

King John by Shakespeare

Falconbridge Players workshop September 2019

Based on the Back Room Shakespeare Project 2014 edit

ACT I

SCENE I. KING JOHN'S palace.

SD: Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, with CHATILLON

KING JOHN

Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

CHATILLON

Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France

T' th'borrow'd majesty of England here.

ELINOR

A strange beginning: 'borrow'd majesty!'

KING JOHN

Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

CHATILLON

Philip of France, in right and true behalf

Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,

Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim

To this fair island and the territories:

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword

Which sways usurpingly these several titles,

And put these same into young Arthur's hand,

Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

KING JOHN

What follows if we disallow of this?

CHATILLON

The proud control of fierce and bloody war.

KING JOHN

Here have we war for war and blood for blood:

So answer France.

CHATILLON

Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,

The farthest limit of my embassy.

KING 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.

An honourable conduct thou shalt have:

Farewell, Chatillon.

SD: Exit CHATILLON

ELINOR

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?

KING JOHN

Our strong possession and our right for us.

ELINOR

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 God and you and I shall hear.

SD: Enter SALISBURY

SALISBURY

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

KING JOHN

Let them approach.

SD: Enter ROBERT and the BASTARD

What men are you?

BASTARD

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 Coeur-de-lion knighted in the field.

KING JOHN

What art thou?

ROBERT

The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

KING JOHN

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

BASTARD

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.

ELINOR

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

BASTARD

I, madam? No, that is my brother's plea;
The which if he can prove, a' pops me out!
Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land!

KING JOHN

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

BASTARD

I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slandered me with bastardy.
But whe'er I be as true begot or no,
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!

KING JOHN

Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

ELINOR

He hath a trick of Coeur-de-lion's face;
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

KING 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?

BASTARD

Because he hath a half-face, like my father.
With half that face would he have all my land:

ROBERT

My gracious liege, when that my father lived,
Your brother did employ my father much,--

BASTARD

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

ROBERT

And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany.

Th' 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,
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me.

Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

KING 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?
 My mother's son did get your father's heir;
 Your father's heir must have your father's land.

ROBERT

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

BASTARD

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

ELINOR

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

BASTARD

Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
 And I had his, sir Robert's his, like him;
 My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin
 And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
 I would give it every foot to have this face;
 I would not be sir Nob in any case.

ELINOR

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.

BASTARD

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.

ELINOR

Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

KING JOHN

What is thy name?

BASTARD

Philip, my liege, so is my name begun-

KING JOHN

From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st:

Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great,
Arise sir Richard and Plantagenet.

BASTARD

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

ELINOR

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

BASTARD

Madam, by chance and now by truth; what though!

KING 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.

BASTARD

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

SD: Exeunt all but BASTARD

A foot of honor 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 honor doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective and too sociable
For your conversion.
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 from this inward motion I'll deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practice to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
Philip! Ha! Sparrow! There's toys abroad.

SD: Exit

ACT II

SCENE I. France. Before Angiers.

*Enter AUSTRIA on one side: on the other KING PHILIP; LOUIS, ARTHUR, and
CONSTANCE*

LOUIS

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;
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

ARTHUR

God shall forgive you Coeur-de-lion's death
 The rather that you give his offspring life,
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, Duke.

AUSTRIA

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

CONSTANCE

O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
 To make a more requital to your love!

AUSTRIA

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

KING PHILIP

Well then, to work: our cannon shall be bent
 Against the brows of this resisting town.
 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.

CONSTANCE

Stay for an answer to your embassy,
 Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
 My Lord Chatillon may from England bring,
 That right in peace which here we urge in war.

SD: Enter CHATILLON

KING PHILIP

A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish,
 Our messenger Chatillon is arrived!

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord.

CHATILLON

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,
 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
 With ladies faces and fierce dragons' spleens -
 They are at hand, to parley or to fight.

AUSTRIA

Let them be welcome then: we are prepared.

SD: Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the BASTARD

KING 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.

KING PHILIP

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 armor 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,
 and done a rape
 Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
 Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face;
 These eyes, these brows, were molded out of his:
 This little abstract doth contain that large
 Which died in Geoffrey,
 That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
 And this his son.
 How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,
 Which own the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

ELINOR

Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

CONSTANCE

Let me make answer; thy usurping son.

ELINOR

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

CONSTANCE

My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey
Than thou and John in manners.

ELINOR

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

CONSTANCE

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

AUSTRIA

Peace!

BASTARD

Hear the crier.

AUSTRIA

What the devil art thou?

BASTARD

One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone:
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!

BASTARD

It lies as sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass.

AUSTRIA

What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

KING PHILIP

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?

KING 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.

ELINOR

Come to thy grandam, child.

CONSTANCE

Do, child, give grandam kingdom, and it gran-
 Dam will give you a plum.

ARTHUR

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.

ELINOR

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

CONSTANCE

Now shame upon you; 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:
 Being but the second generation
 Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

KING JOHN

Bedlam, have done.

CONSTANCE

I have but this to say,
 And all for her; a plague upon her!

ELINOR

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

CONSTANCE

Ay, who doubts that? a will! a canker'd grandam's will!

KING PHILIP

Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate:
 These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak
 Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

SD: Enter HUBERT

HUBERT

Who is't that here hath warn'd us to the walls?

KING PHILIP

'Tis France, for England.

KING JOHN

England, for itself.

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects--

KING PHILIP

You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle--
 KING JOHN

For our advantage; therefore hear us first.
 These flags of France, that are advanced here
 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.
 But on the sight of us your lawful king,
 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. Now, kind citizens,
 Let us in, your King, whose labor'd spirits,
 Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
 Crave harbourage within your city walls.

KING PHILIP

When I have said, make answer to us both.
 In this right hand, 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.
 Now pay that duty which you truly owe
 To him that owns it, namely this young prince:
 And then our arms, shall all offence seal up;
 We will bear home that lusty blood again
 Which here we came to spout against your town.
 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;
 Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage
 And stalk in blood to our possession?

HUBERT

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

KING JOHN

Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

HUBERT

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.

KING 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,--

BASTARD

Bastards, and else.

KING JOHN

To verify our title with their lives.

KING PHILIP

As many and as well-born bloods as those,--

BASTARD

Some bastards too.

KING PHILIP

Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

HUBERT

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

KING JOHN

Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence,
shall fleet,

In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

KING PHILIP

Amen, amen! Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

BASTARD (*To AUSTRIA*)

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.

AUSTRIA

Peace! no more.

BASTARD

O tremble, for you hear the lion roar.

SD: Exeunt

Here after excursions, enter the Herald of France - CUT AND SUMMARIZE

KING 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;

With speed Salisbury go, bid her repair

To our solemnity: I trust we shall,

Yet in some measure satisfy her so.

SD: Exeunt all but the BASTARD

BASTARD

Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
 John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
 Hath willingly departed with a part,
 And France, whose armor 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 smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
 This sway of motion, this Commodity,
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
 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 honorable 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:
 Since kings break faith upon commodity,
 Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee.

SD: Exit

SCENE II. The French King's pavilion.

Enter CONSTANCE, and SALISBURY

CONSTANCE

Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
 False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!
 Shall Louis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
 It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard:
 It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so:
 Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
 I have a king's oath to the contrary.
 Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
 For I am sick and capable of fears,
 Oppress'd with wrongs and therefore full of fears;
 Now speak again; not all thy former tale,
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

SALISBURY

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

CONSTANCE

Louis marry Blanch! O son, 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.

SALISBURY

I do beseech you, madam, be content.

CONSTANCE

If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
 Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
 I would not care, I then would be content.
 But Fortune, O, She is corrupted, changed
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty.
 France is a bawd to Fortune and King John.
 That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John. -
 Now leave these woes alone which I alone
 Am bound to under-bear.

SALISBURY

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

CONSTANCE

Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee:
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

SD: Seats herself on the ground

ACT III

*Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILLIP, LOUIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, the BASTARD,
 AUSTRIA*

KING PHILIP

'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
 Ever in France shall be a holiday.

CONSTANCE

A wicked day, and not a holy day!
 What hath this day deserved? what hath it done?
 Nay, rather turn this day out of the week.
 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:

KING PHILIP

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?

CONSTANCE

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:
 O, you Heavens be husband to me now!
 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!

AUSTRIA

Lady Constance, peace!

CONSTANCE

War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war
 No! O Austria! 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.

AUSTRIA

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

BASTARD

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

AUSTRIA

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

BASTARD

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

KING JOHN

We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

SD: Enter PANDULPH

KING PHILIP

Here comes the holy legate of the Pope.

PANDULPH

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

KING JOHN

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 we do reign; so tell the Pope.

KING PHILIP

Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

KING JOHN

Though you and all the kings of Christendom
 Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
 Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
 Against the Pope and count his friends my foes.

PANDULPH

Then, by the lawful power that I have,
 Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate.
 And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
 And take away by any secret course
 Thy hateful life.

CONSTANCE

Amen!

PANDULPH

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.

ELINOR

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

AUSTRIA

King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.

BASTARD

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

AUSTRIA

Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs, Because--

BASTARD

Your breeches best may carry them.

KING JOHN

Philip, what say'st thou to the Cardinal?

LOUIS

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

BLANCH

That's the curse of Rome.

CONSTANCE

O Louis, 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.

KING JOHN

The king is moved.

CONSTANCE

O, be removed from him.

AUSTRIA

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

BASTARD

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

KING PHILIP

I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.
Good reverend Father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
Married in league, coupled and linked together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace now march a bloody host?
My reverend Father, let it not be so!

PANDULPH

All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
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.

KING PHILIP

I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

PANDULPH

O, let thy vow
First made to heav'n, first be to heav'n perform'd,
That is, to be the champion of our church!
It is religion that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion,
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
And better conquest never canst thou make
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions.
But if not, then know
The peril of our curses light on thee
So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off.

LOUIS

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?

O husband, hear me! ay, alack, how new

Is husband in my mouth! Ev'n 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.

CONSTANCE

O, upon my knee,

Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,

Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not their doom!

BLANCH

Now shall I see thy love: what motive may

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

LOUIS

I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,

When such profound respects do pull you on.

PANDULPH

I will denounce a curse upon his head.

KING PHILIP

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

CONSTANCE

O fair return of banish'd majesty!

ELINOR

O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

KING JOHN

France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

BLANCH

The sun's o'erblast 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 swirl asunder and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose.

LOUIS

Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

BLANCH

There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

SD: Exeunt

SCENE II. Battlefield near Angiers.

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

Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
And pours down mischief.
Austria's head lie there,
While Philip breathes.

KING JOHN

Hubert, keep this boy. Philip, make up:
[*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.

ARTHUR

O, this will make my mother die with grief!

KING JOHN

[*To the BASTARD*] Cousin, away for England! Haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:

BASTARD

Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver beck me to come on.

ELINOR

Farewell, gentle cousin.

KING JOHN

Coz, farewell.

SD: Exit the BASTARD

ELINOR

Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

SD: (Takes ARTHUR aside)

KING 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:
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better time.

HUBERT

I am much bounden to your majesty.

KING 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 from me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say, but let it go:
 If that thou couldst see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone;
 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 lov'st me well.

HUBERT

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

KING 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 whereso'er this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
 Thou art his keeper.

HUBERT

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

KING JOHN

Death.

HUBERT

My lord?

KING JOHN

A grave.

HUBERT

He shall not live.

KING JOHN

Enough.

Hubert, I love thee; Madam, fare you well.

ELINOR

My blessing go with thee!

KING JOHN

For England, I do go:

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
 With all true duty.

Exeunt

SCENE III. KING PHILIP'S tent.

Enter KING PHILIP, LOUIS, PANDULPH

KING PHILIP

So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,

A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

PANDULPH

Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

KING PHILIP

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,

LOUIS

Who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?

SD: Enter CONSTANCE

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;

KING PHILIP

I prithee, lady, go away with me.

CONSTANCE

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

KING PHILIP

Patience, good lady! Comfort, gentle Constance!

CONSTANCE

No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death; O amiable lovely death!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones
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!

KING PHILIP

O fair affliction, peace!

CONSTANCE

No, no, I will not, having breath to cry!

PANDULPH

Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

CONSTANCE

Thou art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey'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;
 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.

KING PHILIP

Bind up those tresses. O, bind up your hairs.

CONSTANCE

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!'
 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;
 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,
 And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
 When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
 I shall not know him.

PANDULPH

You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

CONSTANCE

He talks to me that never had a son.

KING PHILIP

You are as fond of grief as of your child.

CONSTANCE

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.

SD: Exit

KING PHILIP

I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

SD: Exit

LOUIS

There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
 Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale

PANDULPH

What have you lost by losing of this day?

LOUIS

All days of glory, joy and happiness.

PANDULPH

If you had won it, certainly you had.

'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?

LOUIS

As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

PANDULPH

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.

That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;

So be it, for it cannot be but so.

LOUIS

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

PANDULPH

You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,

May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

LOUIS

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

PANDULPH

How green you are and fresh in this old world!

John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;

This act so evilly born shall cool the hearts

Of all his people and freeze up their zeal;

Plainly denouncing vengeance on King John.

LOUIS

May be he will not touch young Arthur's life.

PANDULPH

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;

If but a dozen French, O good Dauphin,

Were there in arms, they would be as a call

To train ten thousand English to their side.
 Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful
 What may be wrought out of their discontent.

LOUIS

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

HUBERT

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 Executioner

I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

HUBERT

Fear you not: look to't.

SD: Executioners hide

Young lad, come forth.

SD: Enter ARTHUR

ARTHUR

Good morrow, Hubert.

HUBERT

Good morrow, little prince.

ARTHUR

You are sad.

HUBERT

Indeed, I have been merrier.

ARTHUR

Methinks nobody should be sad but I.

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 practices more harm to me:

He is afraid of me and I of him.

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?

No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

HUBERT

[Aside] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate

He will awake my mercy which lies dead:

ARTHUR

Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day:

HUBERT

[Aside] His words do take possession of my bosom.

Read here, young Arthur.

SD: He shows a paper

Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

ARTHUR

Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

HUBERT

Young boy, I must.

ARTHUR

And will you?

HUBERT

And I will.

ARTHUR

Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,

I knit my handkercher about your brows,

And with my hand at midnight held your head,

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.

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.

HUBERT

I have sworn to do it;

And with hot irons must I burn them out.

ARTHUR

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.

HUBERT

Come forth.

SD: He Stamps. Re-enter Executioner, with a cord, irons,

ARTHUR

O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

HUBERT

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

ARTHUR

Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?

For God's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

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.

HUBERT

Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

Executioner

I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

SD: Exeunt Executioner

ARTHUR

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
 Let him come back, that his compassion may
 Give life to yours.

HUBERT

Come, boy, prepare yourself.

ARTHUR

Is there no remedy?

HUBERT

None but to lose your eyes; Now, hold your tongue.

ARTHUR

Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
 Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
 Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
 So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes.
 Lo, by my truth, the instrument is cold
 And would not harm me.

HUBERT

I can heat it, boy.

ARTHUR

No, in good sooth: the fire is dead with grief.

HUBERT

But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

ARTHUR

An if you do, you will but make it blush
 And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:

HUBERT

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.

ARTHUR

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

HUBERT

Peace; no more. Adieu.

Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
 I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
 Much danger do I undergo for thee.

Exeunt

SCENE II. KING JOHN'S palace. - CUT

SCENE III. Before the castle.

Enter ARTHUR, on the walls

ARTHUR

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.

SD: Leaps down

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:
 Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!

SD: He Dies. Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY

SALISBURY

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

PEMBROKE

Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?

SALISBURY

The Count Meloone, a noble lord of France.

PEMBROKE

To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

SALISBURY

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

SD: Enter BASTARD

BASTARD

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

SALISBURY

We will not line his thin bestained cloak.

BASTARD

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

SALISBURY

Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

BASTARD

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

SALISBURY

This is the prison.

SD: (Seeing ARTHUR)

What is he lies here?

PEMBROKE

Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Leaves earth no single hole to hide this deed.

SALISBURY

Sir Richard, what think you? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

PEMBROKE

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 sins of time.

BASTARD

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

SALISBURY

If that it be the work of any hand!
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice and the purpose of the King!
I kneel before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
This holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

PEMBROKE

My soul religiously confirms thy words.

SD: Enter HUBERT

HUBERT

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

SALISBURY

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

HUBERT

I am no villain.

SALISBURY

SD: (Drawing his sword)

Must I rob the law?

BASTARD

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

SALISBURY

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

HUBERT

Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;

By God, I think my sword's as sharp as yours:

BASTARD

Keep the peace, I say.

SALISBURY

Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

BASTARD

If thou but frown on me, I'll strike thee dead.

Put up thy sword;

PEMBROKE

What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?

Second a villain and a murderer?

HUBERT

Lord Pembroke, I am none.

PEMBROKE

Who kill'd this prince?

HUBERT

'Tis not an hour since I left him well:

I honour'd him, and well I loved him too.

SALISBURY

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,

I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Away toward Bury, to the Dolphin there!

PEMBROKE

There tell the King he may inquire us out.

Sd: Exeunt Lords

BASTARD

I'll tell thee what;

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.

HUBERT

Upon my soul--

BASTARD

If thou didst but consent

To this most cruel act, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee.

HUBERT

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

BASTARD

Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.

SD: (HUBERT lifts ARTHUR)

How easy dost thou take all England up!
Now dogged war bristles his angry crest:
And happy he whose cloak and center can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child:

SD: (Exit HUBERT w/ARTHUR)

I'll to the King:

A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

SD: Exit

ACT V

SCENE I. KING JOHN'S palace. - CUT AND SUMMARIZE

SCENE II. LOUIS's camp at St. Edmundsbury. - CUT AND SUMMARIZE

Enter LOUIS, BASTARD, PANDULPH

BASTARD

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.

PANDULPH

The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

BASTARD

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 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;
 Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
 No! Know the gallant monarch is in arms
 And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,
 To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.

PANDULPH

Give me leave to speak.

BASTARD

No, I will speak.

LOUIS

We will attend to neither.

Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
 Plead for our interest and our being here.

BASTARD

Indeed your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
 And so shall you, being beaten: for at hand –
 Is warlike John, To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

LOUIS

Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

BASTARD

And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

SD: Exeunt

SCENE III. The battlefield.

Alarums. Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT

KING JOHN

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

HUBERT

Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

KING JOHN

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

SD: Enter a Messenger

Messenger

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

KING JOHN

Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Messenger

Be of good comfort; for the great supply
 That was expected by the Dolphin 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.

KING 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.

SD: Exeunt

SCENE IV. Elsewhere on the field. - CUT

SCENE V. The French camp.

Enter LOUIS and his train

LOUIS

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,
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

SD: Enter Messenger

Messenger

Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

LOUIS

Here. What news?

Messenger

The Count Meloone 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.

LOUIS

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?

Messenger

Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

LOUIS

Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night:
 To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

SD: Exeunt

SCENE VI. Near Swinstead Abbey.

Enter the BASTARD and HUBERT, severally

HUBERT

Who's there?

BASTARD

A friend.

HUBERT

Brave soldier, pardon me;

Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,

To find you out.

BASTARD

Brief, then; and what's the news?

HUBERT

O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,

Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible.

BASTARD

Show me the very wound of this ill news:

I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

HUBERT

The King, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:

I left him almost speechless; and broke out

To acquaint you with this evil.

BASTARD

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

HUBERT

A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,

Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the King -

BASTARD

Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

HUBERT

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.

BASTARD

Away before! Conduct me to the king;

SD: Exeunt

SCENE VII. The orchard in Swinestead Abbey.

Enter PRINCE HENRY, and SALISBURY

PRINCE HENRY

It is too late: the life of all his blood

Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure brain,

Doth by the idle comments that it makes,

Foretell the ending of mortality.

Death, having prey'd upon his outward parts,

Leaves them invisible, and his siege is now

Against the mind; 'Tis strange that death should sing.

That from the organ-pipe of frailty sings

His soul and body to their lasting rest.

SALISBURY

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.

SD: Enter PEMBROKE with KING JOHN, ill

KING JOHN

Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
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.

PRINCE HENRY

How fares your majesty?

KING 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 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.

PRINCE HENRY

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

KING JOHN

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

SD: Enter the BASTARD

BASTARD

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

KING JOHN

O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered.

BASTARD

The Dolphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heaven He knows how we shall answer him;
For in a night the best part of my power,
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

SD: KING JOHN dies

SALISBURY

You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.

PRINCE HENRY

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

BASTARD

Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
The Dolphin rages at our very heels.

SALISBURY

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 to our peace
With purpose presently to leave this war.

BASTARD

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

SALISBURY

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,
If you think meet, this afternoon we post
To consummate this business happily.

BASTARD

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

PRINCE HENRY

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

BASTARD

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.

SALISBURY

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

PRINCE HENRY

I have a kind soul that does give you thanks.

BASTARD

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.

Now that 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.

END OF PLAY