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PART I

THE RED LETTER SHAKESPEARE

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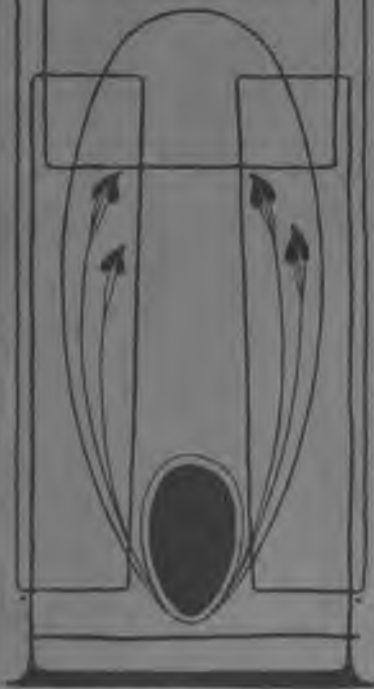


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THE RED LETTER
SHAKESPEARE

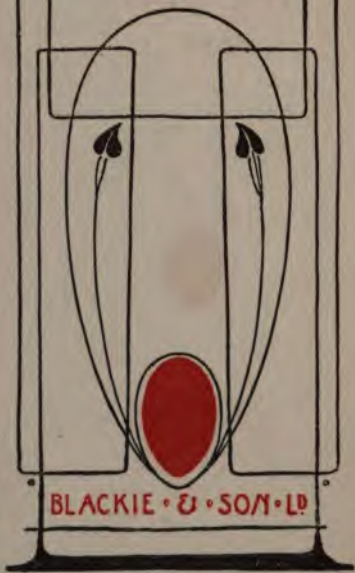


KING HENRY
THE SIXTH
PART i



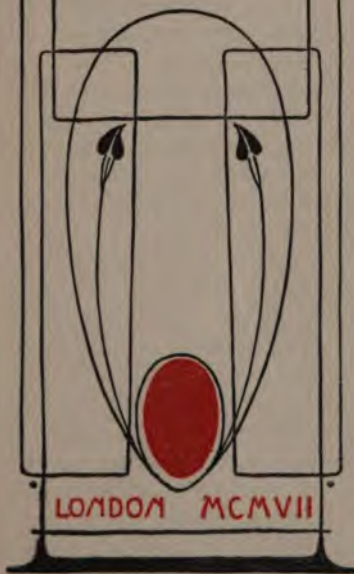
THE RED LETTER
SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY
E. K. CHAMBERS



BLACKIE & SON. LD

KING · HENRY
THE · SIXTH
PART · i



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Introduction



NATIONALISM came late into the English drama. The modern imagination, consciously archaistic in temper, and stimulated by a profound and deliberately cultivated historic sense, finds delight in the visual reconstruction of the past through a succession of decorative scenes, linked together in no more coherent a dramatic unity than can be furnished by the pride of locality and the continuance of civic tradition. Obviously the historic pageant, as it is represented at Sherborne, at Warwick, at Oxford, owes much to the spectacular methods of the middle ages. The annalistic manner, the naive stringing of episode upon episode at the will of the chronicler, is the same; and at the bottom one may trace a revival of the same instinct of popular merry-making, content to depend for revelry upon its own untutored efforts, rather than upon the sophisticated and exotic art of the professional entertainer. Even so, with just such a rudimentary technique and just such a buoyancy and feeling of play, must the citizens

of mediæval Coventry or Chester, at Corpus Christi or Whitsuntide, have approached their annual task of setting out, picture by picture, the long narrative of the Fall and Redemption of Man, with its quickly shifting scenes from the Expulsion of Lucifer to the Day of Doom. But however much of patriotic sentiment may have been enlisted in the service of the mediæval pageants, and however much their fame may have redounded to the honour and dignity of the towns in which they were exhibited, it does not seem to have occurred to the burghers, as one would have thought might so easily have been the case, still further to glorify themselves by substituting for the familiar scriptural cycle fresh plays of a similar type based upon themes drawn from the local or the national chronicles. No doubt there were powerful forces to militate against any such development; the natural conservatism of established custom, the ancient connection of the pageants with the religious ceremonies of the festivals at which they were produced, the dependence of the actors upon the clerics who wrote and rewrote their texts. To these causes must perhaps be added the fact that during the half century between Agincourt and Bosworth Field, which was the heyday of the pageants, patriotism, in an England divided between the camps of the Roses, was not at its brightest. Whatever the reason, the secular mystery did not, as a fact, establish itself. One possible exception is alone upon

record. In France, which side by side with the religious cycles had also its *Estoire de Griselidis* and its *Istoire de la Destruction de Troye la Grant*, was written about 1439 a *Mystère du Siège d'Orleans*, which was apparently acted upon the anniversary of the siege on May the 8th. It was perhaps as a retort to this that the English at Calais undertook an annual celebration of the battle of Agincourt, which seems from the solitary reference to it that has survived to have been of a dramatic character. Apart from this, the historical elements in the mediæval drama were but few and far between. One can hardly look for them in the miracle-play of St. George, for St. George, although the patron-saint of England, was of eastern origin, and brought with him the legend which must be supposed to have been the basis of the play. On the other hand it is difficult to suppose that the plays of St. Thomas of Canterbury can have failed to introduce, although doubtless with an ecclesiastical rather than a patriotic intention, King Henry the Second and his train of murderous knights. Folk-drama, again, had its renderings of the Robin Hood legend, and showed a tendency to put an historical interpretation upon festival customs which really had their origin in the forgotten observances of primitive cults. Thus the Hock-tide contests of Coventry were perverted by tradition into a memorial of the struggles of Saxons against Danes, and at some

time or other, although possibly not earlier than the seventeenth century, St. George, as English hero this time, not as oriental saint, found his way into the curious ritual of the sword-dance. It is perhaps natural that the inspiration of history should show itself more plainly when one turns from the regular plays to those complimentary and symbolic spectacles which accompanied the entries of sovereigns, at coronations and triumphs or upon progress, into London or the great provincial cities. Here the ecclesiastical tradition of the mysteries ceased to be binding, and contemporary invention gained freer scope. And at an early date, especially when there was a national victory to be celebrated, historical personages began to mingle with the scriptural and allegorical figures who offered their signs and speeches of welcome. Thus after Agincourt Henry the Fifth was greeted not only by prophets and apostles but by twelve kings, martyrs, and confessors of England. Saint Thomas doubtless had his place amongst these, together with Edward the Confessor, who might claim to be saint and national hero in one. King Edward was represented also at Coventry, both at the visit of Henry the Sixth in 1456 and at that of Prince Edward in 1474. The debateable issues of the dynastic wars must account for the appearance on the same occasion of Richard the Second and his court. The awakened national consciousness which accompanied the

union of the Roses after Bosworth Field showed itself markedly enough when Henry the Seventh visited York in 1486. There was a plain of trees and flowers, and from this sprang a "royal rich red rose" and "another rich white rose", to which all the other flowers did "lout and evidently give sovereignty". Then came out of a cloud a crown over the roses, and a representation of the city with Ebrauk, its founder, who handed the keys to the king. York might do worse than reproduce this gracious bit of symbolism, when it holds its pageant in the twentieth century. There was a show too of the six Henries of England, while later in the same progress King Ethelbert was to be seen on the pageants of Hereford and the mythical Bremmius on those of Bristol.

There is, however, a considerable interval between the devices of a triumph and a formal play; and, as already pointed out, it was one which the drama of the late middle ages and the early Tudors failed, so far as our knowledge goes, to bridge. It might easily have been otherwise. The deliberate policy of Henry the Seventh encouraged the writing of chronicles, and might have made good use of the historical drama as yet another means of inducing a pacified England to realize its unity and its greatness. But for a time the economic conditions of the stage were unfavourable. The old habit of enormous local festival plays was dying out, and the small troops of professional actors

who wandered from town-hall to town-hall and from manor to manor were insufficient to sustain the burden of an elaborate spectacle, and found it easier to grapple with the less exacting demands of morality or of farce. The stage of the courts and the schools, on the other hand, sought its interest either in the revival and imitation of classical comedy and tragedy or in the *Tendenz-drama* of theological controversy; and although the latter led by a curious by-path to the intrusion of such historical personages as King John and Cardinal Pandulph amongst the abstractions of Bale's famous allegory, it was not until the vagabond companies settled in London and for the first time established the popular drama upon a permanent theatre that the chronicle history play can really be said to have come into existence. But on the boards of the Theater and the Curtain, and during the hegemony of Tarlton and the Queen's men from 1583 to 1592, it may fairly be regarded as the dominant type; and although less artless modes came after it, and the instructed stagecraft of Ben Jonson might learn to scoff at "York and Lancaster's long jars", it had not really lost its vogue, at any rate amongst the groundlings, before the closing of the theatres heralded the advent of an age in which history was once more to be made and not merely to be gazed at. The agitated years which culminated in the defeat of the Armada gave it its chief stimulus. The abundant Elizabethan

chronicles, Grafton's and Stowe's and Holinshed's, with the earlier narrative of Halle and the versified "tragedies" of *The Mirror for Magistrates*, supplied it with ample material. And the alarums and excursions, the roll of drums and the trampling of armies, which enlivened its scenes, were doubtless sufficient to compensate, in the eyes of audiences none too critical, for the episodic character of its action and the lack of that beginning, middle and end, which the stricter canons of dramatic art demand.

Shakespeare, of course, came to the chronicle history late, and his was the task of refurbishing its decadence and endeavouring to find some principle of unity whereby to hold together its slovenly and dissolute structure. In the Lancaster tetralogy he seems to have had a fairly free hand, and to have tried a variety of stylistic experiments, of which the most successful was certainly the bold introduction of anachronistic comedy with Falstaff, in the course of a continuous endeavour to work out a general theme based upon the interpretation of history as a series of contrasted studies in kingship. But in *King John*, and still more throughout the greater part of the Yorkist tetralogy which went before, he was far more closely fettered by his models, although in *Richard the Third* he was able to break sufficiently loose to produce a play which, however much it may owe in temper to Marlowe, is at least an independent

work of art. The debt of *Richard the Third* to the crude old plays upon which it was probably intended to be built is insignificant enough. The same can hardly be said of *Henry the Sixth*, throughout the last two parts of which we can see the journeyman playwright painfully tinkering scene by scene at the chronicle history before him, while it may at least be suspected that the first part itself was produced by a very similar process. For unity, therefore, for definite dramatic purpose, it will not do to look too closely in these plays. If you find it at all, it is in the constant sense of disunion as the one fatal element in national life, and of the implied contrast, which the chronicles themselves were indeed written to suggest, between the rudderless state of an England deprived of its natural leader and the glorious possibilities of a Henry of Monmouth or a Henry Tudor. The flame of patriotism burns still in the scenes which celebrate the prowess of Lord Shrewsbury, and Thomas Nash records the response which these scenes evoked when they were produced, probably with Edward Alleyn in the part of Shrewsbury, upon the boards of the Rose in the spring of 1592.

“How would it haue ioyed braue Talbot (the terror of the French) to thinke that after he had lyen two hundred yeare in his Toomb, he should triumph againe on the Stage and haue his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least (at several times) who, in the

Tragedian that represents his person, imagine that they behold him fresh bleeding."

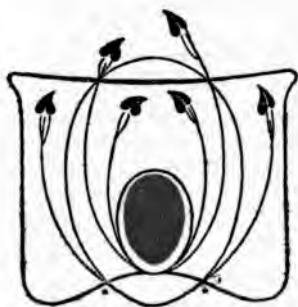
In this desire to make the dead past live again, rather than in any psychological formula of the tragic or the comic vision, lies the real meaning of the chronicle play.

Sentimental persons have sometimes professed to be shocked at the inglorious part assigned to Joan of Arc in *Henry the Sixth*, and have consoled themselves with the reflection that Shakespeare was dependent upon his sources, and that, if he depicted the Maid as a wanton and a practiser with evil spirits, this was only because he found her so represented in the chronicles and had no material for arriving at a truer historic judgment. Certainly the process of rehabilitation was not before Shakespeare, and the argument is sound as far as it goes. But it rather begs the question by assuming that Shakespeare or any other English national playwright would have cared very much whether he was unjust to a French heroine or not. It was the quality of England, not of France, that he set out to celebrate, and surely we have had example enough in recent years that patriotic fervour is by no means always touched with the quixotic generousities of a Sidney, and is frequently accompanied by the very natural desire to make out its enemies as no better than they should be.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

June, 1907.

The First Part of *Henry the Sixth* was entered upon the Stationers' Register on November 8, 1623, together with such of Shakespeare's other plays as were not already in print, for the purposes of the First Folio of the collected plays published in that year. In the entry it appears as "the thirde parte of Henry y^e Sixt", but this is only because the two later parts were, from the booksellers' point of view, already in existence. Obviously the play is of early date, and there seems no reason to hesitate in identifying it with the "harey the vj" recorded in Henslowe's *Diary* to have been produced by Lord Strange's men, probably at the Rose, as a "new enterlude" on March 3, 1592. The Talbot scenes are alluded to by Nash in his *Pierce Penilesse His Supplication* of the same year. One may doubt, however, whether the play was really "new", except in the sense that certain fresh scenes, probably including the Talbot scenes (act v, sc. 2-7) and possibly also the York and Lancaster scenes (act ii, sc. 4, 5), had been written into it for Henslowe. The Shakespearean authorship of *Henry the Sixth* has long been in dispute, and it is conceivable that Shakespeare's contribution to the First Part may have been limited to the writing of these scenes. He must have had something to do with all three parts or they would hardly have got into the First Folio. On the other hand, the fact that they are omitted from the list of his plays given in the *Palladis Tamia* of Francis Meres (1598) suggests that Meres at any rate did not regard them as substantially his work.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

- KING HENRY VI.
- JOHN, DUKE OF BEDFORD,
Regent of France, } Uncles to the King.
HUMPHREY, DUKE OF
GLOUCESTER, Protector, }
- THOMAS BEAUFORT, DUKE
OF EXETER, } Great-uncles to the
HENRY BEAUFORT, BISHOP
OF WINCHESTER, after-
wards Cardinal, } King.
JOHN BEAUFORT, DUKE OF
SOMERSET, }
- RICHARD PLANTAGENET, afterwards DUKE OF
YORK.
- RICHARD BEAUCHAMP, EARL OF WARWICK.
THOMAS MONTAGUE, EARL OF SALISBURY.
WILLIAM DE LA POLE, EARL OF SUFFOLK.
LORD TALBOT, afterwards EARL OF SHREWSBURY.
JOHN TALBOT, Son to Lord Talbot.
EDMUND MORTIMER, EARL OF MARCH.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFFE.
SIR WILLIAM LUCY.
SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.
SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE,
Mayor of London.
WOODVILE, Lieutenant of the Tower.
VERNON, of the White Rose or York faction.
BASSET, of the Red Rose or Lancaster faction.
- CHARLES, DAUPHIN OF FRANCE.
REIGNIER, DUKE OF ANJOU.
PHILIP LE BON, DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
JOHN, DUKE OF ALENÇON.
BASTARD OF ORLEANS,
Governor of Paris.
A French General.
Master Gunner of Orleans.
BOY, Son to the Master Gunner.
A French Sergeant.
A Porter.
A Shepherd, Father to Joan of Arc.
- MARGARET, Daughter to Reignier, afterwards
Queen to King Henry.
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.
JOAN OF ARC, la Pucelle.
&c.

The First Part of
Henry the Sixth

ACT I

SCENE I. *Westminster.*

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of KING HENRY the Fifth, attended on by the DUKE OF BEDFORD Regent of France, the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER Protector, the DUKE OF EXETER, the EARL OF WARWICK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, and the DUKE OF SOMERSET.

Bedford. Hung be the heavens with black; yield day to night;

Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto Henry's death!
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Gloucester. England ne'er had a king until his time.

Virtue he had, deserving to command;
His brandished sword did blind men with his beams;

10

10. *his, its.*

4 (B 816)

17

2

His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
 His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
 More dazzled and drove back his enemies
 Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
 What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech.
 He ne'er lift up his hand but conquer'd.

Exeter. We mourn in black; why mourn we not
 in blood?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive.
 Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
 And death's dishonourable victory 20
 We with our stately presence glorify,
 Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
 What? shall we curse the planets of mishap
 That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
 Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
 Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
 By magic verses have contrived his end?

Winchester. He was a king blessed of the King
 of kings.

Unto the French the dreadful judgement-day
 So dreadful will not be as was his sight. 30
 The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought;
 The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Gloucester. The church! where is it? Had not
 churchmen prayed,
 His thread of life had not so soon decayed.
 None do you like but an effeminate prince,
 Whom like a school-boy you may over-awe.

Winchester. Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou art
 protector,
 And lookest to command the prince and realm.
 Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
 More than God or religious churchmen may. 40

Gloucester. Name not religion, for thou lovest
the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou
goest,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bedford. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your
minds in peace!

Let's to the altar!—Heralds, wait on us!
—Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears, 50
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invoke.
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar or bright —

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My honourable lords, health to you
all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter and discomfiture.
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Rouen, Orleans, 60
Paris, Guysors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

Bedford. What sayest thou, man, before dead
Henry's corse?
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Gloucester. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?

If Henry were recalled to life again,
 These news would cause him once more yield the
 ghost.

Exeter. How were they lost? what treachery was
 used?

Messenger. No treachery; but want of men and
 money.

Amongst the soldiers this is mutter'd, 70
 That here you maintain several factions,
 And whilst a field should be dispatched and fought
 You are disputing of your generals.
 One would have lingering wars, with little cost;
 Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
 A third man thinks, without expense at all,
 By guileful fair words peace may be obtained.
 Awake, awake, English nobility!
 Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot.
 Cropped are the flower-de-luces in your arms; 80
 Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exeter. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
 These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bedford. Me they concern; Regent I am of
 France.

Give me my steel'd coat! I'll fight for France.
 Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
 Wounds will I lend the French, instead of eyes,
 To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

Messenger. Lords, view these letters, full of bad
 mischance.

France is revolted from the English quite, 90

Except some petty towns of no import.
The Dauphin Charles is crown'd king in Rheims;
The Bastard of Orleans with him is joined;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exeter. The Dauphin crown'd king? All fly to
him?

O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Gloucester. We will not fly, but to our enemies'
throats.

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bedford. Gloucester, why doubtest thou of my
forwardness? 100

An army have I mustered in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter another Messenger.

Messenger. My gracious lords, to add to your
laments,

Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Winchester. What! wherein Talbot overcame?
is't so?

Messenger. O, no! wherein Lord Talbot was
o'erthrown.

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord, 110
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompass'd and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;

He wanted pikes to set before his archers,
 Instead whereof sharp stakes, plucked out of hedges,
 They pitched in the ground confusedly,
 To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
 More than three hours the fight continuèd; 120
 Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
 Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
 Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
 Here, there, and everywhere, enraged he flew.
 The French exclaimed, the devil was in arms;
 All the whole army stood agazed on him;
 His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
 'A Talbot, a Talbot!' cried out amain,
 And rushed into the bowels of the battle.
 Here had the conquest fully been sealed up, 130
 If Sir John Falstaffe had not played the coward.
 He, being in the vaward, placed behind,
 With purpose to relieve and follow them,
 Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
 Hence grew the general wrack and massacre.
 Enclosèd were they with their enemies.
 A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
 Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,
 Whom all France, with their chief assembled
 strength,
 Durst not presume to look once in the face. 140

Bedford. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
 For living idly here in pomp and ease,
 Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
 Unto his dastard foemen is betrayed.

Messenger. O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,

126. *agazed*, aghast.

132. *vaward*, vanguard.

135. *wrack*, wreck.

And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford;
Most of the rest slaughtered or took likewise.

Bedford. His ransom there is none but I shall
pay.

I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne;
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend; 150
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewell, my masters! to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal.
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

Messenger. So you had need, for Orleans is be-
sieged;
The English army is grown weak and faint;
The Earl of Salisbury craves a supply, 160
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exeter. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry
sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bedford. I do remember it; and here take my
leave,
To go about my preparation. [Exit.

Gloucester. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste
I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king.

[Exit.

Exeter. To Eltham will I, where the young
king is, 170

Being ordained his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [Exit.

Winchester. Each hath his place and function to attend.

I am left out; for me no thing remains.
But long I will not be Jack out of office.
The king from Eltham I intend to steal,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *France. Before Orleans.*

Sound a Flourish. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and others, marching with Drum and Soldiers.

Charles. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens

So in the earth, to this day is not known.
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors; upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;
Otherwhiles the famished English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alençon. They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves.

Either they must be dieted like mules 10
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drown'd mice.

Reignier. Let's raise the siege; why lie we idly here?

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear.

1. *flourish*, a trumpet-call. 7. *otherwhiles*, at other times.

14. *wont*, used.

Remaineth none but mad-brained Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Charles. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on
them.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French!
Him I forgive my death that killeth me 20
When he sees me go back one foot or flee. [*Exeunt.*]

*Here Alarum; they are beaten back by the English
with great loss. Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON,
REIGNIER, and others.*

Charles. Who ever saw the like? what men have
I!

Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reignier. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alençon. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records
England all Oliver's and Rowland's breed 30
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliases
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Charles. Let's leave this town; for they are hare-
brained slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager.

18. *alarum*, alarm (Ital. *all'arme*, to arms).

23. *dastards*, cowards.

Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege. 40

Reignier. I think, by some odd gimmals or device,
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll even let them alone.

Alençon. Be it so.

Enter the BASTARD of Orleans.

Bastard. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have
news for him.

Charles. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to
us!

Bastard. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer
appalled.

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismayed, for succour is at hand. 50
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordain'd is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;
What's past and what's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible!

Charles. Go, call her in! [*Exit Bastard.*] But
first, to try her skill, 60
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place.
Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern.
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

41. *gimmals*, clockwork.

48. *cheer*, countenance.

Re-enter the BASTARD of Orleans, with JOAN
PUCELLE.

Reignier. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these
wondrous feats?

Pucelle. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to be-
guile me?

Where is the Dauphin?—Come, come from behind!
I know thee well, though never seen before.

Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me.

In private will I talk with thee apart.

—Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile. 70

Reignier. She takes upon her bravely at first dash

Pucelle. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's
daughter,

My wit untrained in any kind of art.

Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased

To shine on my contemptible estate.

Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,

And to sun's parching heat displayed my cheeks,

God's mother deigned to appear to me,

And, in a vision full of majesty,

Willed me to leave my base vocation,

And free my country from calamity.

Her aid she promised and assured success;

In complete glory she revealed herself;

And, whereas I was black and swart before,

With those clear rays which she infused on me

That beauty am I blessed with which you see.

Ask me what question thou canst possible,

And I will answer unpremeditated.

My courage try by combat, if thou darest,

80

And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex. 90
 Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
 If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Charles. Thou hast astonished me with thy high
 terms.

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
 In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
 And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
 Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Pucelle. I am prepared; here is my keen-edged
 sword,
 Decked with five flower-de-luces on each side,
 The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's church-
 yard, 100
 Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Charles. Then come on, a' God's name! I fear
 no woman.

Pucelle. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a
 man. [Here they fight, and Joan de
Pucelle overcomes.

Charles. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an
 Amazon,
 And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Pucelle. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too
 weak.

Charles. Whoe'er helps thee, 't is thou that must
 help me.
 Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
 My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
 Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so, 110

Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be.
'T is the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Pucelle. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession 's sacred from above.
When I have chas'd all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Charles. Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate
thrall.

Reignier. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alençon. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her
smock;

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech. 120

Reignier. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no
mean?

Alençon. He may mean more than we poor men
do know;

These women are shrewd tempters with their
tongues.

Reignier. My lord, where are you? what devise
you on?

Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Pucelle. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

Charles. What she says, I'll confirm; we'll fight
it out.

Pucelle. Assigned am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise. 130
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days, *

117. *thrall*, serf. 119. *shrives*, confesses and absolves.

121. *mean*, moderation.

126. *recreants*, cowards; (literally) forsakers of their faith.

131. *halcyon days*, balmy days, in which the halcyon or king-
fisher flies.

Since I have enter'd into these wars.
 Glory is like a circle in the water,
 Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
 Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
 With Henry's death the English circle ends;
 Dispers'd are the glories it included.
 Now am I like that proud insulting ship
 Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

Charles. Was Mahomet inspir'd with a dove? 140
 Thou with an eagle art inspir'd, then.
 Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
 Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
 Bright star of Venus, fallen down on the earth,
 How may I reverent worship thee enough?

Alençon. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reignier. Woman, do what thou canst to save our
 onours;
 Drive them from Orleans, and be immortalized.

Charles. Presently we'll try. Come, let's away
 about it!

No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [*Exeunt.* 150

SCENE III. *London. Before the Gates of the
 Tower.*

*Enter the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, with his Serving-
 men.*

Gloucester. I am come to survey the Tower this
 day.

Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.
 Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
 Open the gates; 't is Gloucester that calls.

[*Servants knock.*

2. conveyance, dishonesty.

First Warder. Who's there that knocks so imperiously?

First Servant. It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

Second Warder. Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

First Servant. Villains, answer you so the Lord Protector?

First Warder. The Lord protect him! So we answer him.

We do no otherwise than we are willed. 10

Gloucester. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?

There's none protector of the realm but I.

—Break up the gates! I'll be your warrantize.

Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

[Gloucester's men rush at the Tower Gates, and Woodvile the Lieutenant speaks within

Woodvile. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Gloucester. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?

Open the gates; here's Gloucester that would enter.

Woodvile. Have patience, noble duke! I may not open;

The Cardinal of Winchester forbids.

From him I have express commandment 20

That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Gloucester. Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him 'fore me,

Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,

Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?

Thou art no friend to God or to the king.
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

Serving-men. Open the gates unto the Lord
Protector,
We'll burst them open, if you come not quickly.

*Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates
WINCHESTER and his men in tarwny coats.*

Winchester. How now, ambitious Humphrey!
what means this?

Gloucester. Peeled priest, dost thou command me
to be shut out? 30

Winchester. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the king or realm.

Gloucester. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contrivedst to murder our dead lord,
Thou that givest whores indulgences to sin.
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Winchester. Nay, stand thou back; I will not
budge a foot.

This be Damascus, be thou curs'd Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt. 40

Gloucester. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee
back.

Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Winchester. Do what thou darest; I beard thee to
thy face.

Gloucester. What! am I dared and bearded to my
face?

30. *peeled*, tonsured.

31. *proditor*, betrayer (Lat.).

36. *canvass*, shake up and down.

38. *budge*, move.

Draw, men, for all this privileg'd place,
Blue coats to tawny coats.— Priest, beware your
beard!

I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly;
Under my feet I'll stamp thy cardinal's hat;
In spite of Pope or dignities of church, 50
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Winchester. Gloucester, thou wilt answer this
before the Pope.

Gloucester. Winchester goose! I cry, 'A rope!
a rope!'

—Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?
—Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.
Out, tawny coats! out, scarlet hypocrite!

*Here Gloucester's men beat out the Cardinal's men,
and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of Lon-
don and his officers.*

Mayor. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme
magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Gloucester. Peace, Mayor! thou knowest little of
my wrongs.

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king, 60
Hath here distrained the Tower to his use.

Winchester. Here's Gloucester too, a foe to citizens,
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines,
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm,
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

61. *distrained, seized.*

Gloucester. I will not answer thee with words,
but blows. [*Here they skirmish again.*]

Mayor. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous
strife, 70

But to make open proclamation.

Come, officer! as loud as e'er thou canst, cry!

Officer. [*Reads.*] All manner of men assembled here
in arms this day against God's peace and the king's, we
charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair
to your several dwelling-places, and not to wear, handle,
or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon
pain of death.

Gloucester. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law;
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large. 80

Winchester. Gloucester, we'll meet; to thy dear
cost, be sure.

Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

Mayor. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away.
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

Gloucester. Mayor, farewell! thou dost but what
thou mayst.

Winchester. Abominable Gloucester, guard thy
head;

For I intend to have it ere long.

[*Exeunt. Manent Mayor and Officers.*]

Mayor. See the coast cleared, and then we will
depart.

Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.* 90

SCENE IV. *France. Orleans.**Enter the Master Gunner and his Boy.*

Master Gunner. Sirrah, thou knowest how Orleans
is besieged,
And how the English have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know; and oft have shot at
them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I missed my aim.

Master Gunner. But now thou shalt not. Be thou
ruled by me!
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials have inform'd me
How the English, in the suburbs close intrenched,
Wont through a secret grate of iron bars 10
In yonder tower, to o'erpeer the city;
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have placed;
And even for these three days have I watched,
If I could see them.
Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.
If thou spiest any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's.

[*Exit.* 20]

Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

[*Exit.*8. *espials*, spies.15. *ordnance*, artillery.

Enter on the turrets the LORDS SALISBURY and TALBOT, SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE, and others.

Salisbury. Talbot, my life, my joy, again returned!

How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be released?
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

Talbot. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner
Called the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him was I exchanged and ransom'd.
But with a baser man of arms by far, 30
Once, in contempt, they would have bartered me,
Which I, disdainingly, scorned, and crav'd death
Rather than I would be so vild-esteemed.
In fine, redeemed I was as I desired.
But, O, the treacherous Falstaffe wounds my heart!
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Salisbury. Yet tellest thou not how thou wert entertained.

Talbot. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.

In open market-place produced they me, 40
To be a public spectacle to all.
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digged stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly;

None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deemed me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread, 50
That they supposed I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walked about me every minute-while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a linstock.

Salisbury. I grieve to hear what torments you
endured,
But we will be revenged sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans.
Here, through this secret grate, I count each one, 60
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify.
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.
—Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gargrave. I think, at the north gate; for there
stands lords.

Glansdale. And I, here, at the bulwark of the
bridge.

Talbot. For aught I see, this city must be
famished,
Or with light skirmishes enfebled.

*[Here they shoot and Salisbury
and Gargrave fall down.]*

Salisbury. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched
sinners!

52. *adamant*, the hardest of stones.

56. *linstock*, match for firing cannoa.

Gargrave. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man!

Talbot. What chance is this that suddenly hath crossed us?

Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak.
 How farest thou, mirror of all martial men?
 One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!
 Accurs'd tower! accurs'd fatal hand
 That hath contrived this woeful tragedy!
 In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
 Henry the Fifth he first trained to the wars;
 Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck
 up, 80

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
 Yet livest thou, Salisbury? Though thy speech
 doth fail,

One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace.
 The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
 Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
 If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!
 —Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.
 —Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
 Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
 —Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort; 90
 Thou shalt not die whiles—

He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,
 As who should say, "When I am dead and gone,
 Remember to avenge me on the French".—
 Plantagenet, I will; and, like thee, Nero,
 Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn.
 Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens.]

What stir is this? what tumult's in the heavens?
 Whence cometh this alarum and this noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My lord, my lord, the French have gathered head. 100

The Dauphin, with one Joan de Pucelle joined,
A holy prophetess new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans.]

Talbot. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!

It irks his heart he cannot be revenged.

—Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you.

Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,

Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,

And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.

—Convey me Salisbury into his tent, 110

Then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

[Alarum. Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *The same.*

Here an alarum again, and TALBOT pursueth the Dauphin and driveth him. Then enter JOAN DE PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her. Then enter TALBOT.

Talbot. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;

A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Here, here she comes.

Re-enter LA PUCELLE.

I'll have a bout with thee;

Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee;

103. *power*, force.

107. *puzzel*, drab.

Blood will I draw on thee—thou art a witch—
And straightway give thy soul to him thou servest.

Pucelle. Come, come, 't is only I that must disgrace thee. *[Here they fight.]*

Talbot. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage, 10
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.
[They fight again.]

Pucelle. *[Retiring.]* Talbot, farewell! thy hour is not yet come.
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

[A short alarum. Then enter the town with soldiers.]

O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starv'd men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament.
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

Talbot. My thoughts are whirl'd like a potter's wheel;

I know not where I am, nor what I do. 20
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists.
So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They called us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[A short alarum.]

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat,
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead.
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf, 30

17. *testament*, will.

22. *lists*, pleases.

Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdu'd slaves.

[*Alarum. Here another skirmish.*

It will not be; retire into your trenches.
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.

Pucelle is entered into Orleans,
In spite of us or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Alarum; retreat; flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same.*

*Enter on the walls LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, The
BASTARD of Orleans, REIGNIER, ALENÇON,
and Soldiers.*

Pucelle. Advance our waving colours on the
walls!

Rescued is Orleans from the English;
Thus Joan de Pucelle hath performed her word.

Charles. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloomed and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!
Recovered is the town of Orleans;
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state. 10

Reignier. Why ring not out the bells throughout
the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alençon. All France will be replete with mirth
and joy,

When they shall hear how we have played the men.

Charles. 'T is Joan, not we, by whom the day
is won;

For which I will divide my crown with her,

And all the priests and friars in my realm

Shall in procession sing her endless praise. 20

A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear

Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was.

In memory of her when she is dead,

Her ashes, in an urn more precious

Than the rich-jewelled coffer of Darius,

Transported shall be at high festivals

Before the kings and queens and peers of France.

No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,

But Joan de Pucelle shall be France's saint.

Come in, and let us banquet royally, 30

After this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I. *France. Orleans.*

Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.

Sergeant. . Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant.

If any noise or soldier you perceive

Near to the walls, by some apparent sign

Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

First Sentinel. Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*]

Thus are poor servitors,

When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrained to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces,
with scaling-ladders, their drums beating a
dead march.*

Talbot. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy are friends to us, 10
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day caroused and banqueted.
Embrace we, then, this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contrived by art and baleful sorcery.

Bedford. Coward of France!—how much he
wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!

Burgundy. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure? 20

Talbot. A maid, they say.

Bedford. A maid, and be so martial?

Burgundy. Pray God she prove not masculine
ere long,
If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour, as she hath begun.

Talbot. Well, let them practise and converse with
spirits.
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bedford. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow
thee.

11. *secure*, confident.

14. *quittance*, requite.

Talbot. Not all together. Better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways; 30
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bedford. Agreed! I'll to yon corner.

Burgundy. And I to this.

Talbot. And here will Talbot mount, or make
his grave.

Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

Sentinel. Arm! arm! the enemy doth make
assault! [Cry 'St. George! A Talbot!']

*The French leap over the walls in their shirts.
Enter several ways, the BASTARD of Orleans,
ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, half ready and
half unready.*

Alençon. How now, my lords! what, all unready
so?

Bastard. Unready! ay, and glad we scaped so
well. 40

Reignier. 'T was time, I trow, to wake and leave
our beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

Alençon. Of all exploits since first I followed
arms,

Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.

Bastard. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reignier. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour
him.

Alençon. Here cometh Charles; I marvel how he sped.

Bastard. Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.

Charles. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame? 50
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Pucelle. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking, must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fallen.

Charles. Duke of Alençon, this was your default, 60
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alençon. Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surprised.

Bastard. Mine was secure.

Reignier. And so was mine, my lord.

Charles. And, for myself, most part of all this
night,
Within her quarter and mine own precinct
I was employed in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels. 70
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Pucelle. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way. 'Tis sure they found some
place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
 And now there rests no other shift but this,
 To gather our soldiers, scattered and dispersed,
 And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying 'A Talbot!
 a Talbot!' They fly, leaving their clothes
 behind.

Soldier. I'll be so bold to take what they have
 left.

The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
 For I have loaden me with many spoils, 80
 Using no other weapon but his name. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain,
 and others.

Bedford. The day begins to break, and night is
 fled,

Whose pitchy mantle over-veiled the earth.
 Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat.

Talbot. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
 And here advance it in the market-place,
 The middle centre of this curs'd town.
 Now have I paid my vow unto his soul.
 For every drop of blood was drawn from him
 There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
 And that hereafter ages may behold 10
 What ruin happened in revenge of him,
 Within their chiefest temple I'll erect

A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interred;
 Upon the which, that every one may read,
 Shall be engraved the sack of Orleans,
 The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
 And what a terror he had been to France.
 But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
 I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
 His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc, 20
 Nor any of his false confederates.

Bedford. 'T is thought, Lord Talbot, when the
 fight began,
 Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
 They did amongst the troops of arm'd men
 Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Burgundy. Myself, as far as I could well discern
 For smoke and dusky vapours of the night,
 Am sure I scared the Dauphin and his trull,
 When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
 Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves, 30
 That could not live asunder day or night.
 After that things are set in order here,
 We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. All hail, my lords! Which of this
 princely train
 Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
 So much applauded through the realm of France?

Talbot. Here is the Talbot; who would speak
 with him?

Messenger. The virtuous lady, Countess of Au-
 vergne,

With modesty admiring thy renown,
 By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe 40
 To visit her poor castle where she lies,
 That she may boast she hath beheld the man
 Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Burgundy. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our
 wars

Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
 When ladies crave to be encountered with.
 You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Talbot. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of
 men

Could not prevail with all their oratory,
 Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled. 50
 And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
 And in submission will attend on her.
 Will not your honours bear me company?

Bedford. No, truly, no! 't is more than manners
 will;

And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
 Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Talbot. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
 I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.

—Come hither, captain! [*Whispers.*] You perceive
 my mind?

Captain. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. 60
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The castle of the Countess of
 Auvergne.*

Enter the COUNTESS and her Porter.

Countess. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
 And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Porter. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*

Countess. The plot is laid; if all things fall out right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account.
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports. 10

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Messenger. Madam,
According as your ladyship desired,
By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.

Countess. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Messenger. Madam, it is.

Countess. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much feared abroad
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false.
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect, 20
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!
It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Talbot. Madam, I have been bold to trouble
you;
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you. [*Going.*

10. *censure*, opinion.

23. *writhled*, contorted.

27. *sort*, arrange.

Countess. What means he now? Go ask him
whither he goes.

Messenger. Stay, my Lord Talbot! for my lady
craves

To know the cause of your abrupt departure. 30

Talbot. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter with keys.

Countess. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Talbot. Prisoner! to whom?

Countess. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I trained thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs.
But now the substance shall endure the like;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years, 40
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Talbot. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Countess. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall
turn to moan.

Talbot. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practise your severity.

Countess. Why, art not thou the man?

Talbot. I am indeed.

Countess. Then have I substance too.

Talbot. No, no, I am but shadow of myself. 50
You are deceived, my substance is not here;

35. *trained*, beguiled.

45. *fond*, foolish.

For what you see is but the smallest part
 And least proportion of humanity.
 I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
 It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
 Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Countess. This is a riddling merchant for the
 nonce;
 He will be here, and yet he is not here.
 How can these contrarieties agree?

Talbot. That will I show you presently. 60

*[Winds his horn. Drums strike up; a peal of
 ordnance. Enter Soldiers.]*

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
 That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
 These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
 With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
 Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
 And in a moment makes them desolate.

Countess. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse.
 I find thou art no less than fame hath bruted,
 And more than may be gathered by thy shape.
 Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath; 70
 For I am sorry that with reverence
 I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Talbot. Be not dismayed, fair lady; nor mis-
 conster
 The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
 The outward composition of his body.
 What you have done hath not offended me.
 Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
 But only, with your patience, that we may

57. *nonce*, occasion.

68. *bruted*, noised abroad.

65. *subverts*, overthrows.

73. *misconster*, misconstrue.

Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well. 80

Countess. With all my heart; and think me
honour'd

To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *London. The Temple garden.*

*Enter the EARLS OF SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and
WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VER-
NON, and a Lawyer.*

Plantagenet. Great lords and gentlemen, what
means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suffolk. Within the Temple hall we were too
loud;

The garden here is more convenient.

Plantagenet. Then say at once if I maintained
the truth;

Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suffolk. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

Somerset. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then,
between us. 10

Warwick. Between two hawks, which flies the
higher pitch,

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,

I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgement;
 But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
 Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plantagenet. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance.

The truth appears so naked on my side, 20
 That any purblind eye may find it out.

Somerset. And on my side it is so well apparelled,
 So clear, so shining, and so evident
 That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plantagenet. Since you are tongue-tied and so
 loth to speak,
 In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts.
 Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
 And stands upon the honour of his birth,
 If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
 From off this brier pluck a white rose with me. 30

Somerset. Let him that is no coward nor no
 flatterer,
 But dare maintain the party of the truth,
 Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

Warwick. I love no colours; and without all
 colour
 Of base insinuating flattery,
 I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suffolk. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset;
 And say withal, I think he held the right.

Vernon. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no
 more,

27. *quilllets*, subtleties. 21. *purblind*, near-sighted.

26. *significants*, symbols.

Till you conclude that he, upon whose side 4
 The fewest roses are cropped from the tree,
 Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Somerset. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected.
 If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plantagenet. And I.

Vernon. Then for the truth and plainness of the
 case,
 I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
 Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Somerset. Prick not your finger as you pluck it
 off,
 Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red, 5
 And fall on my side so, against your will.

Vernon. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
 Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
 And keep me on the side where still I am.

Somerset. Well, well, come on! who else?

Lawyer. Unless my study and my books be false,
 The argument you held was wrong in you;

[*To Somerset.*

In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

Plantagenet. Now, Somerset, where is your argu-
 ment?

Somerset. Here in my scabbard, meditating that 6
 Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plantagenet. Meantime your cheeks do counter-
 feit our roses;
 For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
 The truth on our side.

Somerset. No, Plantagenet!
 'Tis not for fear, but anger that thy cheeks

Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plantagenet. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Somerset. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plantagenet. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain
his truth; 70

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Somerset. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding
roses,

That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plantagenet. Now, by this maiden blossom in my
hand,

I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.

Suffolk. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plantagenet. Proud Pole, I will; and scorn both
him and thee.

Suffolk. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Somerset. Away, away, good William de la Pole! So
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

Warwick. Now, by God's will, thou wrongest
him, Somerset;

His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England.
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

Plantagenet. He bears him on the place's privilege,

Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Somerset. By him that made me, I'll maintain my
words

On any plot of ground in Christendom.
 Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge, 90
 For treason executed in our late king's days?
 And, by his treason, standest not thou attainted,
 Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
 His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
 And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.

Plantagenet. My father was attach'd, not at-
 tainted,
 Condemned to die for treason, but no traitor;
 And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
 Were growing time once ripened to my will.
 For your partaker Pole, and you yourself, 100
 I'll note you in my book of memory,
 To scourge you for this apprehension.
 Look to it well and say you are well warned.

Somerset. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee
 still;
 And know us, by these colours, for thy foes,
 For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall
 wear.

Plantagenet. And, by my soul, this pale and angry
 rose,
 As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
 Will I for ever, and my faction, wear,
 Until it wither with me to my grave, 110
 Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suffolk. Go forward, and be choked with thy
 ambition!
 And so, farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit

92. *attainted*, convicted of treason.

93. *exempt*, excluded.

96. *attach'd*, arrested.

100. *partaker*, partisan.

108. *cognizance*, badge.

Somerset. Have with thee, Pole!—Farewell, ambitious Richard! [Exit.

Plantagenet. How I am braved, and must perforce endure it!

Warwick. This blot, that they object against your house,

Shall be wiped out in the next parliament,
Called for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester;
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick. 120
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
And here I prophesy—this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plantagenet. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,

That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Vernon. In your behalf still will I wear the same. 130

Lawyer. And so will I.

Plantagenet. Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner; I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *The Tower of London.*

Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair, and Gaolers.

Mortimer. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new hal'd from the rack,

So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
 And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
 Nestor-like agèd, in an age of care,
 Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
 These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
 Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;
 Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening grief, 10
 And pithless arms, like to a withered vine
 That droops his sapless branches to the ground.
 Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
 Unable to support this lump of clay,
 Swift-wingèd with desire to get a grave,
 As witting I no other comfort have.
 But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

First Gaoler. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will
 come.

We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
 And answer was returned that he will come. 20

Mortimer. Enough! my soul shall then be satis-
 fied.

Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
 Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
 Before whose glory I was great in arms,
 This loathsome sequestration have I had;
 And even since then hath Richard been obscured,
 Deprived of honour and inheritance.
 But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
 Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
 With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence. 30
 I would his troubles likewise were expired,
 That so he might recover what was lost.

5. *pursuivants*, officers of a court

9. *exigent*, close.

16. *witting*, knowing.

25. *sequestration*, seclusion.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

First Gaoler. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mortimer. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

Plantagenet. Ay, noble uncle! thus ignobly used, Your nephew, late despis'd Richard, comes.

Mortimer. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,

And in his bosom spend my latter gasp.

O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,

That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.

40

—And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,

Why didst thou say, of late thou wert despis'd?

Plantagenet. First, lean thine ag'd back against mine arm;

And in that ease I'll tell thee my disease.

This day, in argument upon a case,

Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;

Among which terms he used his lavish tongue,

And did upbraid me with my father's death,

Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,

Else with the like I had requited him.

50

Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,

In honour of a true Plantagenet,

And for alliance' sake, declare the cause

My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mortimer. That cause, fair nephew, that imprisoned me,

And hath detained me all my flowering youth

Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,

Was curs'd instrument of his decease.

Plantagenet. Discover more at large what cause
that was;

For I am ignorant, and cannot guess. 60

Mortimer. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Deposed his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten and the lawful heir
Of Edward King, the third of that descent.
During whose reign the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason moved these warlike lords to this 70
Was, for that, young King Richard thus removed,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I deriv'd am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
Unto the third King Edward; whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark! As in this haughty great attempt
They labour'd to plant the rightful heir, 80
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
Succeeding his sire Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then derived
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have installed me in the diadem.
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl, 90

88. *weening*, expecting.

And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppressed.

Plantagenet. Of which, my lord, your honour is
the last.

Mortimer. True; and thou seest that I no issue
have,

And that my fainting words do warrant death.
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather.
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plantagenet. Thy grave admonishments prevail
with me.

But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny. 100

Mortimer. With silence, nephew, be thou politic.
Strong-fix'd is the house of Lancaster
And like a mountain, not to be removed.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloyed
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plantagenet. O, uncle, would some part of my
young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mortimer. Thou dost then wrong me, as that
slaughterer doth
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill. 110
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral.

And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war! [*Dies.*

Plantagenet. And peace, no war, befall thy part-
ing soul!

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpassed thy days.

—Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.

—Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself 120
Will see his burial better than his life.

[*Exeunt Gaolers, bearing out the body
of Mortimer.*]

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Choked with ambition of the meaner sort.
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offered to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my will the advantage of my good. [*Exit.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. *London. The Parliament-house.*

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and others. GLOUCESTER offers to put up a bill; WINCHESTER snatches it, tears it.

Winchester. Comest thou with deep premeditated
lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devised,
Humphrey of Gloucester? If thou canst accuse,
Or aught intendest to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, suddenly;

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

Gloucester. Presumptuous priest! this place com-
mands my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonoured me.
Think not, although in writing I preferred 10
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forged, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen.
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace,
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree. 20
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest,
In that thou laidest a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Winchester. Gloucester, I do defy thee.—Lords,
vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
Were I ambitious, covetous, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor? 30
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do, except I be provoked?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;

6. *extemporal*, extemporary. 10. *preferred*, brought forward.

It is not that that hath incensed the duke.
 It is, because no one should sway but he;
 No one but he should be about the king.
 And that engenders thunder in his breast,
 And makes him roar these accusations forth. 40
 But he shall know I am as good—

Gloucester. As good!

Thou bastard of my grandfather!

Winchester. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I
 pray,

But one imperious in another's throne?

Gloucester. Am I not protector, saucy priest?

Winchester. And am not I a prelate of the church?

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

Winchester. Unreverent Gloucester!

Gloucester. Thou art reverent
 Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life. 50

Winchester. Rome shall remedy this.

Warwick. Roam thither, then!

Somerset. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

Warwick. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

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

Warwick. Methinks his lordship should be hum-
 bler;

It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Somerset. Yes, when his holy state is touched so
 near.

Warwick. State holy or unhallowed, what of that?
 Is not his grace protector to the king? 60

Plantagenet. [*Aside.*] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue,
Lest it be aid 'Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?'
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

King. Uncles of Gloucester and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar! 70
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissension is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.

[*A noise within, 'Down with the tawny-coats!'*
What tumult 's this?

Warwick. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[*A noise again, 'Stones! stones!'*

Enter the MAYOR OF LONDON.

Mayor. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have filled their pockets full of pebble stones, 80
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knocked out.
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compelled to shut our shops.

Enter Serving-men in skirmish with bloody pates.

King. We charge you on allegiance to ourself
To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the
peace.

—Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife.

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

Second Serving-man. Do what ye dare; we are as
resolute. [Skirmish again. 90

Gloucester. You of my household, leave this peevish
broil,
And set this unaccustomed fight aside.

Third Serving-man. My lord, we know your grace
to be a man
Just and upright, and, for your royal birth,
To none inferior but his majesty;
And, ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We and our wives and children all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughtered by thy foes. 100

First Serving-man. Ay, and the very parings of
our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [Begin again.

Gloucester. Stay, stay!
And if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

King. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?

Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils? 110

Warwick. Yield, my Lord Protector! yield,
Winchester!

Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity.
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Winchester. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Gloucester. Compassion on the king commands
me stoop;

Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me. 120

Warwick. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the
duke

Hath banished moody discontented fury,
As by his smooth'd brows it doth appear.
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Gloucester. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my
hand.

King. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you
preach

That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

Warwick. Sweet king! The bishop hath a kindly
gird. 130

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

Winchester. Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield
to thee

Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Gloucester. [*Aside.*] Ay, but, I fear me, with a
hollow heart. [*They clasp hands.*]

See here, my friends and loving countrymen;

This token serveth for a flag of truce

Betwixt ourselves and all our followers.

So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Winchester. [*Aside.*] So help me God, as I intend
it not! 140

King. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,
How joyful am I made by this contract!

—Away, my masters! trouble us no more;

But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

First Serving-man. Content! I'll to the surgeon's.

Second Serving-man. And so will I.

Third Serving-man. And I will see what physic
the tavern affords.

[*Exeunt Mayor and Serving-men.*]

Warwick. Accept this scroll, most gracious sove-
reign,

Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet 150

We do exhibit to your majesty.

Gloucester. Well urged, my Lord of Warwick;
for, sweet prince,

And if your grace mark every circumstance,

You have great reason to do Richard right,

Especially for those occasions

At Eltham Place I told your majesty.

King. And those occasions, uncle, were of force.
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restor'd to his blood.

Warwick. Let Richard be restor'd to his blood; 160
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Winchester. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

King. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plantagenet. Thy humble servant vows obedience
And faithful service till the point of death.

King. Stoop then and set your knee against my
foot;

And, in reguerdon of that duty done, 170
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York.
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York.

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

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

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

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

Gloucester. Now will it best avail your majesty
To cross the seas, and to be crowned in France. 180
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

King. When Gloucester says the word, King
Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Gloucester. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt. Manet Exeter.*]

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

Not seeing what is likely to ensue.

This late dissension grown betwixt the peers

Burns under feign'd ashes of forged love 190

And will at last break out into a flame.

As festered members rot but by degree,

Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,

So will this base and envious discord breed.

And now I fear that fatal prophecy

Which in the time of Henry named the Fifth

Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,

That Henry born at Monmouth should win all,

And Henry born at Windsor should lose all;

Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish 200

His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *France. Rouen.*

*Enter before the gates LA PUCELLE disguised, with
four Soldiers with sacks upon their backs.*

Pucelle. These are the city gates, the gates of
Rouen,

Through which our policy must make a breach.

Take heed, be wary how you place your words;

Talk like the vulgar sort of market men

That come to gather money for their corn.

If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,

And that we find the slothful watch but weak,

I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,

That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

186. *sennet*, a trumpet call.

188. *ensue*, follow.

First Soldier. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack
the city, 10
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock. [Knocks.]

Watch. [Within.] *Qui est là?*

Pucelle. *Paysans, pauvres gens de France,*
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in! the market-bell is rung.

Pucelle. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to
the ground.

[*La Pucelle and Soldiers enter the town.*]

Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD of Orleans,
ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and Forces.

Charles. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem,
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bastard. Here entered Pucelle and her practisants; 20
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Reignier. By thrusting out a torch from yonder
tower;
Which, once discerned, shows that her meaning is,
No way to that, for weakness, which she entered.

*Enter LA PUCELLE on the top, thrusting out
a torch burning.*

Pucelle. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites!

Bastard. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our
friend;
The burning torch in yonder turret stands. 30

20. *practisants, plotters.*

Charles. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Reignier. Defer no time; delays have dangerous
ends;
Enter, and cry 'The Dauphin!' presently,
And then do execution on the watch.

An alarum. TALBOT in an excursion.

Talbot. France, thou shalt rue this treason with
thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damn'd sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escaped the pride of France. 40
[*Exeunt into the town.*]

*An alarum; excursions. Enter BEDFORD, brought in
sick in a chair. Enter TALBOT and BURGUNDY
without; within, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BAS-
TARD, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, on the walls.*

Pucelle. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn
for bread?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.
'T was full of darnel; do you like the taste?

Burgundy. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless
courtezan!
I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Charles. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before
that time.

35. *excursion*, stage fighting.

44. *darnel*? grass seeds.

Bedford. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

Pucelle. What will you do, good gray-beard?
break a lance, 50
And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Talbot. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompassed with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Pucelle. Are ye so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace!
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

[*The English whisper together in council.*
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker? 60

Talbot. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

Pucelle. Belike your lordship takes us, then, for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.

Talbot. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest.
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alençon. Signior, no!

Talbot. Signior, hang!—Base muleters of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen. 70

Pucelle. Captains, away! let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.

God b'uy, my lord! we came up but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*]

Talbot. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Pricked on by public wrongs sustained in France,
Either to get the town again or die.

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

Burgundy. My vows are equal partners with thy
vows.

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

Bedford. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me. 90
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal or woe.

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

Bedford. Not to be gone from hence; for once I
read,
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field, and vanquish'd his foes.
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Talbot. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then be it so.—Heavens keep old Bedford safe! 100

—And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt. Manet Bedford.*]

An alarum; excursions. Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFFE and a CAPTAIN.

Captain. Whither away, Sir John Falstaffe, in such haste?

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

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

Falstaffe. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*]

Captain. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*]

Retreat; excursions. LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON and CHARLES fly.

Bedford. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please, 110
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffs
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Bedford dies, and is carried in by two in his chair.*]

An alarum. Re-enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the rest.

Talbot. Lost, and recovered in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy.
Let Heaven have glory for this victory!

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

Talbot. Thanks, gentle duke! But where is
Pucelle now?

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

What, all amort? Rouen hangs her head for grief
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers;
And then depart to Paris to the king,
For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

Burgundy. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Bur-
gundy. I

Talbot. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford late deceased,
But see his exequies fulfilled in Rouen.
A braver soldier never couch'd lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The plains near Rouen.*

*Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD of Orleans,
ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.*

Pucelle. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recover'd.
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,

122. *familiar*, attendant spirit.

123. *gleeks*, jeers.

133. *exequies*, funeral.

123. *braves*, vaunts.

124. *amort*, downcast.

134. *couch'd*, set in rest.

For things that are not to be remedied.
 Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
 And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
 We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
 If Dauphin and the rest will be but ruled.

Charles. We have been guided by thee hitherto
 And of thy cunning had no diffidence. 10
 One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

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

Alençon. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
 And have thee revered like a blessed saint.
 Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Pucelle. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan
 devise.
 By fair persuasions, mixed with sugared words,
 We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
 To leave the Talbot and to follow us. 20

Charles. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
 France were no place for Henry's warriors;
 Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
 But be extirped from our provinces.

Alençon. For ever should they be expelled from
 France,
 And not have title of an earldom here.

Pucelle. Your honours shall perceive how I will
 work
 To bring this matter to the wished end.

[Drum sounds afar off.]

Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
 Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward. 30

*Here sound an English march. Enter TALBOT
and his Forces.*

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

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

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

[Trumpets sound a parley.]

Charles. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!

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

Pucelle. The princely Charles of France, thy
countryman.

Burgundy. What sayest thou, Charles? for I am
marching hence.

Charles. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with
thy words.

Pucelle. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of
France!

Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Burgundy. Speak on! but be not over-tedious.

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

And see the cities and the towns defaced

By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!

As looks the mother on her lowly babe

When death doth close his tender dying eyes,

See, see the pining malady of France;

Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds, 50
 Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast.
 O, turn thy edg'd sword another way;
 Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
 One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
 Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign
 gore.

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

Burgundy. Either she hath bewitched me with
 her words,

Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucelle. Besides, all French and France exclaims
 on thee, 60

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
 Who joinest thou with, but with a lordly nation,
 That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
 When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
 And fashioned thee that instrument of ill,
 Who then but English Henry will be lord,
 And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
 Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,
 Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
 And was he not in England prisoner? 70
 But when they heard he was thine enemy,
 They set him free without his ransom paid,
 In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
 See, then, thou fightest against thy countrymen,
 And joinest with them will be thy slaughter-men.
 Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord!
 Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Burgundy. I am vanquish'd; these haughty words
 of hers

Have battered me like roaring cannon-shot,

And made me almost yield upon my knees. 80
 Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen,
 And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace!
 My forces and my power of men are yours.
 —So farewell, Talbot! I'll no longer trust thee.

Pucelle. Done like a Frenchman!—[*Aside*] turn,
 and turn again!

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

Bastard. And doth beget new courage in our
 breasts.

Alençon. Pucelle hath bravely played her part in
 this,
 And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Charles. Now let us on, my lords, and join our
 powers, 90
 And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Paris.*

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

Talbot. My gracious prince, and honourable
 peers,
 Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
 I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
 To do my duty to my sovereign;
 In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaimed
 To your obedience fifty fortresses,
 Twelve cities, seven wall'd towns of strength,
 Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,

Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet,
 And with submissive loyalty of heart 10
 Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
 First to my God, and next unto your grace.

King. Is this Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,
 That hath so long been resident in France?

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

King. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!
 When I was young, as yet I am not old,
 I do remember how my father said
 A stouter champion never handled sword.
 Long since we were resolv'd of your truth, 20
 Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
 Yet never have you tasted our reward,
 Or been reguerdoned with so much as thanks,
 Because till now we never saw your face.
 Therefore, stand up, and, for these good deserts.
 We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;
 And in our coronation take your place.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt. Manent Vernon
 and Basset.*]

Vernon. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
 Disgracing of these colours that I wear
 In honour of my noble Lord of York, 30
 Darest thou maintain the former words thou spakest?

Basset. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
 The envious barking of your saucy tongue
 Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

Vernon. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

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

15. *liege*, feudal lord.
 (B 816)

32. *patronage*, maintain.

Vernon. Hark ye; not so! in witness, take ye that.
[*Strikes him.*]

Basset. Villain, thou knowest the law of arms is such,
That whoso draws a sword, 't is present death;
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood. 40
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Vernon. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. *Paris. A hall of state.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, TALBOT, EXETER, *the* GOVERNOR OF PARIS, *and others.*

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

Winchester. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!

Gloucester. Now, Governor of Paris, take your oath,
That you elect no other king but him;
[*Governor kneels.*]

Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,

44. *miscreant*, scoundrel, (literally) misbeliever.

And none your foes but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state.
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFFE.

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

To haste unto your coronation, 10
A letter was delivered to my hands,
Writ to your grace from Philip Duke of Burgundy.

[Presents a letter.]

Talbot. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and
thee!

I vowed, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg;
[Plucking it off.]

Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast install'd in that high degree.
—Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest.
This dastard, at the battle of Poitiers,
When but in all I was six thousand strong 20
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away.
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surprised and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood—yea or no?

Gloucester. To say the truth, this fact was in-
famous, 30

And ill beseeeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Talbot. When first this order was ordained, my
 lords,
 Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
 Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
 Such as were grown to credit by the wars,
 Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
 But always resolute in most extremes.
 He, then, that is not furnished in this sort
 Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight, 40
 Profaning this most honourable order,
 And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
 Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain,
 That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

King. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hearest thy
 doom!
 Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight.
 Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.

[Exit Falstaffe.]

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

Gloucester. What means his grace, that he hath
 changed his style? 50
 No more but, plain and bluntly, 'To the king!'
 Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
 Or doth this churlish superscription
 Pretend some alteration in good will?
 What's here?—*[Reads.]* 'I have, upon especial cause,
 Moved with compassion of my country's wrack,
 Together with the pitiful complaints
 Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
 Forsaken your pernicious faction
 And joined with Charles, the rightful King of France.' 60

O monstrous treachery! Can this be so,
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Gloucester. He doth, my lord; and is become your
foe.

King. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Gloucester. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he
writes.

King. Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall talk
with him

And give him chastisement for this abuse.

—My lord, how say you? are you not content? 70

Talbot. Content, my liege! yes, but that I am
prevented,

I should have begged I might have been employed.

King. Then gather strength, and march unto him
straight.

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Talbot. I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit.

Enter VERNON and BASSET.

Vernon. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

Basset. And me, my lord, grant me the combat
too!

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

Somerset. And this is mine; sweet Henry, favour
him!

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

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

Vernon. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

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

King. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Basset. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue, 90
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law
Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him,
With other vile and ignominious terms.
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms. 100

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

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

94. *repugn*, fight against. 102. *conceit*, ingenuity.
107. *bewrayed*, betrayed.

Somerset. Your private grudge, my Lord of York,
will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it. 110

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

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

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

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset. 120

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

Basset. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Gloucester. Confirm it so! Confounded be your
strife!

And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
—And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths 130
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves.
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exeter. It grieves his highness. Good my lords,
be friends.

King. Come hither, you that would be combatants!
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.

—And you, my lords, remember where we are;
 In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation.
 If they perceive dissension in our looks,
 And that within ourselves we disagree, 140
 How will their grudging stomachs be provoked
 To wilful disobedience, and rebel.
 Beside, what infamy will there arise,
 When foreign princes shall be certified
 That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
 King Henry's peers and chief nobility
 Destroyed themselves, and lost the realm of France.
 O, think upon the conquest of my father,
 My tender years; and let us not forego
 That for a trifle that was bought with blood. 150
 Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
 I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[Putting on a red rose.]

That any one should therefore be suspicious
 I more incline to Somerset than York.
 Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
 As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
 Because, forsooth, the King of Scots is crowned.
 But your discretions better can persuade
 Than I am able to instruct or teach;
 And therefore, as we hither came in peace, 160
 So let us still continue peace and love.
 —Cousin of York, we institute your grace
 To be our regent in these parts of France;
 And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
 Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
 And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
 Go cheerfully together, and digest
 Your angry choler on your enemies.
 Ourselves, my Lord Protector, and the rest,

After some respite, will return to Calais; 170
 From thence to England, where I hope ere long
 To be presented, by your victories,
 With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish. Exeunt. Manent York, Warwick,
 Exeter, and Vernon.*]

Warwick. My Lord of York, I promise you, the
 king

Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

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

Warwick. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame
 him not.

I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And if I wist he did—but let it rest; 180
 Other affairs must now be manag'd.

[*Exeunt. Manet Exeter.*]

Exeter. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy
 voice;

For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
 I fear we should have seen deciphered there
 More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
 Than yet can be imagined or supposed.

But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
 This jarring discord of nobility,

This shouldering of each other in the court,
 This factious bandying of their favourites, 190
 But that it doth presage some ill event.

'T is much when sceptres are in children's hands;
 But more when envy breeds unkind division.
 There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[*Exit.*]

180. *wist*, thought.

190. *bandying*, contesting (a term of ball-play).

SCENE II. *Before Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT, with Trump and Drums.

Talbot. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter;
Summon their general unto the wall.

[Trumpet sounds. Enter General aloft.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry King of England;
And thus he would.—Open your city gates;
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects;
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power.
But, if you frown upon this proffered peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants, 10
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of our love.

General. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight. 20
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee;
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitched,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament

To rive their dangerous artillery
 Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot. 30
 Lo, there thou standest, a breathing valiant man,
 Of an invincible unconquered spirit!
 This is the latest glory of thy praise
 That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;
 For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,
 These eyes, that see thee now well colour'd,
 Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
 Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul; 40
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out. [*Exit.*

Talbot. He fables not; I hear the enemy.
 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
 O, negligent and heedless discipline!
 How are we parked and bounded in a pale,
 A little herd of England's timorous deer,
 Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs!
 If we be English deer, be then in blood,
 Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch;
 But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags, 50
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay.
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
 And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
 God and St. George, Talbot and England's right
 Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

[*Exeunt.*

29. *rive*, explode.

34. *due*, render.

43. *peruse*, examine.

48. *blood*, condition.

49. *rascal*, out of condition (a term of woodcraft).

SCENE III. *Plains in Gascony.*

Enter a Messenger that meets YORK. Enter YORK with trumpet and many Soldiers.

York. Are not the speedy scouts returned again,
That dogged the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Messenger. They are returned, my lord, and give
it out

That he is marched to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot. As he marched along,
By your espials were discover'd
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which joined with him, and made their march for
Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promis'd supply 10
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renown'd Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am louted by a traitor villain
And cannot help the noble chevalier.
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English
strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waste of iron 20
And hemmed about with grim destruction.
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

13. *louted*, played the churl with.

York. O God, that Somerset, who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distressed lord! 30

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's
soul;
And on his son young John, who two hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
To bid his young son welcome to his grave? 40
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sundered friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewell! no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours are won away,
Long all of Somerset and his delay.

[Exit with his soldiers.]

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror, 50
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth. Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all hurry to loss. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter SOMERSET, with his army and a Captain.

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

Captain. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me is
Set from our o'ermatched forces forth for aid.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

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

Lucy. Whither, my lord?—from bought and sold
Lord Talbot;

Who, ringed about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour, 20
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renown'd noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,

Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

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

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims, 30
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

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

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

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of
France,
Hath now entrapped the noble-minded Talbot.
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betrayed to fortune by your strife.

Somerset. Come, go! I will dispatch the horse-
men straight. 40
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en or slain,
For fly he could not, if he would have fled,
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Somerset. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in
you. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *The English camp near Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his Son.

Talbot. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee revived,
When sapless age and weak unable limbs

Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
 But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!
 Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
 A terrible and unavoyded danger.
 Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
 And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape 10
 By sudden flight. Come, dally not, be gone!

John. Is my name Talbot, and am I your son,
 And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
 Dishonour not her honourable name,
 To make a bastard and a slave of me!
 The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,
 That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

Talbot. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Talbot. If we both stay, we both are sure to die. 20

John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly.
 Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
 My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
 Upon my death the French can little boast;
 In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
 Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
 But mine it will, that no exploit have done.
 You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
 But, if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
 There is no hope that ever I will stay, 30
 If the first hour I shrink and run away.
 Here on my knee I beg mortality,
 Rather than life preserved with infamy.

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

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

Talbot. Upon my blessing, I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Talbot. Part of thy father may be saved in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

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

John. Yes, your renown'd name; shall flight
abuse it?

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

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Talbot. And leave my followers here, to fight and
die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such
blame?

No more can I be severed from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide.

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I; 50
For live I will not, if my father die.

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

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.

Come, side by side together live and die;

And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Alarum; excursions, wherein Talbot's Son is hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.

Talbot. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!

The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot?—Pause, and take thy breath!
I gave thee life and rescued thee from death.

John. O, twice my father, twice am I thy son!
The life thou gavest me first was lost and done,
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determined time thou gavest new date.

Talbot. When from the Dauphin's crest thy
sword struck fire, 10

It warmed thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,
Quickened with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encounter'd,
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood, and in disgrace 20
Bespoke him thus, 'Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy'.
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,

Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care!
 Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?
 Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
 Now thou art sealed the son of chivalry?
 Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead; 30
 The help of one stands me in little stead.
 O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
 To hazard all our lives in one small boat!
 If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
 To-morrow I shall die with mickle age.
 By me they nothing gain, and if I stay,
 'Tis but the shortening of my life one day.
 In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
 My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame.
 All these and more we hazard by thy stay; 40
 All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.

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

These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.
 On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
 To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,
 Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
 The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
 And like me to the peasant boys of France,
 To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!
 Surely, by all the glory you have won, 50
 And if I fly, I am not Talbot's son.
 Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
 If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Talbot. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of
 Crete,

Thou Icarus. Thy life to me is sweet.

If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable proved, let 's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The same.*

Alarum; excursions. Enter old TALBOT led.

Talbot. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone.

O, where 's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant Death, smeared with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceived me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandished over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin, and assailed of none,
Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustering battle of the French;
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit; and there died,
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

10

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

Enter Soldiers, with JOHN TALBOT borne.

Talbot. Thou antique Death, which laughest us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,

20

9. *guardant*, defender.

21. *lither*, yielding.

In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.

—O thou, whose wounds become hard-favoured
Death,

Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!

Brave Death by speaking, whether he will or no;

Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.

Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who would say,
Had Death been French, then Death had died to-day.

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

My spirit can no longer bear these harms. 30

Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,

Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

[Dies.

Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, BASTARD, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Charles. Had York and Somerset brought rescue
in,

We should have found a bloody day of this.

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

Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Pucelle. Once I encountered him, and thus I said,
'Thou maiden youth, be vanquished by a maid'.

But with a proud majestic high scorn

He answered thus, 'Young Talbot was not born 40
To be the pillage of a giglot wench'.

So, rushing in the bowels of the French,

He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Burgundy. Doubtless he would have made a noble
knight.

See, where he lies inhears'd in the arms

Of the most bloody nurser of his harms!

35. *wood, mad.*

41. *giglot, wanton.*

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

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

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

During the life, let us not wrong it dead. 50

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY, with an Herald.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
Who hath obtained the glory of the day.

Charles. On what submissive message art thou
sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 't is a mere French
word;

We English warriors wot not what it means.

I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Charles. For prisoners askest thou? Hell our
prison is.

But tell me whom thou seekest.

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field, 60
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,

Created, for his rare success in arms,

Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence,

Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,

Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,

Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of
Sheffield,

The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge,

Knight of the noble order of Saint George,

Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece,

55. *wot*, know.

60. *Alcides*, Hercules.

Great Marshal to Henry the Sixth 70
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

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

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

Lucy. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only
scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turned,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces! 80
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France.
Were but his picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Pucelle. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them
here,

They would but stink, and putrefy the air. 90

Charles. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence; but from their ashes
shall be reared
A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.

Charles. So we be rid of them, do what thou wilt.
And now to Paris in this conquering vein!
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I. *London. A room in the palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, *and* EXETER.

King. Have you perused the letters from the pope,
The emperor and the Earl of Armagnac?

Gloucester. I have, my lord; and their intent is
this.

They humbly sue unto your excellence
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.

King. How doth your grace affect their motion?

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

To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietness on every side. 10

King. Ay, marry, uncle! for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Gloucester. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac, near kin to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry. 20

King. Marriage, uncle? Alas, my years are
young!

And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.

Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one.
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

Enter WINCHESTER and three Ambassadors.

Exeter. [*Aside.*] What! is my Lord of Winchester
installed,

And called unto a cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive, that will be verified 30
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,
'If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown'.

King. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been considered and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And therefore are we certainly resolved
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France. 40

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

I have informed his highness so at large,
As, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

King. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
—And so, my Lord Protector, see them guarded
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipped,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. 50

[*Exeunt. Manent Winchester and an
ambassador.*]

Winchester. Stay, my lord legate! you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be delivered to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

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

Winchester. [*Aside.*] Now Winchester will not
submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive
That neither in birth or for authority
The bishop will be overborne by thee. 60
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *France. Before Angiers.*

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, BASTARD,
REIGNIER *and* LA PUCELLE.

Charles. These news, my lords, may cheer our
drooping spirits.

'T is said the stout Parisians do revolt
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alençon. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of
France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Pucelle. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to
us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Scout.

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

Charles. What tidings send our scouts? I prithee,
speak. 10

Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoined in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

Charles. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning
is;
But we will presently provide for them.

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

Pucelle. Of all base passions, fear is most accursed.
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine. 20

Charles. Then on, my lords; and France be for-
tunate! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Pucelle. The regent conquers, and the French-
men fly.
Now help, ye charming spells and periapts,
And ye choice spirits that admonish me
And give me signs of future accidents. [*Thunder.*]
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear and aid me in this enterprise!

2. *periapts*, charms worn on the person.

Enter Fiends.

This speed and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustomed diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are culled 10
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[They walk, and speak not.]

O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.

[They hang their heads.]

No hope to have redress? My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[They shake their heads.]

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice, 20
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul, my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.

[They depart.]

See, they forsake me! Now the time is come,
That France must vail her lofty-plum'd crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with.
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

*Excursions. BURGUNDY and YORK fight hand
to hand. French fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast. 30
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,

And try if they can gain your liberty.
 A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
 See, how the ugly wench doth bend her brows,
 As if, with Circe, she would change my shape!

Pucelle. Changed to a worser shape thou canst
 not be.

York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
 No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Pucelle. A plaguing mischief light on Charles
 and thee!

And may ye both be suddenly surprised 40
 By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy
 tongue!

Pucelle. I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the
 stake. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter SUFFOLK with MARGARET
 in his hand.

Suffolk. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[*Gazes on her.*

O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!
 For I will touch thee but with reverend hands,
 And lay them gently on thy tender side.
 I kiss these fingers for eternal peace.
 Who art thou? Say, that I may honour thee. 50

Margaret. Margaret my name, and daughter to
 a king,
 The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

Suffolk. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I called.

42. *banning, cursing.*

47. *reverend, reverent.*

Be not offended, nature's miracle,
 Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me.
 So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
 Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
 Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
 Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend.

[*She is going.*

O, stay! [*Aside.*] I have no power to let her pass; 60
 My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
 As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
 Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
 So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
 Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak.
 I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
 Fie, de la Pole! disable not thyself;
 Hast not a tongue? is she not here?
 Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
 Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such, 70
 Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

Margaret. Say, Earl of Suffolk, if thy name be
 so,

What ransom must I pay before I pass?
 For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

Suffolk. [*Aside.*] How canst thou tell she will deny
 thy suit,
 Before thou make a trial of her love?

Margaret. Why speakest thou not? What ransom
 must I pay?

Suffolk. She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed;
 She is a woman, therefore to be won.

Margaret. Wilt thou accept of ransom? Yea, or
 no.

67. *disable*, discredit.

Suffolk. [*Aside.*] Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?

Margaret. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suffolk. [*Aside.*] There all is marred; there lies a cooling card.

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

Suffolk. [*Aside.*] And yet a dispensation may be had.

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

Suffolk. [*Aside.*] I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?

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

Margaret. He talks of wood; it is some carpenter. 90

Suffolk. [*Aside.*] Yet so my fancy may be satisfied, And peace established between these realms.

But there remains a scruple in that too;
For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.

Margaret. Hear ye, captain! Are you not at leisure?

Suffolk. [*Aside.*] It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much.

Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.

—Madam, I have a secret to reveal. 100

Margaret. [*Aside.*] What though I be enthralled?

He seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.

Suffolk. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Margaret. [*Aside.*] Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French;

And then I need not crave his courtesy.

Suffolk. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause.

Margaret. [*Aside.*] Tush! women have been captive ere now.

Suffolk. I prithee, lady, wherefore talk you so?

Margaret. I cry you mercy, 't is but *quid* for *quo*.

Suffolk. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose

Your bondage happy, to be made a queen? 110

Margaret. To be a queen in bondage is more vile Than is a slave in base servility; For princes should be free.

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

Margaret. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

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

Margaret. What?

Suffolk. His love. 120

Margaret. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suffolk. No, gentle madam! I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam; are ye so content?

Margaret. And if my father please, I am content.

Suffolk. Then call our captains and our colours
forth!

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

A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER on the walls.

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner! 130

Reignier. To whom?

Suffolk. To me.

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

Suffolk. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord.
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king,
Whom I with pain have wooed and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gained thy daughter princely liberty.

Reignier Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

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

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

[Exit from the walls.]

Suffolk. And here, my lord, I will expect thy
coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter REIGNIER below.

Reignier. Welcome, brave earl, into our terri-
tories!
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

141. *face*, put on a false countenance.

Suffolk. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,

Fit to be made companion with a king.

What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Reignier. Since thou dost deign to woo her, little worth

150

To be the princely bride of such a lord,

Upon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine own, the counties Maine and Anjou,

Free from oppression or the stroke of war,

My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suffolk. That is her ransom; I deliver her;
And those two counties I will undertake
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

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

160

Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

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

Because this is in traffic of a king.

[*Aside.*] And yet, methinks, I could be well content

To be mine own attorney in this case.

I'll over, then, to England with this news,

And make this marriage to be solemnized.

So farewell, Reignier! set this diamond safe

In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reignier. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace 170
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

Margaret. Farewell, my lord! good wishes, praise,
and prayers

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*She is going.*]

Suffolk. Farewell, sweet madam! but hark you,
Margaret!
No princely commendations to my king?

Margaret. Such commendations as becomes a
maid,
A virgin and his servant, say to him.

Suffolk. Words sweetly placed and modestly
directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again;
No loving token to his majesty? 180

Margaret. Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted
heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suffolk. And this withal. [Kisses her.]

Margaret. That for thyself; I will not so pre-
sume
To send such peevish tokens to a king.
[Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.]

Suffolk. O, wert thou for myself! But, Suffolk,
stay!
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise;
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount, 190
Mad natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou comest to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder.
[Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress condemned to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd.

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

Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Pucelle. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

Shepherd. Out, out!—My lords, and please you,
't is not so; 10
I did beget her, all the parish knows;
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

Warwick. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shepherd. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear.
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan. 20

5. *timeless*, premature. 17. *obstacle*, an error for *obstinate*.

18. *collop*, slice.

Pucelle. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborned
this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shepherd. 'T is true, I gave a noble to the priest
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursèd be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suckedst her breast
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs afield, 30
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursèd drab?
O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good. [*Exit.*

York. Take her away! for she hath lived too
long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Pucelle. First, let me tell you whom you have
condemned;
Not one begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace, 40
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits.
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stained with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils.
No, misconceivèd Joan of Arc hath been

A virgin from her tender infancy, 50
 Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
 Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,
 Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay! Away with her to execution!

Warwick. And hark ye, sirs! Because she is a
 maid,

Spare for no faggots, let there be enow;
 Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
 That so her torture may be shortenèd.

Pucelle. Will nothing turn your unrelenting
 hearts?

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

York. Now heaven forfend! the holy maid with
 child!

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

Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling.
 I did imagine what would be her refuge.

Warwick. Well, well, go to! we'll have no bas-
 tards live, 70
 Especially since Charles must father it.

Pucelle. You are deceived; my child is none of
 his.
 It was Alençon that enjoyed my love.

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

Pucelle. O, give me leave, I have deluded you.
'T was neither Charles nor yet the duke I named,
But Reignier, King of Naples, that prevailed.

Warwick. A married man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well, 80
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

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

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

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

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair 90
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!
[Exit, guarded.]

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursèd minister of hell!

Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester.*

Cardinal. Lord Regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implored a general peace

Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
 And here at hand the Dauphin and his train 100
 Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turned to this effect?
 After the slaughter of so many peers,
 So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
 That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
 And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
 Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
 Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
 By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
 Our great progenitors had conquer'd? 110
 O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
 The utter loss of all the realm of France.

Warwick. Be patient, York! if we conclude a
 peace,
 It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
 As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

*Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER,
 and others.*

Charles. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed
 That peaceful truce shall be proclaimed in France,
 We come to be inform'd by yourselves
 What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler
 chokes 120
 The hollow passage of my prisoned voice,
 By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Cardinal. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus;
 That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
 Of mere compassion and of lenity,

To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown;
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself, 130
Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alençon. Must he be, then, a shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Charles. 'Tis known already that I am possessed
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein revered for their lawful king. 140
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquished,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be called but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador! I'll rather keep
That which I have than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret
means
Used intercession to obtain a league,
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Standest thou aloof upon comparison? 150
Either accept the title thou usurpest,
Of benefit proceeding from our king
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reignier. [*Aside to Charles.*] My lord, you do not
well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:

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

Alençon. [*Aside to Charles.*] To say the truth, it
is your policy

To save your subjects from such massacre 16c
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility;
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

Warwick. How sayest thou, Charles? shall our
condition stand?

Charles. It shall;
Only reserved, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty,
As thou art knight, never to disobey 17c
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.

[They swear.]

So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. *London. A room in the palace.*

Enter KING HENRY in conference with SUP-
FOLK, GLOUCESTER *and* EXETER.

King. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonished me.
Her virtues, grac'd with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart;
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,

So am I driven by breath of her renown,
 Either to suffer shipwrack, or arrive
 Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suffolk. Tush, my good lord! This superficial
 tale 10

Is but a preface of her worthy praise.
 The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
 Had I sufficient skill to utter them,
 Would make a volume of enticing lines,
 Able to ravish any dull conceit;
 And, which is more, she is not so divine,
 So full replete with choice of all delights,
 But with as humble lowliness of mind
 She is content to be at your command;
 Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents, 20
 To love and honour Henry as her lord.

King. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
 Therefore, my Lord Protector, give consent
 That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Gloucester. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
 You know, my lord, your highness is betrothed
 Unto another lady of esteem.
 How shall we then dispense with that contract,
 And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suffolk. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths; 30
 Or one that, at a triumph having vowed
 To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
 By reason of his adversary's odds.
 A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
 And therefore may be broke without offence.

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

15. *conceit*, imagination.

31. *triumph*, tournament.

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

Suffolk. O, yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem; 40
And of such great authority in France
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Gloucester. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exeter. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal
dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suffolk. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your
king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love. 50
Henry is able to enrich his queen
And not to seek a queen to make him rich.
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed;
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us, 60
In our opinions she should be preferred.
For what is wedlock forcèd but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?

Her peerless feature, join'd with her birth,
 Approves her fit for none but for a king.
 Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit, 70
 More than in women commonly is seen,
 Will answer hope in issue of a king;
 For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
 Is likely to beget more conquerors,
 If with a lady of so high resolve
 As is fair Margaret he be linked in love.
 Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me
 That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
 My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that 80
 My tender youth was never yet attain'd
 With any passion of inflaming love,
 I cannot tell; but this I am assured,
 I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
 Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
 As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
 Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
 Agree to any covenants; and procure
 That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come 90
 To cross the seas to England, and be crowned
 King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.
 For your expenses and sufficient charge,
 Among the people gather up a tenth.
 Be gone, I say! for, till you do return,
 I rest perplex'd with a thousand cares.
 —And you, good uncle, banish all offence.
 If you do censure me by what you were,
 Not what you are, I know it will excuse
 This sudden execution of my will.

And so, conduct me where, from company, 10
I may revolve and ruminare my grief. [Exit.

Gloucester. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and
last. [Exeunt Gloucester and Exeter.

Suffolk. Thus Suffolk hath prevailed; and thus
he goes,

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

[Exit.

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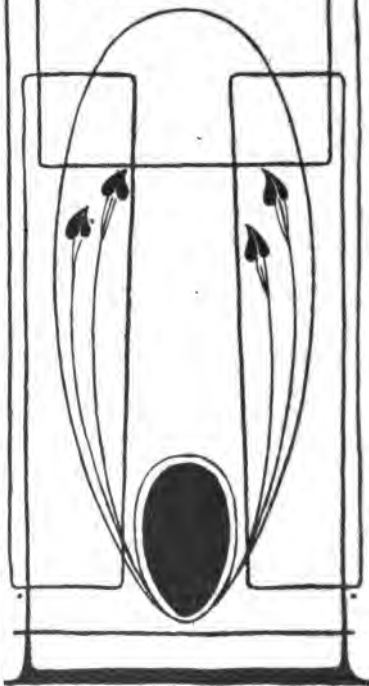
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