir!

'Twas thus I warrant, and no otherwise: 205

She lay with Sir Robert your father, and thought upon King Richard my son; and so your brother was form'd in this fashion. 208

Robert. Madam, you wrong me thus to jest it out.
I crave my right. ¶ King John, as thou art King,
So be thou just, and let me have my right!

K. John. Why, foolish boy, thy proofs are frivolous, 212

Nor canst thou challenge anything thereby.

But thou shalt see how I will help thy claim;

This is my doom, and this my doom shall stand

Irrevocable, as I am King of England. 216

For thou know'st not, we'll ask of them that know;

His mother and himself shall end this strife;

And as they say, so shall thy living pass.

Robert. My lord, herein I challenge you of wrong,
To give away my right, and put the doom 221
Unto themselves. Can there be likelihood
That she will loose,

Or he will give the living from himself? 224

It may not be, my lord. Why should it be?

[*Comes forward.*]

K. John. Lords, keep him back, and let him hear
the doom!

¶ *Essex!*

First ask the mother thrice, who was his sire? 228

Essex. Lady Margaret, widow of Falconbridge!
who was father to thy son Philip?

Mother. Please it your Majesty, Sir Robert Falcon-
bridge. 232

Robert. This is right; ask my fellow there if I be
a thief.

K. John. Ask Philip whose son he is.

Essex. Philip, who was thy father? 236

Philip. Mass, my lord, and that's a question: and
you had not taken some pains with her before, I should
have desired you to ask my mother.

K. John. Say, who was thy father? 240

Philip. Faith, my lord, to answer you sure, he is my
father that was nearest my mother when I was gotten;
and him I think to be Sir Robert Falconbridge. 243

K. John. Essex, for fashion's sake demand again;
And so an end to this contention.

Robert. Was ever man thus wrong'd as Robert is?

Essex. Philip ! speak, I say ; who was thy father ?

K. John. Young man, how now ? what ! art thou in
a trance ? 248

Q. Elinor. Philip, awake ! The man is in a dream.

Philip. *Philippus, atavis edite Regibus.* [*Aside.*]

What say'st thou ; ' Philip, sprung of ancient Kings ? '

Quo me rapit tempestas ? 252

' What wind of honour blows this fury forth, '

Or whence proceed these fumes of majesty ?

Methinks I hear a hollow echo sound,

That Philip is the son unto a King : 256

The whistling leaves upon the trembling trees,

Whistle in concert I am Richard's son ;

The bubbling murmur of the water's fall,

Records *Philippus Regis filius* ; 260

Birds in their flight make music with their wings,

Filling the air with glory of my birth ;

Birds, bubbles, leaves and mountains, echo, all

Ring in mine ears, that I am Richard's son. 264

Fond man, ah, whither art thou carried ?

How are thy thoughts yrap't in Honour's heaven ?

Forgetful what thou art, and whence thou cam'st ?

Thy father's land cannot maintain these thoughts ; 268

These thoughts are far unfitting Falconbridge ;

And well they may ; for why this mounting mind

Doth soar too high to stoop to Falconbridge.
 Why, how now? Knowest thou where thou art? 272
 And know'st thou who expects thine answer here?
 Wilt thou, upon a frantic madding vein,
 Go lose thy land, and say thyself base-born?
 No, keep thy land, though Richard were thy sire; 276
 Whate'er thou think'st, say thou art Falconbridge.

K. John. Speak, man! be sudden, who thy father
 was.

Philip. Please it your Majesty, Sir Robert . . .

¶ Philip, that Falconbridge cleaves to thy jaws: 280
 [Aside.]

It will not out; I cannot, for my life,
 Say I am son unto a Falconbridge.
 Let land and living go! 'tis Honour's fire
 That makes me swear King Richard was my sire. 284
 Base to a King, adds title of more state,
 Than knight's begotten, though legitimate.

¶ Please it your Grace, I am King Richard's son.

Robert. Robert, revive thy heart, let sorrow die!
 His faltering tongue not suffers him to lie. 289

Mother. What headstrong fury doth enchant my son?

Philip. Philip can not repent, for he hath done.

K. John. Then, Philip, blame not me; thyself hast
 lost 292

By wilfulness, thy living and thy land.

¶ Robert, thou art the heir of Falconbridge.

God give thee joy, greater than thy desert !

Q. Elinor. Why, how now, Philip? give away thine
own? 296

Philip. Madam, I am bold to make myself your
nephew,

The poorest kinsman that your Highness hath ;

And with this proverb 'gin the world anew,

'Help hands ; I have no lands ;' Honour is my
desire ; 300

Let Philip live to show himself worthy so great a
sire.

Q. Elinor. Philip, I think thou knew'st thy grandam's
mind :

But cheer thee, boy ! I will not see thee want.

As long as Elinor hath foot of land ; 304

Henceforth thou shalt be taken for my son,

And wait on me, and on thine uncle here,

Who shall give honour to thy noble mind.

K. John. Philip, kneel down ! that thou may'st
thoroughly know 308

How much thy resolution pleaseth us.

[*Draws his sword and lays it on PHILIP.*]

Rise up, Sir Richard Plantagenet, King Richard's son !

Philip. Grant, Heavens, that Philip once may show himself

Worthy the honour of Plantagenet, 312
Or basest glory of a bastard's name.

K. John. Now, Gentlemen, we will away to France,
To check the pride of Arthur and his mates.

¶ Essex, thou shalt be ruler of my realm ; 316
And toward the main charges of my wars
I'll seize the lazy abbey-lubbers' lands
Into my hands, to pay my men of war.

The Pope and Popelings shall not grease themselves
With gold and groats that are the soldiers' due. 321

¶ Thus, forward, lords ! let our command be done,
And march we forward mightily to France !

[*Exeunt. Manent PHILIP and his MOTHER.*]

Philip. Madam, I beseech you, deign me so much
leisure as the hearing of a matter that I long to impart
to you. 326

Mother. What's the matter, Philip ? I think your
suit in secret tends to some money matter, which you
suppose burns in the bottom of my chest.

Philip. No, Madam, it is no such suit as to beg or
borrow, 331

But such a suit as, might some other grant,
I would not now have troubled you withal.

Mother. A God's name let us hear it ! 334

Philip. Then, Madam, thus : your ladyship sees well,
How that my scandal grows by means of you,
In that report hath rumour'd up and down,
I am a bastard, and no Falconbridge. 338
This gross attaint so tilteth in my thoughts,
Maintaining combat to abridge my ease,
That field and town, and company alone,
Whatso I do, or wheresoe'er I am, 342
I cannot chase the slander from my thoughts.
If it be true, resolve me of my sire ;
For, pardon, Madam, if I think amiss.
Be Philip Philip, and no Falconbridge, 346
His father doubtless was as brave a man. [*Kneels.*]
To you on knees, as sometime Phaeton,
Mistrusting silly Merop for his sire,
Straining a little bashful modesty, 350
I beg some instance whence I am extraught.

Mother. Yet more ado to haste me to my grave !
And wilt thou too become a mother's cross ?
Must I accuse myself, to close with you, 354
Slander myself, to quiet your affects ?
Thou mov'st me, Philip, with this idle talk,
Which I remit, in hope this mood will die.

Philip. Nay, lady mother, hear me further yet, 358

For strong conceit drives duty hence awhile :
 Your husband Falconbridge was father to that son
 That carries marks of nature like the sire,
 The son that blotteth you with wedlock's breach, 362
 And holds my right, as lineal in descent
 From him whose form was figur'd in his face.
 Can Nature so dissemble in her frame,
 To make the one so like as like may be, 366
 And in the other, print no character
 To challenge any mark of true descent ?
 My brother's mind is base, and too too dull
 To mount where Philip lodgeth his affects ; 370
 And his external graces that you view,
 Though I report it, counterpoise not mine :
 His constitution, plain debility,
 Requires the chair, and mine the seat of steel ; 374
 Nay, what is he, or what am I to him,
 When anyone that knoweth how to carp,
 Will scarcely judge us both one-country-born ?
 This, Madam, this, hath drove me from myself ; 378
 And here, by Heaven's eternal lamps, I swear ;
 As cursed Nero with his mother did,
 So I with you, if you resolve me not.

Mother. Let mother's tears quench out thy anger's
 fire, 382

And urge no further what thou dost require.

Philip. Let son's entreaty sway the mother now.

Or else she dies : I'll not infringe my vow.

Mother. Unhappy task ! must I recount my shame,

Blab my misdeeds, or, by concealing, die ? 387

¶ Some power strike me speechless for a time, [*Aside.*]

Or take from him awhile his hearing's use !

Why wish I so, unhappy as I am ? 390

The fault is mine, and he the faulty fruit :

I blush, I faint ; oh, would I might be mute !

Philip. Mother, be brief ! I long to know my name.

Mother. And longing, die, to shroud thy mother's
shame. 394

Philip. Come, Madam, come, you need not be so
loth.

The shame is shared equal 'twixt us both.

Is't not a slackness in me, worthy blame,

To be so old, and cannot write my name ? 398

Good mother, resolve me !

Mother. Then, Philip, hear thy fortune and my
grief,

My honour's loss, by purchase of thyself,

My shame, thy name, and husband's secret wrong,

All maim'd and stain'd by youth's unruly sway. 403

And when thou know'st from whence thou art extraught,

Or if thou knew'st what suits, what threats, what fears,
 To move by love, or massacre by death, 406
 To yield with love, or end by love's contempt,
 The mightiness of him that courted me,
 Who temper'd terror with his wanton talk,
 That, something may extenuate the guilt. 410
 But let it not advantage me so much ;
 Upbraid me rather with the Roman dame
 That shed her blood to wash away her shame.
 Why stand I to expostulate the crime 414
 With *pro et contra*, now the deed is done ?
 When, to conclude, two words may tell the tale,
 That Philip's father was a Prince's son,
 Rich England's rule, world's only terror, he, 418
 For honour's loss, left me with child of thee,
 Whose son thou art. Then pardon me the rather,
 For fair King Richard was thy noble father.

Philip. Then, Robin Falconbridge, I wish thee
 joy ! 422

My sire a King, and I a landless boy.
 ¶ God's Lady-Mother, the world is in my debt,
 There's something owing to Plantagenet !
 ¶ Ay, marry, Sir, let me alone for game ; 426
 I'll act some wonders, now I know my name.
 By blessed Mary, I'll not sell that pride

For England's wealth, and all the world beside.

Sit fast, the proudest of my father's foes ! 430

¶ Away, good mother ! there the comfort goes.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II.

France. Before Angiers, 1199.]

*Enter PHILIP, the French King, and LEWIS, LIMOGES,
CONSTANCE, and her son ARTHUR.*

K. [Philip to Arthur]. Now 'gin we broach the
title of thy claim,

Young Arthur, in the Albion territories,
Scaring proud Angiers with a puissant siege.

Brave Austria, cause of Cœur de Lion's death, 4

Is also come to aid thee in thy wars ;

And all our forces join for Arthur's right.

And, but for causes of great consequence,

Pleading delay till news from England come, 8

Twice should not Titan hide him in the West,

To cool the fetlocks of his weary team,

Till I had, with an unresisted shock,

Controll'd the manage of proud Angiers' walls, 12

Or made a forfeit of my fame to Chance.

Constance. May be that John, in conscience, or in fear

To offer wrong where you impugn the ill,
 Will send such calm conditions back to France, 16
 As shall rebate the edge of fearful wars :
 If so, forbearance is a deed well done.

Arthur. Ah, mother ! possession of a crown is
 much ;
 And John, as I have heard reported of, 20
 For present vantage would adventure far.
 The world can witness, in his brother's time
 He took upon him rule, and almost reign ;
 Then must it follow, as a doubtful point, 24
 That he'll resign the rule unto his nephew,
 I rather think the menace of the world
 Sounds in his ears as threats of no esteem ;
 And sooner would he scorn Europa's power, 28
 Than lose the smallest title he enjoys ;
 For questionless, he is an Englishman.

Lewis. Why, are the English peerless in compare ?
 Brave cavaliers as e'er that island bred, 32
 Have liv'd and died, and dar'd and done enough,
 Yet never grac'd their country for the cause.
 England is England, yielding good and bad,
 And John of England is as other Johns. 36
 ¶ Trust me, young Arthur, if thou like my reed,
 Praise thou the French that help thee in this need.

Limoges. The Englishman hath little cause, I trow,
 To spend good speeches on so proud a foe. 40
 Why, Arthur here 's his spoil, that now is gone,
 Who, when he liv'd, outrov'd his brother John ;
 But hasty curs that lie so long to catch,
 Come halting home, and meet their overmatch. 44
 But news comes now, here's the Ambassador !

Enter CHATILLION.

K. Philip. And in good time, welcome my lord
 Chatillion !
 What news ? will John accord to our command ?
Chatillion. Be I not brief to tell your Highness
 all, 48

He will approach, to interrupt my tale,
 For one self bottom brought us both to France.
 He, on his part, will try the chance of war ;
 And if his words infer assured truth, 52
 Will lose himself and all his followers,
 Ere yield unto the least of your demands.
 The mother-queen, she taketh on amain
 'Gainst Lady Constance, counting her the cause 56
 That doth effect this claim to Albion,
 Conjuring Arthur, with a grandame's care,
 To leave his mother ; willing him submit

His state to John, and her protection, 60
 Who, as she saith, are studious for his good.
 More circumstance, the season intercepts :
 This is the sum, which briefly I have shown.

K. Philip. This bitter wind must nip somebody's
 spring ; 64

Sudden and brief ; why so, 'tis harvest weather.
 But say, Chatillion, what persons of account
 Are with him.

Chatillion. Of England, Earl Pembroke and
 Salisbury, 68

The only noted men of any name.
 Next them, a bastard of the King's deceast,
 A hardy, wild-head, tough and venturous,
 With many other men of high resolve. 72
 Then is there with them, Elinor, mother-queen,
 And Blanche, her niece, daughter to the King of
 Spain :

These are the prime birds of this hot adventure.

*Enter JOHN and his followers, QUEEN [ELINOR],
 BASTARD, [BLANCHE, FALCONBRIDGE], Earls, &c.*

K. Philip. Me seemeth, John, an over-daring
 spirit
 Effects some frenzy in thy rash approach,

Treading my confines with thy armed troops.
 I rather lookt for some submiss reply
 Touching the claim thy nephew Arthur makes 80
 To that which thou unjustly dost usurp.

K. John. For that, Chatillion can discharge you
 all ;

I list not plead my title with my tongue,
 Nor came I hither with intent of wrong 84
 To France or thee, or any right of thine ;
 But in defence and purchase of my right,
 The town of Angiers, which thou dost begirt
 In the behalf of Lady Constance' son ; 88
 Whereeto, nor he nor she can lay just claim.

Constance. Yes, false intruder, if that just be just,
 And headstrong usurpation put apart,
 Arthur, my son, heir to thy elder brother, 92
 Without ambiguous shadow of descent,
 Is sovereign to the substance thou withhold'st.

Q. Elinor. Misgovern'd gossip, stain to this resort,
 Occasion of these undecided jars ! 96

I say, that know, to check thy vain suppose,
 Thy son hath naught to do with that he claims :
 For proofs whereof, I can infer a will
 That bars the way he urgeth by descent. 100

Constance. A will indeed ! a crabbed woman's will !

Wherein the Devil is an overseer,
And proud Dame Elinor sole executress.
More wills than so, on peril of my soul, 104
Were never made to hinder Arthur's right.

Arthur. But say there was, as sure there can be
none,

The law intends such testaments as void,
Where right descent can no way be impeacht. 108

Q. Elinor. Peace, Arthur, peace! thy mother
makes thee wings

To soar with peril after Icarus ;
And trust me, youngling, for thy father's sake,
I pity much the hazard of thy youth. 112

Constance. Beshrew you else, how pitiful you are,
Ready to weep to hear him ask his own !
Sorrow betide such Grandames and such grief,
That minister a poison for pure love ! 116

But who so blind, as cannot see this beam,
That you, forsooth, would keep your cousin down,
For fear his mother should be us'd too well?
Ay, there's the grief! Confusion catch the brain 120
That hammers shifts to stop a prince's reign !

Q. Elinor. Impatient, frantic, common slanderer,
Immodest dame, unnurtur'd quarreller !
I tell thee, I,—not envy to thy son, 124

But justice, makes me speak as I have done.

K. Philip. But here's no proof that shows your son
a king.

K. John. What wants, my sword shall more at
large set down.

Lewis. But that may break before the truth be
known. 128

Bastard [*drawing his sword*]. Then this may hold
till all his right be shown.

Limoges. Good words, Sir Sauce! your betters
are in place.

Bastard. Not you, Sir Doughty, with your lion's
case.

Blanche. Ah, joy betide his soul, to whom that
spoil belong'd! 132

¶ Ah, Richard! how thy glory here is wrong'd!

Limoges. Methinks that Richard's pride and
Richard's fall

Should be a precedent t'affright you all.

Bastard. What words are these? how do my
sinews shake? [*Aside*] 136

My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!

A thousand furies kindle with revenge

This heart, that choler keeps a consistory,

Searing my inwards with a brand of hate. 140

How doth Alecto whisper in mine ears :
 Delay not, Philip ! kill the villain straight !
 Disrobe him of the matchless monument,
 Thy father's triumph o'er the savages.

¶ Base herdgroom, coward, peasant, worse than a
 threshing slave, [To Limoges.] 145

What mak'st thou with the trophy of a King ?
 Sham'st thou not, coistril, loathsome dunghill swad,
 To grace thy carcase with an ornament 148
 Too precious for a monarch's coverture ?
 Scarce can I temper due obedience

Unto the presence of my Sovereign
 From acting outrage on this trunk of hate : 152

But arm thee, traitor, wronger of renown !
 For by his soul I swear, my father's soul,
 Twice will I not review the morning's rise
 Till I have torn that trophy from thy back, 156

And split thy heart for wearing it so long.
 Philip hath sworn, and if it be not done,

Let not the world repute me Richard's son.

Limoges. Nay, soft, Sir Bastard, hearts are not
 split so soon ! 160

Let them rejoice that at the end do win.
 And take this lesson at thy foeman's hand :
 Pawn not thy life, to get thy father's skin.

Blanche. Well may the world speak of his knightly
valour, 164

That wins this hide to wear a lady's favour.

Bastard. Ill may I thrive, and nothing brook with
me,

If shortly I present it not to thee.

K. Philip. Lordings, forbear ! for time is coming
fast, 168

That deeds may try what words cannot determine,

And to the purpose, for the cause you come.

Meseemès you set right in chance of war,

Yielding no other reasons for your claim 172

But so and so, because it shall be so.

So wrong shall be suborn'd by trust of strength :

A tyrant's practice, to invest himself

Where weak resistance giveth wrong the way. 176

To check the which, in holy, lawful arms,

I, in the right of Arthur, Geoffrey's son,

Am come before this city of Angiers,

To bar all other false supposed claim, 180

From whence, or howsoe'er, the error springs ;

And in this quarrel, on my princely word,

I'll fight it out unto the latest man.

K. John. Know, King of France, I will not be
commanded 184

By any power or prince in Christendom,
 To yield an instance how I hold mine own,
 More than to answer, that mine own is mine.
 But wilt thou see me parley with the town, 188
 And hear them offer me allegiance,
 Fealty and homage, as true liege-men ought?

K. Philip. Summon them! I will not believe it
 till I see it; and when I see it I'll soon change it. 192

*[They summon the town: the Citizens
 appear upon the walls]*

K. John. You men of Angiers, and, as I take it,
 my loyal subjects! I have summon'd you to the walls.
 To dispute on my right, were to think you doubtful
 therein, which I am persuaded you are not. In few
 words, our brother's son, backt with the King of
 France, have beleaguer'd your town upon a false
 pretended title to the same; in defence whereof, I,
 your liege lord, have brought our power to fence you
 from the usurper, to free your intended servitude, and
 utterly to supplant the foemen, to my right and your
 rest. Say then who, who keep you the town for?

First Citizen. For our lawful king. 204

K. John. I was no less persuaded. Then, in
 God's name, open your gates, and let me enter!

First Citizen. And it please your Highness, we

control not your title, neither will we rashly admit your entrance : if you be lawful King, with all obedience we keep it to your use. If not King, our rashness were to be impeach'd for yielding without more considerate trial : we answer not as men lawless, but to the behoof of him that proves lawful. 213

K. John. I shall not come in, then ?

First Citizen. No, my lord, till we know more.

K. Philip. Then hear me speak in the behalf of Arthur, son of Geoffrey, elder brother to John, his title manifest, without contradiction, to the crown and kingdom of England, with Angiers and divers towns on this side the sea. Will you acknowledge him your liege lord, who speaketh in my word, to entertain you with all favours, as beseemeth a king to his subjects, or a friend to his well-willers ; or stand to the peril of your contempt, when his title is proved by the sword ? 225

First Citizen. We answer as before : till you have proved one right, we acknowledge none right. He that tries himself our Sovereign, to him will we remain firm subjects ; and for him, and in his right, we hold our town, as desirous to know the truth, as loath to subscribe before we know. More than this we cannot say ; and more than this we dare not do. 232

K. Philip. Then, John, I defy thee in the name and behalf of Arthur Plantagenet, thy King and cousin, whose right and patrimony thou detainest, as I doubt not, ere the day end, in a set battle make thee confess ; whereunto, with a zeal to right, I challenge thee. 238

K. John. I accept the challenge, and turn the defiance to thy throat. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III.¹]

Excursions. The BASTARD chaseth LIMOGES, the Austrich Duke, and maketh him leave the lion's skin.

Bastard. And art thou gone ? Misfortune haunt thy steps,
 And chill cold fear assail thy times of rest !
 ¶ Morpheus, leave here thy silent ebon cave,
 Besiege his thoughts with dismal fantasies 4
 And ghastly objects of pale threatening Mors !
 Affright him every minute with stern looks,
 Let Shadow temper terror in his thoughts,
 And let the terror make the coward mad ; 8
 And in his madness let him fear pursue,

¹ Not in *King John*.

And so in frenzy let the peasant die !

[*Draws his sword.*]

Here is the ransom that allays his rage,

The first freehold that Richard left his son : 12

With which I shall surprise his living foes,

As Hector's statue did the fainting Greeks. [*Exit.*]

[SCENE IV.]

Enter the [English and French] KINGS' Heralds, with Trumpets, to the walls of Angiers : they summon the town.

Eng. Herald. John, by the grace of God, King of England, Lord of Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, &c., demandeth once again of you his subjects of Angiers, if you will quietly surrender up the town into his hands ?

Fr. Herald. Philip, by the grace of God, King of France, demandeth in the behalf of Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, if you will surrender up the town into his hands, to the use of the said Arthur. 8

Citizens. Heralds, go tell the two victorious princes, That we, the poor inhabitants of Angiers, Require a parley of their Majesties.

Heralds. We go. 12

Enter the Kings, QUEEN ELINOR, BLANCHE, BASTARD

[FALCONBRIDGE], LIMOGES, LEWIS, CHATILLION,
[*the Earls of*] PEMBROKE, SALISBURY; CON-
STANCE, and ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne.*

K. John. Herald, what answer do the townsmen
send?

K. Philip. Will Angiers yield to Philip, King of
France?

Eng. Herald. The townsmen on the walls accept
your Grace.

Fr. Herald. And crave a parley of your Majesty.

K. John. You citizens of Angiers, have your eyes
Beheld the slaughter that our English bows 18
Have made upon the coward, fraudulent French?

And have you wisely ponder'd therewithal
Your gain in yielding to the English king?

K. Philip. Their loss in yielding to the English
king! 22

But, John, they saw from out their highest towers
The chevaliers of France, and crossbow shot,
Make lanes of slaughter'd bodies through thine host,
And are resolv'd to yield to Arthur's right. 26

K. John. Why, Philip, though thou brav'st it 'fore
the walls,
Thy conscience knows that John hath won the field.

K. Philip. What'er my conscience knows, thy
army feels

That Philip had the better of the day. 30

Bastard. Philip indeed hath got the lion's case,
Which here he holds to Limoges' disgrace.

¶ Base Duke, to fly and leave such spoils behind !

¶ But this thou knew'st of force to make me stay : 34

It far'd with thee as with the mariner

Spying the huge whale, whose monstrous bulk

Doth bear the waves, like mountains, 'fore the wind,

That throws out empty vessels, so to stay 38

His fury, while the ship doth sail away.

¶ Philip, 'tis thine ! [*To Blanche*] and 'fore this
princely presence,

Madame, I humbly lay it at your feet,

Being the first adventure I achiev'd,

And first exploit your Grace did me enjoin :

Yet many more I long to be enjoin'd.

Blanche. Philip, I take it, and I thee command

To wear the same, as erst thy father did : 46

Therewith, receive this favour at my hands,

[*Gives him a jewel.*]

T'encourage thee to follow Richard's fame.

Arthur. Ye citizens of Angiers, are ye mute ?

Arthur, or John ? say which shall be your King ! 50

First Citizen. We care not which, if once we
knew the right ;

But till we know, we will not yield our right.

Bastard. Might Philip counsel two so mighty kings
As are the Kings of England and of France, 54
He would advise your Graces to unite,
And knit your forces 'gainst these citizens,
Pulling their batter'd walls about their ears.
The town once won, then strive about the claim ; 58
For they are minded to delude you both.

First Citizen. Kings, Princes, Lords and Knights,
assembled here !

The citizens of Angiers, all by me
Entreat your Majesty to hear them speak ; 62
And as you like the motion they shall make,
So to account and follow their advice.

K. John & K. Philip. Speak on ! we give thee
leave.

First Citizen. Then thus : whereas that young and
lusty knight 66

Incites you on to knit your kingly strengths,
The motion cannot choose but please the good,
And such as love the quiet of the state.
But how, my lords, how should your strengths be
knit ? 70

Not to oppress your subjects and your friends,
 And fill the world with brawls and mutinies ;
 But unto peace your forces should be knit,
 To live in princely league and amity : 74
 Do this, the gates of Angiers shall give way,
 And stand wide open to your heart's content.
 To make this peace a lasting bond of love,
 Remains one only honourable means, 78
 Which, by your pardon, I shall here display :
 Lewis, the Dauphin and the heir of France,
 A man of noted valour through the world,
 Is yet unmarried : let him take to wife 82
 The beauteous daughter of the King of Spain,
 Niece to King John, the lovely Lady Blanche,
 Begotten on his sister Elinor.
 With her in marriage, will her uncle give 85
 Castles and towers, as fitteth such a match.
 The kings thus join'd in league of perfect love,
 They may so deal with Arthur, Duke of Bretagne,
 Who is but young, and yet unmeet to reign, 90
 As he shall stand contented every way.
 Thus have I boldly, for the common good,
 Deliver'd what the city gave in charge ;
 And as upon conditions you agree, 94
 So shall we stand content to yield the town

Arthur. A proper peace, if such a motion hold !
These kings bear arms for me, and for my right,
And they shall share my lands to make them friends !

Q. Elinor. Son John ! 99

Follow this motion, as thou lov'st thy mother ;
Make league with Philip, yield to anything :
Lewis shall have my niece ; and then be sure, 102
Arthur shall have small succour out of France.

K. John. Brother of France, you hear the citizens ;
Then tell me how you mean to deal herein.

Constance. Why John, what canst thou give unto
thy niece, 106

That hast no foot of land but Arthur's right ?

K. Lewis. By'r Lady, citizens, I like your choice,
A lovely damsel is the Lady Blanche,
Worthy the heir of Europe for her fere. 110

Constance. What, Kings ! why stand you gazing in
a trance ?

¶ Why, how now, lords ? Accursed citizens,
To fill and tickle their ambitious ears,
With hope of gain that springs from Arthur's loss !
¶ Some dismal planet at thy birthday reign'd ; 115
For now I see the fall of all thy hopes.

K. Philip. Lady, ¶ and Duke of Bretagne ! know
you both,

The King of France respects his honour more 118
Than to betray his friends and favourers.

[*To Blanche.*]

¶ Princess of Spain, could you affect my son,
If we, upon conditions could agree?

Bastard. 'Swounds, Madam! take an English
Gentleman! 122

Slave as I was, I thought to have mov'd the match.

¶ Grandam, you made me half a promise once,
That Lady Blanche should bring me wealth enough,
And make me heir of store of English land. 126

Q. Elinor. Peace, Philip! I will look thee out a
wife.

We must with policy compound this strife.

Bastard. If Lewis get her, well, I say no more:
But let the frolic Frenchman take no scorn, 130
If Philip front him with an English horn.

K. John [*to Blanche*]. Lady,
What answer make you to the King of France?
Can you affect the Dauphin for your lord? 134

Blanche. I thank the King, that likes of me so well,
To make me bride unto so great a Prince:
But give me leave, my lord, to pause on this,
Lest, being too too forward in the cause, 138
It may be blemish to my modesty.

Q. Elinor. Son John, ¶ and worthy Philip, King of France,

Do you confer awhile about the dower,
And I will school my modest niece so well, 142
That she shall yield as soon as you have done.

Constance. Ay, there's the wretch that broacheth
all this ill!

Why fly I not upon the beldame's face,
And with my nails pull forth her hateful eyes? 146

Arthur. Sweet mother! cease these hasty madding
fits!

For my sake, let my grandam have her will!
O, would she with her hands pull forth my heart,
I could afford it, to appease these broils. 150
But, mother, let us wisely wink at all,
Lest further harms ensue our hasty speech.

K. Philip [to K. John]. Brother of England, what
dowry wilt thou give

Unto my son, in marriage with thy niece? 154

K. John. First, Philip knows her dowry out of
Spain

To be so great as may content a king:
But, more to mend and amplify the same,
I give in money thirty-thousand marks; 158
For land, I leave it to thine own demand.

K. Philip. Then I demand Volquesson, Touraine,
Maine,

Poitiers and Anjou, these five provinces,
Which thou, as King of England, hold'st in France :
Then shall our peace be soon concluded on. 163

Bastard. No less than five such provinces at once !

K. John. Mother, what shall I do ? my brother got
these lands

With much effusion of our English blood : 166
And shall I give it all away at once ?

Q. Elinor. John, give it him ! so shalt thou live in
peace,

And keep the residue sans jeopardy.

K. John. Philip, bring forth thy son ! here is my
niece ; 170

And here in marriage I do give with her,
From me and my successors, English kings,
Volquesson, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
And thirty thousand marks of stipend coin. 174

¶ Now, citizens, how like you of this match ?

First Citizen. We joy to see so sweet a peace begun.

Lewis. Lewis with Blanche shall ever live content.

¶ But now, King John, what say you to the Duke ?

¶ Father, speak as you may in his behalf. 179

K. Philip. King John, be good unto thy nephew here,

And give him somewhat that shall please thee best.

K. John. Arthur, although thou troublest England's
peace, 182

Yet here I give thee Bretagne for thine own,
Together with the Earldom of Richmónd,
And this rich city of Angiers withal.

Q. Elinor. And if thou seek to please thine uncle
John, 186

Shalt see, my son, how I will make of thee.

K. John. Now everything is sorted to this end,
Let's in, and there prepare the marriage rites,
Which in Saint Mary's chapel presently 190
Shall be performed ere this presence part.

[*Exeunt. Manent* CONSTANCE and ARTHUR.

Arthur. Madam, good cheer! these drooping
languishments

Add no redress to salve our awkward haps.
If Heavens have concluded these events, 194
To small avail is bitter pensiveness:
Seasons will change; and so our present grief
May change with them, and all to our relief.

Constance. Ah, boy! thy years, I see, are far too
green 198

To look into the bottom of these cares;
But I, who see the poise that weigheth down

Thy weal, my wish, and all the willing means
 Wherewith thy fortune and thy fame should mount,
 What joy, what ease, what rest can lodge in me, 203
 With whom all hope and hap do disagree ?

Arthur. Yet ladies' tears, and cares, and solemn
 shows,

Rather than helps, heap up more work for woes. 206

Constance. If any power will hear a widow's plaint,
 That from a wounded soul implores revenge,
 Send fell contagion to infect this clime,
 This cursed country, where the traitors breathe, 210
 Whose perjury, as proud Briareus,
 Beleaguers all the sky with misbelief !

¶ He promist, Arthur, and he sware it too,
 To fence thy right, and check thy foemen's pride.
 But now, black-spotted perjurer as he is, 215
 He takes a truce with El'nor's damned brat,

And marries Lewis to her lovely niece,
 Sharing thy fortune and thy birth-day's gift 218
 Between these lovers ! Ill betide the match !

And as they shoulder thee from out thy own,
 And triumph in a widow's tearful cares ;
 So Heavens cross them with a thriftless course ! 222
 Is all the blood yspilt on either part,
 Closing the crannies of the thirsty earth,

Grown to a love-game and a bridal feast ?
 And must thy birthright bid the wedding-banns ? 226
 ¶ Poor helpless boy ! hopeless and helpless too !
 To whom misfortune seems no yoke at all,
 Thy stay, thy state, thy imminent mishaps
 Woundeth thy mother's thoughts with feeling care.
 Why look'st thou pale ? the colour flies thy face ; 231
 I trouble now the fountain of thy youth,
 And make it muddy with my dole's discourse,
 Go in with me ! Reply not, lovely boy ; 234
 We must obscure this moan with melody,
 Lest worser wrack ensue our malcontent.

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE V.

The French King's Tent, 1200.]

Enter the KING OF ENGLAND, the KING OF FRANCE,
ARTHUR, [the] BASTARD, [PHILIP FALCONBRIDGE,
the DAUPHIN] LEWIS, LIMOGES, CONSTANCE,
BLANCHE, CHATILLION, [the Earls of] PEMBROKE,
SALISBURY, and [QUEEN] ELINOR.

K. John. This is the day, the long-desired day, 1
 Wherein the realms of England and of France
 Stand highly blessed in a lasting peace !

Thrice happy is the Bridegroom and the Bride, 4
 From whose sweet bridal such a concord springs,
 To make, of mortal foes, immortal friends !

Constance. Ungodly peace, made by another's war !

Bastard. Unhappy peace, that ties thee from
 revenge ! 8

Rouse thee, Plantagenet ! live not to see

The butcher of the great Plantagenet !

¶ Kings, ¶ Princes, ¶ and ye Peers of either realms,
 Pardon my rashness, and forgive the zeal 12

That carries me in fury to a deed

Of high desert, of honour, and of arms. [*Kneels.*]

A boon, O kings ! a boon doth Philip beg,

Prostrate upon his knee ; which knee shall cleave 16

Unto the superficies of the earth,

Till France and England grant this glorious boon.

K. John. Speak, Philip ! England grants thee thy
 request.

K. Philip. And France confirms whate'er is in his
 power. 20

Bastard [*to Limoges*]. Then, Duke, sit fast ! I
 level at thy head,

Too base a ransom for my father's life.

¶ Princes, I crave the combat with the Duke,

That braves it in dishonour of my sire. 24

Your words are past, nor can you now reverse
The princely promise that revives my soul,
Whereat, methinks I see his sinews shake.
This is the boon, dread lords, which, granted once,
Or life or death are pleasant to my soul, 29
Since I shall live and die in Richard's right.

Limoges. Base bastard, misbegotten of a King,
To interrupt these holy nuptial rites 32
With brawls and tumults, to a Duke's disgrace;
Let it suffice, I scorn to join in fight
With one so far unequal to myself.

Bastard. A fine excuse! ¶ Kings, if you will be
kings, 36

Then keep your words, and let us combat it!

K. John. Philip, we cannot force the Duke to fight,
Being a subject unto neither realm.

¶ But tell me, Austria, if an English Duke 40
Should dare thee thus, would'st thou accept the
challenge?

Limoges. Else let the world account the Austrich
duke

The greatest coward living on the earth.

K. John. Then cheer thee, Philip! John will keep
his word. 44

Kneel down! In sight of Philip, King of France,

And all these princely lords assembled here,
 I gird thee with the sword of Normandy,
 And of that land I do invest thee Duke ; 48
 So shalt thou be, in living and in land,
 Nothing inferior unto Austria.

Limoges. King John, I tell thee flatly to thy face,
 Thou wrong'st mine honour ; and that thou may'st see
 How much I scorn thy new-made Duke and thee, 53
 I flatly say, I will not be compell'd :

¶ And so farewell, Sir Duke of Low Degree !
 I'll find a time to match you for this gear. [*Exit.* 56
 [*The BASTARD starts to follow him.*]

K. John. Stay, Philip, let him go ! the honour's thine.

Bastard. I cannot live unless his life be mine.

Q. Elinor. Thy forwardness this day hath joy'd my
 soul,

And made me think my Richard lives in thee. ~ 60

K. Philip. Lordings, let's in, and spend the
 wedding day

In masques and triumphs, letting quarrels cease.

Enter a CARDINAL from Rome. [*K. PHILIP moves to go.*]

Cardinal. Stay, King of France ! I charge, thee,
 join not hands

With him that stands accurst of God and men. 64

¶ Know, John, that I, Pandulph, Cardinal of Milan, and Legate from the See of Rome, demand of thee, in the name of our Holy Father the Pope Innocent, why thou dost—contrary to the laws of our Holy Mother, the Church, and our Holy Father, the Pope—disturb the quiet of the Church, and disannul the election of Stephen Langton, whom his Holiness hath elected Archbishop of Canterbury: this, in his Holiness' name, I demand of thee? 73

K. John. And what hast thou, or the Pope thy master, to do, to demand of me how I employ mine own? Know, Sir Priest, as I honour the Church and holy churchmen, so I scorn to be subject to the greatest Prelate in the world. Tell thy Master so from me; and say, John of England said it, that never an Italian Priest of them all, shall either have tithe, toll, or polling penny out of England; but, as I am King, so will I reign next under God, Supreme Head both over spiritual and temporal. And he that contradicts me in this, I'll make him hop headless.

K. Philip. What, King John! know you what you say, thus to blaspheme against our Holy Father, the Pope? 87

K. John. Philip, though thou and all the Princes of

Christendom suffer themselves to be abus'd by a Prelate's slavery, my mind is not of such base temper. If the Pope will be King in England, let him win it with the sword. I know no other title he can allege to mine inheritance.

Cardinal. John, this is thine answer? 94

K. John. What then?

Cardinal. Then I, Pandulph of Padua, Legate from the Apostolic See, do, in the name of Saint Peter, and his successor, our Holy Father, Pope Innocent, pronounce thee accursed, discharging every of thy subjects of all duty and fealty that they do owe to thee, and pardon and forgiveness of sin to those or them whatsoever which shall carry arms against thee, or murder thee: this I pronounce, and charge all good men to abhor thee as an excommunicate person. 104

K. John. So, Sir, the more the fox is curst, the better 'a fares: if God bless me and my land, let the Pope and his shavelings curse, and spare not. 107

Cardinal. Furthermore, I charge thee, Philip, King of France, and all the Kings and Princes of Christendom, to make war upon this miscreant. And whereas thou hast made a league with him, and confirm'd it by oath, I do, in the name of our foresaid Father, the Pope, acquit thee of that oath as unlawful, being made

with an heretic. How say'st thou, Philip, dost thou obey? 115

K. John. Brother of France, what say you to the Cardinal?

K. Philip. I say I am sorry for your Majesty, requesting you to submit yourself to the Church of Rome. 120

K. John. And what say you to our league, if I do not submit?

K. Philip. What should I say? I must obey the Pope.

K. John. Obey the Pope, and break your oath to God? 124

K. Philip. The Legate hath absolv'd me of mine oath:

Then yield to Rome, or I defy thee here.

K. John. Why, Philip, I defy the Pope and thee, False as thou art, and perjur'd, King of France, 128 Unworthy man to be accounted King!

Giv'st thou thy sword into a prelate's hands?

¶ Pandulph, where I, of abbots, monks and friars, Have taken somewhat to maintain my wars, 132 Now will I take no more but all they have.

I'll rouse the lazy lubbers from their cells, And in despite I'll send them to the Pope.

¶ Mother, come you with me ! and for the rest 136
That will not follow John in this attempt,
Confusion light upon their damned souls !
Come, Lords !

Fight for your King that fighteth for your good !

[*Exeunt*. K. JOHN, *the* BASTARD (*Duke of Normandy*), PEMBROKE and SALISBURY.]

K. Philip. And are they gone ? ¶ Pandulph, thyself shalt see

How France will fight for Rome and Romish rites.

¶ Nobles, to arms ! let him not pass the seas !

Let's take him captive, and in triumph lead 144

The King of England to the gates of Rome !

¶ Arthur, bestir thee, man ! and thou shalt see

What Philip, King of France, will do for thee.

Blanche [*to Lewis*.] And will your Grace, upon
your wedding-day, 148

Forsake your bride, and follow dreadful drums ?

Nay, good my lord, stay you at home with me !

Lewis. Sweet-heart, content thee, and we shall
agree.

K. Philip. Follow me, Lords ! Lord Cardinal,
lead the way ! 152

Drums shall be music to this wedding-day. [*Exeunt*

[SCENE VI.¹*Near Angiers, 1200.]**Excursions. The BASTARD pursues AUSTRIA, and kills him.**Bastard.* Thus hath King Richard's son perform'd
his vows,And offer'd Austria's blood for sacrifice
Unto his father's everliving soul.¶ Brave Cœur de Lion! now my heart doth say, 4
I have deserv'd, though not to be thy heir,
Yet as I am, thy base-begotten son,—
A name as pleasing to thy Philip's heart,
As to be call'd the Duke of Normandy. 8*[To Austria's corpse, on which he treads.]*¶ Lie there a prey to every ravening fowl!
And as my father triumph'd in thy spoils,
And trod thine ensigns underneath his feet,
So do I tread upon thy cursed self, 12
And leave thy body to the fowls for food. *[Exit.]*¹ Not in *King John*.

[SCENE VII.]

Excursions. [Enter] ARTHUR, CONSTANCE, [and the Dauphin] LEWIS, having taken QUEEN ELINOR prisoner.

Constance. Thus hath the God of Kings, with conquering arm,

Disperst the foes to true succession! [To Q. Elinor.]

¶ Proud, and disturber of thy country's peace,

Constance doth live to tame thine insolence; 4

And on thy head will now avenged be

For all the mischiefs hatched in thy brain.

Q. Elinor. Contemptuous dame, unreverent Duchess, thou,

To brave so great a Queen as Elinor! 8

Base scold! hast thou forgot that I was wife

And mother to three mighty English Kings?

I charge thee, then; ¶ and you forsooth, Sir Boy,—

To set your grandmother at liberty, 12

And yield to John, your uncle and your King.

Constance. 'Tis not thy words, proud Queen, shall carry it.

Q. Elinor. Nor yet thy threats, proud dame, shall daunt my mind.

Arthur. Sweet Grandam, ¶ and good Mother,
leave these brawls ! 16

Q. Elinor [to *Constance*]. I'll find a time to triumph
in thy fall.

Constance. My time is now to triumph in thy fall ;
And thou shalt know that *Constance* will triumph.

Arthur. Good mother, weigh it is Queen *Elinor* !
Though she be captive, use her like herself ! 21
¶ Sweet Grandam, bear with what my mother says !
Your Highness shall be used honourably.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Messenger. Lewis my lord, Duke *Arthur*, and
the rest, 24
To arms in haste ! King *John* rallies his men,
And 'gins the fight afresh ; and swears withal
To lose his life, or set his mother free.

Lewis. *Arthur*, away ! 'tis time to look about. 28

Q. Elinor [to *Constance*]. Why, how now, dame ?
What ! is your courage cool'd ?

Constance. No, *Elinor* ! my courage gathers strength.
And hopes to lead both *John* and thee as slaves ;
And in that hope, I hale thee to the field. [*Exeunt.* 32

[SCENE VIII.¹]

*Excursions. ELINOR is rescued by K. JOHN, and
ARTHUR is taken prisoner. Exeunt. Sound victory.*

[SCENE IX.]

Near Angiers, 1202.]

*Enter K. JOHN, Q. ELINOR, and ARTHUR prisoner ;
BASTARD, PEMBROKE, SALISBURY and HUBERT DE
BURGH.*

K. John. Thus right triúmphs, and John triúmphs
in right. 1

¶ *Arthur,* thou seest France cannot bolster thee :
Thy mother's pride hath brought thee to this fall.
But if at last, nephew, thou yield thyself 4
Into the guardance of thine uncle John,
Thou shalt be used as becomes a Prince.

Arthur. Uncle, my grandame taught her nephew
this,

'To bear captivity with patience. 8
Might hath prevail'd, not right, for I am King
Of England, though thou wear the diadem,

¹ Not in *King John*.

Q. Elinor. Son John, soon shall we teach him to
forget

These proud presumptions, and to know himself. 12

K. John. Mother, he never will forget his claim;
I would he liv'd not to remember it.
But leaving this, we will to England now,
And take some order with our popelings there, 16
That swell with pride, and fat of laymen's lands.

[*To the BASTARD.*]

¶ Philip, I make thee chief in this affair.
Ransack the abbeyes, cloisters, priories;
Convert their coin unto my soldiers' use! 20
And whatsoe'er he be within my land,
That goes to Rome for justice and for law,
While he may have his right within the realm,
Let him be judg'd a traitor to the state, 24
And suffer as an enemy to England. [*To Q. ELINOR.*]

¶ Mother, we leave you here beyond the seas,
As Regent of our Provinces in France,
While we to England take a speedy course, 28
And thank our God that gave us victory.

[*To DE BURGH*]

¶ Hubert de Burgh, take Arthur here to thee;
Be he thy prisoner. Hubert, keep him safe!
For on his life doth hang thy Sovereign's crown; 32

But in his death consists thy Sovereign's bliss :
Then Hubert, as thou shortly hear'st from me,
So use the prisoner I have given in charge.

Hubert. Frolic, young prince ! though I your
keeper be, 36

Yet shall your keeper live at your command.

Arthur. As please my God, so shall become of me.

Q. Elinor. My son, to England I will see thee shipt,
And pray to God to send thee safe ashore. 40

Bastard. Now wars are done, I long to be at home,
To dive into the monks' and abbots' bags,
To make some sport among the smooth-skin nuns,
And keep some revel with the fausen friars. 44

K. John. To England, lords ! Each look unto
your charge,
And arm yourselves against the Roman pride !

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE X.

The French King's Tent, 1211.]

*Enter the KING OF FRANCE, LEWIS his son, and
CARDINAL PANDULPH, Legate.*

K. Philip. What, every man attacht with this
mishap !

Why frown you so, why droop ye, lords of France?
 Methinks it differs from a warlike mind
 To lower it for a check or two of chance. 4
 Had Limogès escap'd the Bastard's spite,
 A little sorrow might have serv'd our loss.
 ¶ Brave Austria! Heaven joys to have thee there.

Cardinal. His soul is safe and free from Purgator y;
 Our Holy Father hath dispenst his sins; 9
 The blessed saints have heard our orisons,
 And all are mediators for his soul.
 And in the right of these most holy wars, 12
 His Holiness free pardon doth pronounce
 To all that follow you 'gainst English heretics,
 Who stand accursed in our Mother Church.

Enter CONSTANCE alone.

K. Philip. To aggravate the measure of our
 grief, 16
 All malcontent, comes Constance for her son.

[*To CONSTANCE.*]

¶ Be brief, good madam, for your face imports
 A tragic tale behind, that's yet untold.
 ¶ Her passions stop the organ of her voice, 20
 Deep sorrow throbbeeth misbefall'n events.
 ¶ Out with it, lady! that our act may end

A full catastrophe of sad laments.

Constance. My tongue is tun'd to story forth
mishap. 24

When did I breathe to tell a pleasing tale?

Must Constance speak? Let tears prevent her talk.

Must I discourse? Let Dido sigh, and say,

She weeps again to hear the wrack of Troy: 28

Two words will serve, and then my tale is done:

El'nor's proud brat hath robb'd me of my son.

Lewis. Have patience, madam, this is chance of
war:

He may be ransom'd; we revenge his wrong. 32

Constance. Be it ne'er so soon, I shall not live so
long.

K. Philip. Despair not yet! Come, Constance,
go with me!

These clouds will fleet; the day will clear again.

[*Exeunt K. PHILIP and CONSTANCE.*]

Cardinal. Now, Lewis, thy fortune buds with
happy spring; 36

Our Holy Father's prayers effecteth this.

Arthur is safe; let John alone with him;

Thy title next is fair'st to England's crown.

Now stir thy father to begin with John; 40

The Pope says Ay; and so is Albion thine.

Lewis. Thanks, my lord legate, for your good conceit ;

'Tis best we follow, now the game is fair.

My father wants, to work him, your good words. 44

Cardinal. A few will serve to forward him in this ;
Those shall not want. But let's about it then !

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE XI.¹

A Franciscan Friary at Swinstead, 1211.]

Enter, [with Soldiers], PHILIP [FALCONBRIDGE] leading a Friar, charging him to show where the Abbot's gold lay. [A 2nd Friar follows].

Philip. Come on, you fat Franciscans ! dally no longer, but show me where the Abbot's treasure lies, or die !

1st Friar. Benedicamus Domini ! 4

Was ever such an injury !

Sweet Saint Withold, of thy lenity,

Defend us from extremity,

And hear us for Saint Charity, 8

Oppressed with austerity.

¹ Not in *King John*.

In nomine Domini,

Make I my homily ;

Gentle gentility,

12

Grieve not the clergy !

Philip. Grey-gown'd good-face, conjure ye,

ne'er trust me for a groat,

If this waist-girdle hang thee not,

16

that girdeth-in thy coat.

Now, bald and barefoot Bungie birds,

when up the gallows climbing,

Say, Philip, he had words enough

20

to put you down with ryming.

1st Friar. Ah, pardon ! *O parce !*

Saint Francis, for mercy,

Shall shield thee from night-spells

24

And dreaming of devils,

If thou wilt forgive me,

And nevermore grieve me :

With fasting and praying,

28

And ' Hail-Mary ' saying,

From black purgatory,

A penance right sorry,

Friar Thomas will warn you ;

32

It never shall harm you.

Philip. Come, leave off your rabble !

¶ Sirs, hang up this losel !

2nd Friar. For Charity I beg his life, 36
Saint Francis' chiefest friar,

The best in all our convent, sir,
to keep a winter's fire.

Oh, strangle not the good old man, 40
my hostess' oldest guest,

And I will bring you by and by
unto the Prior's chest.

Philip. Ay, say'st thou so? and if thou wilt, the
friar is at liberty; 44

If not, as I am honest man, I'll hang you both for
company.

1st Friar. Come hither! this is the chest, though
simple to behold,

That wanteth not a thousand pound in silver and in
gold.

Myself will warrant full so much; I know the Abbot's
store; 48

I'll pawn my life there is no less, to have whate'er is
more.

Philip. I take thy word; the overplus, unto thy
share shall come;

But if there want of full so much, thy neck shall pay
the sum.

¶ Break up the coffer, friar ! 52

[2nd Friar *breaks the chest open, and discloses
a Nun, who steps out of it.*]

1st Friar. Oh, I am undone !

Fair Alice the nun
Hath took up her rest
In the Abbot's chest. 56
Sancte benedicite !

Pardon my simplicity.

¶ Fie, Alice ! Confession
Will not salve this transgression. 60

Philip. What have we here ? a holy nun ? so keep
me, God, in health,
A smooth-fac'd nun, for aught I know, is all the
Abbot's wealth.

Is this the nunnery's chastity ? Beshrew me, but I
think

They go as oft to venery, as niggards to their drink. 64

¶ Why, paltry friar, and pandar too ! ye shameless
shaven-crown !

Is this the chest that held a hoard, at least a thousand
pound ?

And is the hoard a holy whore ? Well, be the
hangman nimble,

He'll take the pain to pay you home, and teach you
to dissemble. 68

Nun. O, spare the Friar Anthony! a better never
was,

To sing a *Dirige* solemnly, or read a morning Mass.
If money be the means of this, I know an ancient nun,
That hath a hoard this seven years, did never see the
sun; 72

And that is yours: and what is ours, so favour now
be shown,

You shall command as commonly as if it were your
own.

1st Friar. Your honour excepted.

Nun. Ay, Thomas, I mean so.

Philip. From all, save from friars.

Nun. Good sir, do not think so.

Philip. I think, and see so: why, how cam'st thou
here? 77

Friar. To hide her from laymen.

Nun. 'Tis true, sir, for fear.

Philip. For fear of the laity! a pitiful dread,
When a nun flies for succour to a fat friar's bed! 80
But now for your ransom, my cloister-bred coney,
To the chest that you speak of, where lies so much
money.

Nun. Fair sir, within this press, of plate and money
is

The value of a thousand marks, and other things, by
Gis. 84

Let us alone, and take it all; 'tis yours, sir, now you
know it.

Philip. Come on, sir Friar, pick the lock! this
gear doth cotton handsome,

That covetousness so cunningly must pay the lecher's
ransom.

What is in the hoard? 88

[*The 2nd Friar opens the second chest,
and discovers Friar Laurence.*]

Friar. Friar Laurence, my lord! now holy water
help us!

Some witch or some devil is sent to delude us:

Haud credo Laurentius,

That thou should'st be pen'd thus, 92

In the press of a nun;

We are all undone,

And brought to discredence,

If thou be Friar Laurence. 96

Friar Laurence. *Amor vincit omnia*, so Cato
affirmeth;

And therefore a friar, whose fancy soon burneth,

Because he is mortal and made of mould,
He omits what he ought, and doth more than he
should. 100

Philip. How goes this gear? the friar's chest filled
with a fausen nun;

The nun again locks friar up, to keep him from the sun.
Belike the press is purgatory, or penance passing
grievous,

The friar's chest a hell for nuns! How do these
dolts deceive us! 104

Is this the labour of their lives, to feed and live at
ease?

'To revel so lasciviously as often as they please?

I'll mend the fault, or fault my aim, if I do miss
amending;

'Tis better burn the cloisters down, than leave them
for offending. 108

[*To the Friar.*] ¶ But holy you! to you I speak, to
you, religious devil!

Is this the press that holds the sum to quit you for
your evil?

Nun. I cry *peccavi*, *parce me*, good sir, I was
beguil'd

Friar. Absolve us, sir, for charity! she would be
reconcil'd. 112

Philip. And so I shall. [*To soldiers.*] ¶ Sirs,
bind them fast! this is their absolution;
Go hang them up! for hurting them, haste them to
execution!

Friar Laurence. *O tempus edax rerum!*
Give children books, they tear them. 115

O vanitas vanitatis,
In this waning *etatis*,
At threescore well near,
To go to this gear, 120
To my conscience a clog,
To die like a dog.

Exaudi me, Domine,
Si vis me parcere 124

Si habeo veniam.
To go and fetch it,
I will despatch it,
A hundred pound sterling 128
For my life's sparing.

Enter PETER, a Prophet, with people.

Peter. Ho! who is here? Saint Francis be your
speed!
Come in my flock, and follow me; your fortunes I
will rede.

Come hither, boy ! go, get thee home, and climb not
overhigh : 132

For from aloft, thy fortune stands in hazard : thou shalt
die.

Boy. God be with you, Peter ! I pray
You come to our house a Sunday.

Peter. My boy ! show me thy hand ! 136

Bless thee, my boy ! for in thy palm I see

A many troubles are ybent to dwell,

But thou shalt 'scape them all, and do full well. 139

Boy. I thank you, Peter. There's a cheese for
your labour. My sister prays you to come home, and
tell her how many husbands she shall have, and she'll
give you a rib of bacon. 143

Peter. My masters, stay at the town's end for me !
I'll come to you all anon : I must dispatch some business
with a friar, and then I'll rede your fortunes.

Philip. How now, a prophet ? Sir Prophet, whence
are ye ? 147

Peter. I am of the world, and in the world, but live
not, as others, by the world : what I am, I know ; and
what thou wilt be, I know. If thou knowest me now,
be answered ! If not, enquire no more what I am. 151

Philip. Sir, I know you will be a dissembling knave,
that deludes the people with blind prophecies : you are

him I look for ; you shall away with me. ¶ Bring away all the rabble ! ¶ And you, friar Laurence, remember your ransome, a hundred pounds, and a pardon for yourself and the rest. ¶ Come on, Sir Prophet, you shall with me, to receive a prophet's reward. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE XII.

A Room in a Castle, 1202.]

Enter HUBERT DE BURGH, with three Men.

Hubert. My masters ! I have showed you what warrant I have for this attempt. I perceive, by your heavy countenances, you had rather be otherwise employed ; and for my own part, I would the King had made choice of some other executioner ; only this is my comfort, that a King commands, whose precepts neglected or omitted, threateneth torture for the default. Therefore in brief, leave me, and be ready to attend the adventure ; stay within that entry ; and when you hear me cry, ' God save the King,' issue suddenly forth, lay hands on Arthur, set him in this chair, wherein—once fast bound—leave him with me, to finish the rest.

13

Attendants. We go, though loth.

[*Exeunt.*

Hubert. My lord! will it please your Honour to
take the benefice of the fair evening? 16

Enter ARTHUR to HUBERT DE BURGH.

Arthur. Gramercie, Hubert, for thy care of me!
In or to whom restraint is newly known,
The joy of walking is small benefit;
Yet will I take thy offer with small thanks; 20
I would not lose the pleasure of the eye.
But tell me, courteous keeper, if you can,
How long the King will have me tarry here.

Hubert. I know not, Prince; but as I guess, not
long.

God send you freedom, and God save the King! 25

[*The 3 Men issue forth and bind ARTHUR in a chair.*]

Arthur. Why, how now, sirs? What may this
outrage mean?

¶ Oh, help me, Hubert! gentle keeper, help!
God send this sudden mutinous approach 28
Tend not to reave a wretched guiltless life!

Hubert. So, sirs! depart! and leave the rest for
me. [They go.]

Arthur. Then, Arthur, yield! Death frowneth in
thy face.

¶ What meaneth this? Good Hubert, plead the case!

Hubert. Patience, young lord, and listen words of
woe, 33

Harmful and harsh, hell's horror to be heard ;
A dismal tale, fit for a fury's tongue.

I faint to tell ; deep sorrow is the sound. 36

Arthur. What ! must I die ?

Hubert. No news of death, but tidings of more hate ;
A wrathful doom, and most unlucky fate :
Death's dish were dainty at so fell a feast ; 40
Be deaf, hear not ! it's hell to tell the rest.

Arthur. Alas ! thou wrong'st my youth with words
of fear ;

'Tis hell, 'tis horror, not for one to hear :
What is it, man ? If it must needs be done, 44
Act it, and end it, that the pain were gone.

Hubert. I will not chant such dolour with my tongue,
Yet must I act the outrage with my hand.
My heart, my head, and all my powers beside, 48
To aid the office, have at once denied.

Peruse this letter, lines of treble woe ;
Read o'er my charge, and pardon when you know. 51

Hubert.—These are to command thee, as thou
tend'rest our quiet in mind, and the estate of our
person, that presently upon the receipt of our command,
thou put out the eyes of Arthur Plantagenet.

Arthur. Ah, monstrous damned man! 56
His very breath infects the elements;
Contagious venom dwelleth in his heart,
Effecting means to poison all the world.
Unreverent may I be to blame the heavens 60
Of great injustice, that the miscreant
Lives to oppress the innocents with wrong.
Ah, Hubert! makes he thee his instrument
To sound the trump that causeth hell triumph: 64
Heaven weeps; the saints do shed celestial tears;
They fear thy fall, and cite thee with remorse;
They knock thy conscience, moving pity there,
Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell: 68
Hell, Hubert! trust me, all the plagues of hell
Hangs on performance of this damned deed.
This seal, the warrant of the body's bliss,
Ensureth Satan chieftain of thy soul: 72
Subscribe not, Hubert! give not God's part away!
I speak not only for eyes' privilege,—
The chief exterior that I would enjoy,—
But for thy peril, far beyond my pain, 76
Thy sweet soul's loss, more than my eyes' vain lack;
A cause internal, and eternal too.
Advise thee, Hubert! for the case is hard,
To lose salvation for a King's reward. 80

Hubert. My lord, a subject dwelling in the land
Is tied to execute the King's command.

Arthur. Yet God's commands—whose power
reacheth further—

That no command should stand in force to murder. 84

Hubert. But that same Essence hath ordain'd a
law,

A death for guilt, to keep the world in awe.

Arthur. I plead not guilty, treasonless and free.

Hubert. But that appeal, my lord, concerns not
me. 88

Arthur. Why, thou art he that may'st omit the
peril.

Hubert. Ay, if my sovereign would remit his
quarrel.

Arthur. His quarrel is unhallow'd, false, and wrong.

Hubert. Then be the blame to whom it doth belong.

Arthur. Why, that's to thee, if thou, as they
proceed,

Conclude their judgment with so vile a deed.

Hubert. Why, then, no execution can be lawful,
If judges' dooms must be reputed doubtful. 96

Arthur. Yes, where, in form of law, in place and
time,

The offender is convicted of the crime.

Hubert. My lord, my lord ! this long expostulation
Heaps up more grief, than promise of redress ; 100
For this I know, and so resolv'd I end,
That subjects' lives, on King's commands depend.
I must not reason why he is your foe,
But do his charge, since he commands it so. 104

Arthur. Then do thy charge ! and charged be
thy soul

With wrongful persecution done this day !

You rolling eyes, whose superficies yet [Aside.]
I do behold with eyes that Nature lent, 108

Send forth the terror of your mover's frown,
To wreak my wrong upon the murderers
That rob me of your fair reflecting view !
Let Hell to them—as earth they wish to me— 112

Be dark and direful guerdon for their guilt ;
And let the black tormentors of deep Tartary
Upbraid them with this damned enterprise,
Inflicting change of tortures on their souls ! 116

¶ Delay not, Hubert ! my orisons are ended :

Begin, I pray thee ; reave me of my sight !

But, to perform a tragedy indeed,
Conclude the period with a mortal stab. 120

¶ Constance, farewell ! Tormentor, come away ;
Make my dispatch the tyrant's feasting day !

Hubert. I faint, I fear ; my conscience bids desist

[*Aside.*]

Faint, did I say ? Fear was it that I named ? 124

My King commands ; that warrant sets me free ;

But God forbids ; and He commandeth kings,

That great Commander counterchecks my charge ;

He stays my hand ; He maketh soft my heart. 128

¶ Go, cursed tools ! your office is exempt.

¶ Cheer thee, young lord ! thou shalt not lose an
eye,

Though I should purchase it with loss of life.

I'll to the King, and say his will is done, 132

And, of the langor, tell him thou art dead.

[*Unbinds him.*]

Go in with me ; for Hubert was not born

To blind those lamps that Nature polisht so

Arthur. Hubert ! if ever Arthur be in state, 136

Look for amends of this received gift.

I took my eyesight by thy curtesy ;

Thou lent'st them me ; I will not be ingrate.

But now procrastination may offend 140

The issue that thy kindness undertakes :

Depart we, Hubert, to prevent the worst. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE XIII.]

*Canterbury, 1202, 1212-13.]**Enter KING JOHN, ESSEX, SALISBURY, PEMEROKE, [and other Lords].*

K. John. Now, warlike followers, resteth aught
undone

That may impeach us of fond oversight?
The French have felt the temper of our swords;
Cold terror keeps possession in their souls, 4
Checking their overdaring arrogance
For buckling with so great an overmatch,
The arch-proud titled Priest of Italy,
That calls himself Grand Vicar under God, 8
Is busied now with trental obsequies,
Mass and month's-mind, dirge, and I know not what,
To ease their souls in painful purgatory,
That have miscarried in these bloody wars. 12
Heard you not, lords, when first his Holiness
Had tidings of our small account of him,
How, with a taunt, vaunting upon his toes,
He urged a reason why the English ass 16
Disdain'd the blessed ordinance of Rome?
The title—reverently might I infer,—

Became the kings that erst have borne the load,
 The slavish weight of that controlling Priest, 20
 Who, at his pleasure, temper'd them like wax,
 To carry arms, on danger of his curse,
 Banding their souls with warrants of his hand.
 I grieve to think how kings in ages past— 24
 Simply devoted to the See of Rome,—
 Have run into a thousand acts of shame.
 But now, for confirmation of our state,
 Sith we have prun'd the more than needful branch 28
 That did oppress the true well-growing stock,
 It resteth, we, throughout our territories,
 Be reproclaimed and invested King.

Pembroke. My liege, that were to busy men with
 doubts. 32

Once were you crown'd, proclaim'd, and with applause
 Your city streets have echo'd to the ear,
 God save the King! God save our sovereign
 John!

Pardon my fear, my censure doth infer, 36
 Your Highness not depos'd from regal state,
 Would breed a mutiny in people's minds,
 What it should mean, to have you crown'd again.

K. John. Pembroke! perform what I have bid thee
 do! 40

Thou know'st not what induceth me to this,
 ¶ Essex, go in ! ¶ and lordings all, be gone
 About this task ! I will be crown'd anon.

[*Enter the BASTARD. [Exeunt all but KING JOHN.]*

¶ Philip, what news ? how do the Abbots' chests ? 44
 Are friars fatter than the nuns are fair ?
 What cheer with churchmen ? had they gold, or no ?
 Tell me, how hath thy office took effect ?

Philip. My lord, I have perform'd your Highness'
 charge ; 48

The ease-bred Abbots and the bare-foot friars,
 The monks, the priors, and holy cloister'd nuns,
 Are all in health, and were, my lord, in wealth,
 Till I had tithed and toll'd their holy hoards. 52
 I doubt not, when your Highness sees my prize,
 You may proportion all their former pride.

K. John. Why, so ; now sorts it, Philip, as it
 should ;

This small intrusion into Abbey trunks 56
 Will make the Popelings excommunicate,
 Curse, ban, and breathe out damned orisons
 As thick as hailstones 'fore the spring's approach,
 But yet as harmless and without effect, 60
 As is the echo of a cannon's crack
 Discharg'd against the battlements of heaven.

But what news else befel there, Philip ?

Bastard. Strange news, my lord : within your territories, 64

Near Pomfret, is a prophet new sprung up,

Whose divination volleys wonders forth :

To him the Commons throng with country gifts ;

He sets a date unto the beldame's death, 68

Prescribes how long the virgin's state shall last,

Distinguisheth the moving of the heavens,

Gives limits unto holy nuptial rites,

Foretelleth famine, aboundeth plenty forth. 72

Of fate, of fortune, life and death, he chats

With such assurance, scruples put apart,

As if he knew the certain dooms of Heaven,

Or kept a register of all the Destinies. 76

K. John. Thou tell'st me marvels ; would thou
had'st brought the man !

We might have question'd him of things to come.

Bastard. My lord, I took a care of had-I-wist,

And brought the prophet with me to the court ; 80

He stays, my lord, but at the presence door :

Pleaseth your Highness, I will call him in.

K. John. Nay, stay awhile ; we'll have him here anon ;

A thing of weight is first to be perform'd. 84

[*Enter the Nobles, [Essex, Pembroke, and others.]*]

*and crown KING JOHN, and then cry 'God save
the King !'*

K. John. Lordings, and friends, supporters of our
state,

Admire not at this unaccustom'd course,
Nor in your thoughts blame not this deed of yours.
Once ere this time was I invested King, 88
Your fealty sworn as liegmen to our state :
Once since that time, ambitious weeds have sprung
To stain the beauty of our garden-plot ;
But Heavens, in our conduct,—rooting thence 92
The false intruders, breakers of world's peace,—
Have, to our joy, made sunshine chase the storm.
After the which, to try your constancy,
That now I see is worthy of your names, 96
We crav'd once more your helps for to invest us
Into the right that envy sought to wrack.
Once was I not depos'd, your former choice,
Now twice been crowned, and applauded King ? 100
Your cheered action to install me so,
Infers assured witness of your loves,
And binds me over, in a kingly care,
To render love with love, rewards of worth 104
To balance down requital to the full.
But thanks the while ; thanks, lordings, to you all !

Ask me and use me ; try me, and find me yours.

Essex. A boon, my lord,—at vantage of your words,— 108

We ask, to guerdon all our loyalties.

Pembroke. We take the time your Highness bids us ask.

Please it you grant, you make your promise good,

With lesser loss than one superfluous hair 112

That not remember'd falleth from your head.

K. John. My word is pass'd ; receive your boon, my lords !

What may it be ? Ask it, and it is yours.

Essex. We crave, my lord, to please the Commons with, 116

The liberty of Lady Constance' son,

Whose durance darkeneth your Highness' right,

As if you kept him prisoner, to the end

Yourself were doubtful of the thing you have. 120

Dismiss him thence ; your Highness needs not fear ;

Twice by consent you are proclaim'd our King.

Pembroke. This, if you grant, were all unto your good ;

For simple muse you keep him close. 124

K. John. Your words have searcht the centre of my thoughts,

Confirming warrant of your loyalties,
Dismiss your counsel; sway my state;
Let John do nothing but by your consents. 128

[*To the BASTARD.*]

¶ Why, how now, Philip? what ecstasy is this?
Why casts thou up thy eyes to heaven so?

[*There the five moons appear.*]

Bastard. See, see, my lord, strange apparitions!
Glancing mine eye to see the diadem 132
Placed by the bishops on your Highness' head,
From forth a gloomy cloud, which, curtain-like
Display'd itself, I suddenly espied
Five moons reflecting, as you see them now: 136
Even in the moment that the crown was plac'd,
Gan they appear, holding the course you see.

K. John. What might portend these apparitions,
Unusual signs, forerunners of event, 140
Presagers of strange terror to the world?
¶ Believe me, Lords, the object fears me much.
¶ Philip, thou told'st me of a wizard late:
Fetch in the man to descant of this show! 144

[*Exit the BASTARD.*]

Pembroke. The Heavens frown upon the sinful
earth,
When, with prodigious unaccustom'd signs,

They spot their superficies with such wonder.

Essex. Before the ruins of Jerusalem, 148
Such meteors were the ensigns of His wrath
That hast'ned to destroy the faultful town.

[*Re-*]enter the BASTARD, with the Prophet.

K. John. Is this the man?

Bastard. It is, my lord. 152

K. John. Prophet of Pomfret, for so I hear thou
art,

That calculat'st of many things to come ;
Who, by a power replete with heavenly gift,
Can'st blab the counsel of thy Maker's will : 156
If fame be true, or truth be wrong'd by thee,
Decide in cyphering, what these five moons
Portend this clime, if they presage at all.
Breathe out thy gift ! and if I live to see 160
Thy divination take a true effect,
I'll honour thee above all earthly men.

Peter. The sky wherein these moons have residence,
Presenteth Rome, the great Metropolis, 164
Where sits the Pope in all his holy pomp,
Four of the moons present four provinces,
To wit, Spain, Denmark, Germany, and France,
That bear the yoke of proud commanding Rome, 168

And stand in fear to tempt the Prelate's curse.
The smallest moon that whirls about the rest,
Impatient of the place he holds with them,
Doth figure forth this Island, Albion, 172
Who 'gins to scorn the See and State of Rome,
And seeks to shun the edicts of the Pope :
'This shows the heaven ; and this, I do aver,
Is figur'd in these apparitions. 176

K. John. Why, then it seems the Heavens smile on
us,

Giving applause for leaving of the Pope,
But, for they chance in our Meridian,
Do they effect no private growing ill 180
To be inflicted on us in this clime ?

Peter. The moons effect no more than what I said;
But, on some other knowledge that I have
By my prescience, ere Ascension Day 184
Have brought the sun unto his usual height,
Of crown, estate and royal dignity,
Thou shalt be clean despoil'd and dispossess.

K. John. False dreamer, perish with thy witch'd
news ! 188

Villain ! thou wound'st me with thy fallacies.
If it be true, die for thy tidings' price ;
If false, for fearing me with vain suppose.

¶ Hence with the witch, hell's damned secretary ! 192
 Lock him up sure ! for by my faith I swear,
 True or not true, the wizard shall not live.
 Before Ascension Day ? Who should be cause hereof ?
 Cut off the cause, and then the effect will die. 196
 Tut, tut ! my mercy serves to maim myself ;
 The root doth live, from whence these thorns spring
 up ;

Ay, and my promise pass'd for his delivery !
 Frown friends, fail faith, the devil go withal ; 200
 The brat shall die that terrifies me thus.

¶ Pembroke and Essex, I recall my grant ;
 I will not buy your favours with my fear :
 Nay, murmur not, my will is law enough ; 204
 I love you well ; but if I lov'd you better,
 I would not buy it with my discontent.

Enter HUBERT.

How, now ? what news with thee ?

Hubert. According to your Highness' strict
 command, 208

Young Arthur's eyes are blinded and extinct.

K. John. Why, so !

Then he may feel the crown, but never see it.

Hubert. Nor see nor feel ; for, of the éxtreme pain,

Within one hour gave he up the ghost. 213

K. John. What ! is he dead ?

Hubert. He is, my lord.

K. John. Then with him die my cares.

Essex [*to Arthur, absent.*] Now joy betide thy soul !

Pembroke. And Heavens revenge thy death ! 217

Essex [*to K. John*]. What have you done, my lord ?

Was ever heard

A deed of more inhuman consequence ?

Your foes will curse, your friends will cry revenge.

Unkindly rage, more rough than northern wind, 221

To chip the beauty of so sweet a flower.

What hope in us for mercy on a fault,

When kinsman dies without impeach of cause ? 224

As you have done, so come to cheer you with ;

The guilt shall never be cast me in my teeth.

[*Exeunt Nobles.*]

K. John. And are you gone ? The devil be your
guide !

Proud rebels as you are, to brave me so ; 228

Saucy, uncivil, checkers of my will.

Your tongues give edge unto the fatal knife

That shall have passage through your traitorous throats.

But husht ! breathe not bug's words too soon abroad,

Lest time prevent the issue of thy reach. 233

Arthur is dead ; ay, there the corsie grows :
But while he liv'd, the danger was the more ;
His death hath freed me from a thousand fears, 236
But it hath purchast me ten times ten thousand foes.
Why, all is one ! such luck shall haunt his game,
To whom the devil owes an open shame :
His life, a foe that levell'd at my crown ; 240
His death, a frame to pull my building down.
My thoughts harpt still on quiet by his end,
Who, living, aimed shrewdly at my room :
But, to prevent that plea, twice was I crown'd ; 244
Twice did my subjects swear me fealty,
And, in my conscience, lov'd me as their liege,
In whose defence they would have pawn'd their
lives.
But now, they shun me as a serpent's sting, 248
A tragic tyrant, stern and pitiless,
And not a title follows after John,
But butcher, bloodsucker, and murderer !
What planet govern'd my nativity, 252
To bode me sovereign types of high estate,
So interlac'd with hellish discontent,
Wherein fell fury hath no interest ?
Curst be the crown, chief author of my care ! 256
Nay, curst my will, that made the crown my care !

Curst be my birthday ! curst ten times the womb
That yielded me alive unto the world !

[*To Hubert.*] Art thou there, villain ? furies haunt
thee still, 260

For killing him whom all the world laments !

Hubert. Why, here's my lord, your Highness' hand
and seal,

Charging, on life's regard, to do the deed.

K. John. Ah, dull conceited peasant ! know'st thou
not, 264

It was a damned, execrable deed ?

Show'st me a seal ? Oh, villain ! both our souls

Have sold their freedom to the thrall of hell,

Under the warrant of that cursed seal ! 268

Hence, villain ! hang thyself ! and say in hell,

That I am coming for a kingdom there.

Hubert. My lord, attend the happy tale I tell !

For Heaven's health, send Satan packing hence, 272

That instigates your Highness to despair.

If Arthur's death be dismal to be heard,

Bandy the news for rumours of untruth :

He lives, my lord, the sweetest youth alive ; 276

In health, with eyesight, not a hair amiss.

This heart took vigor from this forward hand,

Making it weak to execute your charge.

K. John. What! lives he? ¶ Then, sweet hope,
come home again! 280

Chase hence despair, the purveyor for hell!

¶ Hie, Hubert! tell these tidings to my lords,
That throb in passions for young Arthur's death.

Hence, Hubert! stay not till thou hast reveal'd 284

The wished news of Arthur's happy health.

I go myself, the joyfull'st man alive,

To story out this new supposed crime. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the First Part

THE
SECOND PART OF THE

troublesome Reign of King
John, containing the death
of Arthur Plantaginet,
the landing of Lewis, and
the poisoning of King
John at Swinstead
Abbey.

As it was (sundry times) publicly acted by the
Queen's Majesty's Players, in the ho-
nourable City of
London.

[Device]

Imprinted at London for *Sampson Clarke,*
and are to be sold at his shop, on the back-
side of the *Royal Exchange.*

1591.

TO THE GENTLEMAN READERS

The changeless purpose of determin'd Fate
Gives period to our care, or heart's content,
When Heaven's fixt time for this or that hath end ;
Nor can earth's pomp or policy prevent 4
The doom ordained in their secret will.
Gentles ! we left King John replete with bliss
That Arthur liv'd, whom he supposed slain,
And Hubert posting to return those lords 8
Who deem'd him dead, and parted discontent.
Arthur himself begins our latter act,
Our act of outrage, desp'rate fury, death,
Wherein fond rashness murd'reth first a Prince, 12
And monkish falseness poisoneth last a King.
First scene shows Arthur's death in infancy,
And last concludes John's fatal tragedy.

[THE CHARACTERS IN THE ORDER OF
THEIR ONCOMING

ARTHUR, Prince of Bretagne, sc. i, p. 97.

THE EARL OF PEMBROKE, sc. i, p. 98; pp. 113, 127, 130.

THOMAS PLANTAGENET, Earl of Salisbury, sc. i, p. 98;
pp. 117, 127, 130, 149, 151.

THE EARL OF ESSEX, sc. i, p. 98; pp. 113, 127, 149.

HUBERT, sc. i, p. 99; p. 104.

KING JOHN, sc. ii, p. 102; pp. 126, 133, 143.

Two or three Nobles, sc. ii, p. 102; sc. iv, p. 127.

PETER, The Prophet, sc. ii, p. 102.

The Bastard, PHILIP FALCONBRIDGE (son of Richard I),
sc. ii, p. 104; pp. 114, 126, 134, 143, 151.

ATTENDANT, sc. ii, p. 109.

CARDINAL PANDULPH, Legate from the See of Rome,
sc. ii, p. 110; pp. 126, 149, 151.

A Messenger, sc. ii, p. 112; pp. 120, 126, 141.

THE EARL OF CHESTER, sc. iii, p. 113, &c.

THE EARL OF BEAUCHAMP, sc. iii, p. 113, &c.

THE EARL OF CLARE, sc. iii, p. 113, &c.

The EARL PERCY, sc. iii, p. 114, &c.

LEWIS, The Dauphin of France, with his Troup, sc. iii.

p. 120; pp. 127, 140 (and his Army), 151.

EARL BIGOT, sc. iii, p. 120, &c.

VISCOUNT MELOUN, sc. iii, p. 120; pp. 127, 130.

A French Lord, sc. iii, p. 124; sc. iv, p. 127.

PRIESTS, sc. iv, p. 126.

Two English Lords, sc. vi, p. 133.

The ABBOT OF SWINSTEAD, and *Certain Monks*, sc. vi,

p. 136; sc. viii, p. 143.

The MONK THOMAS, who poisons King John, sc. vi,

p. 137; sc. viii, p. 143.

Second Messenger, sc. vii, p. 141

Third Messenger, sc. vii, p. 142; *Fourth*, sc. viii, p. 148;

Fifth, sc. viii, p. 150.

Two Friars, laying a Cloth, sc. viii, p. 143.

PRINCE HENRY, afterwards King Henry III of England,

sc. viii, pp. 149, 151.

NOTE.—In sc. iii, p. 125; sc. iv, p. 127; sc. v, p. 130; sc. vi, p. 133; sc. viii, p. 149, and sc. ix, p. 151, certain of the nobles, or all of them, are present, though some have no speaking part.]

PART II

[SCENE I.

Before an English Castle, 1203-14.]

Enter young ARTHUR on the walls.

Now help, good hap, to further mine intent !
Cross not my youth with any more extremes !
I venture life, to gain my liberty ;
And if I die, world's troubles have an end. 4
Fear 'gins dissuade the strength of my resolve ;
My hold will fail, and then, alas, I fall ;
And if I fall, no question, death is next :
Better desist, and live in prison still. 8
Prison, said I ? nay, rather death than so.
Comfort and courage come again to me :
Ill venture, sure ; 'tis but a leap for life.

*[He leaps, and bruising his bones, [is stun'd. After
he wakes from his trance, he] speaks thus :*

Ho ! who is nigh ? somebody take me up ! 12
Where is my mother ? let me speak with her.

Who hurts me thus? Speak, ho! where are you gone?
 Ah me, poor Arthur! I am here alone.
 Why call'd I Mother? how did I forget? 16
 My fall, my fall, hath kill'd my mother's son.
 How will she weep at tidings of my death!
 My death indeed! O God, my bones are burst.
 Sweet Jesu! save my soul; forgive my rash attempt; 20
 Comfort my mother; shield her from despair
 When she shall hear my tragic overthrow!
 My heart controls the office of my tongue;
 My vital powers forsake my bruised trunk; 24
 I die, I die! Heaven take my fleeting soul!
 And lady mother, all good hap to thee! [*He dies.*]

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, ESSEX.

Essex. My lords of Pembroke and of Salisbury,
 We must be careful in our policy 28
 To undermine the keepers of this place,
 Else shall we never find the Prince's grave.
Pembroke. My lord of Essex, take no care for that:
 I warrant you it was not closely done. 32

[*Sees ARTHUR's corpse.*]

But who is this? Lo, lords, the wither'd flower,
 Who, in his life, shin'd like the morning's blush,
 Cast out o' door, denied his burial rite,

A prey for birds and beasts to gorge upon. 36

Salisbury. O ruthless spectacle! O damned deed!

My sinews shake; my very heart doth bleed.

Essex. Leave childish tears, brave lords of England!

If waterfloods could fetch his life again, 40

My eyes should conduit forth a sea of tears;

If sobs would help, or sorrows serve the turn,

My heart should volley out deep piercing plaints;

But bootless were't to breathe as many sighs 44

As might eclipse the brightest summer's sun.

Here rests the help, a service to his ghost:

Let not the tyrant causer of this dole,

Live to triumph in ruthless massacres! 48

Give hand and heart, and Englishmen, to arms!

'Tis God's decree to wreak us of these harms.

Pembroke. The best advice. But who comes posting
here?

Enter HUBERT.

Right noble lords, I speak unto you all: 52

The King entreats your soonest speed

To visit him, who, on your present want,

Did ban and curse his birth, himself, and me,

For executing of his strict command. 56

I saw his passion, and, at fittest time,

Assur'd him of his cousin's being safe,
Whom pity would not let me do to death.
He craves your company, my lords, in haste, 60
'To whom I will conduct young Arthur straight,
Who is in health, under my custody.

Essex. In health, base villain! were't not I leave
thy crime

To God's revenge, to whom revenge belongs, 64
Here should'st thou perish on my rapier's point.
Call'st thou this health? such health betide thy friends,
And all that are of thy condition!

Hubert. My lords, but hear me speak; and kill me
then! 68

If here I left not this young Prince alive,—
Maugre the hasty edict of the King,
Who gave me charge to put out both his eyes,—
That God that gave me living to this hour, 72
Thunder revenge upon me in this place!
And as I tender'd him with earnest love,
So God love me! and then I shall be well.

Salisbury. Hence, traitor, hence? thy counsel is
herein. [Exit HUBERT. 76

Some in this place, appointed by the King,
Have thrown him from this lodging here above;
And sure the murder hath been newly done,

For yet the body is not fully cold. 80

Essex. How say you, lords, shall we with speed
dispatch,

Under our hands, a packet into France,
To bid the Dauphin enter with his force,
To claim the kingdom for his proper right? 84

His title maketh lawful strength thereto.

Besides, the Pope, on peril of his curse,

Hath barr'd us of obedience unto John.

This hateful murder, Lewis his true descent, 88

The holy charge that we receiv'd from Rome,

Are weighty reasons, if you like my rede,

To make us all persévere in this deed.

Pembroke. My lord of Essex, well have you advis'd : 92
I will accord to further you in this.

Salisbury. And Salisbury will not gainsay the same,
But aid that course as far forth as he can.

Essex. Then each of us send straight to his allies, 96

To win them to this famous enterprise ;

And let us all, yclad in palmer's weed,

The tenth of April, at Saint Edmund's Bury,

Meet to confer, and on the altar there 100

Swear secrecy, and aid to this advice.

Meanwhile, let us convey this body hence,

And give him burial, as befits his state,

Keeping his month's-mind and his obsequies, 104
 With solemn intercession for his soul.

How say you lordings? are you all agreed?

Pembroke. The tenth of April, at Saint Edmund's

Bury :

God letting not, I will not fail the time. 108

Essex. Then let us all convey the body hence.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II.¹

A Room in a Palace, 1214.]

Enter KING JOHN, *with two or three, and the* PROPHET.

K. John. Disturbed thoughts, foredoomers of mine ill,
 Distracted passions, signs of growing harms,
 Strange prophecies of imminent mishaps,
 Confound my wits, and dull my senses so, 4
 That every object these mine eyes behold,
 Seem instruments to bring me to my end.
 Ascension Day is come. John, fear not then
 The prodigies this prating Prophet threats! 8
 'Tis come indeed : ah, were it fully past,
 Then were I careless of a thousand fears,
 The dial tells me it is twelve at noon :

¹ Not in *K. John.*

Were twelve at midnight past, then might I vaunt 12
False seers' prophecies of no import.

Could I as well, with this right hand of mine,
Remove the sun from our meridian,
Unto the moonstead circle of th' Antipodes, 16

As turn this steel from twelve to twelve again,
Then, John, the date of fatal prophecies
Should, with the Prophet's life together end.
But *Multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra.* 20

¶ Peter, unsay thy foolish doting dream,
And, by the crown of England, here I swear,
To make thee great, and greatest of thy kin.

Peter. King John, although the time I have pre-
scrib'd 24

Be but twelve hours remaining yet behind,
Yet do I know by inspiration,
Ere that fixt time be fully come about,
King John shall not be King as heretofore. 28

K. John. Vain buzzard! what mischance can chance
so soon,

To set a King beside his regal seat?
My heart is good, my body passing strong,
My land in peace, my enemies subdu'd; 32
Only my barons storm at Arthur's death,
But Arthur lives. Ay, there the challenge grows,

Were he despatch'd unto his longest home,
Then were the King secure of thousand foes. 36

[*Enter HUBERT.*]

Hubert, what news with thee? Where are my lords?

Hubert. Hard news, my lord: Arthur, the lovely
Prince,

Seeking to escape over the castle walls,
Fell headlong down; and, in the cursed fall, 40
He brake his bones; and there before the gate
Your Barons found him dead, and breathless quite.

K. John. Is Arthur dead? then, Hubert, without
more words, hang the Prophet!

Away with Peter! ¶ Villain! out of my sight! 44
I am deaf; be gone! ¶ Let him not speak a word.

[*Exit HUBERT, with PETER.*]

Now, John, thy fears are vanisht into smoke;
Arthur is dead; thou, guiltless of his death.
¶ Sweet youth, but that I strived for a crown, 48
I could have well afforded to thine age
Long life, and happiness to thy content.

Enter the BASTARD.

K. John. Philip, what news with thee?

Bastard. The news I heard was Peter's prayers, 52
Who wisht like fortune to befall us all;

And with that word, the rope, his latest friend,
Kept him from falling headlong to the ground.

K. John. There let him hang, and be the ravens'
food, 56

While John triumphs in spite of prophecies.

But what's the tidings from the Popelings now?

What say the monks and priests to our proceedings?

Or where's the barons, that so suddenly 60

Did leave the King upon a false surmise?

Bastard. The prelates storm, and thirst for sharp
revenge.

But, please your Majesty, were that the worst,

It little skill'd : a greater danger grows, 64

Which must be weeded out by careful speed,

Or all is lost, for all is levell'd at.

K. John. More frights and fears ! Whate'er thy
tidings be,

I am prepar'd : then, Philip, quickly say, 68

Mean they to murder, or imprison me,

To give my crown away to Rome or France ;

Or will they, each of them, become a king ?

Worse than I think it is, it cannot be. 72

Bastard. Not worse, my lord, but every whit as bad.

The nobles have elected Lewis king,

In right of Lady Blanche, your niece, his wife ;

His landing is expected every hour, 76
The nobles, commons, clergy, all estates,—
Incited chiefly by the Cardinal,
Pandulph, that lives here Legate for the Pope,—
Thinks long to see their new-elected king. 80
And, for undoubted proof, see here, my liege,

[*Hands letters to the king.*]

Letters to me from your nobility,
To be a party in this action ;
Who, under show of feigned holiness, 84
Appoint their meeting at Saint Edmund's Bury,
There to consult, conspire, and conclude
The overthrow and downfall of your state.

K. John. Why, so it must be ! One hour of content
Matcht with a month of passionate effects.
Why shines the sun to favour this consort ?
Why do the winds not break their brazen gates,
And scatter all these perjur'd 'complices, 92
With all their counsels and their damned drifts ?
But see ! the welkin rolleth gently on ;
There's not a louring cloud to frown on them ;
The heaven, the earth, the sun, the moon, and all, 96
Conspire, with those confederates, my decay.
Then Hell for me, if any power be there,
Forsake that place, and guide me, step by step,

To poison, strangle, murder in their steps 100

These traitors: oh! that name is too good for them,

And death is easy. Is there nothing worse

To wreak me on this proud peace-breaking crew?

What say'st thou, Philip? why assist'st thou not? 104

Bastard. These curses, good my lord, fit not the
season:

Help must descend from Heaven against this treason.

K. John. Nay, thou wilt prove a traitor with the rest!

Go, get thee to them! Shame come to you all! 108

Bastard. I would be loth to leave your Highness
thus;

Yet you command, and I, though griev'd will go.

[*Starts to go.*]

K. John. Ah, Philip! whither goest thou? come again!

Bastard. My lord, these motions are as passions of a
madman. 112

K. John. A madman, Philip! I am mad indeed;

My heart is maz'd, my senses all foredone;

And John of England now is quite undone,

Was ever king, as I, oppress'd with cares? 116

Dame Elinor, my noble mother-queen,

My only hope and comfort in distress,

Is dead, and England excommunicate,

And I am interdicted by the Pope; 120

All churches curst, their doors are sealed up ;
 And, for the pleasure of the Romish priest,
 The service of the Highest is neglected.
 The multitude, a beast of many heads, 124
 Do wish confusion to their sovereign ;
 The nobles, blinded with ambitious fumes,
 Assemble powers to beat mine empire down,
 And more than this, elect a foreign king. 128
 ¶ O England ! wert thou ever miserable,
 King John of England sees thee miserable !
 ¶ John, 'tis thy sins that makes it miserable,
Quicquid delirant Reges, plectuntur Achiui. 132
 ¶ Philip, as thou hast ever lov'd thy King,
 So show it now ! post to Saint Edmund's Bury,
 Dissemble with the nobles ; know their drifts ;
 Confound their devilish plots, and damn'd devices. 136
 Though John be faulty, yet let subjects bear ;
 He will amend, and right the people's wrongs.
 A mother, though she were unnatural,
 Is better than the kindest stepdame is : 140
 Let never Englishman trust foreign rule !
 Then, Philip, show thy fealty to thy King,
 And 'mongst the nobles, plead thou for the King.
Bastard. I go, my lord. [*Moves a few steps.*]
 ¶ See how he is distraught ! 144

This is the cursed priest of Italy
 Hath heapt these mischiefs on this hapless land.
 Now, Philip, had'st thou Tully's eloquence,
 Then might'st thou hope to plead with good success. 148

[*Exit.*

K. John. And art thou gone? success may follow
 thee :

Thus hast thou show'd thy kindness to thy King.

[*To an Attendant.*]

¶ Sirrah ! in haste go greet the Cardinal,
 Pandulph, I mean, the Legate from the Pope. 152
 Say that the King desires to speak with him.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

¶ Now, John, bethink thee how thou may'st resolve :
 And if thou wilt continue England's king,
 Then cast about to keep thy diadem ; 156
 For life and land, and all, is levell'd at.
 The Pope of Rome, 'tis he that is the cause ;
 He curseth thee ; he sets thy subjects free
 From due obedience to their sovereign : 160
 He animates the nobles in their wars ;
 He gives away the crown to Philip's son,
 And pardons all that seek to murder thee :
 And thus blind zeal is still predominant. 164
 Then, John, there is no way to keep thy crown,

But finely to dissemble with the Pope :
 That hand that gave the wound, must give the salve
 To cure the hurt, else quite incurable. 168
 Thy sins are far too great to be the man
 T' abolish Pope and popery from thy realm :
 But in thy seat, if I may guess at all,
 A king shall reign that shall suppress them all. 172
 Peace, John ! here comes the Legate of the Pope ;
 Dissemble thou, and whatsoe'er thou say'st,
 Yet with thy heart wish their confusion.

Enter PANDULPH.

Pandulph. Now John, unworthy man to breath on
 earth, 176

That dost oppugn against thy Mother Church,—
 Why am I sent for to thy cursed self ?

K. John. Thou man of God, Vicegerent for the Pope,
 The holy Vicar of St. Peter's Church, [*kneels.*] 180
 Upon my knees, I pardon crave of thee,
 And do submit me to the see of Rome ;
 And now, for penance of my high offence,
 To take on me the holy cross of Christ, 184
 And carry arms in holy christian wars.

Pandulph. No, John ! thy crouching and dissembling
 thus

Cannot deceive the Legate of the Pope.
 Say what thou wilt, I will not credit thee : 188
 Thy crown and kingdom both are ta'en away,
 And thou art curst without redemption.

K. John. [*aside.*] Accurst indeed, to kneel to such a
 drudge,
 And get no help with thy submission ! 192
 Unsheath thy sword, and slay the misproud priest
 That thus triúmphs o'er thee, a mighty king.
 No, John ! submit again, dissemble yet,
 For priests and women must be flattered. 196

[*To Pandulph.*]

¶ Yet, holy father, thou thyself dost know,
 No time too late for sinners to repent.
 Absolve me, then, and John doth swear to do
 The uttermost, whatever thou demand'st. 200

Pandulph. John ! Now I see thy hearty penitence,
 I rue and pity thy distrest estate.
 One way is left to reconcile thyself,
 And only one, which I shall show to thee : 204
 Thou must surrender to the see of Rome
 Thy crown and diadem ; then shall the Pope
 Defend thee from th' invasion of thy foes ;
 And where his Holiness hath kindled France, 208
 And set thy subjects' hearts at war with thee,

Then shall he curse thy foes, and beat them down
That seek the discontentment of the king.

K. John [*aside*]. From bad to worse ! or I must lose
my realm, 212

Or give my crown for penance unto Rome,
A misery more piercing than the darts
That break from burning exhalations' power.

What ! shall I give my crown with this right hand ? 216

No ! with this hand defend thy crown and thee.

¶ What news with thee ?

Enter Messenger.

Please it your Majesty, there is descried on the coast of
Kent, an hundred sail of ships, which of all men is
thought to be the French fleet, under the conduct of the
Dauphin, so that it puts the country in a mutiny ; so they
send to your Grace for succour. [*Exit.*]

K. John. How now, Lord Cardinal ? what's your
best advice ? 224

These mutinies must be allay'd in time
By policy, or headstrong rage at least.

¶ O John ! these troubles tire thy wear'd soul,
And, like to Luna in a sad eclipse, 228
So are thy thoughts and passions for this news.
Well may it be, when kings are grieved so.

The vulgar sort work princes' overthrow.

Pandulph. King John, for not effecting of thy
plighted vow, 232

This strange annoyance happens to thy land :

But yet be reconcil'd unto the Church,

And nothing shall be grievous to thy state.

K. John. On, Pandulph ! be it as thou hast decreed ! 236

John will not spurn against thy sound advice.

Come, let's away ! and with thy help, I trow,

My realm shall flourish, and my crown in peace. 239

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III.¹

St. Edmund's Bury, 1214.]

*Enter the Nobles, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, CHESTER, BEAUCHAMP,
CLARE, with others.*

Pembroke. Now, sweet Saint Edmund, holy saint in
heaven,

Whose shrine is sacred, high esteem'd on earth,

Infuse a constant zeal in all our hearts

To prosecute this act of mickle weight ! 4

¶ Lord Beauchamp, say, what friends have you procur'd ?

Beauchamp. The Lord FitzWater, Lord Percy and
Lord Ross,

¹ Not in *K. John.*

Vow'd meeting here this day, th' eleventh hour.

Essex. Under the cloak of holy pilgrimage, 8
By that same hour, on warrant of their faith,
Philip Plantagenet, a bird of swiftest wing,
Lord Eustace Vescy, Lord Cressy, and Lord Mowbray,
Appointed meeting at Saint Edmund's shrine. 12

Pembroke. Until their presence, I'll conceal my tale.
Sweet 'complices in holy Christian acts,
That venture for the purchase of renown,
Thrice welcome to the league of high resolve, 16
That pawn their bodies for their souls' regard !

Essex. Now wanteth but the rest to end this work.
In pilgrims' habit comes our holy troop
A furlong hence, with swift unwonted pace : 20
Maybe they are the persons you expect.

Pembroke. With swift unwonted gait : see what a thing
is zeal,
That spurs them on with fervence to this shrine !
Now joy come to them for their true intent ! 24
And, in good time, here come the warmen all,
That sweat in body by the mind's disease :
Hap and heartsease, brave lordings, be your lot ! 27

Enter the BASTARD PHILIP, [PERCY], &c.

Bastard. Amen, my lords ! the like betide your luck,

And all that travail in a christian cause !

Essex. Cheerly replied, brave branch of kingly stock !

A right Plantagenet should reason so.

¶ But silence, lords, attend our coming's cause ! 32

The servile yoke that pained us with toil,

On strong instinct hath fram'd this cónventicle,

To ease our necks of servitude's contempt.

Should I not name the foeman of our rest, 36

Which of you all, so barren in conceit,

As cannot level at the man I mean ?

But, lest enigmas shadow shining truth,

Plainly to paint, as truth requires no art, 40

Th' effect of this resort importeth this :

To root, and clean extirpate, tyrant John.

Tyrant, I say, appealing to the man,

If any here, that loves him ; and I ask, 44

What kinship, lenity, or Christian reign

Rules in the man, to bar this foul impeach ?

First, I infer the Chester's banishment,—

For reprehending him in most unchristian crimes,— 48

Was special notice of a tyrant's will.

But were this all, the devil should be sav'd ;

But this, the least of many thousand faults

That circumstance with leisure might display. 52

Our private wrongs, no parcel of my tale,

Which now in presence, but for some great cause
Might wish to him as to a mortal foe.
But shall I close the period with an act 56
Abhorring in the ears of Christian men,—
His cousin's death, that sweet unguilty child,
Untimely butcher'd by the tyrant's means?
Here is my proofs, as clear as gravel brook ; 60
And on the same, I further must infer,
That, who upholds a tyrant in his course,
Is culpable of all his damned guilt.
To show the which is yet to be describ'd.— 64
¶ My Lord of Pembroke, show what is behind!—
Only, I say, that were there nothing else
To move us, but the Pope's most dreadful curse,
Whereof we are assured if we fail, 68
It were enough to instigate us all,
With earnestness of sp'rit, to seek a mean
To dispossess John of his regiment.
Pembroke. Well hath my Lord of Essex told his
tale, 72
Which I aver for most substantial truth.
And more to make the matter to our mind,
I say that Lewis, in challenge of his wife,
Hath title of an uncontrolled plea 76
To all that 'longeth to our English crown.

Short tale to make, the See Apóstolic
 Hath offer'd dispensation for the fault,
 If any be,—as trust me, none I know,— 80
 By planting Lewis in the usurper's room :
 This is the cause of all our presence here,
 That, on the holy altar, we protest
 To aid the right of Lewis with goods and life, 84
 Who, on our knowledge, is in arms for England.
 What say you, lords ?

Salisbury. As Pembroke saith, affirmeth Salisbury :
 Fair Lewis of France, that spoused Lady Blanche, 88
 Hath title of uncontrolled strength
 To England, and what 'longeth to the crown :
 In right whereof, as we are true inform'd,
 The Prince is marching hitherward in arms. 92
 Our purpose—to conclude that with a word,—
 Is to invest him, as we may devise,
 King of our country, in the tyrant's stead :
 And so the warrant on the altar sworn ; 96
 And so the intent for which we hither came.

Bastard. My lord of Salisbury, I cannot couch
 My speeches with the needful words of art,
 As doth beseem in such a weighty work : 100
 But what my conscience and my duty will,
 I purpose to impart.

For Chester's exile, blame his busy wit,
That meddled where his duty quite forbade : 104
For any private causes that you have,
Methink they should not mount to such a height,
As to depose a king, in their revenge.
For Arthur's death, King John was innocent : 108
He, desperate, was the deathsman to himself ;
Which you, to make a colour to your crime,
Injustly do impute to his default.
But where fell traitorism hath residence, 112
There wants no words to set despite on work.
I say 'tis shame, and worthy all reproof,
To wrest such petty wrongs, in terms of right,
Against a king anointed by the Lord. 116
Why, Salisbury, admit the wrongs are true ;
Yet subjects may not take in hand revenge,
And rob the heavens of their proper power,
Where sitteth He to whom revenge belongs. 120
And doth a Pope, a priest, a man of pride,
Give charters for the lives of lawful kings ?
What can he bless, or who regards his curse,
But such as give to man, and takes from God ? 124
I speak it in the sight of God above :
There's not a man that dies in your belief,
But sells his soul perpetually to pain.

REIGN OF KING JOHN

119

Aid Lewis, leave God, kill John, please hell, 128

Make havoc of the welfare of your souls !

For here I leave you, in the sight of heaven,

A troop of traitors, food for hellish fiends.

If you desist, then follow me as friends ; 132

If not, then do your worst, as hateful traitors !

For Lewis his right, alas, 'tis too too lame ;

A senseless claim, if truth be title's friend.

In brief, if this be cause of our resort, 136

Our pilgrimage is to the devil's shrine.

I came not, lords, to troop as traitors do,

Nor will I counsel in so bad a cause :

Please you return, we go again as friends ; 140

If not, I to my King, and you where traitors please.

[*Exit.*

Percy. A hot young man ! and so, my lords, proceed ;

Ay, let him go, and better lost than found.

Pembroke. What say you, lords, will all the rest

proceed ? 144

Will you all with me, swear upon the altar

That you will to the death be aid to Lewis,

And enemy to John ? Every man lay his hand

By mine, in witness of his heart's accord. [*They do so.*] 148

Well, then, every man to arms to meet

The King, who is already before London.

Enter Messenger.

What news, herald?

Messenger. The right Christian prince, my master, Lewis of France, is at hand, coming to visit your honours, directed hither by the right honourable Richard, Earl of Bigot, to confer with your honours.

Pembroke. How near is his Highness? 156

Messenger. Ready to enter your presence. [*Exit.*]

Enter LEWIS, [MELOUN, French Lords,] Earl BIGOT with his troop.

Lewis. Fair lords of England, Lewis salutes you all

As friends, and firm well-willers of his weal,
At whose request, from plenty-flowing France, 160

Crossing the ocean with a southern gale,
He is, in person, come at your commands,
To undertake, and gratify withal,
The fulness of your favours proffer'd him. 164

But, world's brave men,—omitting promises
Till time be minister of more amends,—
I must acquaint you with our fortune's course.

The heavens, dewing favours on my head, 168
Have, in their conduct, safe with victory,
Brought me along your well-manured bounds,

With small repulse, and little cross of chance.
 Your city Rochester, with great applause, 172
 By some divine instinct, laid arms aside ;
 And, from the hollow holes of Thamesis,
 Echo apace replied *Vive le roy !*
 From thence, along the wanton rolling glade, 176
 To Troynovant, your fair Metropolis,
 With luck came Lewis, to show his troops of France,
 Waving our ensigns with the dallying winds,
 The fearful object of fell frowning war ; 180
 Where, after some assault, and small defence,
 Heavens, may I say, and not my warlike troop,
 Temper'd their hearts to take a friendly foe
 Within the compass of their high-built walls, 184
 Giving me title, as it seem'd they wish.
 Thus Fortune, lords, acts to your forwardness
 Means of content, in lieu of former grief :
 And, may I live but to requite you all, 188
 World's wish were mine, in dying noted yours.
Salisbury. Welcome the balm that closeth up our
 wounds,
 The sovereign med'cine for our quick recure,
 The anchor of our hope, the only prop 192
 Whereon depends our lives, our lands, our weal,
 Without the which, as sheep without their herd,—

(Except a shepherd winking at the wolf),—
 We stray, we pine, we run to thousand harms. 196
 No marvel, then, though with unwonted joy,
 We welcome him that beateth woes away.

Lewis. Thanks to you all of this religious league,
 A holy knot of Catholic consent ! 200
 I cannot name you, lordings, man by man,
 But, like a stranger unacquainted yet,
 In general I promise faithful love :
 Lord Bigot, brought me to Saint Edmund's Shrine, 204
 Giving me warrant of a Christian oath,
 That this assembly came devoted here,
 To swear, according as your packets show'd,
 Homage and loyal service to ourself. 208
 I need not doubt the surety of your wills ;
 Since well I know, for many of your sakes,
 The towns have yielded on their own accords ;
 Yet, for a fashion, not for misbelief, 212
 My eyes must witness, and these ears must hear
 Your oath upon the holy altar sworn ;
 And after, march, to end our coming's cause.

Salisbury. That we intend no other than good truth, 216
 All that are present of this holy league,
 For confirmation of our better trust,
 In presence of his Highness, swear with me

The sequel that myself shall utter here :— 220

I, Thomas Plantagenet, Earl of Salisbury, swear upon the altar, and by the holy Army of Saints, homage and allegiance to the right Christian Prince, Lewis of France, as true and rightful King to England, Cornwall, and Wales, and to their territories; in the defence whereof, I, upon the holy altar, swear all forwardness.

[*All the English Lords swear.*

[*Other English Lords*]. As the noble Earl hath sworn, so swear we all.

Lewis. I rest assured on your holy oath; 228

And on this altar, in like sort I swear

Love to you all, and princely recompense,

To guerdon your good wills unto the full.

And since I am at this religious shrine, 232

My good well-willers, give us leave awhile

To use some orisons, ourselves apart,

To all the holy company of heaven,

That they will smile upon our purposes, 236

And bring them to a fortunate event.

Salisbury. We leave your Highness to your good intent.

[*Exeunt LORDS of England.*]

Lewis. Now, Viscount Meloun, what remains behind?

Trust me, these traitors to their sovereign state 240

Are not to be believ'd in any sort.

Meloun. Indeed, my lord, they that infringe their oaths,

And play the rebels 'gainst their native king,
Will, for as little cause, revolt from you, 244
If ever opportunity incite them so :
For, once forsworn, and never after sound,
There's no affiance after perjury.

Lewis. Well, Meloun, well ; let's smooth with them awhile, 248

Until we have as much as they can do ;
And when their virtue is exhaled dry,
I'll hang them for the guerdon of their help.
Meanwhile we'll use them as a precious poison 252
To undertake the issue of our hope.

French Lord. 'Tis policy, my lord, to bait our hooks
With merry smiles, and promise of much weight ;
But when your Highness needeth them no more, 256
'Tis good make sure work with them, lest indeed
They prove to you as to their natural King.

Meloun. Trust me, my lord, right well have you advis'd :

Venom for use, but never for a sport, 260
Is to be dalli'd with, lest it infect.
Were you install'd, as soon I hope you shall,

Be free from traitors, and dispatch them all.

Lewis. That so I mean, I swear before you all 264

On this same altar ; and, by heaven's power,

There's not an English traitor of them all,

John once dispatcht, and I, fair England's King,

Shall on his shoulders bear his head one day, 268

But I will crop it for their guilt's desert :

Nor shall their heirs enjoy their signories,

But perish by their parents' foul amiss.

This have I sworn ; and this will I perform, 272

If e'er I come unto the height I hope.

Lay down your hands, and swear the same with me !

[*The FRENCH LORDS swear.*

Why, so: now call them in, and speak them fair; [*Exit one.*]

A smile of France will feed an English fool. 276

Bear them in hand as friends, for so they be ;

But in the heart, like traitors, as they are.

Enter the ENGLISH LORDS, [with the French one.]

Now, famous followers, chieftains of the world,

Have we solicited, with hearty prayer, 280

The Heaven in favour of our high attempt.

Leave we this place, and march we with our power

To rouse the tyrant from his chiefest hold !

And when our labours have a prosp'rous end, 284

Each man shall reap the fruit of his desert ;
And so resolv'd, brave followers let us hence. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV.]

Near St. Edmund's Bury, 1214-16.]

*Enter KING JOHN, BASTARD, PANDULPH, and a many priests
with them.*

[*Pandulph.*] Thus, John, thou art absolv'd from all thy
sins,

And freed by order from our Father's curse.

Receive thy crown again, with this proviso,

That thou remain true liegeman to the Pope,

4

And carry arms in right of holy Rome.

K. John. I hold the same as tenant to the Pope,

And thank your Holiness for your kindness shown.

Philip. A proper jest, when kings must stoop to
friars !

8

Ned hath no law, when friars must be kings.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Please it your Majesty, the Prince of

France,

With all the nobles of your Grace's land,

Are marching hitherwards in good array.

12

Where'er they set their foot, all places yield ;
 Thy land is theirs, and not a foot holds out
 But Dover Castle, which is hard besieg'd.

Pandulph. Fear not, King John ! thy kingdom is the
 Pope's ; 16

And they shall know his Holiness hath power
 To beat them soon from whence he hath to do.

*Drums and trumpets. Enter LEWIS, MELOUN, SALISBURY,
 ESSEX, PEMBROKE, and all the Nobles from France and
 England.*

Lewis. Pandulph, as gave his Holiness in charge,
 So hath the Dauphin muster'd up his troops, 20
 And won the greatest part of all this land.
 But ill becomes your Grace, Lord Cardinal,
 Thus to converse with John that is accurst.

Pandulph. Lewis of France, victorious conqueror, 24
 Whose sword hath made this island quake for fear,
 Thy forwardness to fight for holy Rome
 Shall be remunerated to the full :
 But know, my lord, King John is now absolv'd ; 28
 The Pope is pleas'd, the land is blest again ;
 And thou hast brought each thing to good effect.
 It resteth then that thou withdraw thy powers,
 And quietly return to France again : 32

For all is done, the Pope would wish thee do.

Lewis. But all's not done that Lewis came to do.
Why, Pandulph, hath King Philip sent his son,
And been at such excessive charge in wars, 36
To be dismiss with words? King John shall know
England is mine, and he usurps my right.

Pandulph. Lewis! I charge thee and thy 'complices—
Upon the pain of Pandulph's holy curse— 40
That thou withdraw thy powers to France again,
And yield up London and the neighbour towns
That thou hast ta'en in England by the sword.

Meloun. Lord Cardinal! by Lewis' princely leave, 44
It can be nought but usurpation
In thee, the Pope, and all the Church of Rome,
Thus to insult on kings of Christendom;
Now with a word to make them carry arms, 48
Then with a word to make them leave their arms.
This must not be. ¶ Prince Lewis, keep thine own!
Let Pope and Popelings curse their bellies full!

Bastard. My lord of Meloun! What title had the
Prince 52
To England and the crown of Albion,
But such a title as the Pope confirm'd?
The Prelate now lets fall his feigned claim;
Lewis is but the agent for the Pope; 56

Then must the Dauphin cease, sith he hath ceast :

But cease or no, it greatly matters not,

¶ If you, my lords and barons of the land,

Will leave the French, and cleave unto your king. 60

For shame, ye peers of England, suffer not

Yourselves, your honours, and your land to fall ;

But with resolved thoughts beat back the French,

And free the land from yoke of servitude ! 64

Salisbury. Philip, not so ! Lord Lewis is our King ;

And we will follow him unto the death.

Pandulph. Then, in the name of Innocent, the Pope,

I curse the Prince and all that take his part, 68

And excommunicate the rebel peers

As traitors to the King and to the Pope.

Lewis. Pandulph, our swords shall bless ourselves
again :

¶ Prepare thee, John ! ¶ Lords, follow me, your King ! 72

[*Exeunt [all but K. JOHN, PANDULPH and BASTARD.]*]

K. John. Accursed John, the devil owes thee shame !

Resisting Rome, or yielding to the Pope,

All's one !

The devil take the Pope, the peers, and France ! 76

Shame be my share for yielding to the priest !

Pandulph. Comfort thyself, King John ! the Cardinal
goes,

Upon his curse to make them leave their arms. [Exit.

Bastard. Comfort, my lord, and curse the Cardinal! 80

Betake yourself to arms! My troops are prest

To answer Lewis with a lusty shock :

The English archers have their quivers full ;

Their bows are bent ; the pikes are prest to push : 84

Good cheer, my lord ! King Richard's fortune hangs

Upon the plume of warlike Philip's helm.

Then let them know, his brother and his son

Are leaders of the Englishmen at arms. 88

K. John. Philip, I know not how to answer thee :

But let us hence, to answer Lewis' pride. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE V.

Near St. Edmunda's Bury, 1216.]

Excursions. Enter MELOUN with English Lords.

Meloun. O, I am slain! Nobles, Salisbury, Pembroke,

My soul is charg'd. Hear me ! for what I say

Concerns the peers of England, and their state.

Listen, brave lords, a fearful mourning tale 4

To be deliver'd by a man of death.

Behold, these scars, the dole of bloody Mars,

Are harbingers from nature's common foe,

Citing this trunk to 'Tellus' prison house : 8

Life's charter, lordings, lasteth not an hour ;
 And fearful thoughts, forerunners of my end,
 Bids me give physic to a sickly soul.
 O peers of England ! know you what you do ? 12
 There's but a hair that sunders you from harm ;
 The hook is baited, and the train is made,
 And simply you run doting to your deaths.
 But lest I die, and leave my tale untold, 16
 With silence slaughtering so brave a crew,
 This I aver :—if Lewis win the day,
 There's not an Englishman that lifts his hand
 Against King John, to plant the heir of France, 20
 But is already damn'd to cruel death.
 I heard it vow'd ; myself, amongst the rest,
 Swore on the altar, aid to this edict.
 Two causes, lords, makes me display this drift ;— 24
 The greatest, for the freedom of my soul,
 That longs to leave this mansion free from guilt ;
 The other, on a natural instinct,
 For that my grandsire was an Englishman. 28
 Misdoubt not, lords, the truth of my discourse ;
 No frenzy, nor no brainsick idle fit ;
 But well advis'd, and wotting what I say,
 Pronounce I here, before the face of Heaven, 32
 That nothing is discover'd but a truth.

'Tis time to fly ; submit yourselves to John !
 The smiles of France shade in the frowns of death ;
 Lift up your swords, turn face against the French, 36
 Expel the yoke that's framed for your necks !
 Back, warmen, back ! embowel not the clime,
 Your seat, your nurse, your birthday's breathing-place,
 That bred you, bears you, brought you up in arms ! 40
 Ah ! be not so ingrate, to dig your mother's grave ;
 Preserve your lambs, and beat away the wolf !
 My soul hath said, contrition's penitence
 Lays hold on man's redemption for my sin. 44
 Farewell, my lords !
 Witness my faith when we are met in heaven,
 And, for my kindness, give me grave-room here !
 My soul doth fleet ; ¶ world's vanities, farewell ! [*Dies.*]
 Salisbury. Now joy betide thy soul, well-meaning
 man ! 49
 ¶ How, now, my lords, what cooling card is this ?
 A greater grief grows now, than erst hath been.
 What counsel give you ? shall we stay and die ? 52
 Or shall we home, and kneel unto the King ?
 Pembroke. My heart misgave this sad accursed news :
 What have we done ? Fie, lords ! what frenzy mov'd
 Our hearts to yield unto the pride of France ? 56
 If we persévere, we are sure to die ;

If we desist, small hope again of life.

Salisbury. Bear hence the body of this wretched man,
That made us wretched with his dying tale, 60
And stand not wailing on our present harms,
As women wont; but seek our harm's redress.
As for myself, I will in haste be gone,
And kneel for pardon to our sovereign John. 64

Pembroke. Ay, there's the way! let's rather kneel to
him,
Than to the French that would confound us all. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE VI.

Near Swinstead Abbey, 1216.]

Enter KING JOHN, carried between 2 Lords.

K. John. Set down, set down the load not worth your
pain!

Fordone I am with deadly wounding grief:
Sickly and succourless, hopeless of any good,
The world hath wearied me, and I have wearied it: 4
It loathes I live; I live, and loathe myself.
Who pities me? To whom have I been kind?
But to a few: a few will pity me.
Why die I not? Death scorns so vilde a prey. 8
Why live I not? Life hates so sad a prize

I sue to both, to be retain'd of either ;
But both are deaf ; I can be heard of neither.
Nor death nor life, yet life, and ne'er the near' ; 12
Ymixt with death, biding I wot not where.

[*Enter PHILIP, the BASTARD.*]

Philip. How fares my lord, that he is carri'd thus ?
Not all the awkward fortunes yet befall'n
Made such impression of lament in me ; 16
Nor ever did my eye attaint my heart
With any object moving more remorse,
Than now beholding of a mighty king
Borne by his lords in such distressed state. 20

K. John. What news with thee ? If bad, report it
straight ;
If good, be mute ; it doth but flatter me.

Philip. Such as it is, and heavy though it be
To glut the world with tragic elegies, 24
Once will I breathe, to aggravate the rest,
Another moan, to make the measure full.
The bravest bowman had not yet sent forth
Two arrows from the quiver at his side, 28
But that a rumour went throughout our camp,
That John was fled, the King had left the field.
At last the rumour scal'd these ears of mine,

REIGN OF KING JOHN

135

Who rather chose, as sacrifice for Mars, 32
 Than ignominious scandal by retire.
 I cheer'd the troops, as did the prince of Troy
 His weary followers 'gainst the Myrmidons,
 Crying aloud, "Saint George, the day is ours!" 36
 But fear had captivated courage quite;
 And, like the lamb before the greedy wolf,
 So heartless fled our warmen from the field.
 Short tale to make,—myself, amongst the rest, 40
 Was fain to fly before the eager foe.
 By this time, night had shadow'd all the earth,
 With sable curtains of the blackest hue,
 And fenced us from the fury of the French, 44
 As Io from the jealous Juno's eye.
 When in the morning our troops did gather head,
 Passing the Washes with our carriages,
 The impartial tide, deadly and inexorable, 48
 Came raging in, with billows threat'ning death,
 And swallow'd up the most of all our men.
 Myself, upon a Galloway right free, well pac'd,
 Outstript the floods that follow'd, wave by wave; 52
 I so escap'd, to tell this tragic tale.

K. John. Grief upon grief! yet none so great a grief
 To end this life, and thereby rid my grief.
 Was ever any so unfortunate, 56

The right idéa of a cursed man,
As I, poor I, a triumph for despite?
My fever grows : what ague shakes me so ?
How far to Swinstead, tell me, do you know ? 60
Present unto the Abbot, word of my repair.
My sickness rages, to tyrannize upon me :
I cannot live unless this fever leave me.

Philip. Good cheer, my lord ! the Abbey is at
hand : 64

Behold, my lord ! the churchmen come to meet you.

Enter the ABBOT and certain Monks.

Abbot. All health and happiness to our sovereign lord
the King !

K. John. Nor health nor happiness hath John at all.
Say, Abbot, am I welcome to thy house ? 68

Abbot. Such welcome as our Abbey can afford,
Your Majesty shall be assured of.

Philip. The King, thou see'st, is weak, and very faint :
What victuals hast thou, to refresh his Grace ? 72

Abbot. Good store, my lord : of that you need not fear,
For Lincolnshire, and these our Abbey grounds,
Were never fatter, nor in better plight.

K. John. Philip ! thou never need'st to doubt of
cates ; 76

Nor King nor lord is seated half so well
As are the Abbeyes throughout all the land.
If any plot of ground do pass another,
The friars fasten on it straight : 80
But let us in, to taste of their repast.
It goes against my heart to feed with them, [Aside.]
Or be beholden to such Abbey grooms. [Exeunt.]

Manet the Monk [Thomas.].

Monk. Is this the King that never lov'd a friar ? 84
Is this the man that doth condemn the Pope ?
Is this the man that robb'd the holy Church,
And yet will fly unto a friary ?
Is this the King that aims at Abbeyes' lands ? 88
Is this the man whom all the world abhors,
And yet will fly unto a friary ?
Accurst be Swinstead Abbey, Abbot, friars,
Monks, nuns, and clerks, and all that dwells therein, 92
If wicked John escape alive away !
¶ Now, if that thou wilt look to merit heaven,
And be canóniz'd for a holy saint,
To please the world with a deserving work, 96
Be thou the man to set thy country free,
And murder him that seeks to murder thee !

[*Re*]enter the ABBOT.

Abbot. Why are you not within, to cheer the King?
He now begins to mend, and will to meat. 100

Monk [*aside*]. What if I say to strangle him in his sleep?

Abbot. What! at thy *mumpsimus*? Away!

And seek some means for to pastime the King!

Monk [*aside*]. I'll set a dudgeon dagger at his heart, 104
And with a mallet knock him on the head.

Abbot [*aside*]. Alas! what means this monk to murder
me?

'Dare lay my life he'll kill me for my place.

Monk [*aside*]. I'll poison him, and it shall ne'er be
known; 108

And then shall I be chiefest of my house.

Abbot [*aside*]. If I were dead, indeed he is the next;

But I'll away, for why, the monk is mad,

And in his madness he will murder me. 112

Monk. My lord,

I cry your lordship mercy, I saw you not.

Abbot. Alas, good Thomas, do not murder me!

And thou shalt have my place, with thousand thanks. 116

Monk. I murder you! God shield from such a
thought!

Abbot. If thou wilt needs, yet let me say my prayers.

Monk. I will not hurt your lordship, good my lord ;
But, if you please, I will impart a thing 120
That shall be beneficial to us all.

Abbot. Wilt thou not hurt me, holy monk ? Say on !

Monk. You know, my lord, the King is in our house.

Abbot. True. 124

Monk. You know likewise, the King abhors a friar.

Abbot. True.

Monk. And he that loves not a friar is our enemy.

Abbot. Thou say'st true. 128

Monk. Then the King is our enemy.

Abbot. True.

Monk. Why then should we not kill our enemy ? And
the King being our enemy, why then should we not kill
the King ? 133

Abbot. O blessed monk ! I see God moves thy mind
To free this land from tyrant's slavery.

But who dare venture for to do this deed ? 136

Monk. Who dare ? Why, I, my lord, dare do the
deed :

I'll free my country and the Church from foes,
And merit Heaven, by killing of a king.

Abbot. Thomas, kneel down ! and if thou art resolv'd,
I will absolve thee here from all thy sins, 141
For why, the deed is meritorious.

Forward, and fear not, man! for every month,
Our friars shall sing a mass for Thomas' soul. 144

Monk. God and Saint Francis prosper my attempt!
For now, my lord, I go about my work. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VII.]

Near St. Edmund's Bury. The French Camp, 1216.]
Enter LEWIS and his Army.

Lewis. Thus victory, in bloody laurel clad,
Follows the fortune of young Lodowick.
The Englishmen, as daunted at our sight,
Fall as the fowl before the eagle's eyes. 4
Only two crosses of contráry change
Do nip my heart, and vex me with unrest:
Lord Meloun's death, the one part of my soul,—
A braver man did never live in France:— 8
The other grief,—ay, that's a gall indeed,—
To think that Dover Castle should hold out
'Gainst all assaults, and rest impregnable.
¶ Ye warlike race of Francus, Hector's son, 12
Triumph in conquest of that tyrant John!
The better half of England is our own;
And towards the conquest of the other part,
We have the face of all the English lords. 16

What then remains, but overrun the land ?
 Be resolute, my warlike followers !
 And if good fortune serve as she begins,
 The poorest peasant of the realm of France 20
 Shall be a master o'er an English lord.

Enter a Messenger.

Lewis. Fellow ! what news ?

Messenger. Pleaseth your Grace, the Earl of Salisbury,
 Pembroke, Essex, Clare, and Arundel, 24
 With all the barons that did fight for thee,
 Are, on a sudden, fled with all their powers,
 To join with John, to drive thee back again. [*Exit.*]

Enter second Messenger.

2 Messenger. Lewis, my lord ! why stand'st thou in a
 maze ? 28

Gather thy troops ! hope not of help from France ;
 For all thy forces, being fifty sail,
 Containing twenty thousand soldiers,
 With victual and munition for the war 32
 Putting from Calais in unlucky time,
 Did cross the seas, and on the Goodwin Sands
 The men, munition, and the ships are lost. [*Exit.*]

Enter third Messenger.

Lewis. More news? Say on! 36

3 *Messenger.* King John, my lord, with all his scatter'd troops,

Flying the fury of your conquering sword,
As Pharaoh erst within the bloody sea,
So he and his, environ'd with the tide, 40
On Lincoln Washes all were overwhelm'd,
The barons fled, our forces cast away.

Lewis. Was ever heard such unexpected news?

3 *Messenger.* Yet, Lodowick, revive thy dying heart! 44
King John and all his forces are consum'd.
'The less thou need'st the aid of English Earls;
'The less thou need'st to grieve thy navy's wrack;
And follow time's advantage with success! 48

Lewis [to his Troops.] Brave Frenchmen, arm'd with magnanimity,

March after Lewis, who will lead you on
To chase the barons' power that wants a head;
For John is drown'd, and I am England's king. 52
Though our munition and our men be lost,
Philip of France will send us fresh supplies. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE VIII.]

Swinstead Abbey, 1216.
Enter two FRIARS laying a Cloth.

1 *Friar.* Dispatch, dispatch! the King desires to eat.
Would a might eat his last, for the love he bears to
Churchmen!

2 *Friar.* I am of thy mind too; and so it should be,
and we might be our own carvers. I marvel why they
dine here in the orchard.

1 *Friar.* I know not, nor I care not. The King comes.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter KING JOHN, the ABBOT, PHILIP the BASTARD, and
MONK THOMAS, with a cup of wine.*]

K. John. Come on, Lord Abbot! shall we sit
together?

Abbot. Pleaseth your Grace, sit down.

K. John. Take your places, sirs! no pomp in penury;
all beggars and friends may come. Where necessity keeps
the house, curtesy is barr'd the table. ¶ Sit down, Philip!

Bastard. My lord, I am loth to allude so much to
the proverb, Honors change manners: a king is a king,
though Fortune do her worst; and we as dutiful, in despite
of her frown, as if your Highness were now in the highest
type of dignity.

K. John. Come, no more ado! And you tell me much of dignity, you'll mar my appetite in a surfeit of sorrow. ¶ What cheer, Lord Abbot? methinks you frown like an host that knows his guest hath no money to pay the reckoning. 22

Abbot. No, my liege; if I frown at all, it is for I fear this cheer too homely to entertain so mighty a guest as your Majesty. 25

Bastard. I think rather, my Lord Abbot, you remember my last being here, when I went in progress for pouches:— and the rancor of his heart breaks out in his countenance, to show he hath not forgot me. 29

Abbot. Not so, my lord! you, and the meanest follower of his Majesty, are heartily welcome to me.

Monk [*Thomas, offering K. John a cup of wine*]. Wassail, my liege! and, as a poor monk may say: Welcome to Swinstead! 34

K. John. Begin, monk! and report hereafter thou wast taster to a king.

Monk. As much health to your Highness as to my own heart! [*Drinks and hands the cup to K. John.*]

John [*taking the cup*]. I pledge thee, kind monk. [*Drinks.*]

Monk. The merriest draught that ever was drunk in England! Am I not too bold with your Highness? 41

K. John. Not a whit; all friends and fellows for a time. 43

Monk [*withdrawing, and aside*]. If the inwards of a toad be a compound of any proof . . why, so: it works.
[*Falls dead.*]

K. John. Stay, Philip; where's the monk?

Bastard. He is dead, my lord.

K. John. Then drink not, Philip, for a world of wealth! 48

Bastard. What cheer, my liege? your colour 'gins to change.

K. John. So doth my life. O, Philip, I am poison'd!
The monk, the devil! the poison 'gins to rage;
It will depose myself, a king, from reign. 52

Bastard. This Abbot hath an interest in this act.

¶ At all adventures take thou that from me!

[*Kills the Abbot.*]

There lie thee, Abbot, Abbey-lubber, devil!
March with the monk unto the gates of hell! 56
¶ How fares my lord?

K. John. Philip, some drink! Oh, for the frozen Alps,
To tumble on and cool this inward heat,
That rageth as the furnace sevenfold hot 60
To burn the holy three in Babylon!
Power after Power forsake their proper power;

Only the heart impugns with faint resist
 The fierce invade of him that conquers kings. 64
 ¶ Help, God! O, pain! ¶ Die, John! O, plague
 Inflicted on thee for thy grievous sins!
 ¶ Philip, a chair! and by and by a grave.
 My legs disdain the carriage of a king. 68
Bastard. Ah, good my liege! with patience conquer
 grief,
 And bear this pain with kingly fortitude!
K. John. Methinks I see a catalogue of sin
 Wrote by a fiend in marble characters, 72
 The least enough to lose my part in heaven.
 Methinks the devil whispers in mine ears,
 And tells me, 'tis in vain to hope for grace:
 I must be damn'd for Arthur's sudden death. 76
 I see, I see a thousand thousand men
 Come to accuse me for my wrong on earth;
 And there is none so merciful a God
 That will forgive the number of my sins. 80
 How have I liv'd, but by another's loss?
 What have I lov'd, but wrack of others' weal?
 When have I vow'd and not infring'd mine oath?
 Where have I done a deed deserving well? 84
 How, what, when, and where, have I bestow'd a day
 That tended not to some notorious ill?

My life, replete with rage and tyranny,
Craves little pity for so strange a death. 88

Or who will say that John deceast too soon?

Who will not say he rather liv'd too long?

Dishonor did attaint me in my life,

And shame attendeth John unto his death. 92

Why did I 'scape the fury of the French,

And di'd not by the temper of their swords?

Shameless my life ; and shamefully it ends,

Scorn'd by my foes, disdained of my friends. 96

Bastard. Forgive the world and all your earthly foes,

And call on Christ, who is your latest friend !

K. John. My tongue doth falter. Philip, I tell thee,
man,

Since John did yield unto the Priest of Rome, 100

Nor he nor his have prosp'red on the earth :

Curst are his blessings ; and his curse is bliss.

But in the spirit I cry unto my God,

As did the kingly prophet David cry,— 104

Whose hands, as mine, with murder were attaint ;—

I am not he shall build the Lord a house,

Or root these locusts from the face of earth ;

But if my dying heart deceive me not, 108

From out these loins shall spring a kingly branch,

Whose arms shall reach unto the gates of Rome,

And with his feet tread down the strumpet's pride
That sits upon the chair of Babylon. 112
Philip, my heart-strings break ; the poison's flame
Hath overcome in me weak Nature's power ;
And in the faith of Jesu, John doth die.

Bastard. See how he strives for life, unhappy lord, 116
Whose bowels are divided in themselves !
This is the fruit of Popery, when true kings
Are slain and shoulder'd out by monks and friars.

Enter a [fourth] Messenger.

4 *Messenger [to the Bastard.]* Please it your Grace, the
barons of the land, 120
Which all this while bare arms against the King,
Conducted by the Legate of the Pope,
Together with the Prince, his Highness' son,
Do crave to be 124
Admitted to the presence of the King.

Bastard. Your son, my lord, young Henry, craves to see
Your Majesty, and brings with him, beside,
The barons that revolted from your Grace. 128
¶ O piercing sight ! he fumbleth in the mouth !
His speech doth fail ! ¶ Lift up yourself, my lord,
And see the Prince, to comfort you in death.

*Enter PANDULPH, Young HENRY, the BARONS with
daggers in their hands.*

Prince. Oh, let me see my father ere he die ! 132

¶ O uncle, were you here, and suffer'd him

To be thus poison'd by a damned monk ?

Ah, he is dead ! ¶ Father, sweet father, speak ! 135

Bastard. His speech doth fail ; he hasteth to his end.

Pandulph [the lords kneeling]. Lords, give me leave to
joy the dying King

With sight of these, his nobles, kneeling here

With daggers in their hands, who offer up

Their lives for ransom of their foul offence. 140

¶ Then, good my lord, if you forgive them all,

Lift up your hand, in token you forgive.

[JOHN lifts his hand.]

Salisbury. We humbly thank your royal Majesty,

And vow to fight for England and her King. 144

And in the sight of John, our sovereign lord,

In spite of Lewis and the power of France,

Who hitherward are marching in all haste,

We crown young Henry in his father's stead. 148

Henry. Help, help ! he dies. ¶ Ah, father ! look on
me !

Legate. King John, farewell ! in token of thy faith,

Lift up thy hand, that we may witness here 152
Thou died'st the servant of our Saviour Christ.

[JOHN lifts his hand again, and dies.]

Now joy betide thy soul! What noise is this?

Enter a [fifth] Messenger.

5 *Messenger.* Help, lords! the Dauphin maketh
hitherward

With ensigns of defiance in the wind;
And all our army standeth at a gaze, 156
Expecting what their leaders will command.

Bastard. Let's arm ourselves in young King Henry's
right,

And beat the power of France to sea again!

Legate. Philip, not so; but I will to the Prince, 160
And bring him face to face to parle with you.

Bastard. Lord Salisbury, yourself shall march with me;
So shall we bring these troubles to an end.

K. Henry. Sweet uncle, if thou love thy sovereign, 164
Let not a stone of Swinstead Abbey stand,
But pull the house about the friars' ears;
For they have kill'd my father and my king. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE IX.]

Near Swinstead Abbey, 1216.

A parle sounded; LEWIS, PANDULPH, [KING HENRY, BASTARD], SALISBURY, etc., [*with the corpse of John*].

Pandulph. Lewis of France! young Henry, England's king,

Requires to know the reason of the claim

That thou canst make to anything of his.

King John, that did offend, is dead and gone,—

4

See where his breathless trunk in presence lies!—

And he, as heir apparent to the crown,

Is now succeeded in his father's room.

K. Henry. Lewis! what law of arms doth lead thee thus

8

To keep possession of my lawful right?

Answer in fine, if thou wilt take a peace,

And make surrender of my right again,

Or try thy title with the dint of sword.

12

I tell thee, Dauphin, Henry fears thee not;

For now the barons cleave unto their king;

And what thou hast in England, they did get.

Lewis. Henry of England! now that John is dead, 16

That was the chiefest enemy to France,

I may the rather be induc'd to peace.

¶ But Salisbury, and you barons of the realm,
This strange revolt agrees not with the oath 20
That you on Bury altar lately sware.

Salisbury. Nor did the oath your Highness there did
take,

Agree with honour of the Prince of France.

Bastard. My lord, what answer make you to the
King? 24

Dauphin. Faith, Philip, this I say : it boots not me,
Nor any prince nor power of Christendom,
To seek to win this island Albion,
Unless he have a party in the realm 28
By treason for to help him in his wars.
The peers which were the party on my side,
Are fled from me ; then boots not me to fight ;
But on conditions, as mine honour wills, 32
I am contented so depart the realm.

K. Henry. On what conditions will your Highness
yield?

Lewis. That shall we think upon by more advice.

Bastard. Then, kings and princes, let these broils have
end, 36

And at more leisure talk upon the league.
Meanwhile to Worcester let us bear the King,
And there inter his body, as beseems.

¶ But first, in sight of Lewis, heir of France, 40
Lords, take the crown, and set it on his head,
That by succession is our lawful king.

They crown young HENRY.

Thus England's peace begins in Henry's reign,
And bloody wars are clos'd with happy league. 44
Let England live but true within itself,
And all the world can never wrong her state.

¶ Lewis, thou shalt be bravely shipt to France,
For never Frenchman got of English ground 48
The twentieth part that thou hast conquered.
Dauphin, thy hand! to Worcester we will march,

¶ Lords all, lay hands to bear your sovereign
With obsequies of honour to his grave! 52
If England's peers and people join in one,
Not Pope, nor France, nor Spain can do them wrong.

[*Exeunt.*]

APPENDIX I

TABLE OF CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN 'THE TROUBLESOME REIGN' AND SHAKSPERE'S 'KING JOHN.'

[The superior letters give cross references where an incident is differently placed by Shakspeare; the numbers refer to the footnotes. An asterisk in either analysis denotes that a Scene or incident is omitted from the other play.]

T. R. Part I (Quarto).

K. J. (Folio).¹

Scene I. *King J.'s Palace*, 1199. Chatillion's message, and declaration of war. The Falconbridge dispute.² Philip (the Bastard) and his mother.

Act I. Sc. i. *King J.'s Palace*, 1199. Chatillion's message, and declaration of war. The Falconbridge dispute. Philip (the Bastard) and his mother.

II. *Before Angiers*, 1199. Philip declares his support to Arthur. Chatillion returns. John and his party arrive. Constance and Elinor dispute. Likewise Bastard and

I. ii.³ *Before Angiers*, 1199. Philip declares his support to Arthur. Chatillion returns. John and his party arrive. Constance and Elinor dispute. Likewise

¹ The Folio references are to the Old Spelling Edition of the Play, ed. Furnivall, Introduction F. W. Clarke, Chatto and Windus, 1912. This text, based, of course, on the Folio, cannot give Fleay's necessary division of Act II. sc. i. into two Scenes. In Fleay the Scenes are divided off as in the above analysis. The *Old Spelling*, Act II. sc. i. ll. 1-333, constitutes Act I. sc. ii. in Fleay; while ll. 334-598 form Fleay's Act II. sc. i. An examination of the text will show that a division is essential at this point.

² In *Q. Lady F.* is present during the argument. In *F.*, Shakspeare, with better taste and more effect, introduces her alone with Philip.

³ This is *Old Spelling*, Act II. sc. i. ll. 1-333.

T. R. Part I (Quarto).

Limoges. The citizens are summoned, and deny either party entrance. Challenge of battle.

III.* *Battlefield*, 1199. Bastard chases Limoges, and obtains the lion's skin (1st Battle).^a

IV. *Before Angiers*, 1200. Second Appeal to the citizens by the Kings. Bastard advises the Kings to attack the city. The citizens suggest the marriage of Lewis and Blanche. Peace agreed upon. Constance laments to Arthur the perfidy of France.^b

V. *French King's Tent*, 1200. Bastard challenges Limoges, and is made Duke. Pandulph arrives,

K. J. (Folio).

Bastard and Limoges. The citizens are summoned, and deny either party entrance. Challenge of battle.

II.i.⁴ *Before Angiers*, 1199-1200. Excursions (1st Battle).^a Second appeal to the citizens by the Kings. Bastard advises the Kings to attack the city. The citizens suggest the marriage of Lewis and Blanche. Peace agreed upon.⁵

III. i.* [ll. 1-74].⁶ *French King's Tent*, 1200. Constance learns from Salisbury of the peace and marriage, and pours forth her grief and anger.^b

III. i. [ll. 75-347]. *French King's Tent*, 1200. Constance utters her wrath to the Kings.

⁴ This is *Old Spelling*, Act II. sc. i. ll. 334-598.

⁵ Constance, during the negotiations, remains in the French king's tent in *F.*, as her presence is obviously awkward in *Q.* This necessitates Shakspeare's special III. i. (ll. 1-74). See next note.

⁶ This *Old Spelling*, III. i. (ll. 1-74) is II. ii. in Fleay. His Act III. begins at *Old Spelling*, l. 75—Enter *K. John*, etc. The *Old Spelling* edition retains the Folio arrangement; but as a division is less essential at l. 74 than at II. i. 333, the Folio arrangement is retained.

T. R. Part I (Quarto).

and excommunicates John. The league is broken, and war again declared.

VI.* *Near Angiers, 1200* (2nd Battle).^c Bastard pursues Limoges, and kills him.

VII. *Near Angiers, 1199-1202* (2nd Battle, continued).^c Lewis captures Elinor, who wrangles with Constance.

VIII.*7 *Near Angiers, 1202* (2nd Battle, continued).^c John rescues Elinor,^d and captures Arthur. (A wordless scene.)

IX. *Near Angiers, 1202.* Bastard sent to ransack the English Abbeys. John hands over Arthur to Hubert,^e briefly insinuating the need for Arthur's death, and promising instructions.

X. *French King's Tent, 1211.* Constance expresses her grief to

K. J. (Folio).

Pandulph arrives and excommunicates John. Bastard and Limoges wrangle. The league is broken, and war again declared.

III. ii. *Near Angiers, 1200* (2nd Battle).^c Bastard with head of Limoges. John delivers Arthur to Hubert.^e Bastard has rescued Elinor from the French.^d

III. iii. *Near Angiers, 1202.* Excursions (2nd Battle, continued).^c Bastard sent to ransack the English abbeys. John gives Hubert his instructions regarding Arthur, inciting him to murder.^e

III. iv. *French King's Tent, 1211.* Constance in wrath and

⁷ This sc. viii., though wordless, is thus divided in *Sh. Quarto Fac.*, but becomes part of sc. vii. in *Fleay*. This causes a difference in the subsequent numbering of scenes in Pt. I.

T. R. Part I (Quarto).

the French King. Pandulph incites Lewis to invade England.

XI.* *Swinstead*,⁸ 1211. The Bastard at a Franciscan Friary, and his discoveries there. Peter, a Prophet, appears, and is seized by the Bastard.

XII. *Room in a Castle*, 1202. Hubert, with three men and Arthur. Hubert shows Arthur his warrant to put out his eyes. Arthur spared through his appeal (largely theological).

XIII. *Canterbury*, 1202, 1212-13. John declares his intention of being crowned once more. Bastard reports his doings, and speaks of Peter the Prophet. John crowned again. The Nobles ask a boon—the release of Arthur. Five moons appear, and Peter is introduced to explain them. He foretells John's loss of the crown on Ascension Day. John declares he shall die. Hubert informs John falsely of Arthur's blindness and death. The Nobles leave, in in-

K. J. (Folio).

grief upbraids the French. Pandulph incites Lewis to invade England.

IV. i. *Room in a Castle*, 1202. Hubert and Executioners. Arthur spared through his appeal.

IV. ii. *Room in John's Palace*, 1202, 1212-13. John, just crowned once more, is asked by the Nobles for Arthur's release. Hubert informs him that Arthur is dead, and John acquaints the Nobles, who retire in indignation. A messenger tells John of Lewis's preparations for the invasion of England,^f and of Constance's and Elinor's death.¹ The Bastard, bringing Peter, is sent to win back the Nobles^{*k}; and Hubert has instructions to imprison and hang^h

⁸ We know this to be Swinstead from sc. vi. of Part ii, when John is carried there.

T. R. Part I (Quarto).

dignation. John curses Hubert ; but being informed that Arthur lives, rejoices, and sends Hubert to inform the Lords.

Part II

I. *An English Castle*, 1203-1214. Arthur leaps from the walls, and is found below dead by the Nobles. Hubert enters and is accused. The Nobles arrange a rendezvous at St. Edmund's Bury, and conspire to invite Lewis to the throne.^f

II.* *Room in a Palace*, 1214, Ascension Day. John with the Prophet, whose prophecy he derides. Hubert enters with news of Arthur's death,^g and is ordered by John in his anger to hang the Prophet. Bastard enters with news of Nobles' election of Lewis.^f John tells him of Elinor's death,ⁱ and sends him to plead his cause with the Nobles.^k John sends for Pandulph, and submits to Rome.^l Messenger enters and informs John of a hundred sail of French ships off Kent.^f

K. J. (Folio).

Peter. Hubert tells John of the talk of five moons and Arthur's death. John curses him for the deed, but being told that Arthur lives, sends him to inform the Lords.

IV. iii. *An English Castle*, 1203-1214. Arthur leaps from the walls ; and is found below dead by the Nobles. Bastard enters^k ; then Hubert, who is attacked, but protected by Bastard. Nobles withdraw to St. Edmund's Bury to meet the Dauphin, Lewis. Bastard curses Hubert for Arthur's death, and mourns it.*

[Much of this scene is incorporated in Shakspeare's Act IV, sc. ii.]

T. R. Part II (Quarto).

III.* *St. Edmund's Bury*, 1214. The Nobles meet, and are joined by the Bastard, who declares them traitors if they refuse to follow him, and leaves.^k Lewis and his train arrive, and cause the Nobles to swear fealty on the altar.^m In their absence he and his suite, including Meloun, likewise swear their death.^{*n}

IV.* *Near St. Edmund's Bury*, 1214-16. To John, Pandulph, &c., Lewis and his forces enter. Pandulph bids Lewis relinquish his claims; he refuses.^o Bastard stirs John to arms.^p

V. *Near St. Edmund's Bury*, 1216. Excursions (3rd Battle).^q Meloun, dying, confesses to the English rebel Lords the French plot to kill them. The Lords decide to kneel for pardon to John.

VI. *Near Swinstead Abbey*, 1216. John carried in, broken down.^r Bastard enters and informs him of the loss of his forces, &c., in

K. J. (Folio).

V. i.* *K. John's Palace*, 1213. John receives his crown¹ again from Pandulph. Bastard enters with tidings of Lewis's progress, and of Arthur's death.^s John tells Bastard of the league with Rome, and is blamed by him, and incited to arms.^p John gives over to him the direction of affairs.*

V. ii.* *Dauphin's Camp at St. Edmund's Bury*, 1216. Dauphin hands to Meloun the treaty^m between himself and English Nobles. Pandulph enters, and bids Lewis relinquish his claims; he refuses.^o Bastard enters and makes furious and patriotic outburst on Philip and the rebel Lords.* Battle decided upon.

V. iv. *Near St. Edmund's Bury*, 1216 (3rd Battle continued).^q Meloun, dying, confesses to the English rebel Lords the oath sworn on St. Edmund's altar.ⁿ The Lords decide on obedience to John.

V. iii. *Near St. Edmund's Bury*, 1216 (3rd Battle).^q John complains of fever.^r Bastard sends John word to quit the field: and

T. R. Part II (Quarto).

the Wash.^s Abbot and monks from Swinstead meet the King, and consent to receive him at the Abbey. All leave, except a Monk who schemes the King's murder, and acquaints the Abbot.*

VII. *Dauphin's Camp at St. Edmund's Bury*, 1216. Lewis learns of the defection of the English Lords, and of the loss of his^t and John's^s supplies.

VIII. *Swinstead Abbey*, 1216. John with the Friars. A Monk (see Sc. VI.) gives John drink,^u but being bidden drink first, drinks and dies. John also has drunk, and feels death coming. Bastard stabs the Abbot. Prince Henry, Pandulph and the English Lords come to bid John farewell.^v He dies repentant. Bastard leads off forces to oppose Lewis, who approaches.

IX.* *Near Swinstead*, 1216. Pandulph, on Henry III's behalf, questions Lewis on his claims. Lewis consents to withdraw on conditions.^w

K. J. (Folio).

Messenger informs him that the Dauphin's supplies^t are lost in Goodwin sands.

V. v. *Dauphin's Camp at St. Edmund's Bury*, 1216. Lewis learns of the defection of the English Lords, and of the loss of his supplies.^t

V. vi.* *Near Swinstead Abbey*, 1216. Hubert informs Bastard of John's poisoning,^u and is told of the loss^t of the Bastard's forces in the Wash.

V. vii. *Orchard, Swinstead Abbey*, 1216. John dies, surrounded by Lords, Henry, Bastard.^v Salisbury informs them of Lewis's withdrawal,^w leaving his cause in the hands of Pandulph.

APPENDIX II

TIME-ANALYSIS OF *THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE OF KING JOHN*. PARTS I AND II.

BY P. A. DANIEL.

PART I.

DAY 1. *Sc. I.* [*K. J. I. i.*] Court of King John. Chatillion, ambassador from France, demands surrender of the Realm of England to its rightful heir Arthur. Being denied, he proclaims war and departs. Pembroke is charged to convey him to the sea-side, "but not in haste," for John proposes to "be in France as soon as he."

The brothers Philip and Robert Fauconbridge then appear before the King, with their mother, to urge the settlement of their dispute. Philip elects to consider himself the son of Richard Cordelion. Robert is thereupon declared the rightful heir of Fauconbridge. The Queen Elianor encourages Philip, and John knights him as Philip Plantagenet. Left alone with his mother he threatens her with death unless she confesses the mystery of his birth; and she admits that Richard was his father.

Interval. Time for shipment of John's forces and his

journey to France, with Chatillion, whither "one self bottom" conveyed them both. (Sc. II, l. 50.)

DAY 2. *Sc. II.* [*K. J. I. ii.*] Before Angiers. King Philip, Lewes the Dauphin, Lymoges Duke of Austria, Constance and Arthur.

The French King defers the assault of the town pending the arrival of Chatillion, who now makes his appearance and announces the arrival of King John also.

Enter John, Queen Elianor, Bastard, etc. Parley between the two parties; they summon the town, but the citizens refuse to open their gates until it is determined which of John or Arthur is their lawful sovereign. The two kings defy each other, then

Sc. III. [Not in *K. J.*] Excursions. "Bastard chaseth Lymoges . . . and maketh him leaue the Lyons skinne."

Sc. IV. [*K. J. II. i.*] The "Excursions" are indecisive, and the two kings by their heralds again summon the town, each claiming the victory. The citizens, however, are still unconvinced. The Bastard proposes that the two kings should join forces, destroy the town and afterwards fight for the possession of it. The citizens propose as an alternative that the two kings should form an alliance and confirm it by the marriage of Lewes with Blanch, niece of King John. The kings agree; King Philip abandons the cause of Arthur; the town opens its gates and all enter to celebrate the wedding. Constance and Arthur remain to lament the frustration of their hopes.

Sc. V. All enter again: they propose to "spend the

wedding day in maskes and triumphs," etc (ll. 61-2). The Bastard, however, is malcontent; he had had hopes of Blanch as his wife, and the peace interferes with his revenge on Lymoges. He begs a boon of the two kings; they grant it, and he demands combat with Lymoges, to which they assent. Lymoges declines to fight with one of base degree; but John asking him if he would accept the challenge of an English duke he assents. John thereupon creates the Bastard Duke of Normandy; but Lymoges flatly refuses the combat and quits the company.

A cardinal from Rome, Pandulph, now enters and demands of John why he disturbs the quiet of the Church by disannulling the election of Stephen Langton as Archbishop of Canterbury, appointed by the Pope.

John denies the right of the Pope to interfere in the matter and defies him. Whereupon he is excommunicated by Pandulph, who calls on King Philip to take up arms against him. Philip obeys, and going out declares that "Drums shall be music to this wedding day."

DAY 2 contd. *Sc. VI.* [Not in *K. J.*] "Excursions. The Bastard pursues Austria, and kills him."

Sc. VII. [*K. J.* III. ii.] "Excursions. Arthur, Constance, Lewes, having taken Queen Elianor prisoner." Altercation between the two dames. Arthur endeavours to pacify them. A messenger tells them that John has renewed the fight.

Sc. VIII. [Not in *K. J.*] "Excursions. Elianor is rescued by John, and Arthur is taken prisoner. Exeunt. Sound Victorie."

DAY 2 contd. *Sc. IX.* [*K. J. III. iii.*] John triumphs; resolves to return to England. Gives to the Bastard the charge of ransacking the abbeys there. Appoints his mother Elianor his regent in France, and confides the custody of Arthur to Hubert de Burgh.

Interval, some few days, perhaps, may now be supposed.

DAY 3. *Sc. X.* [*K. J. III. iv.*] In the French camp. King Philip endeavours to cheer up his defeated followers. Constance laments the loss of her son. Pandulf urges the Dauphin to attack England, Arthur being now "safe" in the hands of John, and his claim to the throne of England being next and fairest.

Interval, including of course Day 3, may be again supposed: we are now again in England.

DAY 4. *Sc. XI.* [Not in *K. J.*] The Bastard is engaged in ransacking the abbeys. Peter of Pomfret, the Prophet, makes his appearance and is taken into custody.

Interval may again be supposed: Day 4 may have passed in or near Pomfret; but wherever, certainly at a distance from the centre of affairs.

DAY 5. *Sc. XII.* [*K. J. IV. i.*] Hubert prepares to put out Arthur's eyes, but moved by his entreaties spares him and proposes to inform the King that Arthur has died under the torture. This scene may not unreasonably be supposed on the same day as the next scene.

Sc. XIII. [*K. J. IV. ii.*] John, contrary to the opinion of his Nobles, orders them to prepare for his second coronation.

The Bastard arrives to tell him of his success with the abbey, and that he has brought with him Peter the Prophet. The King would see him, but defers the interview till after the ceremony of the coronation. The ceremony ended, the Nobles crave a boon; it is granted, and they request the freedom of Arthur, to which John assents. At this moment the Bastard calls attention to a strange phenomenon: five moons appear in the heavens, which gan to make their appearance at the very moment the crown was placed on the King's head. Peter is called "to descant of this show." He explains that the sky represents the Church, four of the moons represent states subject to it, and the fifth, which is erratic, England. He draws no inference from this, but from some other knowledge his prescience enables him to declare that before noon on Ascension-day John shall be despoiled of "Crowne, Estate and Royal dignitie." John abuses the Prophet, orders him to be locked up sure, and declares that he shall not live. He considers that Arthur is the cause of all his troubles and resolves that "the brat shall die." He recalls his grant to the Nobles. Hubert enters and announces that according to the King's commands Arthur has been blinded, and that within an hour he died from the extreme pain. The Nobles withdraw their allegiance and depart. John rages, and abuses Hubert, who then tells him that he has not fulfilled his orders and that Arthur is alive and well. The King orders him without delay to seek out the Lords and tell them this wished news.

The Quarto here marks "The ende of the first part."

The appearance of the five moons might suggest that this

last scene takes place at night, but not necessarily so: at any rate the following scenes of Part II. are so closely connected with it that we must suppose they continue Day 5.

PART II.

DAY 5 contd. *Sc. I.* [*K. J. IV. iii.*] Arthur on the walls; he attempts to escape from his prison, jumps down and dies. The Nobles, coming from the King, find him lying dead, the body not yet fully cold (l. 80). Hubert enters to urge their return to the King, "To whom I will conduct young Arthur straight / Who is in health under my custodie." They confound him with the sight of the dead body, and drive him out. They then resolve to send to France "To bid the Dolphin enter with his force" and claim the kingdom. They agree to call together their allies and meet at St. Edmund's Bury on the tenth of April. They carry out the body for burial.

Interval. Notwithstanding that Hubert tells the King the fatal news of Arthur's death in the next scene (and we cannot imagine that he would have delayed to do so for one moment) we must, nevertheless, mark an interval here, for in this next scene we learn that *Ascension-day has come*. If, ignoring history, we could suppose the second crowning and this Ascension-day to be in the same year, some twenty-four days might be claimed for this interval; little enough if we consider the time required for the movements of all the other

characters of the play : it would, however, be idle to attempt to fix an exact scheme of time consistent at once with the play and with history.

DAY 6. Sc. II. [Not in *K. J.*] “Ascension day is come,” “it is twelve at noon.” John again has Peter the Prophet before him. Hubert enters to tell him of Arthur’s death, whereupon he orders the immediate execution of the Prophet, and the Bastard entering immediately afterwards tells how he has witnessed this execution. But the Bastard has other news : he tells how the Nobles, incited by Pandulph, conspire his overthrow and have elected Lewes king, whose landing is hourly expected. The Nobles have asked him to meet them at St. Edmund’s Bury, and the King urges him to go thither and plead his cause. He goes, and John sends for Pandulph, to whom he promises submission. They are interrupted by a messenger, who announces that the French fleet has made its appearance off the coast of Kent.

Interval. Time at least for the journey of the Bastard to St. Edmund’s Bury ; the landing of Lewes, etc.

DAY 7. Sc. III. [Not in *K. J.*] The English Nobles and their allies at St. Edmund’s Bury. The Bastard arrives ; listens to their proposals ; adjures them to return to their duty, and ultimately leaves them. Lewes with his followers enters ; the English Nobles swear allegiance to him ; he requests to be left alone with his followers for a time, and then it is determined that if he succeeds in his enterprise his English assisters shall all be put to death. French and English then join and prepare to attack King John.

Interval. Time at least for the Bastard to return to King John.

DAY 8. *Sc. IV.* [*K. J. V. i. ii.*] “Enter King John, Bastard, Pandulph, and a many priests with them.” John has made his submission to the Pope, and Pandulph promises him aid against the invaders. The Bastard has his forces ready. Lewes with his followers enter; he has already won the greatest part of all the land. Parley between the adversaries. Pandulph interferes, endeavours to persuade Lewes to give up his claim to the English crown and return home. Lewes refuses, and both sides prepare for the fight.

Sc. V. [*K. J. V. iv.*] “Excursions.” Melun, mortally wounded, reveals to the English Lords the fate prepared for them by Lewes, and dies. They resolve to return to their allegiance to King John.

DAY 9. *Sc. VI.* [*K. J. V. iii.*] King John, grievously smitten with fever, had left the field the day before (Day 8), and is now informed by the Bastard that his men, disheartened by his departure, had, notwithstanding his efforts, fled the fight, but *night* coming on had fenced them from the fury of the French; though *this morning* “passing the washes,” the greater part had been swallowed by the tide, he himself escaping with difficulty. John seeks for shelter in the Abbey of Swinstead and is received by the Abbot and certain monks. One of the monks resolves to murder him.

Sc. VII. [*K. J. V. v.*] This scene may also be supposed in Day 9. Lewes triumphs over his victory; he has heard

and laments the death of Melun. Successive messengers tell him that the revolted English Nobles have left him to return to King John; that all his supplies of men and ammunition from France have been lost on the Goodwins, and that the English army has perished on the Lincoln Washes. But the better half of England is his own and he resolves to march on.

DAY 10. *Sc. VIII.* [*K. J. V. vii.*] King John apparently has recovered from his fever. The monks prepare the table for his dinner [= noon] in the orchard at Swinstead. A monk enters crying, Wassell; he drinks to the King, and John pledges him in the same cup. The monk dies and John finds he is poisoned. The Bastard kills the Abbot as accessory. John's dying scene. Pandulph with the revolted Barons and Prince Henry arrive.

Sc. IX. [Not in *K. J.*] A parley sounded, enter Lewes, etc. Pandulph and the Prince remonstrate with him. Lewes is open to conviction: as Prince Henry is now king, he gives up his claim and consents to return to France. They crown Henry, and the two parties joyning bear the body of King John to Worster, there to be interred.

FINIS.

NOTE.—Acts and Scenes are not marked in the original: the Scenes and, following the Scenes within square brackets, the Acts and Scenes of Shakespeare's *King John* are here numbered as in Dr. Furnivall's *Facsimile*.

TEXTUAL NOTES

PART I

P. xlv. *To . . . disport*] om. Q2.

P. 1. *Scene I . . .* 1199] Fleay.

P. 2, l. 18. *Excunt . . Sal.*] Fleay; Pem: & Sal:
exe: GS.

P. 4, l. 66. *Normany*] Normandie Q2.

P. 4, l. 66. *with Pembroke* Ed. of . . Newdigate,
with . . Lady Falconbridge, Ed.

P. 5, l. 74. *Exit . .*] Exit Sals: GS.

P. 5, l. 80. *cause*] Q1; course Q2.

P. 5, l. 84. *Newdigate*] Nidigate Q1, 2.

P. 6, l. 98. *accounteth*] Q2, Fleay; accouterd Q1.

P. 7, l. 116. *Points . .*] Ed.

P. 8, l. 136. *to Robert*] Ed.

P. 8, l. 140. *Turns, &c.*] Ed. See 'stand up,'
l. 143.

P. 8, l. 148. *Turns, &c.*] Ed.

P. 9, l. 158. For 'son,' see l. 305.

P. 10, l. 193. *hap*] Q1; happen Q2.

- P. 12, l. 225 *Comes forward*] Ed.
- P. 12, l. 227. Essex !] Probably a stage direction which has crept into the text, as noted by Fleay.
- P. 12, l. 241. *you sure :*] you, sure Q2.
- P. 13, l. 250. *aside*] Ed.
- P. 13, l. 260. *Regis*] Fleay ; Regius Q1, 2.
- P. 13, l. 266. *yrap*] Ed. ; ywra^pt Q1.
- P. 14, l. 272. *now ? Knowest*] Q2 ; now, knowst Q1 ; now, Philip ? know'st, Fleay.
- P. 14, l. 279. *Robert*] Q ; Robert [Fau.] Fleay.
- P. 14, l. 280. *aside*] Ed.
- P. 15, l. 309. *draws . .*] Ed.
- P. 15, l. 310. *Sir Richard*] Q1, 2 (a line of prose) ; om. Fleay.
- P. 16, ll. 323-24. *Manent*] Fleay ; Manet Q1, 2.
- P. 17, l. 340. *my*] Q1 ; mine Q2.
- P. 17, l. 347. *Kneels*] Ed.
- P. 19, l. 388. *aside*] Ed.
- P. 19, l. 399. *mother*] Q1 ; mo'er, Fleay.
- P. 19, l. 403. *maim'd*] Fleay ; maind, Q1.
- P. 20, l. 420. *art. Then*] Ed. ; art, then, Q1.
- P. 20, l. 424. *God's Lady-Mother*] Ed. ; Gods Ladie Mother, Q1 ; God's lady-mo'er, Fleay.
- P. 20, l. 426. *Ay*] Fleay ; I, Q1, and throughout.

- P. 21, *Scene II . . . 1199*] Fleay.
 P. 21, l. 1. *Philip [to Arthur]* Ed.
 P. 22, l. 19. *mother*] Q1, 2 ; mo'er, Fleay.
 P. 22, l. 31. *Why, are*] Ed. ; Why are, Q1, etc.
 P. 23, l. 46. *Now*] Q1 ; and Q2.
 P. 24, ll. 66-7. *But . . . him*] One line of prose
 in Q1 ; Chatillion *om.* Fleay, and one line of verse.
 P. 24, l. 70. *Next*] Q1, 2. Next t', Fleay.
 P. 24, ll. 75-6. *Elinor . . . Falconbridge*] Ed. ;
 Enter *John* and his followers, *Queene*, *Bastard*,
Earles, &c., Q1.
 P. 26, l. 116. *minister*] Q1 ; ministers Q2.
 P. 26, l. 120. *Ay*] Ed. ; I, Q1.
 P. 27, l. 129. *drawing his sword*] Ed.
 P. 27, l. 131. *Sir Doughty*] Fleay ; sir doughtie
 Q1, 2.
 P. 27, l. 136. *aside*] Ed.
 P. 28, l. 145. *worse than a*] Q ; *om.* Fleay.
 P. 29, l. 171. *Meseemès . . right*] Q1 ; Meseems . .
 [the] right, Fleay.
 P. 29, l. 180. *false supposed*] Q ; false-supported,
 Fleay.
 P. 31, l. 208. *were*] Fleay ; *om.* Q1, 2.
 P. 32, l. 239. *the challenge*] Q1 ; thy challenge Q2.

- P. 32, l. 240. *Exeunt*] Fleay; *om.* Q1, 2
- P. 33, l. 44. *Draws . . .*] Ed.; *om.* Q.
- P. 33, St. Dir. *English and French*] Ed.
- P. 33, ll. 9-11. *Heralds . . . Majesties*] three ll. verse, Fleay; three ll. prose Q1.
- P. 33, l. 11. *parley*] Q2, Fleay; *parle* Q1.
- P. 34, St. Dir. *the . . . Falconbridge . . . the Earl of . . . &c.*] Ed.; *om.* Q1, 2.
- P. 35, l. 40. *To Blanche*] Ed.; *om.* Q1, 2.
- P. 35, l. 43. *me*] Q2, Fleay; *om.* Q1.
- P. 35, l. 47. *Gives him a jewel*] Ed.; *cm.* Q1, 2.
- P. 36, ll. 60-66. *First*] *om.* Q1, 2.
- P. 36, l. 65. *K. John . . .*] K: Philip Q1; John, Phil. Q2.
- P. 39, ll. 119, 132. *To Blanche*] *cm.* Q1, 2.
- P. 39, ll. 132-3. *Lady, what, &c.*] one line Q1; 2 ll. Fleay.
- P. 40, l. 153. [*to K. John*] Ed.
- P. 43, l. 204. *do*] *doe* Q2; *doth* Q1.
- P. 44, l. 233. *muddy*] *muddie* Q2; *muddy*, Fleay; *moodie* Q1.
- P. 44. St. Dir. *The . . . 1200*] Fleay. *Philip Falconbridge, the Dauphin . . . the Earls of . . . Queen*] Ed.
- P. 45, l. 14. *Kneels*] Ed.

- P. 45, l. 21. [*to Limoges*] Ed.
- P. 47, l. 56. St. Dir. *The . . him*] Ed.
- P. 47, l. 61. *Lordings*] Q ; Lordlings, Fleay.
- P. 47, l. 62. St. Dir. *K. Ph. . . go*] Ed.
- P. 48, l. 68. *thou dost*] Q ; 'dost, Fleay.
- P. 49, l. 99. *every*] every Q ; every one, Fleay.
- P. 50, ll. 119-120] as verse, Fleay.
- P. 50, l. 121. *to . . do not*] t' . . don't, Fleay.
- P. 51, ll. 139-40. *Come . . good !*] one line Q ;
2, Fleay.
- P. 51, l. 140. St. Dir. *K. John . . Salisbury*] Ed.;
John and his train, Fleay.
- P. 51, l. 148. [*to Lewis*] Ed.
- P. 51, l. 152. *me*] Q1 ; my Q2.
- P. 52, St. Dir. *Near . . .*] Fleay.
- P. 52, l. 9. *To . . treads*] Ed.
- P. 53, St. Dir. *Enter, and the Dauphin*] Ed.
- P. 53, l. 2. *To Q. Elinor*] Ed.
- P. 54, l. 17, 29. *to Constance*] Ed.
- P. 55, *Scene VIII*] Fleay makes this a part of Sc.
VII.
- P. 56, ll. 18, 25, 30. *To the Bastard, To Q.
Elinor, To De Burgh*] Ed.
- P. 55, *Scene IX.*] VIII. Near Angiers, 1202, Fleay.

P. 56, l. 17. *To the Bastard*] Ed.

P. 57, l. 43. *skin*] Q1; skind Q2.

P. 57, l. 44. *fausen*] fanzen Q1, 2, Fl. fauze = false. Fleay asks if it is so, in his Notes, p. 209. See the "fausen nun," Sc. XII, l. 86, below.

P. 57, *Scene X* . . 1211] Scene IX, Fleay. St. Dir. *King* . .] K. Q1; King Q2, Fleay. *and Cardinal* . .] Ed.; Cardinall Pandulph, Legate and Constance, Q1, 2; Constance (afterwards), Fleay.

P. 58, l. 17. *To Constance*] Ed.

P. 59, l. 33. *Be it*] Q1, 2; Be 't, Fleay.

P. 59, l. 35. St. Dir. *K. Philip and Constance*] Ed.; Phil. Cons., Fleay.

P. 60, *Scene XI* . . 1211] Sc. X . . 1211, Fleay. St. Dir. *Enter* . . *Falconbridge* . . *a Friar* . .] Enter Philip . . Q1, 2; Enter to another Friar Philip with Soldiers, Fleay. *A 2nd Friar follows*] Ed.; om. Q, Fleay; 1, 2 as verse, Fl.

P. 60, St. Dir. *to show*] Q1; shew Q2.

P. 60, l. 1. *Franciscans*] Q1; Franciscan Q2, Fleay.

P. 60, l. 4. *1st*] 1. Fleay; om. Q.

Pp. 60-1, ll. 4-13] as 6 lines of verse, Q1, 2; as 12, Fleay.

P. 60, ll. 6, 8. *Saint*] Fleay; S. Q.

- P. 61, l. 10. *nomine*] Fleay ; *nomini*, Q.
- P. 61, ll. 14-25] seven lines of verse, Fleay : 8 in Q.
- P. 61, l. 22. *Ah*] A Q1 ; O Q2, Fl.
- P. 61, ll. 22-33 :] 7 lines in Q1, 2.
- P. 61, l. 32. *warn*] Fleay ; warm, Q.
- P. 62, l. 39. *winter's*] Q1 ; Vintner's, Q2.
- P. 62, ll. 46-52. *1st*] *om.* Q1, 2 ; 2nd, Fl.
- P. 63, l. 52. *2nd Friar* . .] Ed. ; 2nd Friar opens the chest, and the Nun is discovered, Fleay.
- P. 63, ll. 53-60] as 4 lines in Q1, 2.
- P. 63, l. 63] two lines in Q2.
- Pp. 63-4, ll. 63-4, 67-8] *om.* Fl.
- P. 64, l. 70. *Dirige*] Q ; *dir'ge*, Fleay.
- P. 64, l. 72. *this*] Q1 ; these Q2.
- P. 64, l. 75. *1st*] 1. Fl.
- P. 64, l. 77. *think*] think [so], Fl.
- P. 65, ll. 88-9. *The 2nd* . . .] Ed. 1 Friar opens the second chest, and 3 Friar is discovered, Fl.
- P. 65, l. 89] in 2 lines, Fl.
- P. 65, ll. 91-96] as 3 lines in Q1, 2.
- P. 65, l. 97. *Friar Laurence*] 3 Friar, Fl.
- P. 66, l. 101. *fausen*] Q1 ; sausen, Fl. See Note to Sc. IX. l. 44, above.

- P. 66, ll. 102-104] as 4 lines in Q2.
 P. 66, l. 109. *to the Friar*] Ed.
 P. 66, l. 112. *us*] Fl.; *om.* Q1.
 P. 67, l. 113. *To Soldiers*] Ed.
 Pp. 66-7, ll. 107-113] each line is two in Q2.
 P. 67, ll. 116-29] 8 lines in Q1.
 P. 67, l. 124. *parcere*] Fl.; *parce*, Q1, 2.
 P. 67, l. 130. *Saint*] Fl.; S. Q1.
 Pp. 67-8 ll. 130-133] 4 lines in Q2.
 P. 68, ll. 134-35] 1 line in Q1.
 P. 68, ll. 136-138] 2 lines in Q1.
 P. 69, l. 154. *him*] Q1; *her* Q2.
 P. 69, St. Dir. *A Room . . .*] Fl.; *om.* Q1.
 P. 70, l. 16. *benefice*] Q1 (meaning "well-doing, favour, kindness,"); *benefit*, Q2, Fl.
 P. 70, ll. 25-6. *The 3 Men . . .*] They issue forth, Q1, 2, Fl.
 P. 70, l. 30. *They go*] *om.* Q1, 2, Fl.
 P. 72, ll. 56-57. *Ah . . . elements*] 1 line in Q1, 2.
 P. 73, l. 90. *remit*] Q1; *omit*, Q2.
 P. 74, ll. 107, 123. *Aside*] Ed.
 P. 74, l. 121. *tormentor*] Q1, 2; *tormentors*, Fl.
 P. 75, l. 133. *Unbinds him*] Ed.

P. 76, Scene XIII. *Canterbury*, 1202, 1212-13]
Sc. XII . . 1202 Fl. ; *om.* Q1, 2 ; 1212-13, Ed.

P. 76, St. Dir. *and other Lords*] *om.* Q1, Fl.

P. 76, l. 1. *ought*] Q2 ; ought, Q1.

P. 77, l. 28. *prun'd*] *proynd* Q1 ; *proind* Q2 ;
proin'd, Fl.

P. 77, l. 32. *busy*] *bulie* Q1 ; *busie* Q2 ; *busy*, Fl.

P. 78, l. 43. St. Dir. *Exeunt . . John*] Ed.

P. 79, l. 84. St. Dir. *Essex . . others*] Ed. ; Pem-
broke and Essex, Fl.

P. 81, l. 121. *thence* (i. e. *from the prison*)] Q1, 2 ;
hence, Fl.

P. 82, l. 127. *sway*] Q ; [over]sway, Fl.

P. 82, l. 129. *To the Bastard*] Ed.

P. 82, l. 143. *of a*] Q2, Fl. ; me of, Q1 (*a om.*).

P. 82, l. 143. *late*] Q1, Fl. ; but of late, Q2.

P. 82, l. 144. *Exit . .*] Ed.

P. 83, l. 150. St. Dir. *Re-*] Ed. *hast'ned*] *hastned*,
Q.

P. 84, l. 176. *these*] Q ; the, Fl.

P. 85, l. 195. *should*] Q1, 2 ; shall, Fl.

P. 85, ll. 210-211. *why . . it*] 1 line in Q.

P. 86, l. 215. *die*] *dye*, Q1 ; *dies*, Q2, Fl.

P. 86, l. 216. *to Arthur absent*] Ed.

- P. 86, l. 218. *to K. John*] Ed.
 P. 86, l. 222. *chip*] clip, Q2, Fl.
 P. 86, l. 226. St. Dir. *Nobles*] Fleay ; *om.* Q.
 P. 88, l. 260. *To Hubert*] Ed.
 P. 88, l. 278. *forward*] Q1, 2 ; froward, Fleay.

PART II

- To the Gent. Readers*, l. 11. *desp'rate*] desprate, Q1 ;
 desperate, Fl.
 l. 12. *murd'reth*] mordreth Q1 ;
 murdereth, Fl.
 P. 91. *Title*. This page is not in Q2, A.D. 1611.
 P. 97, l. 1. Scene I. . . 1203-14] Ed.; 1202 Fleay.
 P. 97, l. 11. *is stun'd* . . *he*] Ed.
 P. 97, l. 11. *wakes*] Fleay ; was, Q1, 2.
 P. 98, l. 32. *Sees* . .] Ed.
 P. 98, l. 35. *o'*] a, Q1. *rite*] right, Q1, Fleay.
 P. 99, l. 53. *entreats*] Q1, 2 ; entreats [of you] Fl.
 P. 102. Scene II. . . 1214] Fleay.
 P. 103, l. 16. *moonstead circle*] moonsted circle, Q.
 P. 103, l. 20. *labra*] Q2, Fl.; *labre*, Q1.
 P. 104, l. 36. *Enter Hubert*] Ed.
 P. 104, l. 39. *to escape*] t' escape, Fl.

- P. 104, l. 43. Fl. omits *without more words*.
 P. 104, ll. 45-6. *Exit* . .] Fl.
 P. 106, l. 79. *lives*] *lives* (broken type) Q1 ; lies, Fl.
 P. 106, l. 81. . *Hands* . .] Ed.
 P. 106, l. 84. *St.*] S. orig. Q1, 2.
 P. 106, l. 95. *louring*] *lowring*, Q1 ; *lowering*, Fl.
 P. 107, l. 104. *assist'st*] *assists*, Q1.
 P. 107, l. 110. *Starts* . .] Ed.
 P. 107, ll. 112-113. *My lord, these*] as 2 lines Fl. ;
 as 1 line Q1, 2.
 P. 108, l. 132. *Delirant*] Fl. ; *delirunt*, Q1, 2.
 P. 108, l. 134. *Saint*] S. orig.
 P. 108, l. 144. *Moves* . .] Ed.
 P. 109, l. 151. *To* . .] Fl.
 P. 109, l. 153. *Exit* . .] Ed.
 P. 110, l. 180. *Saint*] S. orig. Q1, 2. [*kneels*] Ed.
 P. 111, l. 191. *aside*] Ed.
 P. 111, l. 197. [*To Pandulph*] Ed.
 P. 112, l. 212. [*aside*] Ed.
 P. 112, l. 223. *Exit*] Fl.
 P. 113, l. 232. *Pandulph*. King] *Cardinall*. K. Q1 ;
Card. K. Q2 ; *Card*. K[ing] Fl. *King John* . . as 2
 lines, Fl. ; as 1 line, Q1, 2.
 P. 113, l. 239. *Exeunt* . . 1214] Fl.

P. 113, l. 1. *Saint*] S. Q1, 2.

P. 113, l. 6. *Lord . . Lord . . Lord . .*] L . . L . . L . .
Q1, 2.

P. 114, l. 10. *Eustace Vescy*] Fl. ; Eustace, Vescy, Q.

P. 114, l. 12. *Saint*] S. Q1, 2.

P. 114, l. 27-8. *Percy*] Fl.

P. 114, l. 28. *Bastard*] Bast., Fl. Om. Q.

P. 116, l. 60. *is*] Q1 ; are, Q2, Fl.

P. 116, l. 70. *sp'rit*] sprit, Q ; sprite, Fl.

P. 117, l. 97. *the intent*] Q ; th' intent, Fleay.

P. 118, l. 110. *Which*] Q2, Fl. ; With, Q1.

P. 118, ll. 110-111. One line, Q1.

P. 119, l. 141. One line, Q ; *If not*] one line, Fleay.

P. 119, l. 147-9. *And enemy . .* as divided by Fl.
Q1, 2 end the lines with '*John*, accord, King, *London*.'

P. 119, l. 148. [*They do so*] Ed.

P. 120, l. 150-1. *Enter Messenger*] Q2, Fl. ; Mes-
senger, Enter, Q1.

P. 120, l. 152-3. *Messenger*] om. Q1, 2.

P. 120, l. 157. *Exit*] Fl. ; om. Q1, 2.

P. 120, l. 157-8. *Meloun, French Lords*] Meloun, Fl. ;
om. Q1, 2.

P. 121, l. 175. *le*] la, Q1.

P. 122, l. 198. *beateth*] Q2, Fl. ; heateth, Q1.

- P. 122, l. 204. *Saint*] S. Q1, 2.
 P. 123, l. 222. *altar*] Altars Q1 ; Altar Q2 ; altars Fl.
 P. 123, l. 226. *English*] Eng., Q1, 2.
 P. 123, l. 227. [*Other Engl. Lords*] Ed.
 P. 123, l. 228. *the noble*] th' noble, Fl.
 P. 124, l. 245. *ever*] Q1, 2 ; om. Fl.
 P. 124, l. 246. *sound*] Q1, 2 ; found, Fl.
 P. 125, l. 275. *Exit one*] Fl.
 P. 125, l. 278-9. *with the French one*] Ed.
 P. 126, l. 288. *Exeunt*] Fl.
 P. 126. *Scene IV. . . 1214-16*] Fl.
 P. 126, l. 1. *Pandulph*] Ed.
 P. 129, l. 73. *all but . .*] Ed. ; *Lewis and his Train*, Fl.
 P. 129, l. 75. *All's one !*] as in, Fl. ; *Resisting . . .*
one, one line in Q.
 P. 129, l. 78. *King*] K. Q1, 2.
 P. 130, l. 85. *Good*] Q2, Fl. ; God, Q1.
 P. 130, l. 90. [*Exeunt*] Fl.
 P. 130. Sc. V. *Near . . .*] Fl.
 P. 132, ll. 45-6. One line, Q ; 2, Fl.
 P. 132, l. 48. *Dies*] Fl.
 P. 133. *Scene VI. . .*] Fl.
 P. 134, l. 13-14. *Enter . .*] Enter Bastard, Fl.
 P. 134, l. 30. *was*] Q1, 2 ; had, Fl.

P. 135, l. 32. *rather chose*] rather chose, Q1, 2 ; ra'er chose death, Fl.

P. 135, l. 36. *Saint*] S. Q1, 2.

P. 135, l. 48. *The*] Q1 ; 'Th', Fl.

P. 135, l. 51. *well paced*, as l. 52, Fleay.

P. 136, l. 61. *unto*] om. Lettsom. conj.

P. 137, l. 81. *Aside*] Ed.

P. 137, l. 83-4. *Monk Thomas*] the Monke, Q1, 2 ; the Monk, Fl.

P. 138, l. 98-9. *Re-*] Ed.

P. 138, l. 101. *say*] so Q ; 'say, Fl.

P. 138, ll. 101, 104, 106, 108, 110. [*aside*] Ed.

P. 138, l. 113. *lord*] L. Q1, 2 ; Lord, Fl.

P. 138, ll. 113-14. one line Q ; 2 Fl.

P. 138, l. 115-16, 119-21] as prose, Q1 ; as verse, Fl.

P. 139, l. 127-8] as verse, with *say'st, King's*, Fl.

P. 139, l. 131-3] as verse, Fl.

P. 139, l. 134-5] as prose, Q1 ; as verse, the with 'to free,' Q2 ; as verse, Fl.

P. 140, l. 145. *Saint*] Fl. ; S. Q1, 2.

P. 140. *Scene VII . . .*] Scene VIII . . . Fl.

P. 141, l. 23, 27] as prose, Q1, 2 ; as verse, Fl.

P. 141, l. 27-8. *a second*] another, Q1, 2, Fl.

P. 141, l. 27, 35. *Exit*] Fl.

- P. 141, l. 29. *not*] Fl. ; out, Q1.
 P. 141, l. 33. *Putting*] Q1 ; Putting them, Q2, Fl.
 P. 142, l. 35-6. *a third*] another, Q1, 2, Fl.
 P. 142, l. 37. *King John*] John, Q1, 2 ; [King]
 John, Fl.
 P. 142, l. 49. [*to his Troops*] Ed.
 P. 143. *Scene VIII . . .*] Fl.
 P. 143, l. 7-8. *Enter . . .*] Ed. ; *Enter* John, Abbot,
 Bastard, Monk. *Exeunt* Friars, Fl.
 P. 144, l. 18. *And you tell*] Q1, 2 ; and you will
 tell, Fl.
 P. 144, l. 32. [*Thomas . . .*] Ed.
 P. 144, l. 38. [*Drinks . . .*] Ed.
 P. 144, l. 39. [*taking the cup. Drinks*] Ed.
 P. 145, l. 44. [*withdrawing, and aside*] Ed.
 P. 145, l. 45. *Falls dead*] Fl.
 P. 145, l. 54. *Kills . . .*] Fl.
 P. 145, l. 55. *thee . . Abbey-Lubber*] Ed. ; the[e]
 abbot, abbey-lubber, Fl. ; the . . . Abbey, Lubber,
 Q1, 2.
 P. 145, l. 61. *three*] Fl. ; tree, Q1, 2.
 P. 146, l. 85. *and*] Q1, 2 ; *om.* Fl.
 P. 148, l. 111. *tread*] Fl. ; treads, Q1, 2.
 P. 148, l. 119-20. *fourth*] Ed.

P. 148, l. 120. *to the Bastard*] Ed.

P. 148, l. 124-5. as two lines, Fl.; as one line,
Q1, 2.

P. 149, l. 137. *the lords kneeling*] Ed.

P. 149, l. 142. *John . . .*] Fl.; om. Q1, 2.

P. 149, l. 150. *King*] Fl.; K., Q1, 2.

P. 150, l. 153. *John . . .*] Fl.; *and dies*] Ed.

P. 150, l. 154-5. *5th . . . 5*] Ed.

P. 150, l. 158. *King*] Fl.; K., Q1, 2.

P. 150, l. 164. *Henry*] Ed.

P. 151. *Sc. IX. . . .*] Fl.

P. 151. *King Henry, Bastard*] Fl.

P. 151. *with the corpse . . .*] Ed.

P. 151, l. 7. *in*] Q1, 2; to, Fl.

P. 153, l. 54. *Exeunt*] Fl.

[The note to p. 136, l. 61, given as from Lettsom, is from various notes on the text made by W. N. Lettsom and printed by Mr. Fleay in his edition, p. 223.]



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