Clarendon Press Series

HAKESPEARE

SELECT PLAYS

KING JOHN

EDITED BY

LLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT, M.A., LL.D.

Fellow and Senior Bursar of Trinity College, Cambridge

Oxford

AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

M DCCC LXXXVI

Price Eighteenpence

was nominated by Richard to succeed
was crowned at Rouen, April 20 1199
Shakespeare brings out the indistinct abili
of John & does not portray his spirit
cruelty; while with regard to Arthur,
Sh: misrepresents, (i) his age, &
17, as that of a young child, (ii) the ho
& the feeling of the world at arthurs
death; the character of the feeling
probably ~~that~~ imitated from that e
upon the murder of the nephews of
Richard III.

The Earl of Salisbury or William Longsword, son
Henry II & Fair Rosamond. [illegible] the Dauph
but after action

Earl of Pembroke (Marshall) the greatest
politician of the time. Joint regent in
treaty by him, & on Regent during t
minority of Henry III, finally joint in sanctio
Magna Charta. (1215).

Hubert de Burgh defender of Dover
the Dauphin (1216) became Earl of Kent &
Justiciar of England in 1228.

Richard Plantagenet (The Bastard) is the
historical picture of Coeur de Lion.
Philip Augustus the Dauphin acted as
Sh: represents them

Leopold, Duke of Austria, who imprisoned Richar
at Dürenstein, is confounded with the Visc
of Limoges, [illegible] castle of Chalu
Richard [illegible] Leopold died [illegible]

Henry II = Eleanor

Richard I
d. 1199

Geoffrey = Constance
of Brittany

John
d. 1216

Arthur
d. 1202

dulph, practically a [illegible] ownership
stance, of Brittany [illegible] 4 or 5 years before
the play commences.
lanch, d. of Alphonso of Castile & niece
of King John, mother of Louis IX (Saint)
named the Daufelin

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London
HENRY FROWDE

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS WAREHOUSE
AMEN CORNER, E.C.

PREFACE.

SHAKESPEARE'S play of The life and death of King John was printed for the first time, so far as we know, in the edition of his plays collected and published in 1623 by John Heminge and Henry Condell, and generally known, from the form in which it is printed, as the first folio. But five and twenty years before this date it is mentioned among Shakespeare's Tragedies, in company with Richard the Second and Richard the Third, Henry the Fourth, Romeo and Juliet, and Titus Andronicus, by Francis Meres, in his Palladis Tamia, or Wits Treasury, published in 1598. How long before this time King John was written is matter of pure conjecture, and can only be determined by internal evidence. Malone was in favour of the date 1596, because he supposed that Chatillon's description of the English fleet in ii. 1. 72–75,

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

'was immediately suggested to Shakespeare by the grand fleet which was sent against Spain in 1596.' It seems to me a very slight foundation for such a theory. Shakespeare had to bring the invading army of John over to France by sea, and he could hardly describe the circumstance in more general terms than those he has employed.

Another argument by which Malone endeavoured to support his theory that the play was written in 1596 was the fact that Shakespeare's only son, Hamnet, died and was buried on the 11th of August in that year. He remarks, 'The pathetick lamentations which he has written for Lady Constance on the

death of Arthur, may perhaps add some probability to the supposition that this tragedy was written at or soon after that period.' Without insisting upon the circumstance that the grief of Constance is not for the death but for the imprisonment of her child, I would ask, is it absolutely necessary to suppose that the lines, however tender and beautiful, in which this grief is described, could only have been written by one who was smarting under the recent loss of his own son? If it be not, then it is possible, as for other reasons it appears probable, that the play may belong to an earlier period than 1596. But even if we adopt Malone's suggestion that there is in this passage a direct reference to Shakespeare's personal sorrow, it is easy to suppose that the lines iii. 4. 90–100 may have been added to the original draft of the play.

Another point, which is supposed to have some influence in determining the date of King John, is the fancied resemblance of Faulconbridge's speech in ii. 1. 455–467 to some lines in the old play of Stucley, which although not printed till 1605 is believed by Dyce to be the same as the play of Stewtley, mentioned in Henslowe's Diary as having been acted by the Lord Admiral's Company on the 11th of December 1596. The lines which Steevens thought might have been imitated by Shakespeare are these, and any one who reads them will be able to form an opinion as to whether they have anything to do with the question before us. I think not.

> 'Why here's a gallant, here's a king indeed
> He speaks all Mars
> Tut, let me follow such a lad as this
> This is pure fire; every look he casts
> Flasheth like lightning; there's mettle in this boy
> He brings a breath that sets our sails on fire
> Why now I see we shall have cuffs indeed.'

(Simpson's School of Shakespeare, i. 252.) But in another speech of the Bastard's, i. 1. 244,

> 'Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like,'

there is a distinct reference to the play of Soliman and Perseda, which was entered at Stationers' Hall, 29 November 1592.

Between this date, therefore, and 1598, when Meres wrote, the composition of King John must be placed, and if we may trust the evidences of style, language, and metre it is probable that we shall not be far wrong in placing it very near Richard II, perhaps rather before than after it, and therefore about the year 1593 or at any rate in the period 1593–4.

The question of the authority followed by Shakespeare in this play is a very simple one. He took the old play on the same subject and rewrote it, keeping substantially the same plot, and adding only one character, that of James Gurney. There is no reason to suppose that, as in his other historical plays, he consulted the Chronicles at all. The title of the old play, which is anonymous, is 'The Troublesome Raigne of Iohn King of England, with the discouerie of King Richard Cordelions Base sonne (vulgarly named, The Bastard Fawconbridge): also the death of King Iohn at Swinstead Abbey. As it was (sundry times) publikely acted by the Queenes Maiesties Players, in the honourable Citie of London.' The date of the earliest known edition is 1591, and it was reprinted in 1611 with the addition of 'Written by W. Sh.' on the title page. A third edition appeared in 1622, the title of which boldly states 'Written by W. Shakespeare.' The play is in two parts, the second beginning with the death of Arthur, Act iv, Scene 3 of the present play, and having a separate title, 'The Second part of the troublesome Raigne of King Iohn, conteining the death of Arthur Plantaginet, the landing of Lewes, and the poysning of King Iohn at Swinstead Abbey.' Shakespeare, as has been said, follows the plot of the old play substantially, but one scene in which the Bastard is represented as ransacking an abbey is omitted altogether, and the result is a well developed historical drama instead of a politico-religious pamphlet. Some of the sentiment however still remains, and it is an instructive warning to those who would frame theories of the purpose of a play from internal evidence, that the passages to which Johnson pointed as containing undoubted references to the events of Shakespeare's own time, are just those which he took almost verbatim from the earlier work of his unknown predecessor.

The old play opens immediately after the coronation of John, which took place on Ascension Day, 27 May 1199, and ends with his death, 18 October 1216. Between these two events the scenes do not follow in strict historic order, and Shakespeare has not attempted to make any change in this respect. The greatest disorder is found in the fourth act. If we place the time of the first act soon after John's coronation in 1199, Act ii and Act iii, Scene 1 belong to 1200, for the interview between John and the French King Philip, at which the marriage of Lewis and Blanch was agreed upon, was held on Ascension Day, 18 May 1200. The second and third scenes of Act iii belong to 1202, when Arthur was taken prisoner at the capture of Mirabeau on the 1st of August, and kept at Falaise. The first and third scenes of Act iv follow the proper chronological order, the former belonging to 1202, and the latter to 1203, when according to some accounts Arthur was assassinated on the 3rd of April at Rouen. But the last scene of Act iii suddenly introduces Pandulph, whose visit did not take place till 1212 when he was sent by the Pope to France to depose John. He landed in England in 1213. In the second scene of Act iv we are carried back again to 1202, when John was crowned a second time at Canterbury on the 14th of April, being Easter Day. The incident of the five moons which is brought into the same scene is placed by the chroniclers in December 1200. Constance died in 1201, Elinor in 1204, and Peter of Pomfret flourished in 1212 and was put to death in 1213. All these events are referred to or made in the play to happen in Act iv, Scene 2. In the third scene of Act iv the same confusion prevails, and the death of Arthur (1203) is contemporary with the landing of Lewis at Stonar in the Isle of Thanet on the 20th of May 1216. The fifth Act opens with the surrender of the crown by John to the Papal Legate, which really happened on the 15th of May 1213, but is made in the play to be contemporary with the French invasion. Act v, Scene 2 is placed at Bury St. Edmund's, but there is no evidence that the Dauphin ever had a camp there, and the locality was probably suggested to the author of the older play by the fact

that before the high altar of the Abbey the barons met in 1214. Melun's confession of the meditated treachery of Lewis was made on his death-bed in London and not on the battle-field (Holinshed, iii. 193). The remaining scenes do not violate the chronological order of events, but it is worth while to note, as shewing how completely indifferent in this play Shakespeare was to historical consistency, that at the time of his father's death Prince Henry was only nine years old, having been born 1 October 1207. On the other hand, Arthur is represented as much younger than he really was, for he was born 30 April 1187, and was therefore twelve years old at the opening of the play and sixteen at the time of his death. Again, Hubert de Burgh, one of the most powerful nobles of his time and Chamberlain to the King, for whom he successfully defended Dover Castle against Lewis, appears in the play as a person of inferior rank who could be employed in a menial capacity. It is hardly necessary however to refer to these facts in order to prove that Shakespeare did not follow the Chronicles, for a very superficial comparison of The Troublesome Raigne of King John with the play before us will be sufficient to shew that the latter is entirely taken from the former, and that to this cause and to this alone any departure from historical accuracy is due. The still earlier play of Kynge Johan by Bishop Bale, which was edited for the Camden Society by the late Mr. Collier, has nothing whatever to do either with Shakespeare's work or that of his nearer predecessor.

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
5 *December* 1885.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

KING JOHN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, son to the king.
ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, nephew to the king.
The Earl of PEMBROKE.
The Earl of ESSEX.
The Earl of SALISBURY.
The Lord BIGOT.
HUBERT DE BURGH.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge.
PHILIP the BASTARD, his half-brother.
JAMES GURNEY, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.
PETER of Pomfret, a prophet.

PHILIP, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
LYMOGES, Duke of AUSTRIA.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's legate.
MELUN, a French Lord.
CHATILLON, ambassador from France to King John.

QUEEN ELINOR, mother to King John.
CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur.
BLANCH of Spain, niece to King John.
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly in England, and partly in France.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. KING JOHN'S *palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, *and others, with* CHATILLON.

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

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France
In my behaviour to the majesty,
The borrowed majesty, of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning: 'borrowed majesty!'

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

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories,
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

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

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath
And sullen presage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have:
Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.*

Eli. What now, my son! have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole
With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

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

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me:

So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

Enter a Sheriff.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy
Come from the country to be judged by you
That e'er I heard : shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.
Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.

Enter ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *and* PHILIP *his bastard brother.*

What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

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

Eli. Out on thee, rude man ! thou dost shame thy mother
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it ;
That is my brother's plea and none of mine ;
The which if he can prove, a' pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year :
Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow. Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whether I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head,
But that I am as well begot, my liege,—
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—
Compare our faces and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did beget us both
And were our father and this son like him,
O old sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

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

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts
And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father.
With half that face would he have all my land:
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,
Your brother did employ my father much,—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there with the emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself,

When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it on his death
That this my mother's son was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him,
And if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf bred from his cow from all the world;
In sooth he might; then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes;
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert's his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose
Lest men should say 'Look, where three-farthings goes!'

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I would give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him and follow me?
I am a soldier and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance.
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege, so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st:
Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great,
Arise sir Richard and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand:
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away!

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

Bast. Madam, by chance but not by truth; what though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.

Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must speed
For France, for France, for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but Bastard.*

A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.
'Good den, sir Richard!'—'God-a-mercy, fellow!'—
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective and too sociable
For your conversion. Now your traveller,
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess,
And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
Why then I suck my teeth and catechize
My picked man of countries: 'My dear sir,'
Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin,
'I shall beseech you'—that is question now;
And then comes answer like an Absey book:
'O sir,' says answer, 'at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir:'
'No, sir,' says question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours:'
And so, ere answer knows what question would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po,
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit like myself,
For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smack of observation;
And so am I, whether I smack or no;
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:

Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
But who comes in such haste in riding-robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE *and* JAMES GURNEY.

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

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it sir Robert's son that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
He is sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip! sparrow: James,
There's toys abroad: anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit Gurney.*

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son:
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it:
We know his handiwork: therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother, Basiliscolike.
What! I am dubb'd! I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son ;
I have disclaim'd sir Robert and my land ;
Legitimation, name and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope: who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father:
By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband's bed:
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urged past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies; I say 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *France. Before Angiers.*

Enter AUSTRIA *and forces, drums, etc. on one side: on the other* KING PHILIP *of France and his power;* LEWIS, ARTHUR, CONSTANCE *and attendants.*

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

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death
The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

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

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love,
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,

Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength
To make a more requital to your love!

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work: our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood:
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

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

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I;
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;

With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain ;
With them a bastard of the king's deceased ;
And all the unsettled humours of the land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here :
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom. [*Drum beats.*
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance : they are at hand,
To parley or to fight ; therefore prepare.

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

Aust. But how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence ;
For courage mounteth with occasion :
Let them be welcome then ; we are prepared.

Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *the* Bastard, Lords, *and forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own ;
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats His peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love ; and for that England's sake
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine ;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,

Out-faced infant state and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's: in the name of God
How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right:
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

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

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

Const. Let me make answer; thy usurping son.

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

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband: and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey
Than thou and John in manners; being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think

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

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

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

Aust. Peace !

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou ?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone :
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard :
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right ;
Sirrah, look to 't ; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe
That did disrobe the lion of that robe !

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass :
But, ass, I'll take that burthen from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath ?
King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.

K. Phi. Women and fools, break off your conference.
King John, this is the very sum of all ;
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee :
Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms ?

K. John. My life as soon : I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand ;
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win :
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child ;
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will

Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There 's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave:
I am not worth this coil that 's made for me.

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

Const. Now shame upon you, whether she does or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties and rights
Of this oppressed boy: this is thy eld'st son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her
And with her plague; her sin his injury,
Her injury the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; a plague upon her!

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

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate:

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

Trumpet sounds. Enter certain Citizens *upon the walls.*

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

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle—

K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us first.
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And but for our approach those sleeping stones,
That as a waist doth girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But on the sight of us your lawful king,
Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threatened cheeks,
Behold, the French amazed vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,

To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town,
Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppressed child
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes it, namely this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives and you in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?

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

First Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects:
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

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

First Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal: till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

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

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

Bast. Some bastards too.

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

First Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

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

Bast. Saint George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence! [*To Aust.*] Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace! no more.

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

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.

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

K. Phi. It shall be so; and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our right! [*Exeunt.*

Here after excursions, enter the Herald of France, *with trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in;
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground;
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

Enter English Herald, *with trumpet.*

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells:
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day:
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates and give the victors way.

First Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies: whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood and blows have answer'd blows;

Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

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

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel and o'erswell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores.
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermined differences of kings.
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, 'havoc!' kings; back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood and death!

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

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

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

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

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

First Cit. A greater power than we denies all this;
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;
King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolved,
Be by some certain king purged and deposed.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be ruled by me:
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends awhile and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'ld play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;

Then after fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why then defy each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so. Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

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

Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to south:
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
I'll stir them to it. Come, away, away!

First Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile to stay,
And I shall show you peace and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

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

First Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is niece to England: look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete of, say he is not she;

And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closed gates; for at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie

Thy now unsured assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

First Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: what say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read, 'I love,'
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea,
Except this city now by us besieged,
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed and make her rich
In titles, honours and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest I never loved myself
Till now infixed I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with Blanch.*

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!

And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should be
In such a love so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine:
If he see aught in you that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

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

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well; young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for I am well assured
That I did so when I was first assured.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.

Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?
I know she is not, for this match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much:
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

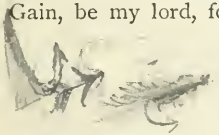
K. Phil. And, by my faith, this league that we have made
Will give her sadness very little cure.
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all;
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who, having no external thing to lose
But the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of that,
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,

Commodity, the bias of the world,
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail
And say there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee. [*Exit.*



ACT III.

SCENE I. *The French* KING'S *pavilion.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;

Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so:
I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick and capable of fears,
Oppress'd with wrongs and therefore full of fears,
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I believe you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die,
And let belief and life encounter so
As doth the fury of two desperate men
Which in the very meeting fall and die.
Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight:
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is

As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou
Become thy great birth nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O,
She is corrupted, changed and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune and King John,
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone
And leave those woes alone which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

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

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.
To me and to the state of my great grief
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*Seats herself on the ground.*

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

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day! [*Rising.*
What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury.
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But on this day let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!

Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace!

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too,
And soothest up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,
Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

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

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

Aust. Thou darest not say so, villain, for thy life.

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

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

Enter PANDULPH.

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

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,

So wilfully dost spurn; and force perforce
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthy name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more, that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,
So under Him that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

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

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

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worshipp'd as a saint,

That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

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

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

Const. And for mine too: when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law;
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

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

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

Const. Look to that, devil; lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

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

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

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

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

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

K. John. The king is moved, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be removed from him, and answer well!

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

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

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves,
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regreet?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,

Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so!
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore to arms! be champion of our church,
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So makest thou faith an enemy to faith;
And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What since thou sworest is sworn against thyself
And may not be performed by thyself,
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss
Is not amiss when it is truly done,
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion,
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,

And makest an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: the truth thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;
Else what a mockery should it be to swear!
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore thy later vows against thy first
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
The peril of our curses light on thee
So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me! ay, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth! even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by heaven!

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love: what motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lew. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need. England, I will fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.
[*Exit Bastard.*
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats. To arms let's hie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Plains near Angiers.*

Alarums, excursions. Enter the BASTARD, *with* AUSTRIA'S *head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there.
While Philip breathes.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, *and* HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy. Philip, make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, *the* BASTARD, HUBERT, *and* Lords.

K. John. [*To Elinor*] So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded. [*To Arthur*] Cousin, look not sad:
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief!

K. John. [*To the Bastard*] Cousin, away for England! haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,

When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness. Grandam, I will pray,
If ever I remember to be holy,
For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit Bastard.*

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet.
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say, but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
To give me audience: if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs,
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood and made it heavy, thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes,

Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But, ah, I will not! yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lovest me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act
By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I 'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember. Madam, fare you well:
I 'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty. On toward Calais, ho! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. The French* KING'S *tent.*

Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, *and* Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scattered and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice disposed,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.
I prithee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace.

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death; O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows

And ring these fingers with thy household worms,
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest,
And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love,
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace!

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world,
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad.
And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal;
For being not mad but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief,

Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud,
'O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!'
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.

I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! [*Exit.*

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I 'll follow her. [*Exit.*

Lew. There 's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:
Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.
John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;

And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
This act so evilly born shall cool the hearts
Of all his people and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause
And call them meteors, prodigies and signs,
Abortives, presages and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:
And, O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have named! The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,

Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side,
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topful of offence.
For England go: I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions: let us go:
If you say ay, the king will not say no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A room in a castle.*

Enter HUBERT *and* Executioners.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

First Ex. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to't.
[*Exeunt Executioners.*
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks no body should be sad but I:

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [*Aside*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you:
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*Aside*] His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*
[*Aside*] How now, foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkercher about your brows,
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,

And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your grief?'
Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'
Many a poor man's son would have lien still
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you.

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him,—no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Executioners, *with a cord, irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I 'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

First Ex. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.
[*Exeunt Executioners.*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;

The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. An if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. KING JOHN'S *palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other* Lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And looked upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This 'once again,' but that your highness pleased,

Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this the antique and well noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd,
We breathed our counsel: but it pleased your highness
To overbear it, and we are all well pleased,
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with and think them strong ;
And more, more strong, than lesser is my fear,
I shall indue you with : meantime but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur ; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If what in rest you have in right you hold,
Why then your fears, which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise.
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit
That you have bid us ask his liberty ;
Which for our goods we do no further ask
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

Enter HUBERT.

K. John. Let it be so : I do commit his youth
To your direction. Hubert, what news with you ?
[*Taking him apart.*

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed ;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine :
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye ; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast ;

And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set :
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand :
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead :
He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how near his death he was
Before the child himself felt he was sick :
This must be answer'd either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play ; and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it :
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury ; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold : bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne : this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt. [*Exeunt Lords.*

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent :
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achieved by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast : where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?

So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather: how goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England. Never such a power
For any foreign preparation
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings comes that they are all arrived.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April died
Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true or false I know now.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers! What! mother dead!
How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those powers of France
That thou for truth givest out are landed here?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.

Enter the BASTARD *and* PETER *of Pomfret.*

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed
Under the tide: but now I breathe again

Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied ;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear :
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels :
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so ?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him ; imprison him ;
And on that day at noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety ; and return,
For I must use thee. [*Exit Hubert with Peter.*
O my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived ?

Bast. The French, my lord ; men's mouths are full of it :
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies :
I have a way to win their loves again ;
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste ; the better foot before.
O, let me have no subject enemies,

When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
[*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night;
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons!

Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. No had, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause
When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs

And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;
And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Before the castle.*

Enter ARTHUR, *on the walls.*

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down:
Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay. [*Leaps down.*
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [*Dies.*

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury:
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love
Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward; for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
The king by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us:
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return and tell him so: we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies here?
[*Seeing Arthur.*

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past do stand excused in this:
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of times;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand!
We had a kind of light what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice and the purpose of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. } Our souls religiously confirm thy words.
Big. }

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold and blushes not at death.
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law? [*Drawing his sword.*

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet I am none: whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I loved him, and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pem. There tell the king he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

Bast. Here's a good world! Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul—

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scamble and to part by the teeth
The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,

As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child
And follow me with speed: I'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. KING JOHN'S *palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH, *and* Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory. [*Giving the crown.*

Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French,
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflamed.
Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified:
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite,

My tongue shall hush again this storm of war
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Ascension day? Did not the prophet
Say that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover castle: London hath received,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy,
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

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

Bast. They found him dead and cast into the streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example and put on

The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away, and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said: forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley and base truce
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away, then, with good courage! yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The* DAUPHIN'S *camp at St. Edmundsbury.*

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and* Soldiers.

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and an unurged faith
To your proceedings; yet believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker! O, and there
Where honourable rescue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.
And is 't not pity, O my grieved friends,
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,—
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?

What, here? O nation, that thou couldst remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant world enraged;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himself: so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.
And even there, methinks, an angel spake:

Enter PANDULPH.

Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this, King John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up;
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is 't not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out
'Vive le roi!' as I have bank'd their towns?

Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the BASTARD, *attended.*

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says he 'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says well. Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepared, and reason too he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepared
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your door,

To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,
To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
To crouch in litter of your stable planks,
To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks,
To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: know the gallant monarch is in arms
And like an eagle o'er his aery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids
Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither.
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall

As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand,
Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need,
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The field of battle.*

Alarums. Enter KING JOHN *and* HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ay me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, *and* BIGOT.

Sal. I did not think the king so stored with friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say King John sore sick hath left the field.

Enter MELUN, *wounded.*

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn
And I with him, and many moe with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury;
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?

Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert with your king:
The love of him, and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field,
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee: and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd
And calmly run on in obedience
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends! New flight;
And happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*

SCENE V. *The French camp.*

Enter LEWIS *and his train.*

Lew. The sun of heaven methought was loath to set,
But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,
When English measure backward their own ground
In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tattering colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lew. Here: what news?

Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English lords
By his persuasion are again fall'n off,
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news! beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter the BASTARD *and* HUBERT, *severally.*

Hub. Who 's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think?

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, thou know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night
Have done me shame: brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what 's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless; and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks and peradventure may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company;

At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!
I 'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln Washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.
Away before: conduct me to the king;
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The orchard in Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,
Doth by the idle comments that it makes
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak, and holds belief
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.
Doth he still rage? [*Exit Bigot.*

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible, and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing.

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Enter Attendants, *and* BIGOT, *carrying* KING JOHN *in a chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is as a fiend confined to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty!

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye :
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
Are turned to one thread, one little hair :
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered ;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heaven He knows how we shall answer him ;
For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The king dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.
My liege! my lord! but now a king, now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? show now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought ;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much as we:
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already ;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal :
With whom yourself, myself and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so : and you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd ;
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then :
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land !
To whom, with all submission, on my knee
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

ACT I.

Scene I.

THE title of the play, in the folio of 1623 in which it first appears, is 'The life and death of King John.' Rowe supplied the list of Dramatis Personæ.

The Acts and Scenes are marked in the folios, but the division adopted by them is arbitrary.

King John's palace. Added by Capell, who places the scene at Northampton.

Enter . . . Salisbury and others, with Chatillon. The folios have, 'Enter . . . and Salisbury, with the Chattylion of France.'

1. *France.* Philip Augustus, king of France.

3. *In my behaviour*, as represented in my person and by my outward acts and deportment. For this use of 'in' compare v. 2. 129, and Twelfth Night, ii. 2. 24:

'The cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.'

4. *borrowed* in this line and the next is printed as in the folios, and was probably so pronounced. But the folios are not uniform in their practice in this particular.

6. *the embassy* or message which the ambassador had to deliver. See below, line 22, ii. 1. 44, and Henry V, i. 1. 95:

'Then go we in, to know his embassy.'

7. *in right and true behalf*, in support of the claim which is rightful and true.

10. *territories* appears to be used here in the sense of feudal dependencies. In the old play of King John, Philip claims on behalf of Arthur 'the Kingdom of England, with the Lordship of Ireland, Poiters. Aniow, Torain, Main.'

17. *control*, constraint, compulsion.

20. *controlment* in the same sense as 'control' above. The word is spelt 'controlement' in the folios, but this does not imply that it was

pronounced as a quadrisyllable, for in Titus Andronicus, ii. 1. 68, we find in the first folio,

'Without controlement, Iustice, or reuenge.'

In broken lines like the present, it is not uncommon to find an unemphatic extra syllable introduced after the pause.

24, 26. *lightning . . . thunder.* Johnson thought the simile inappropriate, because, although the lightning precedes the thunder, it is the lightning which is destructive, while the thunder is harmless. But Shakespeare had in his mind the swiftness of the lightning, and the thunder prefigured the cannon's roar, not its destructiveness.

25. The line is punctuated thus in the folio:

'For ere thou canst report, I will be there:
The thunder, &c.'

It was corrected by Capell.

28. *sullen presage.* Johnson again found a difficulty in the epithet 'sullen,' which is not descriptive of the sharp note of a trumpet. He thinks that Shakespeare's imagination suggested a new idea, and interprets the passage thus: 'Be a trumpet to alarm with our invasion, be a bird of ill-omen to croak out the prognostick of your own ruin.' Steevens, too, thinks there are two ideas, and that the 'sullen presage of your own decay' means the dismal passing-bell, that announces your own dissolution. But although 'sullen' may not appropriately describe the trumpet's note, it may fitly characterise the mournful and threatening message which it accompanied. Delius sees in the passage a reference to the trumpet of doom.

Ib. decay, destruction, ruin. Compare Richard II, iii. 2. 102:

'Cry woe, destruction, ruin, and decay.'

And Lucrece, 516:

'To kill thine honour with thy life's decay.'

29. *conduct*, escort. So in Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 265: 'I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady.' And 1 Esdras viii. 51: 'For I was ashamed to ask the king footmen, and horsemen, and conduct for safeguard against our adversaries.'

30. *Pembroke.* William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke.

Ib. Chatillon, spelt 'Chatillion,' here and in line 1, in the folios, and pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

34. *Upon*, in support of. See ii. 1. 237, and compare Macbeth, iii. 6. 30:

'Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward.'

37. *the manage*, the administration, everything which is implied the taking of active measures. Compare Richard II, i. 4. 39:

'Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made, my liege.'

For the form of the word, a substantive derived from a verb, see ii. 1. 253, iii. 4. 113.

43. Enter a Sheriff. Capell's stage direction is, 'Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire and whispers Essex.' This he derived from the old play, substituting 'Essex' for 'Salisbury.' The real Sheriff of Northamptonshire at this time was Sir Simon de Pateshull. See French, Shakespeareana Genealogica. In the old play he appears as 'Thomas Nidigate, shrive of Northamptonshire.' 'Essex' was Geffrey FitzPeter, earl of Essex, Chief Justiciary of England.

49. *expedition's*. The first folio has 'expeditious.'

54. *Cœur-de-lion*. Spelt 'Cordelion' in the folios and in the old play.

Ib. knighted in the field, at the siege of Acon or Acre in the old play, by the title of Sir Robert Fauconbridge of Montbery.

62. *I put you o'er*, I refer you.

68. *a'*, a colloquial abbreviation of 'he.' See ii. 1. 136. Much Ado, ii. 3. 201: 'If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace.' The folios have simply 'a.'

69. *pound*, used with numerals as a plural. In the Merry Wives, Shakespeare uses 'pound' and 'pounds' almost indifferently. See i. 1, 60; i. 3. 8; iii. 3. 131; iii. 4. 33, 50.

74. *once* is here taken by Delius in the sense of 'once for all,' 'so much is certain,' as in Coriolanus, ii. 3. 1: 'Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.' But this would require 'slanders' rather than 'slander'd,' and there is no reason to suppose that the word is used in other than its usual sense in reference to past time.

75. *But*. We should rather expect 'Now,' the printer having repeated the 'But' from the previous line.

Ib. whether is spelt in the folios, as it was pronounced, 'where.' So in The Tempest, v. 1. 111, the first folio reads:

'Where thou bee'st he or no,
Or some inchanted trifle to abuse me.'

78. *Fair fall*, good luck befall. Compare Venus and Adonis, 472:

'Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!'

And Love's Labour's Lost, ii. 1. 125:

'*Biron*. Now fair befall your mask!
Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!'

85. *a trick*, peculiar feature; a slight but characteristic expression, whether of look or voice. Compare All's Well, i. 1. 107:

'Heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour.'

And Winter's Tale, ii. 3. 100:

'The whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,
The trick of 's frown. his forehead.'

Again in Lear, iv. 6. 108:

'The trick of that voice I do well remember.'

In the language of heraldry, to trick was to draw a coat of arms in outline, as to blazon was to describe it in words.

86. *affecteth him,* is an imitation of his. 'Affect' is used in Shakespeare in the sense of 'imitate,' but not elsewhere with a personal object. Compare Timon, iv. 3. 199:

'*Apem.* 'Men report
Thou dost affect my manners. and dost use them.
Tim. 'Tis. then, because thou dost not keep a dog,
Whom I would imitate.'

90. *perfect Richard.* Compare The Tempest, i. 1.32: 'His complexion is perfect gallows.'

92. *father.* The folios put a note of interrogation here and at the end of the speech. But the note of interrogation often does duty in them for one of exclamation.

93. *half that face.* Theobald read 'that half face,' and perhaps rightly.

94. *A half-faced groat.* Groats and half-groats with the profile or half-face of the king, were first struck in 1503, in the 18th year of Henry VII (Hawkins, The Silver Coins of England, p. 125). The expression is used again as a term of contempt in The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, by Antony Munday, 1601 [v. 1], quoted by Steevens:

'You half-faced groat, you thick-cheek'd, chitty face.'

Compare Falstaff's description of Shadow, 2 Henry IV, iii. 2. 283: 'And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow; give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy: the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife.'

99. *in an embassy*, on an embassy. So in Sonnet xlv. 6:

'For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee.'

And Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 135:

'For well you know here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak.'

104. *I shame*, I am ashamed. Compare Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 78:

'O conspiracy.
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night.
When evils are most free?'

109. *bequeath'd* in modern legal phraseology is the term employed in leaving by will personal as distinguished from real property.

110. *took it on his death*, not, maintained it on his death-bed, but maintained it by an oath, the asseveration being as true as his death was certain; or, as I rather incline to believe, staking his life as security for his truth. Compare 1 Henry IV, v. 4. 154: 'I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh.' See also Hall's Chronicle, Henry VII, fol. 51*b*: 'And there Perkyn standyng on a lytle skaffolde, redde hys confession, whiche before you haue heard, and toke it on hys death to be true.' And Holinshed (1586), iii. 623: 'Roger Bolingbrooke was drawne to Tiborne, and hanged and quartered, taking vpon his death that there was neuer anie such thing by them imagined.' Again, in Holinshed, iii. 193: 'I which lie here at the point of death, doo now affirme vnto you, and take it on the perill of my soule, that I am one of those sixteen that haue sworne to performe this thing.' In this case the speaker pledges his salvation as a guarantee of his truth.

112. *And if*, printed 'An if' in Hanmer. See line 138.

123. *In sooth*, in truth; A.S. *sóð*, truth. See Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 22, ii. 4. 47.

127. *refuse*, reject, disclaim, disown; with a personal object, as in Henry VIII, ii. 4. 118: 'I do refuse you for my judge.'

Ib. concludes, is decisive, settles the question. So in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 2. 170: 'The text most infallibly concludes it.' In the folios there is only a comma at 'concludes,' whence Delius connects 'this concludes' with what follows, as equivalent to 'this is the conclusion, "My father's son, &c."'

134. *Whether* is a monosyllable, though it is not abbreviated in the folios. See above, line 75.

134, 135. *hadst thou rather be . . . or to enjoy*. In such clauses it is not uncommon to insert 'to' before the second infinitive, though it is omitted before the first. Compare Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 173:

> 'Brutus had rather be a villager
> Than to repute himself a son of Rome
> Under these hard conditions, as this time
> Is like to lay upon us.'

137. *Lord of thy presence*, with only your fine person for your fortune. In a slightly different sense the expression occurs again in ii. 1. 367, where 'presence' signifies 'personal dignity.'

138. From this point the speaker is called 'Bast.' in the folios. Hitherto he has been 'Philip' or 'Phil.'

Ib. an if, a reduplicated form of 'if' (compare 'or ere'), commonly printed 'and if' in the folios. Compare The Tempest, ii. 2. 120:

> 'These be fine things, and if they be not sprights.'

And Matthew xxiv. 48: 'But and if that evil servant shall say in his heart.'

139. *Sir Robert's his*, that is, his shape, which is also his father Sir Robert's. This is the reading of the folios, for which Theobald substituted 'Sir Robert his,' as if 'his' were the old form of the genitive. Schmidt retains the reading of the folios, but regards it as an instance of reduplication.

142. *a rose.* Commentators are doubtful whether a real rose is here intended or a rosette of ribbons. Both fashions prevailed; but on the coins of Queen Elizabeth, to which there is an allusion, the real rose is represented.

143. *three-farthings.* In 1561 Queen Elizabeth coined three-farthing pieces of silver, which were of course extremely thin, and had the queen's profile or half face, with a rose behind her ear, to distinguish them from the silver pence. They were discontinued in 1582 (Hawkins, The Silver Coins of England, p. 147). Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, Scornful Lady, iii. 2:

> 'He had a bastard, his own toward issue,
> Whipp'd, and then cropp'd,
> For washing out the roses in three farthings,
> To make 'em pence.'

144. *to his shape*, in addition to his shape. Compare Troilus and Cressida, i. 1. 7:

> 'The Greeks are strong and skilful to their strength,
> Fierce to their skill and to their fierceness valiant.'

147. *I would not* is the reading of the second folio. The first has It would not,' which Delius refers to 'this face.'

Ib. sir Nob is said to be a contemptuous diminutive of 'Sir Robert.'

149. *Bequeath* is again very loosely used in the sense of 'give.'

154. *unto the death*, though death be the consequence. Compare Much Ado, i. 3. 72:

> '*D. John.* You are both sure, and will assist me?
> *Con.* To the death, my lord.'

156. *give our betters way*, allow our superiors to pass before us. See ii. 1. 324. 'Betters' in this sense will never become obsolete so long as it is retained in the Church Catechism.

169. *what though?* what matters it? So in Merry Wives, i. 1. 286: 'I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.'

170. The proverbial sayings which follow are characteristic of the Bastard's rusticity of breeding. See note on Coriolanus, i. 1. 199 (Clar. Press ed.).

171. *In at the window, or else o'er the hatch* are both expressions applied to those who have come into the world in an irregular manner. Steevens quotes from Middleton, The Family of Love, 1608 [iv. 3;

Works, ed. Dyce, ii. 177]: 'Woe worth the time that ever I gave suck to a child that came in at the window!' And from Decker and Webster's Northward Ho, 1607 [p. 251, ed. Dyce, 1857]: 'Kindred that comes in o'er the hatch, and sailing to Westminster, &c.'

180. *good fortune come to thee!* On the other hand, according to the proverb, Bastards are born lucky.

184. *any Joan a lady.* 'Joan' was a common name among peasants. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iii. 1. 207:

'Some men must love my lady and some Joan.'

And Herrick, Hesperides, vol. ii. p. 96 (ed. 1846):

'Night makes no difference 'twixt the Priest and Clark;
Jone as my Lady is as good i' th' dark.'

185. *Good den*, good even, or good evening. Sometimes spelt 'god-den,' as in Henry V, iii. 2. 89: 'God-den to your worship, good Captain James.'

188. *'Tis too respective.* The construction is the same as if in the previous line instead of 'forget' we had 'not remember,' and the antecedent to 'It' then would be 'to remember men's names.'

Ib. too respective, showing too much regard for another.

Ib. too sociable, too companionable or familiar.

189. *for your conversion*, for one who has undergone such a change of rank as you have. It may be that 'your' is used in the colloquial indefinite sense of that which is familiar to everyone; just as in the next sentence 'your traveller,' and as Bottom says (A Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1. 36), 'I could munch your good dry oats.' Mr. Halliwell [Phillipps] thinks that 'conversion' may be a corruption of 'conversation,' as in the old play, Englishmen for my Money by W. Haughton (Dodsley's Old Plays, ed. Hazlitt, x. 477):

'I have o'erheard your vile conversions.'

But it does not appear certain that in this passage 'conversion' is intended to be equivalent to 'conversation.'

Ib. your traveller. Johnson curiously misquotes All's Well, ii. 5. 30: 'A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner.' In all ages and in all countries, and not only 'in that age of newly excited curiosity,' as Johnson puts it, travellers' tales have been a welcome source of amusement.

190. *He and his toothpick.* In Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters, quoted by Malone, there is a description of An Affectate Traveller: 'He censures all things by countenances, and shrugs, and speakes his own language with shame and lisping: he will choake, rather than confesse beere good drinke; and his pick-tooth is a maine part of his behaviour.' (Works, ed. Rimbault, p. 58.) This undesirable result of foreign travel held a fluctuating position in popular favour, for when

All's Well was written it was out of fashion: 'just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now' (i. 1. 171).

Ib. at my worship's mess. A mess was properly a party of four, as at the Inns of Court still, and Nares (Glossary) says that at great dinners the guests were always arranged in fours; so that the Bastard means, in the particular set allotted to persons of his quality.

193. *picked,* spruce, trim, affected. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 14: 'He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.' And Hamlet, v. 1. 151: 'The age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.'

Ib. man of countries, one who in his travels had seen many countries. Holt White rightly interprets 'my picked man of countries' by 'my travelled fop.' Steevens unnecessarily proposes to put a comma at 'man,' so that the passage would mean, 'I catechize my selected man, about the countries through which he has travelled.'

196. *an Absey book* or ABC book, which appears to have combined the Alphabet and Catechism. Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) gives 'Abecé: m. an Abcee, the Crosse-row, an Alphabet, or orderly list of all the letters.' And 'Carte . . . a childs Horne-booke, or Abcee.' Robert Moffat the missionary, in an account of his early school days in Scotland, says, 'The shorter catechism was my first book, the title page of which contained the A, B, C, etc. That acquired, I went plump into the first question, "What is the chief end of man?"' (Life, p. 2.)

201. *in dialogue of compliment,* which the cynic Jaques in As You Like It (ii. 5. 26) compares to 'the encounter of two dog-apes.'

203. *The Pyrenean,* now called the Pyrenees. In Holland's Pliny, iv. 17, we find the range spoken of as 'the mountaine Pyrenæus.'

206. *mounting,* aspiring, ambitious. See Richard II, v. 1. 56:

> 'The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne.'

207. *but a bastard,* and not a genuine son of the time.

208. *doth not smack,* hath not some taste. The folios read 'smoake,' which Theobald corrected from the line following.

Ib. observation here seems to mean not so much the knowledge and experience gained by taking notice of what goes on around, as the habit of paying personal attention or court. It is derived from 'observe,' as used in 2 Henry IV, iv. 4. 30:

> 'For he is gracious if he be observed.'

And again, line 49:

> 'I shall observe him with all care and love.'

And Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 212:

> 'And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
> Blow off thy cap.'

So Hamlet (iii. 1. 162) was 'the observed of all observers,' to whom they all paid court.

210. *device*, fashion and ornaments of dress.

212. *motion*, impulse or tendency. See iv. 2. 255, and Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 64:

'Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.'

Compare Twelfth Night, ii. 4. 18:

'Unstaid and skittish in all motions else.'

214. *Which*. Johnson proposed to read 'This.'

219. Enter . . . James Gurney. Malone thought that Shakespeare might have taken the name from the Chronicles, which relate how John took the lands and castle of 'Hugh Gorney' in Normandy. It is more probable that the name Gurney or Gourney was a familiar one to Shakespeare.

225. *Colbrand the giant*, overthrown by Guy of Warwick before King Athelstan at Winchester. He is again referred to in Henry VIII, v. 4. 22: 'I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand.' In the old romance of Guy of Warwick (ed. Zupitza, ll. 9909–10390) he is described as a champion of the Danes, 'Of Awfryke a felle man and a grymme.' See also Drayton, Polyolbion, xii. 128, &c., where the story of the fight is told, and the ballad of Guy and Colebrande in Percy's Folio MS. (ed. Hales and Furnivall), ii. 509–549.

230. *wilt thou give us leave awhile?* a polite form of dismissal. Compare 1 Henry IV, iii. 2. 1:

'Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference.'

And in the same play, i. 3. 20:

'You have good leave to leave us.'

231. *Philip! sparrow.* From his chirping note the sparrow early got the name of Philip. Skelton wrote The Boke of Phyllyp Sparowe, and Steevens quotes from his interlude called Magnificence [l. 1580, ed. Dyce]:

'I wolde I had, by hym that hell dyd harowe,
With me in kepynge suche a Phylyp sparowe.'

Herrick, in his elegy Upon the Death of his Sparrow (Hesperides, i. 137, 8), calls him

'Phill, the late dead, the late dead Deare.'

232. *toys*, trifles, idle rumours or follies. Compare Richard III, i. 1. 60:

'Such like toys as these
Have moved his highness to commit me now.'

234. *eat* and 'eaten' are both used by Shakespeare for the participle. Compare Richard II, v. 5. 85:

'That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand.

235. *Upon Good Friday.* The Bastard again draws upon his stock of proverbs. Steevens quotes from Heywood's Dialogues upon Proverbs, &c., 1562 (Spenser Soc. ed. p. 29):

'He maie his parte on good fridaie eate,
And fast neuer the wurs, for ought he shall geate.'

236. *to confess*, to tell the real truth. For the construction, compare Hamlet, iii. 2. 360: 'To withdraw with you.'

238. *handiwork*, being the A.S. *hand-gewcorc*, should not be divided, as it is commonly, 'handy-work,' but 'hand-ywork.'

239. *beholding*, beholden, indebted; as in Julius Cæsar, iii. 2. 70:

'For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.'

And Bacon, Essay x: 'The Stage is more beholding to Love, then the Life of Man.'

240. *holp*, helped; the more common strong form of the imperfect and participle in Shakespeare, though 'helped' is also used. Compare Coriolanus, v. 3. 63:

'Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee.'

244. *Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.* There is an allusion here, as Theobald pointed out, to an old play called Soliman and Perseda, printed in 1599, but written at least as early as 1592. Basilisco is a cowardly braggart, and Piston the buffoon, jumping upon his back, makes him take oath upon his dudgeon dagger as follows (Dodsley's Old Plays, ed. Hazlitt, v. 271, 2):

'*Bas.* O, I swear, I swear.

Pist. By the contents of this blade,—

Bas. By the contents of this blade,—

Pist. I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—

Bas. I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—knight, good fellow, knight, knight,—

Pist. Knave, good fellow, knave, knave.'

245. *What!* an exclamation of impatience; as in Henry V, v. 2. 166: 'What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad.'

257. *Thou.* The folios read 'That,' which Delius retains, connecting it with 'my transgression.'

Ib. my dear offence, the offence which has cost me dear. Compare Richard II, i. 3. 151:

'The dateless limit of thy dear exile.'

And Henry V, ii. 2. 181:

'God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences.'

259. *by this light*, a petty oath, as in The Tempest, ii. 2. 154: 'By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster!'

263. *dispose*, disposal. So in Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 7. 86:

'All that is mine I leave at thy dispose.'

264. *Subjected* has the accent on the second syllable, as in Richard II, iii. 2. 176:

'Subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?'

266. *The aweless lion.* The story of Richard's encounter with a lion, and of his plucking out the lion's heart, is told in the old metrical romance of which he is the hero, and is repeated in Rastell's Chronicle, where there is a picture of the scene. See Metrical Romances, ed. Weber, ii. 44.

ACT II.

Scene I.

In the folios this is made 'Scæna Secunda' of the first Act.

1. *Angiers*, Angers, the capital of Anjou.

2. *that great forerunner of thy blood.* By some strange carelessness Shakespeare here makes Arthur in the direct line of descent from Richard. See below, l. 6, 'his posterity,' and l. 13, 'his offspring.'

5. *By this brave duke, &c.* This is not in accordance with history, for Richard was slain by an arrow at the siege of Chaluz, which belonged to Vidomar viscount of Limoges, and the Duke of Austria died some years before. Shakespeare however is not following the chronicles but the old play.

7. *importance*, importunity, urgency. So in Twelfth Night, v. 1. 371:

'Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance.'

Compare 'important' in the sense of importunate in Much Ado, ii. 1. 74: 'If the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in everything.'

14. *Shadowing*, sheltering. Compare Ezekiel xxxi. 3: 'Behold, the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud.' So 'shadow' is used in the sense of shelter, protection, in 2 Henry IV, iv. 2. 14:

'Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach
In shadow of such greatness!'

23. *that white-faced shore* of which the 'chalky cliffs' (2 Henry VI, iii. 2. 101) were supposed to have given the island the name of Albion.

26. *hedged in with the main.* Compare Richard II, ii. 1. 46–49:

'This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands.'

34. *more*, greater. So in Lucrece, 332:

'To add a more rejoicing to the prime.'

And in the Authorised Version (1611) of Numbers xxxiii. 54: 'To the moe, ye shall give the more inheritance.'

37. *bent*, aimed, directed. The terms of archery were applied to other weapons than the bow. So of a cannon, as here, in 3 Henry VI, v. 1. 87:

'To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king.'

And in Stow's Annals (ed. 1580), p. 1082: 'The same night, and the next morning, he bent seauen great peeces of Ordinance Culuerings, and Demi Canons, full against the foote of the Bridge, and against Southwarke.' Also of a sword, as in Richard III, i. 2. 95:

'Queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast.'

38. *the brows.* As the gates are the eyes of the city (l. 215), the battlements are the eyebrows.

40. *To cull the plots of best advantages*, to select the positions which are most favourable for the attack.

44. *embassy.* See i. 1. 6.

45. *unadvised*, without due consideration.

49. *indirectly.* 'unrighteously, wrongfully. See iii. 1. 275, and Henry V, ii. 4. 94:

'He bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.'

50. *upon thy wish*, in answer to your wish, as soon as you have wished. So Julius Caesar, iii. 2. 271: 'He comes upon a wish.' Similarly in Macbeth, iii. 4. 55:

'Upon a thought
He will again be well.'

53. *coldly*, calmly, without passion or feverish impatience. Compare Romeo and Juliet, iii. 1. 55:

'Either withdraw unto some private place,
And reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart.'

And Much Ado, iii. 2. 132: 'Bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.'

60. *expedient*, quick, expeditious. See below, l. 223, iv. 2. 268; and Richard III, i. 2. 217:

'I will with all expedient duty see you.'

Again, 2 Henry VI, iii. 1. 288:

'A breach that craves a quick expedient stop.'

So 'expedience' in the sense of 'expedition' occurs in Henry V, iv. 3. 70:

'The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.'

63. *Ate*, the goddess of revenge and mischief. The folios have 'Ace,' which Rowe corrected. Compare Julius Cæsar, iii. 1. 271:

'And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell.'

64. *her niece* or granddaughter, Blanch being the daughter of John's sister Eleanor and Alphonso the Eighth, King of Castile (Holinshed). See Richard III, iv. 1. 1:

'Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?'

The Duchess of York is there speaking of her son Clarence's daughter. In the old play of King John we find,

'And Blanch her Neece daughter to the King of Spaine.'

65. *a bastard of the king's deceased*, one of the deceased king's bastards. The line is borrowed almost literally from the old play, as Malone has pointed out. It there stands,

'Next them, a bastard of the king's deceast.'

The later folios, to mend the grammar, read 'king'; but the text may be supported by many examples. See Richard II, iii. 4. 70:

'Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's.'

66. *unsettled humours*, used by metonymy for persons of unsettled disposition. Compare 'blood,' ii. 1. 461.

67. *voluntaries*, volunteers; the modern equivalent being also in use. Compare Troilus and Cressida, ii. 1. 106: 'Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.'

68. *spleens*, hasty tempers, passions, of which the spleen was believed to be the seat. See iv. 3. 97, and compare Richard III, v. 3. 350:

'Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons.'

70. *Bearing... backs*. Johnson quotes Henry VIII, i. 1. 83–85:

'O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey.'

And we may compare Henry V, ii. prol. 5:

'They sell the pasture now to buy the horse.'

73. *bottoms*, vessels. See The Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 42:

'My ventures are not in one bottom trusted.'

And Henry V, iii. prol. 12:

'The threaden sails ...
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea.'

Ib. waft, wafted, conveyed by sea. Compare 3 Henry VI, iii. 3. 253:

'And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.'

'Waft' is the form both of the imperfect and of the participle in Shakespeare. Compare 'heat' for 'heated.'

74. *scath*, injury. See Richard III, i. 3. 317:

'To pray for them that have done scath to us.'

And note on 'scathful,' Twelfth Night, v. 1. 59.

75. *churlish*, rough, rude. The same epithet is applied to the drum in Venus and Adonis, 107:

'Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red.'

76. *circumstance*, detail, elaborate description. Compare Richard III. i. 2. 80:

'Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.'

And Hamlet, i. 5. 127:

'And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part.'

Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) gives, 'Circuition de paroles. A circumlocution, paraphrase, great circumstance of words, a going about the bush.'

82. *with occasion*, as occasion, or the course of events, requires. See iv. 2. 125.

85. *lineal*, due to us in virtue of our descent.

87. *Whiles*, while; the old genitive of A.S. *hwīl*, time, used adverbially.

88. *beats*, the reading of the folios, has been changed by Hanmer to 'beat,' thus making the antecedent to 'that' the personal pronoun involved in 'their,' as if it had been 'the proud contempt of them that beat.'

95. *underwrought*, undermined.

Ib. his is altered to 'her' in Collier's annotated folio. See l. 30. It is however the neuter possessive pronoun.

97. *outfaced infant state*, browbeaten, put down by intimidation or bravado, the state that belongs to an infant. See v. 1. 49, and Hamlet, v. 1. 301:

'Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?'

And compare Henry V. iii. 7. 90: 'I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way.'

101. *abstract*, summary, epitome. Compare Richard III, iv. 4. 28:

'Brief abstract and record of tedious days.'

And Antony and Cleopatra, i. 4. 9:

'A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.'

103. *draw*, draw out, expand. 'Draw' is applied to the drawing up of a formal statement in 1 Henry IV, iii. 1. 270: 'By this our book is drawn.'

Ib. this brief, this short writing. The legal metaphor suggested by 'abstract' is still kept up. See A Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1. 42:

'There is a brief how many sports are ripe.'

106. *Geffrey's: in the name of God*, &c. The folios read: 'And this is Geffreyes in the name of God: &c.'

109. *owe*, own, are rightful owners of. So in l. 248, iv. 2. 99, and The Tempest, i. 2. 454:

'Thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not.'

111. *articles*, the particulars of a document.

112. *supernal* is formed on the analogy of 'infernal.' Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) has 'Supernel:... supernall, high, chiefe, aboue' Richardson quotes from Sir Thomas More (Workes, p. 694): 'So doth he vse both the seruice of the bodely senses and of the reasō of the soule toward the seruice of the faith, adding therewith because it is a thing farre aboue y^e^ nature of thē both, his own supernatural ayde & helpe of his supernall grace to preuēt vs with occasions and mocions of beliefe.'

114. *blots and stains*. See iii. 1. 45.

117. *chastise* has the accent on the first syllable, as in v. 2. 84, Richard II, ii. 3. 104:

'O, then how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee
And minister correction to thy fault!'

119. *Excuse; it is* &c. So Malone. The folios have 'Excuse it is &c.'

123. *check*, control, chide, rebuke. Compare 3 Henry VI, iii. 2. 166:

'But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself.'

Staunton, himself a distinguished chess-player, remarks, 'The allusion is obviously to the Queen of the chess-board, which, in this country, was invested with those remarkable powers that render her by far the most powerful piece in the game, somewhere about the second decade of the 16th century.' See 'counter-check,' ii. 1. 224.

125. *As thine was to thy husband.* Elinor had been divorced from her first husband, Louis the Seventh of France, for infidelity.

127. *John in manners; being as like*, &c. So Capell. The folios have 'John, in manners being as like, &c.'

132. *blots*, stains, in a figurative sense. Compare Lucrece, 192:

'And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine.'

137. *the proverb.* Erasmus, quoted by Malone, has among his Adagia, 'Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant.' And Steevens gives a parallel passage from Kyd's Spanish Tragedy (Dodsley's Old English Plays, ed. Hazlitt, v. 19):

'He hunted well, that was a lion's death;
Not he that in a garment wore his skin:
So hares may pull dead lions by the beard.'

In Alciati Emblemata (Emb. 153) there is a device of hares biting a dead lion, and some verses ending thus:

'Sic cassi luce leonis
Conuellunt barbam vel timidi lepores.'

To pluck by the beard was a mark of contempt. Whitney (Emblemes. p. 127) adopted the device and rendered the Latin,

'For so, the hares the Lion dead doe byte.'

One of the earliest illustrations of the proverb was the conduct of the Greeks to the dead body of Hector. See Green, Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers, p. 305.

139. *smoke.* Delius thinks there is a reference to the use of smoke for the purpose of destroying moths. But in the North Country Dialect 'to smoke' is synonymous with 'to thrash,' and Carr in his Craven Glossary quotes Miege (Fr. Dict.), 'I shall smoke ye for 't, *je vous punirai de la belle maniere*.'

Ib. your skin-coat. Austria is supposed to be wearing the lion's skin which he had taken from Richard. Cotgrave (s. v. *En*) gives, 'I'en auray (blowes being vnderstood) I shall be well beaten; my skin-coat will be soundly curried.' And again (s. v. *Contrepoincté*): 'I'ay la peau toute contrepointée de coups, My skinne-coat hath receiued as many knockes as a quilt hath stitches.'

143. *sightly*, pleasing to the sight.

144. *great Alcides' shows*, the skin of the Nemean lion worn by Hercules. Theobald substituted 'shows' for 'shooes' which is the reading of the first folio. Both Steevens and Malone defend the older reading, referring to the proverb, which is of frequent occurrence and is found among other places in Gosson's Schoole of Abuse for Players, 1579 [p. 21, ed. Arber]: 'Too draw the Lyons skin vpon Æsops Asse, Hercules shoes on a childes feete.' And in Lyly's Euphues and his

England (ed. Arber), p. 258: 'The time were but lost, in pullyng Hercules shooe vppon an Infants foot.' Theobald's emendation may not be absolutely necessary, but it makes the comparison more complete, and also lends some probability to Dr. Ingleby's suggestion that in Hamlet, i. 2. 147,

'Or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body,'

'shoes' is a misprint for 'shows,' the mourning garments of the widow. In Middleton's Family of Love (Works, ed. Dyce, ii. 127) 'shoes' is printed 'showes.'

147. *cracker,* boaster, braggart. In the North-country dialects to 'crack' is to boast. See Edwards's Damon and Pithias (Dodsley's Old English Plays, ed. Hazlitt, iv. 67):

'These barking whelps were never good biters,
Ne yet great crakers were ever great fighters.'

Hollyband (Fr. Dict.) gives, 'Vn vanteur & glorieux, a bragger, a boaster, a cracker.'

Ib. deafs, deafens. See Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 874:

'Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans.'

149. *King Philip . . . straight.* Theobald's reading. In the folios the line is printed also as part of Austria's speech,

'King *Lewis,* determine what we shall doe strait.'

The arrangement given by Capell is, '*K. Phi.* Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.' Malone proposed to make Austria appeal first to Philip and then to Lewis, by reading, 'King,—Lewis, &c.,' and this was adopted by Knight. Although Capell's reading has been most generally followed, it seems extremely probable that Theobald's emendation is the true one. He considers that the error in the folios lies in the substitution of 'Lewis' for 'Philip' as the name of the king of France, a very easy slip for the author to make, and once made it was natural to give the speech which follows to 'Lewis' instead of 'Philip.' Now it is hardly probable that Lewis, who is treated in this scene as a mere boy, would be appealed to for the purpose of deciding so important a question, or would adopt such a tone in his reply. The same error of 'Lewis' for 'Philip' as the speaker is probably made in lines 1, 18, of this scene.

Ib. straight, straightway, at once. Compare Hamlet v. 1. 4: 'Make her grave straight.'

152. *Anjou.* Theobald's correction. The folios have 'Angiers.'

156. *Bretagne,* spelt 'Britaine' in the first folio, as in Richard II, ii. 1. 285:

'All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Britaine.'

See note on Richard II. ii. 1. 278 (Clar. Press ed.).

160, 161. *it*, the old form of 'its,' used ironically by Constance in imitating the language of the nursery. Compare Lear, i. 4. 236. But it also occurs seriously in many passages of Shakespeare. See Hamlet, i. 2. 216: 'It lifted up it head.' And Winter's Tale, iii. 2. 101:

'The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth.'

165. *coil*, turmoil, disturbance. See Much Ado, iii. 3. 100: 'The wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night.' And The Tempest, i. 2. 207:

'Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?'

167. *whether*, spelt 'where' in the first three folios, as in i. 1. 75.

Ib. she refers to 'His mother.' Ritson proposed to change it to 'he.'

169. *Draws* is the reading of the folios, the idea implied in the previous clauses being regarded as the nominative. See the quotation from Richard II, in the note on line 258, and Abbott, Shakespeare Grammar, § 337. Capell reads 'Draw.'

170. *in nature of a fee*, as a kind of fee. Compare Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 69:

'The state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.'

177. *this is thy eld'st son's son.* So Capell. The folios have 'this is thy eldest sonnes sonne.' Ritson proposed to omit 'this is.' Another method of regulating the metre has been suggested, by reading 'this is thy eldest's son.'

178. *Infortunate*, unfortunate. In Othello, v. 2. 283, the quartos read,

'Where is this rash and most infortunate man?'

where the folios have 'unfortunate.' On the other hand, in ii. 3. 42, the folios have 'I am infortunate in the infirmity,' while the quartos read 'unfortunate.'

179. *visited*, punished; of common occurrence in the Bible. Compare The Merchant of Venice, iii. 5. 16: 'So the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.'

Ib. in, on. As in Richard III, i. 4. 71:

'Yet execute thy wrath in me alone.'

180. *the canon of the law* as expressed in Exodus xx. 5.

183. *Bedlam*, lunatic. So in Lear, iii. 7. 103:

'Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would.'

184. Tollet refers 'he' to John.

187. *And with her plague; her sin his injury*, &c. The folios read 'And with her plague her sinne: his iniury, &c.' Mr. Roby, whose punctuation is here adopted, interprets the whole passage as follows:

'God hath made her sin and herself to be a plague to this distant child, who is punished for her and with the punishment belonging to her: God has made her sin to be an injury to Arthur, and her injurious deeds to be the executioner to punish her sin; all which (viz. her first sin and her now injurious deeds) are punished in the person of this child.'

191. *unadvised*, rash, inconsiderate. See l. 45, v. 2. 132, and Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 118:

'It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden.'

192. *A will.* The old play has

'A Will indeed, a crabbed womans Will.'

196. *to cry aim*, to give encouragement or approval; a term of archery. It occurs again in The Merry Wives, iii. 2. 45: 'And to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim.' Steevens quotes from Beaumont and Fletcher's Love's Cure [iv. 2]:

'Can I cry aim
To this against myself?'

And from Churchyard's Charge (1580), p. 8 *b*:

'Yet he that stands, and giueth aime,
Maie judge what shott doeth lose the game;
What shooter beats the marke in vaine,
Who shooteth faire, who shooteth plaine.'

Gifford, in his note on Massinger's Bondman, i. 3, distinguishes very clearly between those who cried 'aim!' and those who gave it. 'Those who cried *aim!* stood by the archers; he who *gave it*, was stationed near the butts, and pointed out after every discharge, how wide, or how short, the arrow fell of the mark.' The passage of Massinger is as follows:

'While you, that are born noble, to whom these,
Valued at their best rate are next to horses,
Or other beasts of carriage, cry aim!
Like idle lookers on, till their proud worth
Makes them become your masters.'

201. *warn'd*, summoned. See Richard III, i. 3. 39:

'And sent to warn them to his royal presence.'

202. *itself.* This shews that 'his' in l. 95 is not masculine but neuter.

205. *parle*, parley, conference. See l. 226, and Henry V, iii. 3. 2:

'This is the latest parle we will admit.'

207. *advanced*, raised, lifted up. Compare Henry V, ii. 2. 192:

'Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance.'

And Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 367:

'Advance your standards, and upon them, lords!'

209. *endamagement*, injury. See Edward III, ii. 1 :

'Where is found the friend,
That will do friendship such endamagement.'

210. *cannons* and 'cannon' are both used for the plural by Shakespeare. See i. 1. 26, ii. 1. 37, and Macbeth, i. 2. 37 :

'As cannons overcharged with double cracks.'

215. *Confronts*. Capell's reading. Rowe corrected the 'Comfort' of the folios to 'Confront.'

Ib. winking, closed. To 'wink' is properly to shut the eyes. See Richard II, iv. 1. 284 :

'Was this the face
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?'

And Cymbeline, ii. 4. 89 :

'Her andirons—
I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids.'

217. *doth* is attracted to the singular by the nearer 'waist.' See l. 250.

220. *dishabited*, dislodged.

223. *expedient*. See l. 60.

229. *words folded up in smoke*. Malone quotes Lucrece, 1027 :

'This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.'

232. *let us in, your king*, &c. So Capell. The folios point 'let us in. Your king, &c.'

233. *Forwearied*, exhausted. Spelt 'forewearied' in the folios; just as it is usual to write 'forego' instead of 'forgo,' while no one would use 'forebid' or 'foreget' for 'forbid' and 'forget.' Compare the Romaunt of the Rose, 2563 :

'Thine armes shalt thou sprede abrede,
As man in warre were forwerede.'

Palsgrave (Lesclarcissement de la langue Francoyse) has, 'I forwerye. *Je lasse*, prim. conj. I have more forweryed my horse this journaye than ever I dyd in my lyfe : *jay plus lassé mon cheual ceste journée icy que je ne fys jamays en ma vie*.' So also Spenser, Faery Queen, i. 1. 32 :

'And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be.'

234. *Crave*. So Pope. The folios have 'Craves,' which is not an instance of the survival of the ancient plural in 's,' but a blunder due to the singular 'speed' which comes between the nominative and the verb. See note on Hamlet, i. 2. 38

Ib. harbourage, shelter. See Pericles, i. 4. 100 :

'We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourselves, our ships, and men.'

236. *in this right hand*. Compare Richard III, iv. 1. 2 :

'Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester.'

And Genesis xxi. 18, 'Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thine hand.' Hagar was ordered not to take Ishmael in her arms but to lead him by the hand.

248. *owes*. See l. 109.

250. *aspect* has the accent on the last syllable, as in iv. 2. 72, 224, and Hamlet, ii. 2. 581:

'Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect.'

Ib. hath was changed by Hanmer to 'have'; but 'our arms' is equivalent to 'our being in arms,' as in 2 Henry IV, i. 3. 5:

'I well allow the occasion of our arms.'

Or we may have here another instance of the verb being made to agree with the nearer substantive, as in lines 217, 234. Compare v. 2. 42.

253. *unvex'd*, undisturbed, unmolested. 'Vex' had formerly a much stronger sense than at present. See Psalm lxxxviii. 6, Prayer Book Version: 'Thou hast vexed me with all thy storms.'

Ib. retire, retreat. See l. 326, v. 5. 4, and 1 Henry IV, ii. 3. 54:

'And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents.'

For instances of substantives formed from verbs see Abbott, § 451, and compare Richard II, i. 2. 2:

'Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's blood
Doth more solicit me than your exclaims.'

Other examples will be found in the note on that passage.

258. *fondly*, foolishly. Compare Richard II, iii. 3. 185:

'Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man.'

Ib. pass, pass by, decline. So in Coriolanus, ii. 2. 143:

'Please you
That I may pass this doing.'

259. *roundure*, circuit, enclosure. Spelt 'rounder' in the folios. Compare 'wafter' for 'wafture' in Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 246. Singer reads 'rondure' as in Sonnet xxi. 8:

'All things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.'

264. *which*, in which.

278. *bloods*, high-spirited fellows. See line 461.

281. *compound*, settle, agree. See Coriolanus, v. 6. 84:

'And we here deliver,
. . . . . what
We have compounded on.'

And Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 167: 'He was the more vntoward to compound, for that he was informed how Arthur the duke of Britaine was dispatched of his life.'

285. *fleet*, flit, fly, pass rapidly away. Compare The Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 135:

'Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet.'

288. *swinged*, beat. whipped. So in 2 Henry IV, v. 4. 21: 'I will have you soundly swinged for this.'

290. *some fence*, some skill in weapons. Compare 2 Henry VI, ii. 3. 79: 'I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.'

300. Pope and Capell made a new scene here, but the folios mark no change.

316. *gilt with Frenchmen's blood.* Compare Macbeth, ii. 2. 56:

'If he do bleed,
I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.'

318. *staff*, the shaft of a lance. See 2 Henry IV, iv. 1. 120:

'Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down.'

And Richard III, v. 3. 65:

'Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.'

322. *with purpled hands*, like those of huntsmen, stained with cutting up the deer. Steevens quotes a parallel passage in Julius Cæsar [iii. 1. 206]:

'Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.'

325. First Cit. In the folios the speeches of the First Citizen are spoken by 'Hub.,' because probably the same actor took both parts. Knight, however, thinks that Hubert de Burgh was actually the first citizen, of which there is no likelihood.

Ib. might behold, were able to behold. So in A Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 161:

'But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon.'

326. *retire.* See l. 253.

328. *censured*, judged, estimated. Compare Coriolanus, ii. 1. 25: 'Do you two know how you are censured here in the city?'

335. *run.* The first folio has 'rome,' which Malone prefers; but it is more probably a misprint for 'ronne,' which the second folio substitutes. Steevens very properly remarks that 'the king would rather describe his right as running on in a *direct* than in an *irregular* course, such as would be implied by the word *roam*.' Schmidt, in his Shakespeare Lexicon, retains 'roam,' and explains the passage thus: 'shall the current continue to overswell its banks, instead of remaining in its channel?' But an overflowing river which has broken its banks can

hardly be said to 'roam,' and John implies that it has not yet left its native channel. See v. 4. 56.

344. *climate*, region of the sky. Used also of a region of the earth in Richard II, iv. 1. 130:

'O, forfend it, God,
That in a Christian climate souls refined
Should show as heinous, black, obscene a deed!'

See Bacon, Advancement of Learning, i. 6. § 10 (p. 48, ed. Wright): 'Where again he takes knowledge of the depression of the southern pole, calling it the secrets of the south, because the southern stars were in that climate unseen.'

350 *towers*, soars. See v. 2. 149.

354. *mousing*, tearing, as a cat does a mouse. or a lion its prey. See A Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1. 274: '[*The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*] *The.* Well moused, lion!'

357. *Cry 'havoc!'* The signal that no quarter was to be given. Compare Julius Cæsar, iii. 1. 273:

'Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war.'

The etymology is uncertain. See notes on Hamlet, v. 2. 348 (Clar. Press ed.) and Coriolanus, iii. 1. 275.

358. *potents*, potentates.

359. *confusion*, destruction, overthrow. See iv. 3. 152, and Macbeth, iii. 5. 29:

'Shall draw him on to his confusion.'

So in Hall's account of the death of Richard II. (Chron. Henry IV, fol. 14*b*), 'Kynge Richarde perceiuyng them armed, knewe well that they came to his confusion.'

361. *yet*, as yet, in the present state of affairs.

367. *Lord of our presence*. See i. 1. 137.

368. First Cit. In the folios this speech is assigned to 'Fra.' or 'Fran.'

371. *King'd of our fears*, &c. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, adopted by Rann, and unquestionably the true reading, as the context shews. The first folio has, 'Kings of our feare, &c.' It is evident, however, that the citizens were not masters of their fear but were overpowered by it, and resolved to acknowledge no other sovereign till it was allayed by the appearance of the rightful king. Knight, adopting the words, but changing the punctuation, of the folios, gratified his conservatism by a reading which is not indeed nonsense but has no point:

'We do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,
Kings, of our fear';

that is, through or by reason of our fear. The folios have a colon at

'gates.' Delius follows Knight, though he suggests 'Kings of ourselves.' For 'King'd' see Henry V, ii. 4. 26:

'For, my good lord, she is so idly king'd.'

373. *scroyles*, scabs, scrofulous wretches; a term of contempt, from the French *les escrouelles*, the king's evil. Steevens quotes Ben Jonson, Every Man in his Humour, i. 1: 'Hang them, scroyles! there's nothing in them i' the world.'

Ib. flout, mock. So in A Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 327:

'Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?'

376. *industrious*, busy, laborious. Capell conjectured 'illustrious,' but the reading in the text is right, marking the contrast to the idle security of the citizens.

378. *mutines*, mutineers. So Hamlet, v. 2. 6:

'Worse than the mutines in the bilboes.'

The reference to 'the mutines of Jerusalem' must have been derived, directly or indirectly, from Josephus, who in his Jewish War (v. 6, § 4) gives an account of the manner in which the leaders of the factions in Jerusalem, John of Giscala and Simon bar Gioras, ceased their assaults upon each other to combine in resisting the Roman attack. No translation of Josephus into English appears to have existed before 1602, but the spurious Hebrew narrative of Josippon, or Joseph ben Gorion, had been translated at least in part by Peter Morwyng as early as 1558, and several editions were published before the end of the 16th century. From this, if from no other source, as Malone has shewn, Shakespeare might have derived his knowledge.

379. *bend*. See l. 37.

383. *soul-fearing*, soul-terrifying. For 'fear' in this active sense, see The Merchant of Venice, ii. 1. 9:

'I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant.'

384. *ribs*, used of the walls, as in Richard II, iii. 1. 30:

'Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle.'

392. *minion*, favourite. Compare Macbeth, i. 2. 19:

'Like valour's minion carved out his passage.'

395. *states*, used of persons holding high positions, as in Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 65: 'Hail, all you states of Greece!'

396. *the policy*, which is so much thought of. Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, v. 4. 43: 'O, 'tis the curse in love.'

400. *after*, afterwards. As in Richard II, iii. 1. 44:

'Awhile to work, and after holiday.'

402. *peevish*, foolish, childish, wayward. See The Merry Wives, i. 4. 14: 'His worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way.' And Julius Cæsar. v. 1. 61:

'A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour.'

407. *Make work.* Compare Coriolanus, i. 8. 9:

'Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased.'

412. *their*, as if, instead of 'Our thunder,' Shakespeare had written 'our cannon.'

Ib. drift, driving storm.

413. *O prudent discipline!* The Bastard forgets that he had just before (l. 381) proposed similar tactics.

421. *Persever* has the accent on the second syllable, as in Hamlet, i. 2. 92:

'But to persever
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness.'

424. *niece.* The folios have 'neere' or 'near,' but the former is an easy misprint for 'neece,' and in the old play we find,

'Let him take to wife
The beauteous daughter of the King of Spaine,
Neece to K. Iohn, the louely Ladie Blanch.'

425. *Dauphin* is spelt 'Dolphin' in the folios.

428. *zealous*, fervent, religious. See Richard III, iii. 7. 94:

'So sweet is zealous contemplation.'

And Sonnet xxvii. 6:

'For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee.'

The word is used in something of the same sense above, l. 19.

434. *complete of*, full of these qualities. Hanmer reads,

'If not complete, oh say, he is not she.'

The misprint is a very easy one, and no parallel use of 'of' has, so far as I am aware, been found.

438. *such as she.* Theobald, at Thirlby's instance, substituted 'such a she'; a very probable conjecture.

447. *match* has of course a double meaning.

448. *spleen*, quick impulse, impetuosity. See l. 68.

449. *ope*, open. So in Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 267: 'He plucked me ope, his doublet.'

454. *peremptory*, firmly determined. Compare Coriolanus, iii. 1. 286:

'For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor.'

455. *a stay*, a check or hindrance, that calls upon us to stop. We must not examine too nicely the figure which follows, or enquire how a stay can be said to shake anything. Johnson conjectured 'flaw.'

461. *cannoneer*. See Hamlet, v. 2. 287:

'And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without.'

Ib. lusty blood, hasty, impetuous spirit. Compare's North's Plutarch, Coriolanus (ed. 1595), p. 243: 'For a man that will liue in the world, must needs have patience, which lustie bloods (*aucuns mal aduisez*) make but a mock at.' See also l. 278. and Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 151:

'Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!'

462. *cannon fire*. Capell reads 'cannon,—fire, &c.'

463. *bastinado*, a beating; from the Italian '*Bastonata*, a bastonado, or cudgell blow' (Florio). So in 1 Henry IV, ii. 4. 370: 'That gave Amaimon the bastinado'

466. *Zounds* = 'Swounds, that is, God's wounds, a common oath. In the folios it is very frequently omitted or modified, in order to avoid the penalties of the act to restrain the abuses of players, 3 James I, chap. 21. See The Merchant of Venice, i. 2. 99 (Clar. Press ed.). For instance, in 1 Henry IV, i. 3. 131, where the quartos read 'Zounds, I will speak of him,' the folios have 'Yes, I &c.'

468. *list*, listen. See Coriolanus, iii. 3. 40: 'List to your tribune.'

471. *unsured*, unassured, insecure.

472. *you green boy*. In the old play Constance says to Arthur,

'Ah boy, thy yeares I see are farre too greene
To looke into the bottome of these cares.'

Ib. ripe, ripen, mature. Compare 2 Henry IV, iv. 1. 13:

'He is retired, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland.'

477. *now melted by*, &c. Hanmer reads 'now melted, by the windy breath &c.,' connecting 'windy breath, &c.' with 'Cool and congeal again.'

478. *remorse* is used here, as it frequently is by Shakespeare, in the sense of compassion or tender feeling, without the idea of compunction. See iv. 3. 50, 110, and The Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 20:

'Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty.'

479. *Cool and congeal* &c. Compare iii. 4. 150, where the same figure occurs:

'This act so evilly born shall cool the hearts
Of all his people and freeze up their zeal.'

Ib. to what it was, 'in our author's licentious language,' says Malone, 'may mean, "to what it was before it was zeal"; but surely this is 'to crack the wind of the poor phrase.'

481. *treaty*, offer, proposal of agreement. See Coriolanus, ii. 2. 59:

'We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty.'

487. *Anjou.* The folios have 'Angers,' which Pope corrected in his second edition, at Theobald's suggestion. The old play has 'Anjou.'

490. *liable*, subject. So in Julius Cæsar, ii. 2. 104:

'And reason to my love is liable.'

493. *As*, in proportion as.

494. *Holds hand with*, is on an equality with.

498. *shadow*, image or reflection. See Venus and Adonis, 162:

'Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.'

499, 500. *son . . . sun . . . son.* The folios have 'sonne' or 'son' in each case, and Rowe was the first to make the quibble clear in print.

503. *table*, the tablet on which a picture is painted. Compare All's Well, i. 1. 106:

'To sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our hearts' table.'

504. In the old play the Bastard himself aspires to the hand of Blanch.

513. *it*, redundant, 'that anything' in the previous line being the object to 'translate.' So in Richard II, i. 1. 87:

'Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true.'

517. *worthy love.* Compare Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 317:

'Any exploit worthy the name of honour.'

519. *churlish*, niggardly; here used in the sense of sparing of praise. Compare As You Like It, ii. 4. 80:

'My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.'

527. *Volquessen*, the ancient country of the Velocasses, whose capital was Rouen; divided in modern times into Vexin Normand and Vexin Français. According to Holinshed (Chronicles, iii. 160, ed. 1586), the French King demanded 'the whole countrie of Veulquessine to be restored vnto him, as that which had beene granted by Geffrey earle of Aniou, the father of king Henrie the second, vnto Lewes le Grosse, to haue his aid then against king Stephan.' The old play has:

'Philip bring forth thy Sonne, here is my Neece,
And here in mariage I do giue with her
From me and my Successors English Kings,
Volquesson, Poiters, Aniou. Torain, Main,
And thirtie thousand markes of stipend coyne.'

535. *assured*, affianced, betrothed. So in The Comedy of Errors,

iii. 2. 145: 'To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her.'

536. *ope*, open. So in Hamlet, iv. 5. 145:

'To his good friends thus wide I'll ope mine arms.'

538. *at St. Mary's chapel*. This is from the old play:

'Lets in and there prepare the mariage rytes,
Which in S. Maries Chappell presently
Shal be performed ere this Presence part.'

540. In the old play Constance is present during this scene.

544. *passionate*, full of lamentation, sorrowful. Malone quotes from The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke (Cambridge Shakespeare, v. 452):

'Tel me good maddam, why is your grace
So passionate of late.'

See also Marlowe, Edward II (ed. Dyce, 1862), p. 194:

'Look, Lancaster, how passionate he is,
And still his mind runs on his minion!'

'Passion' is used for strong emotion of any kind (see iii. 4. 39; iv. 2. 79, 263), but especially sorrow. Compare The Tempest, i. 2. 392:

'Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air.'

550. *vantage*, advantage, profit. As in Richard II. i. 3. 218:

'But little vantage shall I reap thereby.'

551. The old play has:

'Arthur, although thou troublest Englands peace:
Yet here I giue thee Brittaine for thine owne,
Together with the Earledome of Richmont,
And this rich Citie of Angiers withall.'

552. *Earl of Richmond*. Arthur's grandfather, Conan le Petit, Duke of Brittany, and father of Constance, was the first who styled himself Earl of Richmond, although the lordship of the Honour of Richmond had been originally granted to his ancestor, Alan Fergaunt, Count of Brittany, by the Conqueror. See Nicolas, Historic Peerage of England, ed. Courthope.

555. *solemnity*, marriage ceremony. Compare A Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 11:

'And then the moon, like to a silver bow,
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.'

Theseus is speaking of his marriage with Hippolyta.

561. *composition*, compact, agreement. See Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 6. 58:

'I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.'

563. *departed*, parted. Compare Love's Labour's Lost. ii. 1. 147:

'Which we much rather had depart withal.'

And The Two Noble Kinsmen, ii. 1:

'I may depart with little, while I live.'

565. *zeal*, religious fervour.

566. *rounded*, whispered. See The Passionate Pilgrim, 349:

'She will not stick to round me i' the ear.'

And Winter's Tale, i. 2. 217:

'They 're here with me already, whispering, rounding
"Sicilia is a so-forth."'

The proper form of the word is 'rouned' from Anglo-Saxon *rúnian*. See The Vision of Piers Plowman (B-text). iv. 13:

'And ritt riȝte to resoun · and rowneth in his ere':

that is, and rideth straight to reason and whispereth in his ear.

567. *With*, by. See iii. 1. 35, and Julius Cæsar, iii. 2. 201:

'Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.'

568. *broker*, an agent or go-between. Whatever be the etymology of this word, and it is very uncertain, it has nothing to do with 'break.' though Shakespeare plays upon the similarity of sound.

571. *Who*. The antecedent is 'maids,' not 'commodity,' and the meaning of the sentence is clear although the construction is irregular.

573. *tickling*, flattering. Compare Coriolanus, v. i. 2. 264:

'Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon.'

Ib. Commodity, advantage, self-interest, gain.

574. The figures of speech in the next few lines are derived from the game of bowls.

Ib. bias, the weight of lead introduced into one side of a bowl in order to make it turn towards the side on which the weight is. A perfectly uniform spherical bowl on a perfectly level and smooth ground would run in a perfectly straight line. The word 'bias' is derived from the French *biais*, and this again is said by Brachet to be from the Lat. *bifacem*, which is applied to a person whose vision is crooked.

575. *who* is used of inanimate objects regarded as persons. So in Romeo and Juliet, i. 4. 100:

'And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north.'

Ib. peised, poised, balanced. 'Peise,' in the sense of 'weigh.' occurs in Richard III, v. 3. 105:

'Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow.'

And in Sir Philip Sidney's translation of the Psalms, xi. 16:

'His eyelidds peyse our going.'

579. *indifferency*, impartiality. One of the clauses in the Prayer for the Church Militant is that those in authority 'may truly and indifferently minister justice.'

583. *the outward eye*. According to Staunton, the eye of a bowl was 'the aperture on one side which contains the bias or weight.'

584. *aid*. Mason conjectured 'aim,' which Collier adopted. But 'aid' may very well mean the support which Philip had intended to give to Arthur.

588. *for because*, because; a reduplication like 'an if,' 'or ere.' See Richard II, v. 5. 3:

'And for because the world is populous.'

And Genesis xxii. 16: 'For because thou hast done this thing.'

589. *to clutch* or shut close.

590. *his fair angels*. The Angel was a gold coin worth ten shillings, and was so called from having on one side a figure of Michael and the dragon. See The Merchant of Venice, ii. 7. 55–57:

'They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold.'

In 2 Henry IV, i. 2. 187, the word lends itself to an obvious pun; 'Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light.'

591. *for*, because. So in A Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1. 187:

'And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.'

593. *whiles*, while. See ii. 1. 87.

597. *upon commodity*, for motives of advantage. See iv. 2. 214.

ACT III.

Scene I.

In the folios this is Actus Secundus, which ends at line 74. Theobald suggested the present division, and it was adopted by Pope in his second edition.

If the play were historical, Salisbury would be William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, son of Henry II and Fair Rosamond, whose tomb is in Salisbury Cathedral. But in the old play he is called 'Thomas Plantaginet, earle of Salisburie.'

5. *well advised*, considerate, deliberate.

13. *capable of fears*, susceptible to fears. See ii. 1. 476, and All's Well, i. 1. 106:

'Heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour.'

15. *subject* has the accent on the last syllable.

16, 17. *thou didst but jest, With my vex'd spirits I* &c. Rowe's punctuation. The folios have

'thou didst but iest
With my vext spirits, I cannot, &c.'

17. *take a truce*, make peace. So in Venus and Adonis, 82:

'Till he take truce with her contending tears.'

19. *by shaking of thy head.* Compare Richard III, i. 3. 113:

'What! threat you me with telling of the King?'

For 'of' after gerunds or verbal nouns see Abbott, Shakespeare Grammar, § 178.

22. *rheum*, used of tears, iv. 1. 33, iv. 3. 108, and Richard II, i. 4. 8:

'*K. Rich.* And say, what store of parting tears were shed
Aum. Faith, none for me; except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awaked the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.'

23. *Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds.* Compare Hamlet, iv. 5. 99:

'The ocean, overpeering of his list.'

The line is apparently imitated in Marston's Insatiate Countess, Act iii. (Works, ed. Halliwell, iii. 156):

'Then how much more in me, whose youthfull veines,
Like a proud river, over-flow their bounds?'

24. *signs.* Warburton unnecessarily read 'sighs.'

33. *Which.* See iv. 1. 4.

45. *blots*, blemishes. So in Lucrece, 537:

'The blemish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot.'

And A Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1. 416:

'And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand.'

Ib. sightless, unsightly. We have had 'sightly' in the opposite sense, ii. 1. 143.

46. *swart*, swarthy, black. See Comedy of Errors, iii. 2. 104:

'*Ant. S.* What complexion is she of?'
Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe.'

Ib. prodigious, monstrous. Compare Richard III, i. 2. 22:

'If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light.'

69. *For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.* The Authorised

Version of Proverbs xii. 25, is, 'Heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop,' and it might be thought that Shakespeare had this in his mind; but King John was written long before the Authorised Version appeared, and the earlier English versions have not the expression 'maketh it stoop.' While however the passage cannot be quoted as having suggested the expression, it contains the same idea and shews that Hanmer's alteration of 'stoop' to 'stout' arose from a misconception.

75. Here the folios have 'Actus Tertius, Scæna prima.'

78. *plays the alchemist.* Malone quotes Sonnet xxxiii:

> 'Full many a glorious morning have I seen
> Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
> Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
> Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.'

86. *the high tides*, the festivals or saints' days.

87. Compare Job iii. 3, 'Let the day perish wherein I was born.'

91. *prodigiously be cross'd*, be disappointed by the birth of a prodigy or monster. See above, l. 46.

92. *But*, except. See Abbott, § 128. The folios punctuate 'But (on this day) let, &c.'

99. *beguiled*, deceived; used in a stronger sense than at present, as in Genesis iii. 13: 'The serpent beguiled me.'

99. *a counterfeit* or spurious coin. See 1 Henry IV, ii. 4. 540: 'Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit.' And Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 28: 'If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation.' To understand this last passage it is necessary to know that a spurious coin was also called a 'slip.'

100. *touch'd and tried* with the touchstone, which is a black jasper. See note on Richard III, iv. 2. 8 (Clar. Press ed.), and Timon of Athens, iii. 3. 6:

> 'They have all been touch'd and found base metal.'

103. *in arms*, embracing each other. Johnson was right in suspecting that 'a clinch' was here intended.

105. *amity*, friendship. See ii. 1. 577.

Ib. painted, fictitious, unreal. Compare Richard III, i. 3. 241:

> 'Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!'

And As You Like It, ii, 1. 3:

> 'Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
> Than that of painted pomp?'

Again, Hamlet, iii. 1. 53:

> 'The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
> Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
> Than is my deed to my most painted word.'

106. *our oppression*, oppression of us, our wrong.

114. *O Lymoges! O Austria!* The making one personage of the duke of Austria who threw Richard into prison in 1193, and the Viscount of Limoges, in besieging whose castle of Chaluz in 1199 Richard was mortally wounded, is due to the old play.

Ib. shame. See i. 1. 64.

115. *That bloody spoil*, the lion's skin.

119. *humorous*, capricious. So in Henry V, ii. 4. 28 :

'Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth.'

121. *soothest up*, flatterest. Compare Coriolanus, ii. 2. 77 : 'You soothed not, therefore hurt not.' 'Up' is emphatic, as in iv. 3. 133. See Holland's Plutarch, *Morals*, p. 86 : 'These parasites (I say) whose toong (as one said verie well) will be walking so soone as men have washed their hands, and be readie to sit downe to meat, cogging and soothing up their good masters at everie word.'

122. *A ramping fool.* 'Ramping' is suggested by the lion's skin which Austria wears, and is a proper epithet of the lion, in the sense of tearing, pawing. So in 3 Henry VI, v. 2. 13 :

'Under whose shade the ramping lion slept.'

Compare Spenser, Faery Queen, i. 8, § 12 :

'Her dreadfull beast, who swolne with blood of late
Came ramping forth with proud presumpteous gate.'

126. *thy stars*, the planets that govern thy destiny, and so, thy fate or destiny itself. Compare All's Well, ii. 5. 80 :

'And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.'

127. *fall over*, desert. 'Fall' alone is used in the same sense in l. 320.

128. *doff it*, put it off. Compare 1 Henry IV, v. 1. 12 :

'You have deceived our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace.'

129. *a calf's-skin.* Sir John Hawkins says, 'When fools were kept for diversion in great families, they were distinguished by a calf's-skin coat, which had the buttons down the back.' Steevens adds, 'The custom is still preserved in Ireland; and the fool, in any of the legends which the mummers act at Christmas, always appear in a calf's or cow's skin.' Austria had more of the calf than the lion in him.

Ib. recreant, faithless, cowardly. See note on Richard II, i. 1. 144.

136. The Cardinal's speech and John's reply are almost literally taken from the old play.

138. *Pandulph.* Pandulphus de Masca, a native of Pisa, was made

Cardinal in 1182, and was elected in 1218 to the Bishopric of Norwich.

139. *Pope Innocent* the third.

142. *force perforce*, violently, by violent constraint. See 2 Henry IV, iv. 1. 116:

'The King that loved him, as the state stood then,
Was force perforce compell'd to banish him.'

143. *Stephen Langton.* On the death of Hubert Fitzwalter, archbishop of Canterbury, 13 July 1205, the monks elected Reginald the sub-prior, and sent to Rome to have the election confirmed by the Pope. The Pope however refused to confirm it in the absence of letters recommendatory from the King. The monks then, fearing the king's displeasure, begged him to nominate one whom they might elect, and he ordered them to vote for John Gray, Bishop of Norwich, who was accordingly chosen. But the Pope quashed this election also, 'and procured by his papall authoritie the moonks of Canturburie... to choose one Stephan Langton the cardinall of S. Chrysogon an Englishman borne' (Holinshed, iii. 171), whom John refused to acknowledge.

147. *earthy.* Pope reads 'earthly.' In Richard II, i. 3. 69,

'O thou, the earthly author of my blood,'

the quartos read 'earthly' and the folios 'earthy.'

Ib. interrogatories, a technical law-term, denoting certain questions put to a witness, which were to be answered with the solemnities of an oath. See The Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 298:

'Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.'

In his note on this passage, Lord Campbell (Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements, p. 52) says, 'In the Court of Queen's Bench, when a complaint is made against a person for a "contempt," the practice is that before sentence is finally pronounced, he is sent into the Crown Office, and being there "charged upon interrogatories," he is made to swear that he will "answer all things faithfully."'

148. *task*, tax, charge, compel to submit. Compare The Tempest, i. 2. 192:

'To thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.'

'Task' is Theobald's correction. The folios have 'tast' or 'taste.' Steevens renders the passage thus, 'what earthly name, subjoined to interrogatories, can force a king to speak and answer them?' But it rather means 'what earthly name can compel the free breath of a king to submit to interrogatories?'

154. *Shall tithe or toll*, that is, shall take tithe or tax. The old

play has, 'Tell thy Maister so from me, and say, Iohn of England said it, that neuer an Italian priest of them all, shal either haue tythe, tole, or poling peny out of England, but as I am King, so wil I raigne next vnder God, supreame head both ouer spirituall and tem[po]rall.'

168. *grossly*, stupidly. So in Richard III, iv. 1. 80:

'My woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words.'

173. *excommunicate*, excommunicated. Like many other words formed from the Latin participle in *-atus* it does not take the English participial ending. In the 33rd Article, 'That person which by open denunciation of the Church is rightly cut off from the unity of the Church, and excommunicate,' modern editions of the Prayer Book have 'excommunicated.'

177. *Canonized* has the accent on the second syllable. See iii. 4. 52, and Hamlet, i. 4. 47:

'Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death.'

180. *Thus I have room with Rome.* In Shakespeare's time 'Rome,' 'room' and 'roam' must all have been pronounced as 'room.' Compare Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 156:

'Now is it Rome indeed and room enough.'

In Lucrece, 715 we find,

'So fares it with this faithful lord of Rome ....
For now against himself he sounds this doom.'

And 1644,

'And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.'

Again in 1 Henry VI, iii. 1. 51:

'*Win.* Rome shall remedy this.
War. Roam thither, then.'

185. *And for mine too: ... right, Let*, &c. The present punctuation is substantially Rowe's in his second edition. The folios have,

'And for mine too, when Law can do no right.
Let it &c.'

207. *Forgo*, give up, renounce. Spelt properly 'forgoe' in the first folio, the first syllable being the same as in 'forget,' 'forbid,' 'forgive,' &c.

209. *untrimmed* is the reading of the folios and has caused some difficulty. It has been suggested that it means 'divested of her bridal attire,' but this is not probable. Dyce conjectured 'uptrimmed,' and Theobald read 'new and trimmed.' But may not 'untrimmed' be descriptive of the bride with her hair hanging loose? This was Staunton's later view, though at first he adopted 'uptrimmed' as a certain

emendation. Compare Webster, The White Devil, or Vittori Corombona (ed. Dyce, 1857), p. 27:

'Come, come, my Lord, untie your folded thoughts,
And let them dangle loose as a bride's hair.'

For 'untrimmed' in the sense of dishevelled see Tancred and Gismunda (Dodsley's Old Plays, ed. Hazlitt, vii. 86):

'So let thy tresses, flaring in the wind,
Untrimmed hang about thy bared neck.'

210, 211. *not from her faith, But from her need*, not as she really believes, but as her necessities compel her.

212. *only ... but.* One of these words is redundant. Compare Macbeth, v. 8. 40:

'He only lived but till he was a man.'

213, 214. *infer*, prove, demonstrate. So in 2 Henry IV, v. 5. 14: 'This doth infer the zeal I had to see him.'

233. *even before*, just before. See v. 2. 169.

Ib. new, lately.

235. *To clap this royal bargain up.* The figure is from the joining of hands at the time the bargain was made. Compare The Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 327:

'Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?'

240. *in both*, that is, in fighting and friendship. Johnson understands it as meaning 'love so strong in both parties.'

241. *regreet*, greeting, salutation. See The Merchant of Venice, ii. 9. 89:

'From whom he bringeth sensible regreets,
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value.'

242. *fast and loose* was the name of a cheating game which was played in various ways. One of these is described by Sir John Hawkins: 'A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends, and draw it away.' Nares (Glossary) adds, 'The drift of it was to encourage wagers whether it was fast or loose, which the juggler could make it at his option.' In Scot's Discovery of Witchcraft (ed. 1665), Book xiii. chap. xxix, two other tricks are described: 'Of Fast or Loose; how to knit a hard Knot upon a Handkercher, and to undo the same with words'; and 'A notable Feat of Fast and Loose; namely, to pull three Beadstones from off a Cord, while you hold fast the ends thereof, without removing of your hand.' It is referred to in Love's Labour's Lost, iii. 1. 104:

'To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose.'

And Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 12. 28:

'Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.'

243. *unconstant*, inconstant, fickle. So in King Lear, i. 1. 304: 'Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.'

256. *breathe*, utter. See iv. 2. 36.

258. *the tongue*, in which the poison of serpents was supposed to dwell. See the quotation from Richard II in the following note.

259. *chafed*. Theobald's reading. The folios have 'cased,' which Steevens retains and interprets 'irritated by confinement.' But he gives no instance in which 'cased' has such a meaning, and 'chafed' agrees better with the epithet 'fasting' applied to the tiger in the next line. Compare Henry VIII, iii. 2. 206:

'So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him.'

Mitford proposed and Collier adopted 'caged.'

Ib. mortal, deadly. So in Richard II, iii. 2. 21:

'Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.'

267. *the champion of our church*. The King of France was styled the Eldest Son of the Church and the Most Christian King.

268. *sworest*, hast sworn. Compare, for this use of the imperfect, iii. 4. 81, and Genesis xliv. 28: 'And I said, Surely he is torn in pieces; and I saw him not since.' See Abbott, § 347.

271. *Is not amiss when it is truly done*, that is, as is explained in the next two lines, when it is not done at all. It is therefore unnecessary to read 'Is most' (Hanmer), 'Is yet' (Warburton), 'Is't not' (Johnson), 'Is but' (Collier), or 'Is done' (Spedding).

274. *mistook*, mistaken. So in Hamlet, v. 2. 395:

'And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads.'

275. *indirect*, unjust. See ii. 1. 49, and Richard III, i. 4. 224:

'He needs no indirect nor lawless course
To cut off those that have offended him.'

276. *indirection*, injustice. Compare Julius Cæsar, iv. 3. 75:

'To wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection.'

277. *as fire cools fire*. Compare Coriolanus, iv. 7. 54:

'One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail.'

And Julius Cæsar, iii. 1. 171:

'As fire drives out fire, so pity pity.'

Again, Romeo and Juliet, i. 2. 46:

'Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning.'

280. Compare All's Well, iv. 2. 27–29:

'This has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him.'

281. *By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,* by the oath thou hast taken thou hast sworn against religion, which is the thing thou swearest by.

282–284. The reading of the first folio is,

'And mak'st an oath the suretie for thy truth,
Against an oath the truth, thou art vnsure
To sweare, sweares onely not to be forsworne.'

Johnson put a full stop at 'oath' in the second line. The great difficulty of the passage lies in the words which follow:

'The truth thou art unsure
To swear, swears onely not to be forsworn.'

Pandulph's argument is that no oath is binding which is opposed to the higher obligations of religion. The vow to God must be kept before and above all others. Other pledges of faith are of less certain obligation, and only bind the person who gives them not to commit perjury; but if by keeping them he breaks his vow to God he commits perjury in the highest degree, and to avoid this must break that pledge which is less binding than his religious obligation. The language is made intentionally obscure. Staunton and Hudson have re-written the passage, and thereby have given it a meaning which is sufficiently clear, but may not be what Shakespeare intended.

289. *Is.* See ii. 1. 169, 250. The verb is singular on account of 'rebellion' which follows. Exactly the opposite is found in Richard II, v. 5. 56:

'Now, sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
Are clamorous groans.'

292. *suggestions,* temptations, promptings. See iv. 2. 166, and The Tempest, iv. 1. 26:

'The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust.'

295. *The peril of our curses light.* Here 'light' is plural on account of the nearer substantive 'curses.' See note on Hamlet, i. 2. 38, and Julius Cæsar, v. 1. 33:

'The posture of your blows are yet unknown.'

302. *slaughter'd.* The folios have 'slaughtered.' See note on i. 1. 4.

303. *braying trumpets.* Compare Hamlet, i. 4. 11 :

'The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.'

And Richard II, i. 3. 135 :

'With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray.'

Ib. churlish. See ii. 1. 76.

304. *measures* usually denotes stately dances, but the word is here used for the music which accompanied them.

317. *I muse,* I marvel. So in 2 Henry IV, iv. 1. 167 :

'I muse you make so slight a question.'

318. *respects,* considerations, motives. See v. 4. 41, and Hamlet, iii. 1. 68 :

'There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.'

320. *fall from,* desert. Compare Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 401 : 'The mean want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.' And Heywood, 2 Edward IV, 1. 6 :

'If he will recant
And fall from Lewis again.'

334. *I will not wish thy wishes thrive.* For the construction compare Much Ado, iii. 1. 42 :

'To wish him wrestle with affection.'

339. *Cousin* is used of any one not in the first degree of relationship. See iii. 3. 17, where it means grandson; and Twelfth Night, 1. 3. 5.

Ib. puissance, power, military force. It is used both as a trisyllable and a disyllable. Compare 2 Henry IV, 1. 3. 77 :

'And come against us in full puissance.'

And in the same scene, l. 9 :

'Upon the power and puissance of the king.'

346. *jeopardy,* danger, hazard. The origin of the word seems to be the French *jeu parti,* a game in which the risk is evenly divided. In Du Cange (Gloss. s. v. *Jocus*) *Jocus partitus* is 'an alternative.' 'The risk involved in accepting an alternative is taken as the representative of any risk whatever, and hence *jeopardy* has the general meaning of "hazard."' (Wright, Bible Word-Book, s. v. *Jeopard.*)

Scene II.

2. *Some airy devil.* Henderson quotes from Nashe's Pierce Pennilesse (1592), 'The spirits of the aire will mixe themselues with thunder & lightening, and so infect the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainly great mortalitie shal ensue to the inhabitants from the in-

fectious vapours which arise from their motions' (Works, ed. Grosart, ii. 115). Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy (Part 1. Sec. 2. Mem. 1. Subs. 2), quoted by Percy, has 'A Digression of the Nature of Spirits, bad Angels, or Devils,' and among these 'Aerial spirits or devils are such as keep quarter, most part, in the air, cause many tempests, thunder, and lightnings, tear oaks, fire steeples, houses, strike men and beasts, make it rain stones... They cause whirlwinds on a sudden, and tempestuous storms.'

3. We find in Holinshed (iii. 160): 'The same yere [1199], Philip bastard sonne to King Richard, to whom his father had giuen the castell and honor of Coinacke, killed the vicount of Limoges, in reuenge of his fathers death, who was slaine (as yee haue heard) in besieging the castell of Chalus Cheuerell.'

4, 5. *Philip.* Shakespeare appears to have forgotten that he was now Sir Richard.

4. *breathes*, takes breath. So in 1 Henry IV, i. 3. 102:

'Three times they breathed and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood.'

5. *make up*, move onward. See 1 Henry IV, v. 4. 5:

'I do beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.'

Scene III.

In the folios there is no change of scene.

2. *Cousin.* See iii. 1. 339.

6, &c. The old play has,

'Philip, I make thee chiefe in this affaire,
Ransacke the abbeis, cloysters, prioiies,
Convert their coine unto my soldiers use.'

8. *imprisoned angels.* See ii. 1. 590.

8, 9. Sidney Walker proposed to read,

'Set at liberty
Imprisoned angels';

and Mr. Grant White adopted the transposition.

11. *his*, its. See ii. 1. 95. Compare Bacon, Essay lviii. p. 238 (ed. Wright): 'Learning hath his infancy, when it is but beginning, and almost childish.' And Lucrece, 164:

'No comfortable star did lend his light.'

12. *Bell, book, and candle.* Nares (Glossary) says, 'In the solemn form of excommunication used in the Romish Church, the bell was tolled, the book of offices for the purpose used, and three candles extinguished, with certain ceremonies' He gives a formula of excom-

munication from the Canterbury book, which concludes thus: 'Doe to the book, quench the candle, ring the bell. Amen. Amen.' Dr. Grey in his Notes on Shakespeare (vol. i. pp. 286, 7) gives an elaborate account of the ceremony, with the form of execration. Compare Holinshed, iii. 192: 'This legat [Cardinal Gualo] immediatlie after his comming did excommunicate Lewes by name, with all his fautours and complices, but speciallie Simon de Langton, with bell, booke, and candle, as the manner was.'

13. *becks,* beckons. 'Gold and silver' expressing but one idea, the verb is singular. See Abbott, § 336, and compare Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 170: 'Faith and troth bids them.' For beck = beckon, see Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 12. 26:

'Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home.'

22. *advantage*, interest. See 1 Henry IV, ii. 4. 599: 'The money shall be paid back with advantage.'

26. *time.* Pope's correction. The folios have 'tune.' The opposite error occurs in Macbeth, iv. 3. 235, 'This tune goes manly,' where the folios read 'time.'

29. *bounden*, bound, obliged. So in As You Like It, i. 2. 298: 'I rest much bounden to you.'

35. *Attended with*, accompanied by. For 'with' see ii. 1. 567, and Venus and Adonis, 1137:

'It shall be waited on with jealousy.'

36. *all too.* For this emphatic use of 'all' in the sense of 'altogether, entirely,' compare Lucrece, 1686:

'The help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late.'

And Sonnet lxi. 14:

'From me far off, with others all too near.'

Ib. gawds, trifling ornaments, toys. See A Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1. 172:

'As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon.'

And compare 2 Henry VI, iv. 1. 1:

'The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day.'

39. *Sound on into the drowsy race of night.* There is evidently some corruption in this line. Theobald reads 'Sound one unto, &c.' and Steevens adopted the reading, comparing Hamlet, i. 1. 39: 'The bell then beating one,' at the time of the Ghost's appearing. But 'sound on' may signify 'go on sounding' and is appropriate to the prolonged and repeated strokes of the midnight bell. The difficulty seems to lie in the word 'race.' Those who retain it are compelled to interpret 'the drowsy race of night,' as 'the tedious course of night,' or simply, 'those

who are asleep.' In this case, 'into' is equivalent to 'unto,' for which it is frequently used, as in All's Well, i. 3. 260:

'I'll stay at home
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt.'

And Henry V, i. 2. 102:

'Look back into your mighty ancestors.'

But it is not improbable that 'race' is a misprint for 'ear,' as Sidney Walker suggested, and this would be in keeping with 'tongue' and 'mouth' just before. See iii. 4. 109.

43. *heavy, thick.* So the folios: Pope hyphened the words.

50. *conceit,* the mental faculty or understanding. Compare 2 Henry IV, ii. 4. 263: 'There's no more conceit in him than in a mallet.' And see note on The Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 92.

52. *brooded* is an instance of an adjective formed from a substantive by means of the participial suffix *-ed.* It is derived from the substantive 'brood' and not from the verb, and signifies 'having a brood' to watch over; and it is therefore almost equivalent to 'brooding,' or 'sitting on brood.' Compare 1 Henry IV, i. 3. 183:

'Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king';

where 'disdained' is 'full of disdain, disdainful.' Again, The Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 97:

'Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea';

'guiled' signifying 'full of guile, deceitful.' So also Henry V, iv. prol. 38:

'Unto the weary and all-watched night.'

Pope changed 'brooded' to 'broad-ey'd,' and Delius, following Mason's conjecture, reads 'brooded-watchful.'

55. *troth,* faith; A.S. *treówð.* So in As You Like It, i. 2. 94: 'By my troth, thou sayest true.'

57. *adjunct to,* consequent upon. Compare Lucrece, 133:

'Though death be adjunct, there's no death supposed.'

61. *a very serpent in my way.* See Genesis xlix. 17: 'Dan shall be a serpent by the way.'

65. *offend,* harm. See iv. 1. 32.

70. *powers,* forces, troops. See ii. 1. 398, iv. 2. 129.

Scene IV.

1. *flood,* sea. Compare The Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 10:

'Like merchants and rich burghers on the flood.'

And Othello, i. 3. 135:

'Of moving accidents by flood and field.'

2. *armado*, a fleet of men of war; from the Spanish *armada*, which is distinguished from *flota*, a fleet of merchant vessels. See Comedy of Errors, iii. 2. 140: 'Spain, who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose.'

Ib. convicted, beaten, discomfited. Malone quotes Florio, A Worlde of Wordes, 'Conuitto, vanquished, conuicted, conuinced.' 'Convince' is also used in the sense of 'defeat, overcome,' as in Macbeth, iv. 3. 142:

'Their malady convinces
The great assay of art.'

The reference is probably to the great Spanish Armada, which after being harassed and beaten by the English fleet was dispersed by a violent storm.

6. *Angiers* was not taken by John till 1206. It was at the capture of Mirabeau, in 1202, that Eleanor was rescued and Arthur made prisoner. See Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 164, col. 2.

9. *spite of*, in spite of. Compare Sonnet cvii. 11:

'My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme.'

11. *with such advice* or deliberation.

Ib. disposed, arranged, managed.

19. *vile* is spelt 'vilde' in the first folio in this passage and elsewhere, but not in ii. 1. 509.

Ib. prison of afflicted breath, in which the afflicted breath is imprisoned.

23. *defy*, renounce. So in Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 108: 'What, man! defy the devil: consider he's an enemy to mankind.'

25. *Death, death;* &c. Theobald's punctuation. In the folios these words are connected with those that follow, and not with line 24.

29. *detestable* is accentuated as in Romeo and Juliet, iv. 5. 56:

'Most detestable death, by thee beguiled.'

And again, v. 3. 45:

'Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death.'

Compare 'comfortable' in Lucrece, 164:

'No comfortable star did lend his light.'

32. *fulsome*, nauseous, disgusting. Compare Richard III, v. 3. 132:

'I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine.'

33. *a carrion monster*. Compare The Merchant of Venice, ii. 7. 63:

'A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll!'

35. *buss* is used of coarse and wanton kissing, and is in keeping with the rest of Constance's exaggerated and hysterical language. See Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 220:

'Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.'

And Falstaff says to Doll Tearsheet, 2 Henry IV, ii. 4. 291: 'Thou dost give me flattering busses.'

Ib. Misery's love. The accent in 'Misery' is the same as in The Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 272:

'From which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.'

36. *affliction*, afflicted lady; the abstract being used for the concrete, as in Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 235:

'Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!'

See below, l. 66, 'loves,' and Coriolanus, ii. 1. 192: 'My gracious silence!'

40. *fell*, fierce, cruel. See v. 7. 9. Florio, in A Worlde of Wordes (1598), has 'Fello, fell, cruell, seuere, inexorable, moodie, wrath.'

Ib. anatomy, skeleton. So in Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 238:

'A hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy.'

It is here used of death. See v. 2. 177.

42. *modern*, commonplace. See Macbeth, iv. 3. 170:

'Where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy.'

44. *Thou art not holy.* 'Not' is supplied in the fourth folio, but omitted in the first three.

52. *canonized.* See iii. 1. 177.

55. *deliver'd of*, delivered from. So in Coriolanus, v. 6. 14:

'We'll deliver you
Of your great danger.'

58. *a babe of clouts*, a doll made of clouts or rags. Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) gives, 'Espoventail: m. A Bug-beare, or Scar-crow; a man of clouts to feare birds with.'

64. *friends.* Rowe's reading. The folios have 'fiends.'

65. *sociable.* See i. 1. 188, where the accent is the same as here.

68. *To England.* Constance here replies to Philip's invitation in line 20. Possibly lines 21–67 may have been added to the original draft of the play, or Constance after the first outburst of her distraction relapses into apathy and gives herself up to Philip's guidance.

Ib. hairs is often used for the collective 'hair.' See The Merchant of Venice, i. 2. 9: 'Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.' And iii. 2. 120:

'Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider.'

73. *envy at*, envy. So in Henry VIII, v. 3. 112:

'Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at.'

80. *suspire*, breathe, draw breath. So in 2 Henry IV, iv. 5. 33:

'Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.'

81. *was not*, hath not been. See iii. 1. 268.

Ib. gracious, full of grace, attractive, lovely. See l. 96, and Twelfth Night, i. 5. 281:

'And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person.'

85. *dim*, lacking colour and brightness of complexion. Compare Lucrece, 403:

'Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality.

90. *heinous*, odious, hateful.

Ib. respect. See iii. 1. 318. Pandulph means, you regard your grief in too hateful an aspect.

91. *that never had a son*. Compare Macbeth, iv. 3. 216:

'*Mal.* Be comforted:
Let 's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children.'

And 3 Henry VI, v. 5. 63:

'You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse.'

96. *Remembers me*, reminds me. So in Richard II, i. 3. 269:

'Nay, rather, every tedious stride I take
Will but remember me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.'

98. *Then, have I . . . grief?* The reading of the folios. Rowe's is perhaps better, 'Then have I reason to be fond of grief.'

101. *this form*, this orderly arrangement of hair. Pope understood it of a head-dress and added the stage-direction, 'Tearing off her head cloaths.'

107. *joy*, rejoice, be glad. Compare Hamlet, iii. 2. 209:

'Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.'

And Richard II, v. 3. 95: 'Until thou bid me joy.'

110. *world's*. Pope's reading, which is justified by the first line of the Dauphin's speech. The folios have 'words,' which could only refer to 'life,' and Delius remarks that even then we should have expected 'that sweet word's taste.'

111. *That*, so that. So in Julius Cæsar, i. 1. 50:

'Have you not made an universal shout
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks.'

113. *repair*. For other instances of substantives formed from verbs without change see i. 1. 37, ii. 1. 253.

116. *by losing of.* See iii. 1. 19.

Ib. day, like the French *journée*, is used for the day of battle. See v. 3. 1, v. 4. 5, 14.

127. *even the breath*, the very breath, the mere breath.

128. *rub* is a technical term denoting any impediment to the course of a bowl. Compare Richard II, iii. 4. 4:

'*Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.'

132. *whiles.* See ii. 1. 593.

135. *with*, by. So in iii. 3. 35.

138. *Makes nice of*, is scrupulous about.

Ib. vile. In the first folio 'vilde.' See l. 19.

146. *lays you plots*, lays plots for you or in your favour, and not as he thinks for his own gain. The emphasis is on 'you.'

147. *true blood*, the blood of the rightful heir.

153. *exhalation*, meteor. See Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 44:

'The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.'

And 1 Henry IV, ii. 4. 352: 'My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?'

154. *no scope of nature*, no circumstance within the limits of nature's operations, no natural effect. Pope reads 'scape' in the sense of 'freak.'

Ib. distemper'd, disturbed by bad weather. The word is applied also to express the disturbance caused by passion or anger. See iv. 3. 21.

155. *customed*, accustomed, customary. So in 2 Henry VI, v. 1. 188:

'To wring the widow from her custom'd right.'

For the form of the word see note on iii. 3. 52.

156. *his.* See iii. 3. 11.

158. *Abortives*, things produced contrary to the common course of nature, like monstrous births.

Ib. presages. Here and in i. 1. 28 the accent is on the first syllable, but in all other metrical passages in Shakespeare it is on the second. For instance, Sonnet cvii. 6:

'And the sad augurs mock their own presage.'

See Venus and Adonis, 457, and Richard II, ii. 2. 142. Pope consequently read 'and presages, tongues of heaven.'

161. *prisonment*, imprisonment.

163. *gone*, a euphemism for 'dead.' Compare The Tempest. ii. 1. 122:

'*Fran.* I not doubt
He came alive to land.
Alon. No, no, he's gone'

169. *this hurly*, this tumult, uproar. So in 2 Henry IV, iii. 1. 25:

'That, with the hurly, death itself awakes.'

The word is more common in the reduplicated form 'hurly-burly,' as in Macbeth, i. 1. 3.

174. *a call*, the cry of the decoy by which birds are lured to the net, or the whistle by which the falcon is recalled to the falconer's hand. See The Taming of the Shrew, iv. 1. 197:

'Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call.'

And compare Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 159, 160:

'O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!'

Mr. Rushton (Notes and Queries, Fourth Series, xi. 72) quotes from Lyly's Euphues [ed. Arber, p. 392], 'Birds are trayned with a sweet call, but caught with a broade nette.'

180. *topful*, brimful. So in Macbeth, i. 5. 43:

'Unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty!'

181. *whet on*, incite; instigate. See 3 Henry VI, i. 2. 37:

'Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.'

182. *strong actions*. Misprinted 'strange actions' in the first folio.

ACT IV.

Scene I.

A room in a castle. Capell places the scene at Northampton, as at the opening of the play. Mr. Grant White places it at Canterbury; Mr. Halliwell (Phillipps) at Dover. See note on Act i, Scene 1. Beyond the fact that the scene changes to England, no indication of the locality is given.

2. *the arras*, the arras hangings, so called from a special kind of figured tapestry being manufactured at Arras. See Homilies (ed. Griffiths, p. 221): 'For we are not so superstitious or scrupulous that we abhor either flowers wrought in carpets, hangings, and other arras, either the images of princes printed or stamped in their coins.' As they hung loose against the wall there was room for a person to conceal himself within or behind them. So in Hamlet, ii. 2. 163, Polonius says, 'Be you and I behind an arras then.'

3. *the bosom of the ground*. Compare Richard II, iii. 2. 147:

'Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.'

4. *which* is applied to persons, as in the Lord's Prayer. See iii. 1. 33, and Richard II, iii. 2. 204 :

'Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair.'

7. *Uncleanly scruples ! fear not* &c. This is Rowe's punctuation. The first folio has,

'Vncleanly scruples feare not you : &c.'

8. *I have to say with you,* I have something to say to you. See Merry Wives, ii. 1. 38 : 'I have to show to the contrary.'

16. *Only for wantonness,* out of mere levity or sportiveness. See 1 Henry IV, v. 2. 69 :

'England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.'

Melancholy was the affectation of courtiers. Steevens quotes from Lyly's Midas (1592) : 'Melancholy? mary gup, is melancholy a word for a barbar's mouth? thou shouldst say, heavie, dull, and doltish : melancholy is the creast of courtiers' armes, and now every base companion, being in his mubles-fubles, sayes he is melancholy' [v. 2 ; Works, ed. Fairholt, ii. 60]. In As You Like It, iv. 1. 10, &c., Jaques describes the various kinds of melancholy which the several classes of society affected.

Ib. By my christendom, my baptism or christianity. So in Henry VIII, i. 3. 15 :

'Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.'

19. *doubt,* fear, suspect. See iv. 2. 102, v. 6. 44, and Hamlet i. 2. 256 : 'I doubt some foul play.'

20. *practises,* plots, contrives. See Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 211 :

'Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!'

27. *sudden,* quick, speedy. Compare Richard III, i. 3. 346 :

'But, sirs, be sudden in the execution.'

And Julius Cæsar, iii. 1. 19 :

'Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.'

29. *In sooth.* See i. 1. 123.

33. *rheum.* See iii. 1. 22.

34. *dispiteous,* pitiless. Compare Chaucer's description of the Parson (C. T. prol. 518) :

'He was to sinful men not dispitous.'

This however may be the old French *despiteux,* spiteful or angry. But Spenser (F. Q. i. 2. § 15) uses 'dispiteous' in the sense of 'pitiless' :

'Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous.'

See also F. Q. ii. 7. § 62 :

'That by unrighteous
And wicked doome to Iewes despiteous,
Deliuered vp the Lord of life to dye.'

Again, in Hall's Chronicle (Richard III, fol. 4*a*) : 'Shortely shut vp in prison and priuely slaine and murthered by the cruell ambicion of their vnnaturall vncle and his dispiteous tourmentours.'

Ib. out of door. So in the Taming of the Shrew, Ind. 2. 87 :

'Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door.'

Shakespeare uses 'out of doors' as frequently.

37. *fair writ*, well and clearly written. So in Hamlet, v. 2. 32 :

'I sat me down,
Devised a new commission, wrote it fair.'

'Writ' is the more common form of the participle in Shakespeare. See Hamlet, i. 2. 222 :

'And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.'

38. *effect*, meaning, purpose. See As You Like It, iv. 3. 35 :

'Such Ethiope words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance.'

Again, Henry V, v. 2. 72 :

'Whose tenours and particular effects
You have enscheduled briefly in your hands.'

42. *handkercher.* The reading of the folios, altered by Rowe to 'handkerchief.' But the spelling, which no doubt represented the pronunciation, is frequently found. See Henry V, iii. 2. 52 : 'They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers.' And Coriolanus, ii. 1. 280 :

'Matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers.'

43. *wrought it me*, worked it for me. See Venus and Adonis, 991 :

'Now she unweaves the web that she has wrought.'

44. *ask it you*, ask it of you. For the double accusative after 'ask' see v. 7. 41.

47. *the watchful minutes to the hour*, that is, the minutes which watch, or are watchful to, the hour. For this position of the adjective, compare All's Well, iii. 4. 30 :

'To this unworthy husband of his wife.'

See note on Richard II, iii. 2. 8 (Clar. Press ed.), and Abbott, § 419 a.

48. *Still and anon*, ever and anon. In The Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 4. 67, the phrase appears in the corrupted form 'still an end': 'A slave that still an end turns me to shame.'

50. *lien*, the participle of 'lie,' also found in the form 'lain.' In

Hamlet, v. 1. 190, 'This skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years,' the first folio reads 'laine,' the first quartos 'lyen.' In the Authorised Version of 1611, 'layen' only occurs in John xx. 12. In the other passages where modern editions have 'lain' it was originally 'lien' or 'lyen.'

52. *at your sick service*, at your service in sickness. Similarly, in iv. 2. 191, 'fearful action' signifies the action or gesture of fear, and in As You Like It, ii. 7. 132,

'Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,'

'weak evils' are evils characterized by weakness. Again, in Richard II, ii. 3. 79, 'absent time' is the time of the king's absence.

54. *an if*. See i. 1. 138.

57. *nor never*. For the double negative see v. 7. 112.

61. *heat*, heated. Compare 'waft' for 'wafted,' ii. 1. 73; 'graft' for 'grafted,' Richard III, iii. 7. 127; 'wet' for 'wetted,' Richard III, i. 2. 216; 'requit' for 'requited,' The Tempest, iii. 3. 71. See Abbott, § 342.

63. *his*. Capell's reading. The folios have 'this,' which Rowe first changed to 'their' and afterwards to 'its.'

Ib. fiery indignation. Steevens quotes the Epistle to the Hebrews, x. 27: 'A certain fearful looking for of judgment, and fiery indignation.' But the phrase did not appear in any of the English versions before that of 1611, and therefore Shakespeare could not have borrowed it from this source.

70. *I would not have believed him,—no tongue but Hubert's*; that is, I would have believed no tongue but Hubert's; or, no tongue but Hubert's would have made me believe it.

81. *wince*. Spelt 'winch' in the first folio, as by all the quartos and folios in Hamlet, iii. 2. 252, 'Let the galled jade wince,' except the quarto of 1603. Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) has, 'Guincher, To wrigle, writhe, winche a toeside.' And Palsgrave (Lesclarcissement de la Langue Francoyse) gives, 'I wynche, as a horse dothe. *Je regymbe*.'

82. *angerly*, angrily. See Macbeth, iii. 5. 1:

'Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.'

And Homilies (ed. Griffith), p. 87: 'And the father, as long as he loveth his child, he looketh angerly, he correcteth him, when he doeth amiss.'

85. *within*, that is, within the arras.

Ib. let me alone with him, leave me to deal with him alone. So Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 145: 'For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him.' Compare Coriolanus, i. 2. 27:

'Let me alone to guard Corioli.'

86. *from*, away from. See Macbeth, iii. 1. 132:

'For 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace.'

92. *mote*, spelt 'moth' in the folios, as in Hamlet, i. 1. 112, where the first folio reads,

'A moth it is to trouble the mind's eye.'

Florio (A Worlde of Wordes, 1598) has, 'Festucco, a little sticke, a fease-strawe, a tooth-picke, a moth, a little beame.' See notes in the Clarendon Press edition of A Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1. 306, and Henry V, iv. 1. 189. The reference is to Matthew vii. 3, 4, 5, and Luke vi. 41, 42.

93. *a dust*, a particle of dust. See iii. 4. 128, and Richard II, ii. 3. 91:

'Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground?'

95. *boisterous*, roughly violent or disturbing.

99. *want pleading*, be insufficient to plead.

106, 107. *with grief ... to be used*, with grief that it should be used.

107. *create*, created. Compare 'excommunicate,' iii. 1. 173; and see Henry V, ii. 2. 31:

'With hearts create of duty and of zeal.'

108. *In undeserved extremes*, in acts of cruelty in which it has no right to be employed.

109. *no malice in this burning coal*. Grey proposed to read 'burning in this coal.' But the coal was still burning though it was not red hot. For 'malice,' see ii. 1. 251.

117. *tarre him on*, set him on to fight. See Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 392:

'Pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on.'

And Hamlet, ii. 2. 370: 'The nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy.'

120. *extends*. See ii. 1. 169, iii. 1. 105, 289, iii. 3. 13, where a plural subject expressing but one idea is followed by a verb in the singular.

121. *of note*, noted, well known.

123. *owes*, owns, possesses. See The Tempest, i. 2. 407:

'This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes.'

128. *but you are dead*, that you are not dead. So in Romeo and Juliet, v. 3. 132:

'My master knows not but I am gone hence.'

130. *doubtless and secure*, free from fear and care. We have had 'doubt' in the sense of 'fear' in line 19 above, and for 'secure' compare Henry V, iv. chor. 17:

'Proud of their numbers and secure in soul.'

And Hamlet, i. 5. 61:

'Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole.'

132. *offend*, harm. See iii. 3. 65.

133. *closely*, secretly. See Hamlet, iii. 1. 29:

'For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither.'

Scene II.

8. *long'd-for* qualifies both 'change' and 'better state.'

10. *guard*, ornament. 'Guards' or 'gards' were the facings or trimmings of dress. Compare The Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 164:

'Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows';

that is, more richly ornamented. And see Much Ado, i. 1. 288: 'The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither.' Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) has, 'Bordure: f. A border, welt, hemme, or gard of a garment.' And 'Border. To border, gard, welt.'

24. *to fetch about*, to veer round or take a circuitous route.

27. *so new a fashion'd robe*, a robe of so new a fashion. Compare Comedy of Errors, iii. 2. 186:

'There's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.'

And The Tempest, iv. 1. 123:

'So rare a wonder'd father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.'

29. *They do confound their skill in covetousness*, they destroy what they have done skilfully by their eager desire to improve it. Malone compares Lear, i. 4. 369:

'Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.'

And Sonnet ciii:

'Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?'

36. *breathed*. See iii. 1. 256.

37. *overbear*, overrule.

41. *possess'd you with*, informed you of. 'Possess' in this sense is generally followed by 'of.' So in The Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 35:

'I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose.'

And Coriolanus, ii. 1. 145: 'Is the senate possessed of this?'

42. *more strong, than lesser is my fear*, more strong in proportion as my fear is less. The first folio reads, 'then lesser,' the second and third 'then lesse,' the fourth 'then less.' 'Then' is the common

spelling of 'than' in the old editions. Pope reads, with no change of sense, 'the lesser.' Tyrwhitt suggested 'when' for 'then' and was followed by Steevens. There appears to be no reason for departing from the original reading, regarding 'then' as equivalent to 'than.'

43. *but*, only. So Othello, iv. 1. 88: 'I say, but mark his gesture.'

48. *sound*, proclaim So in Lucrece, 717:

'For now against himself he sounds this doom.'

And Richard II, iii. 4. 74:

'How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?'

50. *myself and them*. Pope reads 'they,' and so Sidney Walker proposed, not allowing that Shakespeare could write so incorrectly. In the Cambridge Shakespeare we conjectured that as 'myself' so closely preceded, 'them' might have been suggested by the analogous pronoun 'themselves.' See Abbott, § 214.

52. *enfranchisement*, deliverance from imprisonment. See Richard II, i. 3. 90:

'Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement.'

And Julius Cæsar, iii. 1. 81:

'Some to the common pulpits, and cry out
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

55. *in rest*, in quiet possession. Steevens proposed to read 'in wrest,' that is, by an act of seizure or violence. But this is inconsistent with what follows, 'in right you hold.'

56–60. *Why then ... exercise*. The argument or enquiry takes the form of an indirect question. The people ask, says Pembroke, why your fears should move you to mew up your tender kinsmen, &c. Pope made it a direct question, reading 'why shou'd your fears ... then move you, &c. putting a note of interrogation at 'exercise.'

57. *to mew up*, to confine as in a mew or coop, to coop up, imprison. Compare Richard III, i. 1. 38:

'This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up.'

A mew was a cage for hawks. In Chaucer's Squire's Tale, 10957, it is said of Canace,

'And by hire beddes hed she made a mew,'

in which her hawk was kept.

60. *good exercise*. 'In the middle ages,' says Percy, 'the whole education of princes and noble youths consisted in martial exercises, &c.' Compare As You Like It, i, 1. 76, where Orlando appeals to his elder brother: 'You have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such

exercises as may become a gentleman.' See also Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 3. 32 :

'And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.'

61. *the time's enemies*, those who are opposed to the present condition of things. Compare Hamlet, i. 5. 188 : 'The time is out of joint.'

62. *To grace occasions*, to give them a fair opportunity for attack. Compare As You Like It, iv. 1. 178 : 'That woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion' ; that is, an opportunity for attacking him.

64. *for our goods*. For this use of the plural compare Richard II, iv. 1. 315 :

'Whither you will, so I were from your sights.'

And see the note on that passage in the Clarendon Press edition.

65, 66. *weal* is here used in two senses : 'Our weal on you depending' is the common weal or common wealth : 'Counts it your weal' or welfare. See Coriolanus, ii. 3. 189 :

'Ever spake against
Your liberties and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal.'

And Venus and Adonis, 987 :

'Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes.'

The construction of 'Than whereupon, &c.' is obscure, but the sentence seems to mean, 'we ask his liberty only on this ground that the commonwealth reckons it to be for your advantage.'

69. *the man should*. For the omission of the relative compare The Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 175 :

'I have a mind presages me such thrift.'

See Abbott, § 244.

72. *close aspect*, secret look, as if he had some purpose to conceal. For 'aspect' see ii. 1. 250.

77. *his purpose and his conscience*. Johnson interpreted this, 'Between his consciousness of guilt, and his design to conceal it by fair professions.' But it rather means, between his evil design and his conscience which reproaches him for it. See l. 248. Johnson's explanation is out of keeping with the figure of the two heralds, who represent conflicting forces.

78. *battles*, armies in battle array. Compare 1 Henry IV, iv. 1. 129 :

'What may the king's whole battle reach unto?'

Ib. set refers to 'battles' and not to 'heralds,' and there is therefore no necessity with Theobald to change it to 'sent.'

79. *His passion* is compared to a tumour.

89. *answer'd*, atoned for. Compare Julius Cæsar, iii. 2. 85:

'If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.'

90. *bend such solemn brows.* So 1 Henry VI, v. 3. 34:

'See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows!'

92. *commandment on*, command over.

93. *apparent*, manifest, evident. Compare Richard II, iv. 1. 124:

'Although apparent guilt be seen in them.'

Ib. foul-play, hyphened in the folios, as 'fair-play' is in v. 2. 118. But in 1 Henry IV, iii. 2. 169, there is no hyphen.

94. *grossly*, unskilfully, clumsily. See iii. 1. 163.

Ib. offer it, attempt it. So in 1 Henry IV, iii. 2. 169:

'A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.'

99. *owed.* See iv. 1. 123.

100. *bad world the while!* Compare Richard III, iii. 6. 10:

'Here's a good world the while! why who's so gross,
That seeth not this palpable device?'

102. *sorrows.* See l. 64.

107. *inhabit*, dwell; used intransitively. So in Richard II, iv. 1. 143:

'Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit.'

109. *thy weather*, thy tempest. Compare The Tempest, i. 1. 40: 'They are louder than the weather or our office.' And Winter's Tale, iii. 3. 104: 'Both roaring louder than the sea or weather.'

113. *your speed.* See i. 1. 25, &c.

115. *tidings* is here singular, but plural in l. 132.

Ib. comes. The fourth folio, followed by some modern editors, reads 'come.'

116. *our intelligence*, our spies. Abstract for concrete, as in iii. 4. 36.

116, 117. *drunk? . . . slept?* Malone quotes Macbeth [i. 7. 35, 36]:

'Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?'

117. *care.* It is very difficult to say whether the first folio reads 'care' or 'eare,' the first letter being broken. From the messenger's answer it would seem to have been 'eare'; but 'her ear,' in line 119, may have been suggested by the nearer 'hear' of the King's speech, and not by the more distant word, whether it were 'care' or 'ear.'

118. *drawn*, drawn together, assembled. See v. 2. 113, and 1 Henry IV, iv. 1. 33:

'And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn.'

120. *the first of April.* This appears to be Shakespeare's own chronology. Queen Elinor died in 1204 (Ralph de Coggeshall), in the month of July (Grafton), at the abbey of Beaulieu (Matthew Paris, Hist. Min.), which John had founded, and was buried at Westminster (Stow). The last-mentioned fact is doubtful.

122. *The Lady Constance* died at Nantes three years and not three days before Elinor, 31 August, 1201.

124. *idly*, carelessly, without taking interest in it or troubling to make further enquiry. Compare Richard II, v. 2. 25:

'As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next.'

125. *occasion*, the course of events which were following each other in rapid succession. Compare 2 Henry IV, iv. 1. 72:

'We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet there,
By the rough torrent of occasion.'

See also the present play, ii. 1. 82.

128. *How wildly then walks!* to what confusion is it going!

129. *conduct*, command, leading. Compare 2 Henry IV, i. 1. 134:

'A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster.'

Ib. powers, See ii. 1. 398.

135. *afeard*, afraid. So in Julius Cæsar, ii. 2. 67:

'To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth.'

137. *amazed*, bewildered, confused; used of the effects of any strong emotion. Compare 1 Henry IV, v. 4. 6:

'I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends';

that is, put them to confusion. And see Mark xiv. 33: 'And he taketh with him Peter and James and John, and began to be sore amazed (ἐκθαμβεῖσθαι), and to be very heavy.'

139. *Aloft.* Johnson in his Dictionary gives an instance of 'aloft' as a preposition from Milton's Paradise Lost, Bk. iii. [576]:

'Aloft the vulgar constellations thick,'

but it is a misprint, either of his own or of the edition which he followed, for 'Aloof.'

144. *strangely fantasied*, filled with strange fancies. See v. 7. 18.

148. *Pomfret*, the common spelling and pronunciation of Pontefract. The prophet of Pomfret appears in the old play. According to Holinshed (Chron. iii. p. 180) he was a hermit of Pomfret, or, according to

some, of Wakefield. 'This Peter about the first of Januarie last past, had told the king, that at the feast of the Ascension it should come to passe, that he should be cast out of his kingdome . . . Herevpon being committed to prison within the castell of Corf, when the day by him prefixed came, without any other notable damage vnto king John, he was by the king's commandement drawne from the said castell, vnto the towne of Warham, & there hanged, togither with his sonne.' This was in 1213.

151. *Ascension-day at noon.* The old play has,

'Ere Ascension day
Haue brought the Sunne vnto his vsuall height.'

158. *safety*, safe custody. So in Romeo and Juliet, v. 3. 183:

'Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.'

162. *Lord Bigot* is called in the old play Richard earle of Bigot, and in Holinshed Richard earle de Bigot. Whether this is an error for Roger Bigod Earl of Norfolk it is difficult to say.

165. *whom*, altered by Pope to 'who': but see The Tempest, iii. 3. 92:

'Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd.'

Abbott, § 410, explains this as a mixture of two constructions: 'who, they suppose, is drowned,' and 'whom they suppose to be drowned.' See also Coriolanus, iv. 2. 2:

'The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.'

And Cymbeline, i. 4. 137: 'Yours: whom in constancy you think stands so safe.'

166. *suggestion.* See iii. 1. 292.

167, 168. *companies . . . loves.* See lines 64, 102.

170. *the better foot before.* Compare Titus Andronicus, ii. 3. 192:

'Come on, my lords, the better foot before.'

172. *adverse*, hostile. So in Twelfth Night, v. 1. 87:

'Into the danger of this adverse town.'

177. *sprightful*, high-spirited. We have the adverb 'sprightfully' in Richard II, i. 3. 3:

'The Duke of Norfolk sprightfully and bold.'

182. *five moons.* In the old play the five moons appear at the coronation, and are thus interpreted by the prophet.

'The Skie wherein these Moones haue residence,
Presenteth Rome the great Metropolis,
Where sits the Pope in all his holy pompe.
Fowre of the Moones present fowre Provinces,
To wit, Spaine, Denmarke, Germanie, and Fraunce,
. . . . . .

The smallest Moone that whirles about the rest,

. . . . . .

Doth figure foorth this Iland Albion.'

In Grafton's Chronicle (ed. 1809), i. 231, under date 1200, it is recorded: 'This yere in the moneth of December were seene in the Element about ten of the Clocke in the night time, in the Prouince of Yorke fiue Moones, one in the West, another in the East the thirde in the South, the fourth in the North, and the fift in the middest of the Element.'

185. *beldams*, applied contemptuously to old women, hags. See Macbeth, iii. 5. 2:

'Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold?'

The word originally meant 'grandmother.'

186. *prophesy* in this passage appears to be used not so much in the sense of foretelling the future events predicted by this phenomenon as in that of commenting upon and expounding the phenomenon itself, making it the text of a dangerous discourse. Jeremy Taylor's Liberty of Prophesying was not the liberty of predicting future events but of expounding scripture. The religious exercise known by this name is described by Bacon in his Considerations touching the Edification and Pacification of the Church of England (Letters and Life, ed. Spedding, iii. 119).

191. *fearful action*, gestures of fear. Compare 'dead news' for news of death, in v. 7. 65.

198. *upon contrary feet*. Johnson's note on this passage is a curious illustration of the change of fashion. 'He that is frighted or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. The author seems to be disturbed by the disorder which he describes.' There is abundant evidence however that, whatever might be the custom in the 18th century, in the 16th shoes were not made straight but shaped to the right and left foot respectively. 'Contrary' has the accent on the second syllable, as in Hamlet, iii. 2. 221:

'Our wills and fates do so contrary run.'

199. *a many*. So in Henry V, iv. 1. 127: 'So should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.'

200. *embattailed*, set in order of battle. See Henry V, iv. 2. 14, where the first folio has,

'The English are embattail'd, you French Peeres.'

201. *artificer*, artisan, workman. Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) has, 'Ouvrier: m. A workeman; an Artificer, or handicraftsman.'

207. *No had!* had you not? Compare Peele's Edward I (ed. Dyce, 1861), p. 392:

'*Q. Elinor.* What, whether I will or no?
You will not leave? let be I say.
Longsk. I must be better chid.
Q. Elinor. No will?'

That is, will you not?

210. *To break within the bloody house of life*, the house of life which thereby becomes bloody. For this use of the adjective, which grammarians call proleptic, see Macbeth, iii. 4. 76:

'Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;'

that is, purged the commonwealth, and made it gentle. Delius compares Macbeth, ii. 3. 72–74:

'Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.'

214. *More upon humour than advised respect*, more out of caprice than deliberate consideration. For 'upon' see ii. 1. 597, and 1 Henry IV, ii. 4. 331: 'You are lions too, you ran away upon instinct.' Again, Bacon, Essay xxxvi. p. 155 (ed. Wright): 'Such as love Businesse rather upon Conscience, then upon Bravery.' 'Advised' is used in the same sense in The Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 142:

'I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch.'

And for 'respect' see iii. 4. 90.

215. Hubert shews the warrant mentioned in iv. 1. 33.

222. *Quoted*, noted; from the notes or marks in the side (*coté*) or margin of a book. Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) has, 'Quoter. To quote, or marke in the margent, to note by the way.' See Love's Labour's Lost, ii. 1. 246:

'His face's own margent did quote such amazes.'

And All's Well, v. 3. 205:

'He's quoted for a most perfidious slave.'

Ib. sign'd, stamped, branded. So in Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.): 'Signé .. Signed, subscribed; marked, branded; noted, stamped on.'

226. *liable*, disposed or inclined.

227. *broke with*, communicated with. So in Much Ado, ii. 1. 310: 'I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained.'

229. *Made*. Pope corrected the grammar and read 'Mad'st.'

234. *As bid*, that is, such an eye as bid, &c. Pope read 'Or bid' and Malone 'And bid,' but the point of John's appeal to Hubert is that the least hint in look or manner, without words, would have turned him from his purpose.

240. *consequently*, in consequence, accordingly. Compare Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 79: 'And consequently sets down the manner how.' And Richard II, i. 1. 102:

'And consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of blood.'

245. *this fleshly land*, this land of flesh, to which he compares his body.

246. *This kingdom*. Compare Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 68:

'The state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.'

Ib. this confine of blood and breath. Compare iii. 4. 19:

'In the vile prison of afflicted breath.'

So 'confine' is used in Hamlet, i. 1. 155:

'The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine.'

247. *reigns*. Compare iii. 3. 13.

255. *motion*. See i. 1. 212.

258, 259. *a fairer mind Than to be*, &c., that is, a mind too fair to be, &c.

264. *feature*, external shape and personal appearance. See Richard III, i. 1. 19:

'Cheated of feature by dissembling nature.'

267. *closet*, private apartment. So in Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 35:

'The taper burneth in your closet, sir.'

And Matthew vi. 6: 'But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet.'

268. *expedient*. See ii. 1. 60, 223.

269. *I conjure thee*, I solemnly adjure thee. The accent is on the first syllable, as in Macbeth, iv. 1. 50:

'I conjure you, by that which you profess.'

And Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 7. 2:

'And even in kind love I do conjure thee.'

Scene III.

The death of Arthur is taken from the old play.

4. *semblance*, external appearance; and hence, a disguise. See Lear, v. 3. 187:

'To assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd.'

11. *him*, the Dauphin. See line 114.

15. *The Count Melun*, called Vicount Meloun in the old play, as in Holinshed, iii. 193.

16. *private*, private communication.

19. *set forward*, start on our journey. So 1 Henry IV, ii. 3. 38: 'Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.'

20. *or ere*, before. Compare Hamlet, i. 2. 147:

'A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body.'

With this reduplicated form compare 'an if' (i. 1. 138), and 'for because' (ii. 588).

21. *distemper'd*, disordered by passion, ill-humoured. Compare The Tempest, iv. 1. 145:

'Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.'

In iii. 4. 154, it is applied to bad weather.

24. *line* is used figuratively, in the sense of 'strengthen from within,' in Henry V, ii. 4. 7:

'To line and new repair our towns of war.'

And in Macbeth, i. 3. 112:

'Or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage.'

Ib. thin bestained. Hyphened in the folios.

29. *reason*, speak. Compare The Merchant of Venice, ii. 8. 27:

'I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday.'

And Richard III, ii. 3. 39:

'Ye cannot reason almost with a man,
That looks not heavily and full of fear.'

47. *arms* is here used for armorial bearings. See quotation from Lyly in note on iv. 1. 16.

48. *savagery*, ferocity, savage deed.

49. *wall-eyed*, with glaring eyes. The word properly describes an eye in which the iris is discoloured or wanting in colour. This gives it a fierce expression, like the glaring look of a man in a rage. See Titus Andronicus, v. 1. 44:

'Say, wall-eyed slave, whither would'st thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?'

Huloet, in his Abcedarium, 1552, has, 'Whaule-eyed. Glauciolus.' And in the old Latin English Dictionary called Bibliotheca Eliotæ or Eliotis Librarie, edited by Cooper in 1548, we find, 'Glauciolus, a horse with a wall eye.' Compare Holland's translation of Pliny (1601), Bk. xi. c. 37, vol. i. p. 334, 'Augustus Cæsar of famous memorie, had red (*glauci*) eies like to some horses: and indeed wall-eied he was, for the white thereof was much bigger than in other men.' In Spenser a wall-eye is a mark of jealousy. See Faery Queene, i. 4. § 24:

'And next to him rode lustfull Lechery,
Vpon a bearded Gote, whose rugged heare,
And whally eies (the signe of gelosy,)
Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare.'

And Marston, Insatiate Countess (Works, iii. 107, ed. Halliwell):

'And with wall-ey'd jelousie kept me from hope.'

The word is probably connected with the Icelandic *vagl*, a disease called the beam in the eye, whence *vagl-eygr*, wall-eyed (Thomas Saga Erkibyskups, ed. Magnusson, i. 232).

50. *remorse*. See ii. i. 478.

52. *sole*, unique. Compare The Phœnix and the Turtle, 2:

'On the sole Arabian tree.'

53. *a holiness, a purity*. All other crimes being holy and pure in comparison with this.

54. *times*, that is, times to come. So in Lucrece, 717:

'For now against himself he sounds this doom,
That through the length of times he stands disgraced.'

63. *practice*, contrivance, plot. Compare Henry V, ii. 2. 90:

'Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
And sworn unto the practices of France.'

The verb 'practise' occurs above, iv. 1. 20.

Ib. purpose. See iv. 2. 77.

65. *this ruin of sweet life*. So young Clifford, addressing his father's dead body, 2 Henry VI, v. 2. 61:

'Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house.'

71. *this hand*, that is, his own hand which is uplifted while he pronounces his vow. Mason says, 'at repeating these lines, Salisbury should take hold of the hand of Arthur,' which is not likely. Pope read 'head' for 'hand,' which Staunton thinks gives a more elegant sense, and as the correction had the approval of Gray, it may perhaps be thought rash to pronounce it, however elegant, not only unnecessary but wrong.

72. *worship*, honour, dignity. See Winter's Tale, i. 2. 314:

'Whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship.'

77. *Avaunt*, begone! From the Fr. *avant*. See Macbeth, iii. 4. 93:

'Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!'

Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) gives 'Devant. (Interiect.) Vsed, as our Auaunt, in the driving away of a dog.'

84. *my true defence*, the defence of my honesty and innocence. Compare Lear, iii. 6. 120: 'In thy just proof.'

85. *by marking of your rage*. See iii. 1. 19.

87. *Out, dunghill!* The same term of contempt for one meanly born occurs in Lear, iv. 6. 249. The full form is 'dunghill cur,' as in 2 Henry IV, v. 3. 108.

91. *yet*, as yet. So in The Tempest, ii. 2. 82:

'Thou dost me yet but little hurt.'

95. *Thou wert better*, it were better for thee. Compare Twelfth Night, ii. 2. 27:

'Poor lady, she were better love a dream.'

And see notes on The Tempest, i. 2. 367, and Hamlet, ii. 2. 508, in the Clarendon Press edition.

97. *spleen*. See ii. 1. 68.

98. *betime*, in good time, quickly, soon. So in 2 Henry VI, iii. 1. 285:

'Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime.'

99. *your toasting-iron*. Steevens compares what Nym says in Henry V, [ii. 1. 7–9]: I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese.'

108. *rheum*. See iii. 1. 22.

109. *traded in it*, familiar with it, accustomed to it. Compare Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 64:

'Mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgement.'

110. *remorse*. See ii. 1. 478.

Ib. innocency, innocence. See 2 Henry IV, v. 2. 39:

'If truth and upright innocency fail me.'

And Psalm xxvi. 6: 'I will wash mine hands in innocency.'

115. *inquire us out*, seek us out. See Richard III, iv. 2. 54:

'Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman.'

121. *damn'd as black*. Compare Macbeth, v. 3. 11:

'The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!'

126. *do but despair*, simply despair, there is no hope for thee.

132. *ocean*, a trisyllable as in ii. 1. 340.

133. *to stifle such a villain up*. 'Up' has an intensive force, giving the idea of completion, as in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 305:

'Why, universal plodding poisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries.'

See note on As You Like It, ii. 1. 62.

137. *embounded*. See 'confine,' iv. 2. 246.

140. *amazed*. See iv. 2. 137.

146. *scamble*. scuffle, struggle for. See note on Henry V, i. 1. 4.

147. *unowed*, which now by Arthur's death is left without an owner.

149. *dogged*. See iv. 1. 129.

151. *powers from home*, the French troops which had landed. See ii. 1. 398.

Ib. discontents, discontented persons, malcontents. See Antony and Cleopatra, i. 4. 39:

'To the ports
The discontents repair.'

And 1 Henry IV, v. 1. 76:

'With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents.'

152. *confusion*. See ii. 1. 359.

154. *wrested*, wrongfully seized.

155. *cincture* is Pope's reading. The folios have 'center,' which Steevens regards as equivalent to the French *ceinture*. Delius spells it 'ceinter.'

158. *brief in hand*. shortly to be dispatched.

ACT V.

Scene I.

The folios have here, Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

8. *counties*. Steevens understands by this the lords or nobility and not the divisions of the kingdom. Delius follows him on the ground that there is an opposition between 'discontented counties' and 'our people,' if counties be taken in its usual sense. But 'discontented counties' refers only to certain parts of the country which were actually in revolt, while a spirit of disobedience affected the whole people.

11. *stranger*, alien, foreign. So in Richard II, i. 3. 143:

'But tread the stranger paths of banishment.'

14. *time*. See line 77, and iv. 2. 61.

19. *convertite*, convert, penitent. Compare Lucrece, 743:

'He thence departs a heavy convertite.'

And As You Like It, v. 4. 190:

'Out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.'

Florio (A Worlde of Wordes, 1598) has, 'Conuertito, conuerso, conuerted, turned, changed, transformed. Also a conuertite.' Mr. Hunter (New Illustrations of Shakespeare, ii. 14) maintained that a convertite was not merely a convert, but a person who having relapsed had been recovered.

22. *on this Ascension-day*, which in 1213 fell on May 23. The date of John's form of homage to the Pope was May 15, and Matthew Paris, in order apparently to make this a fulfilment of Peter of Pomfret's prophecy, calls it the eve of Ascension-day. His date is a week wrong, but in the interpretation of prophecy this is a tolerably near approximation. During the whole of John's reign Ascension Day never fell on May 16.

26. See iv. 2. 151.

27. *give off*, take off and give up.

31. *But Dover castle.* The old play has,

'Thy Land is theirs, and not a foote holds out
But Douer Castle, which is hard besiegd.'

35. *hurries up and down.* Delius regards 'hurries' as an intransitive verb and 'up and down' as a preposition. It is better to take 'hurries' as transitive and 'up and down' as an adverb.

40. *casket.* Compare Lucrece, 1057:

'Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!'

49. *outface*, browbeat, intimidate. See ii. 1. 97.

51. *behaviours.* See iv. 2. 64.

53. *spirit*, a monosyllable.

54. *glister*, glisten, glitter. In the Authorised Version of Job xx. 25, 'glistering' has been changed in modern editions to 'glittering.'

55. *to become the field*, to adorn the field of battle. Compare Hamlet, v. 2. 413:

'Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.'

And Henry V, iv. 2. 40:

'Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favouredly become the morning field.'

59. *forage*, range abroad, like a lion in search of prey.

66. *upon the footing of our land*, standing on our own soil.

69. *invasive*, invading.

70. *cocker'd*, pampered.

Ib. wanton, a person brought up in luxury and effeminacy. Compare Richard II, v. 3. 10:

'Which he, young wanton and effeminate boy.'

And Lyly's Euphues (ed. Arber), p. 36: 'I am enforced to thinke that either thou diddest want one to giue thee good instructions, or that thy parents made thee a wanton with too much cockering.'

Ib. brave is here used in the ordinary sense of 'defy,' with a side reference to the meaning of the adjective 'brave,' showy, splendid; as if 'to brave our fields' signified to display his finery in our fields. It is quite in Shakespeare's manner to select his words with reference to the other meanings of which they are capable. For example, in Hamlet, iii. 1. 76, 'a bare bodkin' is a mere bodkin, but the epithet 'bare' is used in preference because it also might mean 'unsheathed.'

72. *Mocking the air.* Compare Macbeth, i. 1. 49:

'Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold.'

78. *yet*, still. Johnson explains, 'yet I so well know the faintness of our party, that I think it may easily happen that they shall encounter enemies who have more spirit than themselves.' But it rather means, 'I know that we are still able to encounter even a prouder enemy than the French.'

Scene II.

Theobald first marked the locality of the Dauphin's Camp.

1. *this*, the compact with the English lords.

2. *remembrance* is here a quadrisyllable, as in Twelfth Night, i. 1. 32:

'Which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.'

3. *the precedent*, the rough draft of the document. Compare Richard III. iii. 6. 7:

'This is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd, . . .
Eleven hours I spent to write it over, . . .
The precedent was full as long a-doing.'

12. *time*. See iv. 2. 61.

13. *contemn'd revolt*. Compare Richard II, ii. 3. 95:

'Frighting her pale-faced villages with war
And ostentation of despised arms.'

19. *cries out upon*, exclaims against the name of Salisbury for being on the opposite side. So in As You Like It, ii. 7. 70:

'Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?'

And 1 Henry IV, iv. 3. 81: 'Cries out upon abuses.' Or 'cry out upon' may be equivalent to 'cry upon' in the sense of 'appeal to,' as in As You Like It, iv. 3. 150:

'And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.'

Compare 2 Henry IV, iii. 1. 94:

'Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities:
And that same word even now cries out on us.'

22. *deal*, act. See l. 121.

27. *after a stranger, march* &c. This is the reading of the folios. Theobald changed it to 'stranger march,' making 'stranger' an adjective, as in v. i. 11, and 'march' the music accompanying the soldiers' steps. But the alteration is unnecessary, and destroys the climax of the sentence.

30. *Upon the spot*. 'Upon' is used here, as in ii. 1. 597, 'upon commodity,' and in iv. 2. 214, 'upon humour,' to express the ground of an action. 'Spot' is stain, disgrace.

Ib. this enforced cause, this enterprise I am compelled to take in hand See iii. 4. 12.

34. *clippeth thee about*, embraceth thee, surroundeth thee. Compare 1 Henry IV, iii. 1. 44:

'Clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales.'

And Othello, iii. 3. 464:

'You elements that clip us round about.'

36. *grapple*. Pope's correction. The folios have 'cripple.' Steevens proposed 'gripple,' which occurs in Drayton as an adjective in the sense of 'grasping,' and in Spenser as a substantive equivalent to 'grip' or 'gripe,' but not as a verb.

Ib. unto a pagan shore. The reference, as Malone pointed out, is to the Crusades, in which the Christian armies of Europe laid aside their mutual animosities and combined against the infidels. Compare the opening speech of the First Part of Henry the Fourth.

39. *to spend*. Where two infinitives follow an auxiliary verb, it is not uncommon for 'to' to be inserted before the second, though it is omitted before the first, as here, 'might combine ... and not to spend.' So in the Prayer Book Version of Psalm lxxviii. 8: 'That they might put their trust in God: and not to forget the works of God, but to keep his commandments.' See i. 1. 135, iv. 2. 240, and below, line 139. It is therefore wrong to read 'to-spend' with Steevens.

41. *affections*, feelings, passions. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 9:

'That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires.'

And Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 20:

'I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason.'

42. *Doth make*. So the folios. Hanmer changed it to 'Do make.' But the nominative is the idea involved in the preceding clause, as if it had been 'the wrestling of great affections.' See ii. 1. 249, 253, and Abbott, § 337.

44. *compulsion*, the circumstances which have forced him into his present position.

Ib. and a brave respect, a gallant regard for his country, notwithstanding that he had joined the army of a foreign invader. For 'respect,' see iv. 2. 214.

46. *progress*, go as in a march or progress. Shakespeare only uses the verb in this passage.

50. *blown up*. See v. 1. 17, and 3 Henry VI, ii. 5. 86:

'See, see what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart.'

Malone compares Lucrece, 1788:

'This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide.'

51. *amazed.* See iv. 2. 137. In the present passage the word has more of its ordinary meaning of 'astonished.'

59. *Full of warm blood.* This is Heath's conjecture, which we adopted in the Cambridge Shakespeare. The folios have 'Full warm of blood.'

64. *an angel spake.* Lewis, seeing the legate approach as he was speaking, regards his coming as a confirmation of his words, which now seem to him to have been uttered by a kind of divine inspiration. Of course there is the inevitable play upon the word 'angel' which is suggested by 'nobles' just before; and it must be remembered that an angel was the fee for a lawyer's opinion, from which perhaps 'there spake an angel,' which occurs in the play of Sir Thomas More, p. 6, as a proverbial expression of approval, may have had its origin.

73. *wind up.* See v. 5. 7.

75. *foster'd up at hand,* reared by hand, domesticated, tamed.

78. *shall pardon me,* will certainly have to pardon me, must pardon me. Compare Lear, v. 3. 22:

'He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes.'

And The Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 149: 'Your grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick.' Again, As You Like It, v. 1. 13: 'We that have good wits have much to answer for; for we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.'

Ib. I will not back, that is, go back. For the omission of the verb of motion in such cases, see below, line 95, and Julius Cæsar, i. 1. 74:

'I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets.'

And Abbott, § 405.

79. *propertied,* treated as a property, or instrument for a particular purpose, to be thrown aside as soon as used, like a thing with no will of its own. The word is derived from the technical sense of the word 'property' as used in the theatre. See A Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 2. 108, and the note on that passage in the Clarendon Press edition. Compare Twelfth Night, iv. 2. 99: 'They have here propertied me.'

80. *a secondary,* a subordinate. See Measure for Measure, i. 1. 47:

'Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary.'

Ib. at control, under control. See Comedy of Errors, ii. 1. 19:

'The beasts, the fishes and the winged fowls
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls.'

83. *wars* and 'war' are used interchangeably by Shakespeare. We find 'at war' in Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 46, and 'at wars' in 2 Henry IV, iii. 1. 60; 'go to war' in Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 145, 'go to wars' in Much Ado, i. 1. 307; 'make war' in Macbeth, ii. 4. 18, and 'make wars' in Coriolanus, i. 4. 40.

84. *chastised.* See ii. 1. 117.

85. *matter*, fuel. See Venus and Adonis, 1162:

'As dry combustious matter is to fire.'

89. *interest to*, right in or claim to. Compare 1 Henry IV, iii. 2. 98:

'He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou the shadow of succession.'

97. *what penny* (of expense) *hath Rome borne?* Compare The Taming of the Shrew, i. 2. 216:

'I promised we would be contributors
And bear his charge of wooing whatsoe'er.'

And see l. 100 below.

98. *munition*, equipment for war. So in 1 Henry VI, i. 1. 168:

'I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition.'

101. *liable*, ready to recognise my claim. See ii. 1. 490, iv. 2. 226.

104. *as I have bank'd their towns*, that is, have sailed along the rivers on the banks of which stood their towns. The word is formed on the analogy of 'coasted.' In the old play we find,

'And from the hollow holes of Thamesis
Eccho apace replide Viue la Roy.
From thence, along the wanton rowling glade
To Troynouant your fayre Metropolis.'

107. *set* is a term at cards as well as at tennis. See Titus Andronicus, v. 1. 100:

'As sure a card as ever won the set.'

And compare Henry V, i. 2. 262:

'We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set.'

113. *drew.* See iv. 2. 118.

Ib. head, an armed gathering. See 1 Henry IV, iv. 4. 25:

'And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.'

115. *to outlook*, to outstare, intimidate by looks. Compare v. 1. 49.

118. *fair-play.* Hyphened in the folios. See 'foul-play' iv. 2. 93.

121. *dealt for him*, acted on his behalf. For 'deal' in this sense, which is very common, see line 22, and Richard III, iv. 4. 292:

'Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes.'

123. *limited*, appointed. See Macbeth, ii. 3. 56:

'I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service.'

And Richard III, v. 3. 25:

'Limit each leader to his several charge.'

124. *wilful-opposite*, capriciously hostile. Hyphened by Theobald.

125. *temporize*, come to terms, compromise. So in Coriolanus, iv. 6. 17:

'All's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporized.'

129. *in me*, in my person as his representative. See i. 1. 3.

130. *reason*, it is reasonable. See 3 Henry VI, ii. 2. 93:

'And reason too:
Who should succeed the father but the son?'

And Coriolanus, iv. 5. 247:

'*First Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.
Third Serv. Reason: because they then less need one another.'

And compare Bacon, Essay xiv. p. 52 (ed. Wright): 'But it is Reason, the Memory of their vertues, remaine to their Posterity.'

132. *harness'd*, armed. So in Exodus xiii. 18: 'The children of Israel went up harnessed out of the land of Egypt.'

Ib. unadvised. See ii. 1. 45, 191.

133. *unhair'd*, beardless. Theobald's reading. Compare v. 1. 69. The first folio has 'vn-heard,' the others 'unheard,' and Dr. Schmidt in his Shakespeare Lexicon prefers this, understanding by it 'unheard of.' But Theobald's emendation is justified by the passages which he quoted from Macbeth, v. 2. 10:

'And many unrough youths that even now
Protest their first of manhood.'

And Venus and Adonis, 487:

'Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd.'

'Hair' is spelt 'heare' in Spenser, Faery Queen, ii. 9. § 13:

'Staring with hollow eies, and stiffe vpstanding heares.'

135. *those pigmy arms.* The folios have 'this,' which Rowe corrected. But see ii. 1. 249.

138. *take the hatch*, jump the hatch or half-door, without waiting to open it. See Lear, iii. 6. 76:

'Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.'

So in the present play, i. 1. 171, 'o'er the hatch' is used figuratively for an irregular mode of entering.

141. *pawns*, pledges. See Richard II, i. 1. 74:

'If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop.'

142. *To hug with*, to lie in close embrace with.

144. *your* was changed by Rowe to 'our'; but the Bastard is speaking of John's exploits in France.

Ib. your nation's crow. Dr. Nicholson (Notes and Queries, 3rd Series, xi. 251) thinks there is a reference here to the incident of the ominous flight of ravens, which was introduced into the play of Edward III, as striking terror into the French just before the battle of Poitiers. In Act iv, Scene 5, for instance, Philip the French king's son reports,

'A flight of ugly ravens
Do croak and hover o'er our soldiers' heads.'

Again, in iv. 6:

'The amazed French
Are quite distract with gazing on the crows.'

And Prince Edward says,

'What need we fight, and sweat, and keep a coil,
When railing crows out-scold our adversaries?'

146. *feebled*, enfeebled, weakened. So in Coriolanus, i. 1. 199:

'Making parties strong
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes.'

149. *aery*, eagle's brood; properly, a nest. Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) has, 'Aire: m. An ayrie, or nest of hawkes.' Compare Richard III, i. 3. 270:

'Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest.'

Ib. towers, rises in its flight in circles till it gets to a favourable height for swooping down upon and striking its prey. Compare Lucrece, 506:

'Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below.'

150. *to souse*, to swoop upon or strike, is also a term of falconry. So in Spenser, Faery Queen, i. 5. § 8, of the fight of a griffin and a dragon:

'With hideous horror both together smight,
And souce so sore, that they the heavens affray.'

151. *ingrate*, ungrateful. So 1 Henry IV, i. 3. 137:

'As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.'

Ib. revolts, rebels, deserters. See v. 4. 7, and Cymbeline, iv. 4. 6:

'This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts.'

152. *Neroes*. The hideous story of Nero's barbarity is told in Higden's Polychronicon (ed. Lumby), iv. 395.

157. *needles* is spelt 'Needl's' in the first folio, to indicate apparently

that it is to be pronounced as a monosyllable. Compare A Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 204:

'Have with our needles created both one flowèr.'

In both these passages Steevens substituted 'neelds,' a form in which the word also occurs.

159. *brave*, bravado, defiant speech. See Troilus and Cressida, iv. 4. 139:

'This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.'

160. *fare* is spelt 'Far' in the first folio, and was probably so pronounced.

162. *a brabbler*, a brawler or loud talker. It occurs only once more in Shakespeare as the name of a hound in Troilus and Cressida, v. 1. 99: 'He will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabbler the hound.'

164. *Strike up*, beat aloud. 'Up' is here used emphatically, as in 'stifle up,' iv. 3. 133. See Richard III, iv. 4. 179, and Coriolanus, iv. 5. 230: 'You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon.' Compare Psalm lxxxi. 3: 'Blow up the trumpet in the new moon.'

165. *interest*. See l. 89.

169. *even at hand*, just at hand, near at hand. Compare 'even before,' iii. 1. 233, 'even now,' v. 7. 12.

172. *the welkin*, the sky; from the Middle English *welkne* or *wolcne*, A. S. *wolcnu*, clouds. See A Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 356:

'The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as Acheron.'

174. *halting*, limping; and, in a metaphorical sense, dilatory.

177. *a bare-ribb'd death* or skeleton figure of death. Steevens compares Lucrece, 1761:

'Shows me a bare-boned death by time outworn.'

Scene III.

8. *Swinstead* is taken from the old play, and is an error for Swineshead, near Spalding, in Lincolnshire. But it is found also in Rastell's Chronicle and Stow's Annals (1580).

9. *supply* is a plural here, as in v. 5. 12.

13. *retire themselves*, retreat. 'Retire,' like 'endeavour,' 'remember,' and many other words, was once reflexive. See Coriolanus, i. 3. 30:

'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.'

16. *Set on*, march. See Richard II, iii. 3. 208:

'Set on towards London, cousin, is it so?'

Ib. litter, a couch for sick persons and ladies in travelling. It was either borne on men's shoulders or drawn by horses. See note on Lear,

iii. 6. 89. According to Holinshed (iii. 194) John 'was faine to b carried in a litter presentlie made of twigs, with a couch of straw vnder him, without any bed or pillow.'

Scene IV.

7. Melun is a character in the old play.

Ib. revolts. See v. 2. 151.

10. *bought and sold*, betrayed, cheated. So in Comedy of Errors, iii. 1. 72: 'It would make a man as mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.' And Troilus and Cressida, ii. 1. 51: 'Thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave.'

11. *Unthread the rude eye of rebellion.* To avoid the homely figure of threading a needle, to which the beginning of rebellion is compared, Theobald read 'Untread the rude way,' thus changing the expression without altering the sense. But Shakespeare uses 'thread' elsewhere with a distinct reference to the figure in the Gospels (Matt. xix. 24) in which the eye of a needle denotes a narrow and difficult passage: 'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.' Compare Richard II, v. 5. 17:

'It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.'

Hence Coriolanus, iii. 1. 124: 'They would not thread the gates'; that is, would not pass through them. Again, Lear, ii. 1. 121: 'Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed night,' where there is again an allusion to the needle's eye. Hence to unthread the rude eye of rebellion is to withdraw from the difficult and hazardous undertaking in which they were engaged.

14. *lords.* We should probably read 'lord,' and regard 'The French' as a singular. Otherwise in the next line 'He,' meaning the Dauphin, comes in rather abruptly. Compare Henry V, iv. 4. 80: 'The French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it.'

17. *moe* (Anglo-Saxon *má*) as an adjective frequently occurs for 'more.' See note on As You Like It, iii. 2. 243 (Clarendon Press ed.).

21. *May* is used for 'Can,' as in The Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 7: 'May you stead me?' for 'Can you assist me?' And in the Prayer Book Version of Psalm cxxv. 1: 'As the mount Sion, which may not be removed'; where the Authorised Version has 'cannot.'

23. *a quantity*, a small portion, such as could be easily measured. So in The Taming of the Shrew, iv. 3. 112: 'Thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant.' And 2 Henry IV, v. 1. 70: 'If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow.'

24. *a form of wax.* It was the custom for those who professed witchcraft, when they wished to destroy an enemy, to make a waxen image of him and expose it to the fire. As the image melted, the person represented by it was believed to dwindle and die.

25. *Resolveth*, dissolveth, melteth. Elsewhere in Shakespeare it is used transitively. See Hamlet, i. 2. 130:

'O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!'

And Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 442:

'The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears.'

Ib. 'gainst the fire, exposed to the fire. See v. 7. 33, and Lucrece, 355:

'Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.'

And Much Ado, ii. 1. 187:

'For beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.'

29. *live hence*, that is, hereafter.

36. *expire*, perish, come to an end. So in Macbeth, iv. 3. 172:

'And good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps.'

37, 38. *fine.* There is of course a play upon the two meanings of this word, 'penalty' and 'end,' as in Hamlet, v. 1. 115: 'Is this the fine of his fines?' Compare Much Ado, i. 1. 247: 'And the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.'

37. *rated treachery*, treachery which has been assessed at its value.

42. *For that my grandsire was an Englishman.* This line is from the old play.

45. *rumour*, a confused din. See Julius Cæsar, ii. 4. 18:

'I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray.'

49. *beshrew my soul*, evil befall my soul. See v. 5. 14, and Twelfth Night, iv. 1. 62:

'Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.'

53. *bated*, abated, diminished. So in The Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 72:

'You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height.'

54. *rankness*, fulness to overflowing. 'Rank' is applied to a river in the sense of 'brimful' in Venus and Adonis, 71:

'Rain added to a river that is rank
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.'

55. *those bounds we have o'erlook'd.* Compare Hamlet, iv. 5. 99:

'The ocean, overpeering of his list.'

56. *run on.* This passage justifies the reading in ii. 1. 335.

60. *Right* has been suspected, and the following words have been proposed in its place; 'Pight' (Hanmer), 'Fight' (Capell), 'Bright' (Collier MS.), 'Fright' (Anon.), and 'Riot' (Brae). That 'Right' is a possible misprint for 'Riot' is certain from the fact that in the first edition of the Globe Shakespeare 'riotous' was misprinted 'righteous' in Richard III, ii. 1. 100. Schmidt in his Shakespeare Lexicon does not consider that any correction is necessary, and renders the passage, 'ich sehe recht die Todesqual in deinem Auge.'

Scene V.

2. *welkin.* See v. 2. 172.

3. *measure.* Pope read 'measur'd,' but there are instances of this change from the past to the present. See Winter's Tale, v. 2. 83: 'She lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing as if she would pin her to her heart.' See also note on The Tempest, i. 2. 148 (Clar. Press ed.).

4. *retire.* See ii. 1. 253.

7. *tattering,* flying in tatters. The folios have 'tott'ring': Pope read 'tatter'd.' Steevens has shewn that 'totter' was the old spelling of 'tatter,' as in Marlowe's Edward II [p. 199, ed. Dyce, 1862]:

'This tottered ensign of my ancestors.'

The present spelling however was quite as common in Shakespeare's time.

Ib. wound up. See v. 2. 73.

Ib. clearly, completely. See iii. 4. 122. Capell proposed 'chearly,' and Collier adopted 'closely' from his annotated folio. The Cambridge editors suggested 'cleanly,' but this does not give a different sense.

11. *fall'n off,* deserted, revolted. Compare iii. 1. 127, 320, and Cymbeline, iii. 7. 6:

'Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons.'

12. *supply.* See v. 3. 9, 11.

13. *Goodwin Sands.* This incident is from the old play.

14. *shrewd,* evil, bad. So in The Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 246:

'There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper.'

18. *stumbling,* the darkness being the cause of stumbling.

20. *keep good quarter,* guard carefully the posts assigned to you. Compare 1 Henry VI, ii. 1. 63:

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

Hence 'to keep fair quarter' in Comedy of Errors, ii. 1. 108:

'So he would keep fair quarter with his bed,'

is properly to observe his marriage vows.

Scene VI.

2–6. Mr. Watkiss Lloyd proposes to distribute the speeches thus:

'*Bast.* A friend.
Hub. What art thou?
Bast. Of the part of England.
Whither dost thou go?
Hub. What is that to thee?
Bast. Why may not I demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine? Hubert, I think.'

6. *perfect*, correct. See 2 Henry IV, iii. 1. 88:

'King Richard might create a perfect guess.'

11. *one way*, by one line of descent.

12. *Unkind remembrance!* Hubert reproaches his own want of memory, which together with the darkness prevented him from recognizing his friend.

Ib. eyeless night. Theobald's reading. The first folio has 'endles,' the others 'endlesse' or 'endless.' Schmidt in his Shakespeare Lexicon retains the reading of the folios and interprets it 'extremely dark.' If this were the meaning of 'endless' there would be no need for change otherwise it is a mere otiose epithet.

14. *breaking*, escaping. See 'broke out,' l. 24.

16. *sans*, without. See note on The Tempest, i. 2. 97 (Clarendon Press ed.), and compare As You Like It, ii. 7. 166:

'Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.'

22. *swoon* is spelt 'swound' in the first three folios.

23. *poison'd by a monk.* One of the accounts given by Holinshed is, 'that after he had lost his armie, he came to the abbeie of Swineshead in Lincolneshire, and there vnderstanding the cheapenesse and plentie of corne, shewed himselfe greatlie displeased therewith, as he that for the hatred which he bare to the English people, that had so traitorouslie reuolted from him vnto his adversarie Lewes, wished all miserie to light vpon them, and therevpon said in his anger, that he would cause all kind of graine to be at a farre higher price, yer many daies should passe. Wherevpon a monke that heard him speake such words, being mooued with zeale for the oppression of his countrie, gaue the king poison in a cup of ale, wherof he first tooke the assaie, to cause the king not to suspect the matter, and so they both died in manner at one time' (vol. iii. p. 192 [194]).

24. *broke out*, made my escape.

26. *the sudden time*, the emergency which has suddenly come upon us.

27. *at leisure*, if the news had come in a leisurely manner, and not in this hot haste.

28. *who did taste to him?* It was customary for royal personages, whose lives were supposed to be in danger from assassination, to have an officer whose duty it was to taste, or 'take the assay,' of each dish before it was offered to them, in order to avoid the risk of poison. In the old play the king says to the monk who offered him the poisoned cup in which he had put the entrails of a toad, 'Begin Monke, and report hereafter thou wast taster to a King.'

29. *resolved*, resolute, determined. See Richard III, i. 3. 340:

'How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates!'

30. *suddenly*, instantly, immediately. In the old play the monk falls dead after drinking the poisoned cup. See Hamlet, ii. 2. 215: 'I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.'

Ib. burst out. In Grafton's Chronicle we read (vol. i. p. 246, ed. 1809): 'The Monke anone after went to the Farmory [that is, infirmary], and there dyed, his guttes gushing out of his belly.'

31. *peradventure*, perhaps, by chance; from Fr. *par aventure*. So in As You Like It, i. 2. 54: 'Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's.'

32. *who*. So in Henry V, iv. 7. 154: 'Who servest thou under?' Abbott, § 274.

34. *brought*, that is, have brought.

40. *these flats*. 'Thus the countrie being wasted on each hand, the king hasted forward till he came to Wellestreme sands, where passing the washes he lost a great part of his armie, with horsses and carriages.' Holinshed, iii. 194.

44. *doubt*. See iv. 1. 19. *or ere*. See iv. 3. 20.

Scene VII.

Theobald marked the place of the scene.

2. *corruptibly*, so as to cause it to corrupt. Capell read 'corruptedly' and Rann conjectured 'corruptively,' but Shakespeare uses adjectives in *-ible* with an active meaning. For instance, 'defensible' in Henry V, iii. 3. 50, means 'capable of making defence':

'For we no longer are defensible.'

Compare 'plausibly' in Lucrece, 1854:

'The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.'

Ib. his pure brain, his brain otherwise clear and undisturbed. Compare Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 195:

'Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips.'

11. *rage*, rave. See Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 1. 7:

'Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling.'

12. *even now*, just now. See v. 3. 12.

16. *Leaves them invisible, and his siege*, &c. The subject of 'invisible' is 'Death' and not 'the outward parts.' Death, having destroyed the outworks of the body where the effect of his ravages could be seen, directs his attack upon the mind within where his operations are invisible to the eye. Commentators have not been satisfied with this reading and have made various changes. Pope read,

'Leaves them; invisible his siege, &c.'

Hanmer substituted 'insensible' and Steevens 'invincible,' which he defends in a note of unnecessary length, mainly because Malone was content with the reading of the folios.

17. *mind* is Rowe's correction. The folios have 'winde' or 'wind.'

Ib. the which. See i. 1. 68, and Abbott, § 270.

20. *Confound*, destroy. See iv. 2. 29, and Richard II, iii. 4. 60:

'Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself.'

21. *cygnet*. The folios have 'Symet,' which was corrected by Rowe in his second edition.

Ib. this pale faint swan. Shakespeare refers more than once to this fiction of the dying swan. See Lucrece, 1611:

'And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending.'

26. *that indigest* or confused chaos. This appears to be a reminiscence of Ovid's 'rudis indigestaque moles.'

27. Enter Attendants, &c. The first folio has, 'John brought in.'

29. *would not out*. Compare v. 2. 78.

33. *against*. See v. 4. 25.

37. *To thrust his icy fingers in my maw*. Steevens quotes from Decker's Gul's Hornbook (1609): 'The morning waxing cold thrust his frosty fingers into my bosome.' And from a pamphlet entitled The Great Frost, Cold Doings, &c. in London, 1608: 'The cold hand of winter is thrust into our bosoms.' Shakespeare was probably not the first to invent the phrase, and these examples are not necessarily imitations of the present passage. The old play has,

'Philip some drinke, oh for the frozen Alps,
To tumble on and coole this inward heate,
That rageth as the fornace seuenfold hote,
To burne the holy t[h]ree in Babylon.'

Ib. maw, stomach ; A. S. *maga*. It is generally used of animals. See Macbeth, iii. 4. 73 :

'Our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.'

And Comedy of Errors, i. 2. 66 :

'Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock.'

42. *cold comfort*. In Richard II, Gaunt's death-scene is full of this trifling with words.

Ib. strait, illiberal, niggardly. 'Close' is used in the same sense. Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) has, 'Chichement. Miserably, niggardly, hardly, couetously, with a strait, or a close hand.'

43. *ingrateful*, ungrateful. Shakespeare uses both forms. See Lear, ii. 4. 165 :

'All the stored vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top!'

See note on 'infortunate,' ii. 1. 178.

48. *unreprievable condemned*, condemned without hope of a reprieve.

50. *spleen*. See ii. 1. 448.

51. *cousin*. See iii. 1. 339.

Ib. to set mine eye, to close mine eye.

53. *the shrouds* or ropes, which form the standing rigging of a ship. Compare 3 Henry VI, v 4. 18, where the same nautical metaphor is found even in greater detail :

'The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings.'

55. *one poor string*. The old play has, 'Philip, my heart strings breake.'

Ib. to stay it by, like the stays which strengthen the mast.

58. *module*, mould or form. Compare All's Well, iv. 3. 114 : 'Come, bring forth this counterfeit module.'

Ib. confounded, ruined, destroyed. See above, l. 20.

59. *preparing hitherward*. For the omission of the verb of motion see above, l. 29.

60. *answer him*, oppose him, meet his attack. Compare 2 Henry IV, iv. 5. 197 :

'All these bold fears
Thou see'st with peril I have answered.'

61. *power*. See iv. 2. 110.

62. *upon advantage*, seizing a favourable opportunity. See ii. 1. 597.

65. *dead news*, news of death. Compare iv. 1. 52, and Twelfth Night, i. 1. 31 : 'A brother's dead love' ; that is, the love of a dead brother.

66. *but now*, just now. Compare The Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 35 :

'And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing.'

73. *still*, constantly. See iv. 1. 47, and Hamlet, ii. 2. 42:

'Thou still hast been the father of good news.'

75. *mended*. John's fortune had broken faith with him.

Ib. faiths. See iv. 2. 64.

79. *seek . . . sought*. Compare Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 2. 161:

'Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.'

82. *Cardinal Panduiph*. Shakespeare's authority is still the old play. It was Cardinal Gualo, or Guala Bicchieri, who really interfered between John and his French invaders.

88. *sinewed*. Here the folios have 'sinew'd.' See note on i. 1. 4.

89. *it is*. So Pope. The folios have ''tis.'

97. *princes*. Sidney Walker suspected that this word had crept in, by a printer's error, from 'prince' in the line before. But in line 115 'princes' is used of the revolted nobles, and if any change were made it would rather be that of 'prince' to 'king.'

98. *wait upon*, attend. In Richard III, i. 3. 323, the quartos have,

'Madam, we will attend your Grace';

while the folios read,

'We wait upon your grace.'

99. *At Worcester*, where his body was found in a stone coffin, 17 July, 1797. See Gentleman's Magazine, lxvii. 705.

100. *For so he will'd it*. According to Roger of Wendover, in answer to a question by the Abbot of Croxton, John replied, 'To God and St. Wulstan, I commend my body and soul.' St. Wulstan was Bishop of Worcester from 1062 to 1095–6.

Ib. Thither shall it then. See l. 29.

104. *bequeath*. See i. 1. 109, 149.

108. *you* is omitted in the folios. Rowe inserted it.

110. *let us pay the time but needful woe*, let us only indulge in such sorrow as is due to the occasion.

117, 118. Compare the old play,

'Let England liue but true within it selfe,
And all the world can neuer wrong her State.'

THE END.

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