

15485  
41.5

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

Shakespeare - King John - 1858



13485.41.5

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

HARVARD COLLEGE  
LIBRARY



THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL  
CLASS OF 1882  
OF NEW YORK

∴  
1918



[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

13485-415

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY OF  
KING JOHN,

ARRANGED FOR REPRESENTATION AT  
THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE,  
WITH  
HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,  
BY  
CHARLES KEAN, F.S.A.,

AS PERFORMED ON  
MONDAY, OCTOBER 18TH, 1858.

---

SECOND EDITION.

---

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

---

London:

PRINTED BY JOHN K. CHAPMAN AND CO.,  
5, SHOE LANE, AND PETERBOROUGH COURT, FLEET STREET.

---

PRICE ONE SHILLING.  
TO BE HAD IN THE THEATRE.

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY OF  
**K I N G J O H N,**

ARRANGED FOR REPRESENTATION AT

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE,

WITH

HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY

CHARLES KEAN, F.S.A.,

AS PERFORMED ON

MONDAY, OCTOBER, 18TH, 1858.

---

SECOND EDITION.

---

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

---

London:

PRINTED BY JOHN K. CHAPMAN AND CO.,  
5, SHOE LANE, AND PETERBOROUGH COURT, FLEET STREET.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY  
FROM  
THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL  
1918

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

13485.41.5

---

JOHN K. CHAPMAN AND COMPANY, 5, SHOE LANE, AND  
PETERBOROUGH COURT, FLEET STREET.

---



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING JOHN.....	Mr. CHARLES KEAN.
PRINCE HENRY { ( <i>his Son, afterwards</i> <i>King Henry III</i> ) }	Miss CHAPMAN.
ARTHUR, { ( <i>Duke of Bretagne, Son of</i> <i>Geffrey, late Duke of Bretagne,</i> <i>the elder brother of King John</i> ) }	Miss ELLEN TERRY.
WILLIAM MARSHALL, ( <i>Earl of Pembroke</i> )	Mr. COLLETT.
GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, { ( <i>Earl of Essex,</i> <i>chief Justiciary</i> <i>of England</i> ) }	Mr. CORMACK.
WILLIAM LONGSWORD, ( <i>Earl of Salisbury</i> )	Mr. J. F. CATHCART.
ROBERT BIGOT, ( <i>Earl of Norfolk</i> ) .....	Mr. BRAZIER.
HUBERT DE BURGH, { ( <i>Chamberlain to</i> <i>the King</i> ) }	Mr. RYDER.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, { ( <i>Son of Sir</i> <i>Robert Faul-</i> <i>conbridge</i> ) }	Mr. H. SAKER.
PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, { ( <i>his Half-Bro-</i> <i>ther, Natural</i> <i>Son to King</i> <i>Richard the</i> <i>First</i> ) }	Mr. WALTER LACY.
JAMES GUBNEY, { ( <i>Servant to Lady</i> <i>Faulconbridge.</i> ) }	Mr. STOAKES.
PETER OF POMFRET, ( <i>a Prophet</i> ) .....	Mr. WHITTLE.
PHILIP, ( <i>King of France</i> ).....	Mr. TERRY.
LEWIS, ( <i>the Dauphin</i> ).....	Mr. G. EVERETT.
ARCH-DUKE OF AUSTRIA, .....	Mr. H. MELLON.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, ( <i>the Pope's Legate</i> )	Mr. GRAHAM.
MELUN, ( <i>a French Lord</i> ) .....	Mr. BARSBY.
CHAILLON, { ( <i>Ambassador from France</i> <i>to King John</i> ) }	Mr. RAYMOND.
CITIZEN OF ANGIERS, .....	Mr. F. COOKE.
ENGLISH HERALD, .....	Mr. ROLLESTON.
FRENCH HERALD.....	Mr. DALY.
ENGLISH KNIGHT .....	Mr. PAULO.
SHERIFF OF NORTHAMPTON, .....	Mr. MORRIS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ELINOR, { *(the Widow of King Henry II, and Mother of King John)* } Mrs. WINSTANLEY.  
CONSTANCE, (*Mother to Arthur*) ..... Mrs. CHARLES KEAN.  
BLANCH, { *(Daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile, & Nièce to King John)* } Miss KATE TERRY.  
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, { *(Mother to Philip and Robert Falconbridge.)* } Mrs. W. DALY.

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

---

**SCENE**—Sometimes in **ENGLAND** and sometimes in **FRANCE**.

---

THE SCENERY Painted by Mr. GRIEVE and Mr. TELBIN,  
Assisted by Mr. W. GORDON, Mr. F. LLOYDS,  
Mr. CUTHBERT, Mr. DAYES, &c.

THE MUSIC under the direction of Mr. J. L. HATTON.

THE DECORATIONS AND APPOINTMENTS by Mr. E. W. BRADWELL.

THE DRESSES by Mrs. and Miss HOGGINS.

THE MACHINERY by Mr. G. HODSDON.

PERRUQUIER, Mr. ASPLIN, of 13, New Bond Street.

---

☞ *For reference to Historical Authorities indicated by Letters, see end of each Act.*

## PREFACE.

---

SHAKESPEARE, with the inspiration of genius, has converted the histories of several of our English Kings into a series of grand dramatic poems, thereby impressing the imagination with living pictures of the Royal race, who in earlier days swayed the sceptre, and ruled the destinies of this island.

With a single exception, the canvas reflects portraits of the Plantagenet line, commencing with the crafty and remorseless John, and ending almost on the threshold of the author's own period, with the voluptuous and haughty Tudor, Henry the Eighth.

The political motives and public events of the times depicted, are chiefly supplied from the Chronicles of Holinshed; but while Shakespeare has drawn amply from these, his favourite pages, as authority for his living record of the crimes and errors, the weaknesses and misfortunes of Princes, it is to his own consummate knowledge of human nature that we are indebted for the thoughts which find utterance in the person of each individual character. Shakespeare has set history to the strains of poetic music. The sorrow-stricken Lady Constance would appear but as a faint shadow through the

vista of time, had not her name been immortalized by England's greatest bard in the eloquent language of grief.

A lone woman stands in the midst of chivalry, encircled by the din of battle, the emblem of despair and ruined majesty. Her bursts of agony as she cries aloud for "her boy, her joy, her life, her widow's comfort, and her sorrow's cure," combine the most soul-thrilling picture of maternal suffering ever adorned and enhanced by poetic imagery. The youthful Arthur is painted as a tender and innocent child—not as the leader of an army, and the affianced husband of a Princess;—that he may twine more closely round the heart, and win both sympathy and love. He is the centre from which every scene radiates; and in the spirit of retributive justice, the misfortunes of England appear as the consequent result of the wrongs inflicted by its unscrupulous monarch on his helpless nephew. The injured and unhappy boy becomes the source of every current of action throughout the play; and the lineaments of his faithless uncle are rendered palpable to the eye in all the hideousness of guilt. The character of John is presented with strict fidelity throughout, and is especially displayed when he pours forth his wicked design into the ear of Hubert, and afterwards when he upbraids his chosen tool for supposed obedience to his commands.

Though motives influential at the time when the

play was written doubtless prevented Shakespeare from alluding to the remarkable political event that renders the reign of John all important in the eyes of the constitutional historian, we cannot, at the present day, refrain from extending our vision beyond the limits of the scene, and reflecting upon the inscrutable ways of Providence.

This man of sin, this violator of every law, human and divine, becomes the instrument by which the liberty of England was founded. His very enormities furnish the occasion of that invaluable boon wrung from the Royal felon by his angry and excited Barons; and to the hand of a murderer is this country indebted for the signature which establishes the Great Charter of English Freedom.

There is little difficulty in collecting safe authority for the costume of King John's reign. Tapestry, illuminated manuscripts, and tombs, supply abundant evidence. The habits of many of the principal characters are copied from monumental effigies, care having been taken that those who out-lived King John, and were buried under the sovereignty of Henry the Third, are not clothed in emblazoned surcoats, such as appear on their respective tombs, since no instance of such ornament occurs before the year 1250.

Coeval ruins still in existence bear correct testimony of Norman architecture. The Room of State in the first act is copied from the Hall in Rochester

Castle. Each succeeding scene is arranged from specific remains of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

This play has been revived by me, with the view of adding another to the list of Shakespeare's historic dramas presented at this Theatre, under the belief that history, heightened by the charm of the most exquisite poetry, and combined with pictorial and correct embellishment, tends to promote the educational purposes for which the stage is so pre-eminently adapted; and also with a sincere desire that I may be so far useful in the sphere of action in which my lot has been cast, as to convey information to the general public through the medium of refined amusement.

CHARLES KEAN.

# KING JOHN.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—NORTHAMPTON. A ROOM OF STATE IN THE PALACE.

KING JOHN, *on his Throne*(A) QUEEN ELINOR,(B)  
PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY,(C) *and others. Banners  
of England, Normandy, and Aquitaine. CHATILLON and  
attendants enter.*

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

*Chat.* Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,  
In my behaviour,<sup>1</sup> to the majesty,  
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

*Eli.* A strange beginning:—borrow'd majesty!

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

*Chat.* 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;  
To Ireland, Poitiers, 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<sup>2</sup> of fierce and bloody war,  
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

<sup>1</sup> — *behaviour,*] *id est,* in the manner that I now do—in the words that I am going to use—the King of France speaks in the character which I here assume.

<sup>2</sup> *The proud control*] Constraint, compulsion.

*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 furthest limit of my embassy.

*K. John.* Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace;  
Be thou as lightning<sup>3</sup> in the eyes of France;  
For ere thou canst report, I will be there;  
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard: (D)  
So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,  
And sudden presage of your own decay.  
An honourable conduct let him have:—  
Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHATILLON, attendants, 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<sup>4</sup> of two kingdoms must  
With fearful, bloody issue, arbitrate.

*Enter the* SHERIFF OF NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, *who whispers*  
*to* ESSEX.

*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.

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

*K. John.* Let them approach. [*Exit* SHERIFF.]  
Our abbeys, and our priories, shall pay  
This expedition's charge.

<sup>3</sup> *Be thou as lightning*] Alluding to the swiftness of lightning preceding the thunder.

<sup>4</sup> — *manage*] *Id est*, management, conduct, administration.



*Re-enter* SHERIFF, *with* ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *and*  
PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE (E).

What men are you ?

*Phil.* 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 (F).

*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.

*Phil.* 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.<sup>5</sup>

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

*Phil.* 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 pounds 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 ?

*Phil.* I know not why, except to get the land.  
But once he slander'd me with bastardy :  
But wher<sup>6</sup> 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 ;—

<sup>5</sup> *Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.*] The resemblance between this sentiment and that of Telemachus, in the first book of the *Odyssey*, is apparent. Mr. Pope has observed that the like sentiment is found in Euripides, Menander, and Aristotle.

<sup>6</sup> *But wher*] Wher for whether.

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;<sup>7</sup>  
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?

*Rob.* My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,  
Your brother did employ my father much:  
And once despatch'd him in an embassy  
To Germany, there, with the emperor,  
To treat of high affairs touching that time:  
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.

Upon his death my father did bequeath  
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,<sup>8</sup>  
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;  
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.  
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?

*Eli.* Whether hadst thou rather be, a Faulconbridge,  
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;

<sup>7</sup> — a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;] *Id est*, peculiar air or cast of countenance.

<sup>8</sup> — on his death,] *Id est*, entertained it as his fixed opinion, when he was dying.

Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,  
 • Lord of thy presence,<sup>9</sup> and no land beside?

*Phil.* Madam, an if my brother had my shape,  
 And I had his, sir Robert his, like him;<sup>10</sup>  
 And if my legs were two such riding-rods;  
 My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,  
 And, to his shape,<sup>11</sup> 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<sup>12</sup> 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.

*Phil.* Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:  
 Your face hath got five hundred pounds a-year;  
 Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.  
 Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.<sup>13</sup>

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

*Phil.* Our country manners give our betters way.

*K. John.* What is thy name?

*Phil.* 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 arise more great;  
 Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet. (e)

*Phil.* Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand;  
 My father gave me honour, yours gave land:

<sup>9</sup> *Lord of thy presence,*] Lord of his presence apparently signifies great in his own person.

<sup>10</sup> — *I had his, sir Robert his, like him;*] The meaning is, if I had his shape—sir Robert's—as he has.

<sup>11</sup> — *to his shape,*] In addition to his shape—the shape he (Faulconbridge) has just been describing.

<sup>12</sup> — *sir Nob*] A contemptuous expression for sir Robert. Nob is now, and was in Shakespeare's time, a cant word for the head.

<sup>13</sup> — *unto the death.*] This expression (a Gallicism—*à la mort*) is common amongst our ancient writers.

Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,  
When I was got, sir Robert was away.

*Eli.* The very spirit of Plantagenet!

*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.

[*Trumpets. Exeunt all but PHILIP.*]

*Phil.* A foot of honour<sup>14</sup> better than I was;  
But many a foot of land the worse.

Well; now can I make any Joan a lady:  
Good den<sup>15</sup> sir Richard,—Gad-a-mercy, fellow;<sup>16</sup>  
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.<sup>17</sup>

But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?

What woman-post is this?

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?

*Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY.*

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?

*Phil.* My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?  
Colbrand the giant<sup>18</sup> 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.

*Phil.* James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

<sup>14</sup> *A foot of honour*] A step—*un pas*.

<sup>15</sup> *Good den,*] *i.e.*, good evening.

<sup>16</sup> — *Gad-a-mercy, fellow;*] Faulconbridge is now entertaining himself with ideas of greatness, suggested by his recent knight-hood. *Good den, sir Richard,* he supposes to be the salutation of a vassal—*Gad-a-mercy, fellow,* his own supercilious reply to it.—  
STEEVENS.

<sup>17</sup> 'Tis too respective, and too sociable.] *Respective* is respectful, formal.

<sup>18</sup> *Colbrand*] Colbrand was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan. The combat is described by Drayton in his *Poly-olbion*.

*Gur.* Good leave<sup>19</sup> good Philip.

*Phil.* Philip?—sparrow!<sup>20</sup>—James,  
There's toys abroad;<sup>21</sup> anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit* GURNEY.]

*Lady F.* Hast thou conspired with thy brother, too?  
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

*Phil.* Knight, knight, good mother.  
What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.  
I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;  
Legitimation, name, and all is gone.

*Lady F.* Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

*Phil.* As faithfully as I deny the devil.

*Lady F.* King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father:  
Heaven! lay not my transgression to my charge.

*Phil.* Now, by this light, were't to pass again,  
Madam, I would not wish a better father.  
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,  
Against whose fury and unmatched force  
The awless<sup>22</sup> lion could not wage the fight, (H)  
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!  
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.*]

<sup>19</sup> *Good leave,*] Means a ready assent.

<sup>20</sup> — *sparrow!*] A sparrow was called Philip, perhaps from his note. When James Gurney calls the new-made knight "*Philip,*" Sir Richard exclaims with contempt "*sparrow,*" and then puts James aside with "*anon I'll tell thee more.*"

<sup>21</sup> *There's toys abroad;*] *i.e.,* rumours—idle reports.

<sup>22</sup> — *awless*] The opposite of awful—not inspiring awe.

---

 HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT FIRST.
 

---

(A) *King John.*] King John, jestingly called Sans-Terre, or Lack-land, fifth and youngest son of King Henry the Second and Queen Eleanor his wife, was born at Oxford, upon Christmas Eve, in the year 1166. John was crowned at Westminster upon Ascension Day in June, 1199. He was taken ill at Swinestead Abbey, and died at the Castle of Newark in October, 1216, aged about 50 years, having reigned over 17 years. He was buried at Worcester, and a stone coffin, containing the body of King John, was discovered in the Cathedral Church of Worcester, July 17, 1797. It would appear that the body had been placed as represented by the marble effigy, habited in a long robe, which was presumed to have been of embroidered crimson damask and gold, the left hand holding a sword. It was this king who, in the ninth year of his reign, first gave by charter to the City of London the right of electing annually a mayor out of its own body; an office which was till now held for life. He gave the city also power to elect and remove its sheriffs at pleasure, and its common council-men annually.

London Bridge was finished in this reign; the former bridge having been of wood.

The *Great Charter* was signed by the king at a conference between him and the barons at Running-Mead, or Runnemeade, near Staines, on the 19th October, 1215.—*Vide Hume's History of England, and Sandford's Genealogical History of the Kings.*

(B) *Queen Elmor.*] Queen Eleanor of Aquitaine or Guyen, was married to King Henry the Second in the year 1151. She was eldest daughter and heir of William, fifth of that name, but ninth Duke of Aquitaine in succession, by Eleanor of Chastelheraut, his wife. She was the repudiated wife of Lewis the Seventh, called the younger, King of France; but separated from him by the authority of Pope Eugenius the Third, at a council held at Baugency, upon the river Loire, at which Lewis and Eleanor were, with joint consent, divorced, for consanguinity in the third or fourth degree. She was the prime cause of those bloody wars, which long after continued as hereditary betwixt England and France, and the fermenter of that unnatural discord betwixt her husband and his

sons. She so long over-lived King Henry, her husband, as to see three of her sons in possession of the crown, and two of them in their graves; and departed this world in the Castle of Mirabel, in Anjou, 26th June, in the year 1202, and was interred in the Monastery of Font-Evraud, where her figure in royal robes, with her crown on her head, carved in grey marble, is, at this day, to be seen, lying by her husband, King Henry.—*Sandford's History of the Kings.*

(c) *Earl of Salisbury.*] William, surnamed Longespee, or Longsword, so called from a long sword which he usually wore, was the natural son of King Henry the Second, by Rosamond Clifford, commonly called Fair Rosamond. King Richard the First, his half-brother, gave him the Earldom of Salisbury, with Ela, the daughter and heir of William Fitz-Patrick, Earl of that place. He died, it is supposed, by poison, A.D. 1226, and is buried on the south-side of the nave of Salisbury Cathedral.

(d) *The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.*] This is an anachronism, which is also to be found in *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*.

It is generally supposed that cannon were used for the first time in the field at the battle of Cressy in 1346. They were also used by the English at the siege of Calais, in 1347.

(e) *Philip Faulconbridge*] Holinshed says that "Richard the First had a natural son named Philip, who, in the year following, killed the Viscount de Limoges, to revenge the death of his father."

(f) *A soldier, by the honour-giving hand  
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.*]—St. Palaye, in his memoirs of chivalry, says,—“In warfare there was scarcely any important event which was not preceded or followed by a creation of knights. Knighthood was conferred on such occasions in a manner at once expeditious and military. The soldier presented his sword, either by the cross or the guard, to the prince or the general, from whom he was to receive the *acolade*—this was all the ceremonial.”

As a system, under the demonstration of chivalry, knighthood is to be dated from the eleventh century.

(g) *Arise, Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.*] It is a common opinion that Plantagenet was the surname of the Royal House of England from the time of King Henry the Second, but it is, as Camden observes in his remains, 1614, a popular mistake. Plantagenet was not a family name, but a nick-name, by which a grandson of Geoffrey, the first Earl of Anjou, was distinguished, from his wearing a *broom stalk* (*Planta genista*) in his bonnet. But this name was never borne either by the first Earl of Anjou, or by King Henry the Second, the son of that earl by the Empress Maude, he being always called *Henry Fitz-Empress*; his son, Richard Cœur-de-lion; and the prince who is exhibited in the play before us, John sans-terre, or lack-land.—*Malone.*

The House of Plantagenet includes a race of fourteen English kings, from Henry 2nd to Richard 3rd.

(B) *The awless lion could not wage the fight.*] Shakespeare here alludes to the old metrical romance of Richard Cœur-de-lion, wherein this once celebrated monarch is related to have acquired his distinguishing appellation by having plucked out a lion's heart, to whose fury he was exposed by the Duke of Austria, for having slain his son with a blow of his fist. From this ancient romance the story has crept into some of our old chronicles; but the original passage may be seen at large in the introduction to the third volume of *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*.—Percy.



ACT II.

SCENE I.—FRANCE. BEFORE THE WALLS OF ANGIERS.

*On one side, the ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA, (A) and Forces; on the other, PHILIP, King of France, (B) and Forces; LEWIS, (C) CONSTANCE, (D) ARTHUR, (E) and Attendants. Banners of France, Bretagne, Oriflamme, and Austria.*

*Lew.* Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.

Arthur, that great fore-runner 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<sup>1</sup> 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.* Heaven 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.

<sup>1</sup> *At our importance*] At our importunity.

Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,<sup>2</sup>  
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,  
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.<sup>3</sup>

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

*K. Phil.* 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,  
But we will make it subject to this boy.

*Const.* 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;  
And then we shall repent each drop of blood  
That hot-rash haste so indiscreetly shed. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

*K. Phil.* A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,  
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.

*Enter CHATILLON, and Attendants.*

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord.

*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<sup>4</sup> to this town,  
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.  
With him along is come the mother-queen,  
An Até,<sup>5</sup> stirring him to blood and strife;

<sup>2</sup> ——— *that pale, that white-fac'd shore,*] England is supposed to be called Albion, from the *white rocks* facing France.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *a more requital to your love.*] In Shakespeare's time *more* signified *greater*.

<sup>4</sup> *His marches are expedient*] Immediate—expeditious.

<sup>5</sup> *An Até,*] Até was the goddess of revenge.

With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain ;  
 With them a bastard of the king deceas'd :  
 And all the unsettled humours of the land,—  
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,  
 Than now the English bottoms have waft<sup>6</sup> o'er,  
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
 To do offence and scath<sup>7</sup> in Christendom.  
 The interruption of their churlish drums [March  
 Cuts off more circumstance : they are at hand  
 To parley, or to fight ; therefore, prepare.

*K. Phil.* How much unlook'd-for is this expedition !

*Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, FAULCONBRIDGE,  
 PEMBROKE, 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 !

*K. Phil.* Peace be to England ; if that war return  
 From France to England, there to live in peace !  
 Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face ;—  
 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his :  
 That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,  
 And this his son ; England was Geoffrey's right,  
 And this is Geoffrey's. In the name of Heaven,  
 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. Phil.* 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.

<sup>6</sup> — have waft o'er,] Waft for wafted.

<sup>7</sup> — scath] Destruction—harm.

*K. John.* Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

*K. Phil.* Excuse ; it is to beat usurping down.

*Eli.* Who is it thou dost call usurper, France ? (F)

*Const.* Let me make answer ;—thy usurping son.

*Aust.* Peace !

*Faul.* Hear the crier.<sup>8</sup>

*Aust.* What the devil art thou ?

*Faul.* One that will play the devil, sir, with you,

An 'a may catch your hide and you alone. (G)

You are the hare<sup>9</sup> 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.

*K. Phil.* Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

*Lew.* 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 grandame, child.

*Const.* Do, child, go to it' grandame, child ;

Give grandame kingdom, and it' grandame will

Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig :

There's a good grandame.

*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.* His grandame's wrongs, and not his mother's  
shames,

<sup>8</sup> *Hear the crier.*] Alluding to the usual proclamation for silence, made by criers in courts of justice, beginning *Oyez*, corruptly pronounced O-yes, Austria has just said—*peace*.—MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *You are the hare*] The proverb alluded to is "Mortus leoni et lepores insultant." *Erasmii Adag.*—MALONE.

Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,  
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;  
Ay, with these crystal beads heav'n shall be brib'd  
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.

*Eli.* 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 grandame's will!

*K. Phil.* Peace, lady, pause; or be more temperate.  
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 CITIZENS upon the Walls.*

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

*K. Phil.* 'Tis France for England.

*K. John.*

England for itself:

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects!

*K. Phil.* 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.  
All preparation for a bloody siege  
And merciless proceeding, by these French,  
Confront's your city's eyes, your winking gates.<sup>10</sup>  
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,  
Behold, the French, amaz'd, 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:

<sup>10</sup> ———your winking gates.] *Id est*, gates hastily closed from a  
apprehension of danger.

Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,  
And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits  
Forwearied<sup>11</sup> in this action of swift speed,  
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

*K. Phil.* When I have said, make answer to us both.  
Lo, in this 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;  
Being no further enemy to you  
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,  
In the relief of this oppressed child,  
Religiously provokes.  
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,  
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?  
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,  
And stalk in blood to our possession?

*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.

*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,—  
*Faul.* Bastards, and else.

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

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

*Faul.* Some bastards, too.

*K. Phil.* Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

*Cit.* Till you compound whose right is worthiest,

We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

*K. John.* Then Heaven 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!

<sup>11</sup> *Forwearied*] *Id est*, worn out.—Sax.

*K. Phil.* Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms  
 [*Flourish of Trumpets. Exeunt all but FAULCONBRIDGE and AUSTRIA.*]

*Faul.* St. George, that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since  
 Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,  
 Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,  
 At your den, sirrah, (*to AUSTRIA*) with your lioness,  
 I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,  
 And make a monster of you.

*Aust.* Peace; no more.

*Faul.* O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

[*Exeunt FAULCONBRIDGE and AUSTRIA.*]

*Alarums and Excursions. Enter a FRENCH HERALD, 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 scatter'd on the bleeding ground;  
 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 an ENGLISH HERALD, with Trumpets.*

*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!  
 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<sup>13</sup> come  
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,  
 Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:  
 Open your gates, and give the victors way.

<sup>13</sup> —like a jolly troop of huntsmen] It was, I think, one of the savage practices of the chase, for all to stain their hands in the blood of the deer, as a trophy.—JONSON.

*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:<sup>13</sup>  
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows  
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.

*Enter, at one side, KING JOHN, with his Power, ELENOR, BLANCHE, and FAULCONBRIDGE; at the other, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and Forces.*

*K. John.* France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away  
Say, shall the current of our right run on?

*K. Phil.* England, thou hast not sav'd 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.

*Faul.* Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,  
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!  
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?  
Cry, havoc, kings!<sup>14</sup> back to the stained field,  
You equal-potents,<sup>15</sup> 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. Phil.* Speak, citizens, for England: who's your king?

*Cit.* The King of England, when we know the king.

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

*K. John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,  
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

*Cit.* A greater power than we denies all this:

<sup>13</sup> ——— cannot be censured:] Cannot be estimated.

<sup>14</sup> Cry, havoc, kings!] That is, command slaughter to proceed.

<sup>15</sup> You equal-potents,]. Potents for potentates.



And, till it be undoubted, we do lock  
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates.

*Faul.* By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers<sup>16</sup> flout you,  
kings.

Your royal presences be rul'd by me ;  
Be friends a while, 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<sup>17</sup> have brawl'd down  
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.  
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 ?

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

*Faul.* O prudent discipline ! From north to south ;  
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth. [*Aside.*]  
I'll stir them to it :—Come, away, away !

*Cit.* Hear us great kings ;—vouchsafe a while to stay,  
And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd league ;

<sup>16</sup> — *these scroyles of Angiers*] *Scroyle* is a term of contempt—  
a wretch. Dr. Johnson conjectures that it may be derived from  
the French, *escrouelle*, meaning the king's evil.

<sup>17</sup> — *soul-fearing clamours*] *Id est*, soul-appalling.

Win you this city without stroke or wound ;  
Perséver not, but hear me, mighty kings.

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

*Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch, (H)  
Is near to England. Look upon the years  
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid ;  
O, two such silver currents, when they join,  
Do glorify the banks that bound them in ;  
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 ; fling them 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.

*Faul.* 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 ?  
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 unsur'd assurance to the crown.  
I see a yielding in the looks of France ;

Mark, how they whisper, ~~that still they seem to be at~~  
*Cit.* Why answer not the double majesties  
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town ?

*K. Phil.* 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 :

*K. Phil.* What sayst 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,  
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.<sup>18</sup>

[*Whispers with* BLANCH.

*Faul.* 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.

*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 shall 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,<sup>19</sup> Touraine, Maine,  
Poitiers, 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 pleas'd withal,  
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

*K. Phil.* It likes us well. Young princes, close your  
hands.

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 solemniz'd.  
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?  
Where is she and her son?—tell me, who knows.

<sup>18</sup> — *table of her eye.*] Table is picture, or rather, the board or canvas on which any object is painted. French, *tableau*.

<sup>19</sup> — *Volquessen.*] This is the ancient name for the country now called *the Vexin*. In Latin, *Pagus Velocassinus*. That part of it called the Norman Vexin, was in dispute between Philip and John.—*STEEVENS*.

*Lew.* She is sad and passionate<sup>20</sup> at your highness's tent.

*K. Phil.* Brother of England, how may we content  
This widow lady?

*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.  
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,  
To this unlook'd-for, unprepared pomp.

[*March.* *The gates are thrown open. Exeunt,  
into the city, all but FAULCONBRIDGE. The  
CITIZENS retire from the walls.*

*Faul.* Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!  
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,  
Hath willingly departed with a part:<sup>21</sup>  
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,  
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field  
As Heaven's own soldier, rounded in the ear<sup>22</sup>  
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;  
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,  
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids.  
This smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,<sup>23</sup>  
This bawd, this broker,<sup>24</sup> this all-changing word,  
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,  
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,  
From a resolv'd 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:

<sup>20</sup> ——— *sad and passionate*] Passionate here means given up to grief  
prey to mournful sensations.

<sup>21</sup> ——— *departed with a part:*] To part and to depart were formerly  
synonymous.

<sup>22</sup> ——— *rounded in the ear*] *Id est*, whispered in the ear. A  
phrase frequently used by Chaucer.

<sup>23</sup> ——— *commodity,*] *i. e.*, interest.

<sup>24</sup> ——— *this broker,*] *i. e.*, a pander, a go-between.

Not that I have no power to clutch my hand,<sup>25</sup>  
When his fair angels<sup>26</sup> would salute my palm ;  
But for my hand,<sup>27</sup> as unattempted yet,  
Like a poor beggar, railleth 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 !

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>25</sup> — to clutch my hand,] i. e., to clasp it close.

<sup>26</sup> — his fair angels] An angel was a gold coin, worth about ten shillings.

<sup>27</sup> But for my hand,] But for is because.

END OF ACT SECOND.

### HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT SECOND.

(A) *Archduke of Austria.*] The producing Austria on the scene is contrary to the truth of history, as that prince died in 1195, previous to the siege here recorded. Leopold, Duke of Austria, by whom Richard I. had been thrown into prison in 1193, died, in consequence of a fall from his horse, in 1195, some years before the commencement of the present play.

The original cause of the enmity between Richard the First and the Duke of Austria, was, according to Fabian, that Richard "took from a knight of the Duke of *Ostriche* the said Duke's banner, and in despite of the said duke, trade it under foot, and did unto it all the spite he might." Harding says, in his *Chronicle*, that the cause of quarrel was Richard's taking down the Duke of Austria's arms and banner, which he had set up above those of the King of France and the King of Jerusalem. The affront was given, when they lay before Acre in Palestine.

Other historians say, that the Duke suspected Richard to have been concerned in the assassination of his kinsman, the Marquis of Montferrat, who was stabbed in Tyre, soon after he had been elected King of Jerusalem; but this was a calumny, propagated by Richard's enemies, for political purposes.—*Malone*.

The story of King Richard returning from Palestine, through Austria, and being seized and confined in prison for fourteen months, by Leopold VII., the Duke introduced in this play, and his subsequent release, through Blondel, his minstrel, are too well known to be repeated. Vienna was fortified at this time by means of his ransom, 150,000 marks, paid for the king's liberty.

(B) *Philip, King of France.*] Philip the Second, surnamed Augustus, commenced to reign in 1180, and died in 1223.

(C) *Lewis.*] Lewis, afterwards Lewis VIII., surnamed the Lion. He was in his 36th year when his father, King Philip Augustus, died.

(D) *Constance.*] Constance, the daughter and heir of Conan, surnamed Le Petit, Earl of Britain. She married Geoffrey, the fourth son of King Henry the Second and Queen Eleanor, who was trodden to death under his horses feet at a tournament in Paris, August 17th, A.D. 1186. They had one son born after his father's death, on Easter Day 1186, named Arthur.

Constance, the widow of Geoffrey, was afterwards married to Ranulph Blandevile, Earl Palatine of Chester, from whom she

was divorced. She then married a third husband, Guy, Viscount of Thouars. The countess died in the year 1201.

(2) *Arthur.*] Arthur, Duke of Britain, and Earl of Richmond, the posthumous and only son of Earl Geoffrey, the elder brother of King John, and Constance his wife, born in 1186.

King Richard the First, his uncle, when he undertook his crusade to the Holy Land, declared this Arthur his heir, in case he should die without issue, as being the son of Duke John's elder brother; and also forced Tancred, King of Sicily, to promise his daughter to him in marriage, and to pay a good part of her portion down in ready money; so that, after King Richard's death, this Arthur was proclaimed King of England and Duke of Normandy; and being aided by Philip Augustus, King of France (who made him knight, A.D. 1199, and affianced him to his daughter, Mary, at Paris), he made war against King John, his father's younger brother, but, being taken prisoner at Mirabel, in Normandy, in the same year, he was carried to Rouen Castle, where, leaping from the wall thereof, with intent to escape, as some say, he was drowned in the ditch. But others relate that he was made away with by his said uncle John, in the year 1200, leaving not any issue.—*Sandford's History of the Kings.*

The circumstances which attended this deed of darkness were, no doubt, carefully concealed by the actors, and are variously related by historians; but the most probable account is as follows: the king, it is said, first proposed to William de la Bray, one of his servants, to dispatch Arthur; but William replied, that he was a gentleman, not a hangman; and he positively refused compliance. Another instrument of murder was found, and was dispatched with proper orders to Falaise; but Hubert de Bourg, chamberlain to the king, and constable of the castle, feigning that he himself would execute the king's mandate, sent back the assassin, spread the report that the young prince was dead, and publicly performed all the ceremonies of his interment; but finding that the Bretons vowed revenge for the murder, and that all the revolted barons persevered more obstinately in their rebellion, he thought it prudent to reveal the secret, and to inform the world that the Duke of Brittany was still alive, and in his custody. This discovery proved fatal to the young prince: John first removed him to the castle of Rouen; and coming in a boat, during the night-time, to that place, commanded Arthur to be brought forth to him. The young prince, aware of his danger, and now more subdued by the continuance of his misfortunes, and by the approach of death, threw himself on his knees before his uncle, and begged for mercy; but the barbarous tyrant, making no reply, stabbed him with his own hands; and fastening a stone to the dead body, threw it into the Seine.—*See "Hume's History of England."*

(2) *Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?*] "Surely," says Holinshed, "Queen Eleanor, the king's mother, was sore against

her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envy conceived against his mother, than upon any just occasion given in behalf of the child; for that she saw, if he were king, *how his mother Constance would look to bear the most rule within the realm of England*, till her son should come to a lawful age to govern of himself. So hard a thing it is to bring women to agree in one mind, their natures commonly being so contrary."

(g) *One that will play the devil, sir, with you, An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.*] The story is, that Austria, who killed King Richard Coeur-de-lion, wore, as the spoil of that prince, a lion's hide, which had belonged to him.

(n) *That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch.*] The lady Blanche was niece to King John, being the daughter of his sister Eleanor, who married Alphonso the Eighth, King of Castille. Blanche became the wife of Lewis the Eighth, King of France.



ACT III.

SCENE I.—THE FRENCH KING'S TENT.

*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;  
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;<sup>1</sup>  
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;  
A widow, (A) husbandless, subject to fears;  
A woman naturally born to fears.  
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<sup>2</sup> 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;  
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?

<sup>1</sup> — *capable of fears*;] i.e., I have a strong sensibility; I am tremblingly alive to apprehension.

<sup>2</sup> *Be these sad signs*] In allusion to the shaking of his head, the laying his hand upon his breast, &c.

France friend with England! what becomes of me?—  
Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight.

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

*Const.* If thou that bid'st me be content, wert grim,  
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless<sup>3</sup> stains,  
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,  
I would not care, I then would be content;  
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, chang'd, 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.  
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 stout.  
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 sorrow sit;  
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*She throws herself on the ground.*]

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

*K. Phil.* 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day  
Ever in France shall be kept festival:  
The yearly course that brings this day about  
Shall never see it but a holyday.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *sightless*] *Id est*, offensive to sight—unsightly.

*Const.* A wicked day, and not a holyday!— [Rising.  
 What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,  
 That it in golden letters should be set,  
 Among the high tides,<sup>4</sup> in the kalendar?  
 Nay, rather turn this day out of the week;<sup>5</sup>  
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury:  
 This day, all things begun come to ill end;  
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

*K. Phil.* 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 beguil'd me with a counterfeit,  
 Resembling majesty,<sup>6</sup> which, being touch'd,<sup>7</sup>  
 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 purjur'd 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 perjur'd 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! (B) thou dost shame

<sup>4</sup> — the high tides,] i.e., solemn seasons.

<sup>5</sup> — turn this day out of the week:] In allusion to Job iii, 8: "Let the day perish," &c., and v. 6: "Let it not be joined to the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months."

<sup>6</sup> — a counterfeit, resembling majesty,] i.e., a false coin. A counterfeit formerly signified also a portrait. A representation of the king being usually impressed on his coin, the word seems to be here used equivocally.

<sup>7</sup> — being touched,] *Id est*, having the touchstone applied to it.

That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;  
 Thou little valiant, great in villainy!  
 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 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,<sup>8</sup>  
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs. (c)

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

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

*Aust.* Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

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

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

*Trumpet sounds without. Enter PANDULPH (D), Knights  
 Templars, and Attendants, with Banners of the Church.*

*K. Phil.* 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 earthly name to interrogatories<sup>9</sup>  
 Can task the free breath<sup>10</sup> of a sacred king?  
 Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name  
 So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,

<sup>8</sup> — doff it for shame,] To doff is to do off, to put off.

<sup>9</sup> What earthly name to interrogatories] *Id est*, What earthly name, subjoined to interrogatories, &c.

<sup>10</sup> — free breath] *Breath for speech* is common with Shakspeare.

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 heaven, 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. Phil.* 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.<sup>11</sup>

*Pand.* Then, by the lawful power that I have,  
 Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate; (E)  
 And blessed shall he be that doth revolt  
 From his allegiance to an heretic;  
 And meretorious shall that hand be call'd,  
 That takes away by any secret course  
 Thy hateful life.<sup>12</sup>

*Const.* O, lawful let it be,

<sup>11</sup> — do me oppose,

*Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.*] This must have been, at the time when it was written, in our struggles with popery, a very captivating scene.

So many passages remain in which Shakspeare evidently takes his advantage of the facts then recent, and of the passions then in motion, that I cannot but suspect that time has obscured much of his art, and that many allusions yet remain undiscovered, which perhaps may be gradually retrieved by succeeding commentators.—*JONSON.*

<sup>12</sup> *Thy hateful life.*] This may allude to the bull published against Queen Elizabeth.

Win you this city without stroke or wound ;  
 Perséver not, but hear me, mighty kings.

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

*Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch, (H)  
 Is near to England. Look upon the years  
 Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid ;  
 O, two such silver currents, when they join,  
 Do glorify the banks that bound them in ;  
 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 ; fling them 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.

*Faul.* 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 ?  
 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 unsur'd assurance to the crown.  
 I see a yielding in the looks of France ;  
 Mark, how they whisper,

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

*K. Phil.* 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 :

*K. Phil.* What sayst thou, boy ? look in the lady's face.

A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,  
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

*K. Phil.* I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

*Pand.* So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;  
O, let thy vow

First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;  
That is, to be the champion of our church!

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!

*Faul.* 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?  
O husband, hear me! 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  
Fore-thought 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<sup>15</sup> your majesty doth seem so cold,  
When such profound respects do pull you on.

*Pand.* I will denounce a curse upon his head.

*K. Phil.* Thou shalt not need:—England, I'll fall from  
thee.

*Const.* O fair return of banish'd majesty!

*K. John.* France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.  
Cousin, go draw our puissance together.

[*Exit* FAULCONBRIDGE.]

<sup>15</sup> *I muse*] i.e., I wonder.

*Leu.* She is sad and passionate<sup>20</sup> at your highness's tent.,

*K. Phil.* Brother of England, how may we content  
This widow lady?

*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.  
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,  
To this unlook'd-for, unprepared pomp.

[*March.* *The gates are thrown open. Exeunt,  
into the city, all but FAULCONBRIDGE. The  
CITIZENS retire from the walls.*

*Faul.* Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!  
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,  
Hath willingly departed with a part:<sup>21</sup>  
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,  
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field  
As Heaven's own soldier, rounded in the ear<sup>22</sup>  
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;  
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,  
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids.  
This smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,<sup>23</sup>  
This bawd, this broker,<sup>24</sup> this all-changing word,  
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,  
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,  
From a resolv'd 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:

<sup>20</sup> ——— *sad and passionate*] Passionate here means given up to grief  
prey to mournful sensations.

<sup>21</sup> ——— *departed with a part:*] To part and to depart were formerly  
synonymous.

<sup>22</sup> ——— *rounded in the ear*] *Id est*, whispered in the ear. A  
phrase frequently used by Chaucer.

<sup>23</sup> ——— *commodity,*] *i. e.*, interest.

<sup>24</sup> ——— *this broker,*] *i. e.*, a pander, a go-between.



Not that I have no power to clutch my hand,<sup>25</sup>  
When his fair angels<sup>26</sup> would salute my palm ;  
But for my hand,<sup>27</sup> as unattempted yet,  
Like a poor beggar, railleth 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 !

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>25</sup> — to clutch my hand,] i. e., to clasp it close.

<sup>26</sup> — his fair angels] An angel was a gold coin, worth about ten shillings.

<sup>27</sup> But for my hand,] But for its beauty.

END OF ACT SECOND.

Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,<sup>19</sup>  
 To give me audience. If the midnight bell  
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
 Sound one unto 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 bak'd 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,<sup>20</sup>  
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;  
 Then, in despite of brooded,<sup>21</sup> 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.

*Hub.* So well, that what you bid me undertake,  
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,  
 By Heaven, I'd do't.

*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.

<sup>19</sup> — *full of gawds,*] *Id est,* showy ornaments.

<sup>20</sup> — *using conceit alone,*] *Conceit* here, as in many other places, signifies *conception*, thought.

<sup>21</sup> — *brooded, watchful day,*] Alluding to the *watchfulness* of fowls while they are sitting.

All animals while *brooded*, i.e., with a brood of young ones under their protection, are remarkably vigilant.

was divorced. She then married a third husband, Guy, Viscount of Thouars. The countess died in the year 1201.

(2) *Arthur.*] Arthur, Duke of Britain, and Earl of Richmond, the posthumous and only son of Earl Geoffrey, the elder brother of King John, and Constance his wife, born in 1186.

King Richard the First, his uncle, when he undertook his crusade to the Holy Land, declared this Arthur his heir, in case he should die without issue, as being the son of Duke John's elder brother; and also forced Tancred, King of Sicily, to promise his daughter to him in marriage, and to pay a good part of her portion down in ready money; so that, after King Richard's death, this Arthur was proclaimed King of England and Duke of Normandy; and being aided by Philip Augustus, King of France (who made him knight, A.D. 1199, and affianced him to his daughter, Mary, at Paris), he made war against King John, his father's younger brother, but, being taken prisoner at Mirabel, in Normandy, in the same year, he was carried to Rouen Castle, where, leaping from the wall thereof, with intent to escape, as some say, he was drowned in the ditch. But others relate that he was made away with by his said uncle John, in the year 1200, leaving not any issue.—*Sandford's History of the Kings.*

The circumstances which attended this deed of darkness were, no doubt, carefully concealed by the actors, and are variously related by historians; but the most probable account is as follows: the king, it is said, first proposed to William de la Bray, one of his servants, to dispatch Arthur; but William replied, that he was a gentleman, not a hangman; and he positively refused compliance. Another instrument of murder was found, and was dispatched with proper orders to Falaise; but Hubert de Bourg, chamberlain to the king, and constable of the castle, feigning that he himself would execute the king's mandate, sent back the assassin, spread the report that the young prince was dead, and publicly performed all the ceremonies of his interment; but finding that the Bretons vowed revenge for the murder, and that all the revolted barons persevered more obstinately in their rebellion, he thought it prudent to reveal the secret, and to inform the world that the Duke of Brittany was still alive, and in his custody. This discovery proved fatal to the young prince: John first removed him to the castle of Rouen; and coming in a boat, during the night-time, to that place, commanded Arthur to be brought forth to him. The young prince, aware of his danger, and now more subdued by the continuance of his misfortunes, and by the approach of death, threw himself on his knees before his uncle, and begged for mercy; but the barbarous tyrant, making no reply, stabbed him with his own hands; and fastening a stone to the dead body, threw it into the Seine.—*See "Hume's History of England."*

(3) *Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?*] "Surely," says Hotshred, "Queen Eleanor, the king's mother, was sore against

*Leu.* Look, who comes here ! a grave unto a soul ;  
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,  
In the vile prison of afflicted breath :<sup>25</sup>—

*Enter CONSTANCE.*

I prithee, lady, go away with me.

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

*K. Phil.* Patience, good lady ! comfort, gentle Con-  
stance !

*Const.* No, I defy<sup>26</sup> 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 détestable bones :  
Come, grin on me ; and I will think thou smil'st,  
And buss thee as thy wife ! Misery's love,<sup>27</sup>  
O, come to me !

*K. Phil.* 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 bear a lady's feeble voice,  
Which scorns a modern invocation.<sup>28</sup>

*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 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,

<sup>25</sup> — *the vile prison of afflicted breath :—*] i. e., the body, the prison in which the distressed soul is confined.

<sup>26</sup> — *I defy*] To defy anciently signified to refuse.

<sup>27</sup> — *Misery's love,*] Thou death, who art courted by misery to come to his relief—O, come to me !

<sup>28</sup> — *modern invocation.*] *Modern*, in a sense now obsolete, here means common, ordinary, trivial, and is frequently thus used by Shakespeare.

And thou shalt be canoniz'd, 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.

*K. Phil.* Bind up those tresses.

*Const.* To England, if you will.

*Pand.* Bind up your hairs.

*Const.* Oh, 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,<sup>29</sup>  
 There was not such a gracious creature born.<sup>30</sup>  
 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. Phil.* 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.—<sup>31</sup>

<sup>29</sup> — *suspire,*] *i. e., breathe.*

<sup>30</sup> — *gracious creature born.*] *Gracious is graceful—beautiful.*

<sup>31</sup> *I could give better comfort than you do.*] This is a sentiment which great sorrow always dictates. Whoever cannot help himself cast his eyes on others for assistance, and often mistakes their inability for coldness.—*JOHNSON.*

I will not keep this form upon my head,  
[Tearing off her head-dress.]

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 sorrow's cure!

*K. Phil.* 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;

*Pand.* 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.  
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 seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,  
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,  
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,  
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:  
That John may stand then Arthur needs must fall;  
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.  
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts  
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal.

*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.—  
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<sup>32</sup>  
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 topfull 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.]

<sup>32</sup> — *they would be as a call*] The imago is taken from the manner in which birds are sometimes caught; one being placed for the purpose of drawing others to the net by his note or call.—MALONE.

END OF ACT THIRD.

### HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT THIRD.

---

(A) *A widow.*] This was not the fact. Constance was at this time married to a third husband, Guido, brother to the Viscount of Thouars: she had been divorced from her second husband, Ranulph, Earl of Chester.

(B) *O Lymoges! O Austria!*] Shakespeare has ascribed the death of Richard I. to the duke of Austria. In the person of Austria, he has conjoined the two well-known enemies of Cœur-de-lion. Leopold, duke of Austria, threw him into prison, in a former expedition; [in 1193] but the castle of Chaluz, before which he fell [in 1199] belonged to Vidomar, viscount of Limoges; and the archer who pierced his shoulder with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gourdon.

Holinshed says on this occasion, "The same yere, Philip, bastard sonne to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castell and honor of Coinacke, killed the viscount of *Limoges*, in revenge of his father's death."

(C) — *hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.*] 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; and this they wore that they might be known for fools, and escape the resentment of those whom they provoked with their waggeries.

(D) *Enter Pandulph.*] The red Hat was not given to the Cardinals till the year 1243, by Pope Innocent IV.

(E) *Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate.*] The interdict of John by Rome for refusing to admit Stephen Langton to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, did not take place till five years after these events.

"The sentence of interdict was at that time the great instrument of vengeance and policy employed by the court of Rome; it was denounced against sovereigns for the lightest offences; and made the guilt of one person involve the ruin of millions, even in their spiritual and eternal welfare. The execution of it was calculated to strike the senses in the highest degree, and to operate with



irresistible force on the superstitious minds of the people. The nation was of a sudden deprived of all exterior exercise of its religion; the altars were despoiled of their ornaments; the crosses, the relics, the images, the statues of the saints, were laid on the ground; and, as if the air itself were profaned, and might pollute them by its contract, the priests carefully covered them up, even from their own approach and veneration. The use of bells entirely ceased in all the churches; the bells themselves were removed from the steeples, and laid on the ground with the other sacred utensils. Mass was celebrated with shut doors, and none but the priests were admitted to that holy institution. The laity partook of no religious rite, except baptism to new-born infants, and the communion to the dying; the dead were not interred in consecrated ground; they were thrown into ditches, or buried in common fields; and their obsequies were not attended with prayers or any hallowed ceremony. Marriage was celebrated in the churchyards; and that every action in life might bear the marks of this dreadful situation, the people were prohibited the use of meat as in Lent, or times of the highest penance; they were debarred from all pleasures and entertainments, and even to salute each other, or so much as to shave their beards, and give any decent attention to their person and apparel. Every circumstance carried symptoms of the deepest distress, and of the most immediate apprehension of divine vengeance and indignation."—*Hume's History of England.*

(F) *Some fiery devil hovers in the sky,  
And pours down mischief.*] There is a minute description of different devils or spirits, and their different functions, in *Pierce Penniless his Supplication*, 1592: With respect to the passage in question, take the following: "— the spirits of the *aire* will mixe themselves with thunder and lightning, and so *infect* the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainely great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants. The spirits of *fire* have their mansions under the regions of the moone.—*Henderson.*

(G) — *Austria's head, lie there;*] Holinshed says, "The same year also (the first of John) Philip, bastard son to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castle and honour of Coyneck, killed the Viscount of Lymoges, in revenge of his father's death, who was slain (as ye have heard) in besieging the castle of Chalus.—*Cheverell.*

(H) *My mother is assailed in our tent,  
And ta'en, I fear.*] The Queen-mother, whom King John had made Regent in Anjou, was in possession of the town of Mirabeau in that province. On the approach of the French army with Arthur at their head, she sent letters to King John to come to her relief, which he did immediately. As he advanced to the town he encountered the army that lay before it, routed them, and took Arthur prisoner. The Queen in the mean while remained in perfect security in the castle of Mirabeau.

Such is the best authenticated account. Other historians, however, say that Arthur took Elinor prisoner.—*Malone.*

(1) *On towards Calais, ho!*] King John, after he had taken Arthur prisoner, sent him to the town of Falaise, in Normandy, under the care of Hubert, his Chamberlain; from whence he was afterwards removed to *Rouen*, and delivered to the custody of Robert de Veypont. Here he was secretly put to death.—*Malone.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—NORTHAMPTON, (A) A ROOM IN THE CASTLE.

*Enter HUBERT and TWO ATTENDANTS.*

*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.

*1st Attend.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed

*Hub.* Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to 't—

[*Exeunt ATTENDANTS.*

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, nobody should be sad but I:  
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness.<sup>1</sup> By my christendom,<sup>2</sup>  
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:

<sup>1</sup> —wantonness.] *i.e.*, Idleness.

<sup>2</sup> *By my christendom,*] The word is used here for *baptism*—*by his christening.*

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.

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

*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.* His words do take possession of my bosom.—  
 Read here, young Arthur. (*Showing a paper.*) How now,  
 foolish rheum ? [Aside.

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 handkerchief 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 lain 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 pleas'd 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.* An if an angel should have come to me,  
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
I would not have believ'd him. No tongue but Hubert's—

*Hub.* Come forth. [Stamps.

*Re-enter ATTENDANTS, with Cords, 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 boist'rous 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 angrily:

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.

*1st Attend.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt ATTENDANTS.*

*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 boist'rous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

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

*Arth.* 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;  
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.* And if you do, you will but make it blush,  
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert.

*Hub.* I will not touch thine eyes  
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes.

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

*Hub.* Peace: no more.

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,<sup>3</sup>  
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A ROOM OF STATE IN THE PALACE.

*Enter KING JOHN, crowned; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY,  
BIGOT, and other Lords. The KING takes his State.*

*K. John.* Here once again we sit, once again crown'd, (B)  
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

*Pem.* This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,  
Was once superfluous;<sup>4</sup> you were crown'd before,

<sup>3</sup> —Go closely in with me.] i.e., secretly—privately.

<sup>4</sup> This once again,—  
Was once superfluous;] This one time more was one time  
more than enough.

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<sup>s</sup> that was rich before,  
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

*Big.* To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,  
We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness  
To overbear it.

*K. John.* Some reasons of this double coronation  
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;  
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),  
Both for myself and them, heartily request  
Th' enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint  
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent.  
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.

*K. John.* Let it be so; I do commit his youth

*Enter HUBERT.*

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

*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.

<sup>s</sup> *To guard a title*] To guard is to fringe lace—i.e., the defence against injury.

*Sal.* The colour of the king doth come and go  
Between his purpose and his conscience.

*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 deceas'd 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 : we'll go with thee ;  
This must not be thus borne : this will break out  
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exit LORDS.*]

*K. John.* They burn in indignation. I repent.  
There is no sure foundation set on blood ;  
No certain life achiev'd 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<sup>6</sup>—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 come, that they are all arriv'd.

*K. John.* O, where hath our intelligence been drunk ?  
Where hath it slept ? Where is my mother's care,

<sup>6</sup> *From France to England.*—] The king asks how all goes in France : the messenger catches the word goes, and answers that whatever is in France goes now into England.



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.

*K. John.* Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!  
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd  
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?  
How wildly then walks my estate in France!<sup>7</sup>  
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,  
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

*Mess.* Under the dauphin.

*Enter FAULCONBRIDGE and PETER of Pomfret. (c)*

*K. John.* Thou hast made me giddy  
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world  
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff  
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

*Faul.* 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 amaz'd.<sup>8</sup>  
Under the tide: but now I breathe again  
Aloft the flood; and can give audience  
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

*Faul.* 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,

<sup>7</sup> *How wildly then walks my estate in France!*] i.e., how ill my affairs go in France. The verb *to walk* is used with great license by old writers; it often means *to go, to move*.

<sup>8</sup> — *I was amaz'd*] i.e., stunned, confounded.

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,<sup>9</sup> and return,  
For I must use thee.—O, my gentle cousin,

[*Exit HUBERT with PETER.*]

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

*Faul.* 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, who, 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.

*Faul.* 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.

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

*K. John.* Go after him: for he, perhaps, shall need  
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;  
And be thou he. [*Exit MESSENGER.*]  
My mother dead!

*Re-enter HUBERT.*

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

<sup>9</sup> *Deliver him to safety,]* That is, give him into safe custody.

*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 embattled 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 mighty cause  
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

*Hub.* Had none, 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 advis'd 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  
Makes ill deeds done! Hadest not thou been by,  
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,

Quoted,<sup>10</sup> 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 villainy,  
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 brav'd,  
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 reign  
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.  
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.  
Young Arthur is alive :

<sup>10</sup> Quoted,] *i. e.*, observed—distinguished.

*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. [Exeunt.

## SCENE III.—BEFORE THE CASTLE.

*Enter ARTHUR on the Walls.*

*Arth.* The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:—(E)  
 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 disguis'd 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 Edmund's-Bury;  
 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 missive 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 e'er we meet.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>11</sup> — or e'er we meet.] i.e., before we meet. This phrase is frequently used by old writers.

*Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.*

*Faul.* Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!<sup>12</sup>  
The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

*Sal.* The king hath dispossess'd himself of us.  
We will not line his sin-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.

*Faul.* What'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

*Sal.* Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.<sup>13</sup>

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

*Pem.* Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

*Faul.* '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? This is the bloodiest shame,  
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,  
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,  
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

*Faul.* 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?—  
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;  
'The practice, and the purpose, of the king:—  
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,

<sup>12</sup> — distemper'd lords!] *i.e.*, ruffled, out of humour.

<sup>13</sup> — reason now.] To reason, in Shakespeare, is not so often to argue as to talk.

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 head,  
 By giving it the worship of revenge.<sup>14</sup>  
*Pem.* Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

*Enter HUBERT.*

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

*Sal.* Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

*Hub.* I am no villain.

*Sal.*

Must I rob the law ?

[*Drawing his sword.*

*Faul.* 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 ;<sup>15</sup>  
 Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget  
 Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

*Big.* Out, dunghill ! dar'st 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 ;<sup>16</sup>

Yet, I am none : Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,  
 Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

*Pem.* Cut him to pieces.

*Faul.*

Keep the peace, I say,

<sup>14</sup> —[*worship of revenge.*] *Worship* is the *dignity*—the *honour*.  
 We still say *worshipful* magistrates.

<sup>15</sup> —[*my true defence ;*] i.e., *honest* defence ; defence in a good  
*cause*.

<sup>16</sup> *Do not prove me so ;*] Do not make me a murderer, by com-  
 pelling me to kill you ; I am *hitherto* not a murderer.

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

*Faul.* 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 Philip ?  
Secend a villain and a murderer ?

*Hub.* Lord Bigot, I am none.

*Big.* Who killed this prince ?

*Hub.* 'Tis not an hour since I left him well :  
I honour'd him, I lov'd 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 villainy is not without such rheum.  
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor  
Th' 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.]

*Faul.* 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.

*Faul.* Ha ! I'll tell thee what ;  
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell  
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

*Hub.* Upon my soul,—

*Faul.* 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.

*Faul.* Go, bear him in thine arms.—  
I am amaz'd,<sup>17</sup> 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;  
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,  
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,  
As doth a raven on a sick fallen beast,  
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.<sup>18</sup>  
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture<sup>19</sup> 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.

<sup>17</sup> *I am amaz'd*] i.e., confounded.

<sup>18</sup> — *imminent decay of wrested pomp.*] *Wrested pomp*, is greatness obtained by violence.

<sup>19</sup> — *cincture*] Girdle, probably for *ceinture*.

END OF ACT FOURTH.

HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT FOURTH.

(A) *Northampton.*] This is a deviation from history, as Arthur was first confined at Falaise, and afterwards at Rouen, in Normandy, where he was put to death.

(B) — *once again crown'd,*] John's first coronation was at Westminster; his second was at Canterbury, in the year 1201; he was crowned a third time, at the same place, after the murder of his nephew, in April, 1202: probably with a view of confirming his title to the throne, his competitor no longer standing in his way.

(C) *Peter of Pomfret.*] There was in this season (1213, An. Reg. 15) an hermit whose name was Peter, dwelling about York, a man in great reputation with the common people, because that either inspired with some spirit of prophecy, as the people believed, or else having some notable skill in art magic, he was accustomed to tell what should follow after. \* \* \* This Peter, about the first of January last past, had told the king, that at the feast of the Ascension it should come to pass, that he should be cast out of his kingdom. And he offered himself to suffer death for it, if his words should not prove true. Hereupon being committed to prison within the castel of Corfe, when the day by him prefixed came, without any other notable damage unto King John, he was, by the king's commandment, drawn from the said castle unto the town of Warham, and there hanged together with his son. \* \* Some thought that he had much wrong to die, because the matter fell out even as he had prophesied; for the day before Ascension-day King John had resigned the superiority of his kingdom (as they took the matter) unto the pope, and had done to him homage, so that he was no absolute king indeed, as authors affirm. One cause, and that not the least which moved King John the sooner to agree with the pope, rose through the words of the said hermit, that did put such a fear of some great mishap in his heart, which should grow through the disloyalty of his people, that it made him yield the sooner.—*Vide Holinshed.*

(D) *My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night.*] About the month of December, there were seen in the province of York, five moons, one in the east, the second in the west, the third in the north, the fourth in the south, and the fifth, as it were, set in the midst of the other, having many stars about it, and went five or six times incompassing the other, as it were the space of one hour, and shortly after vanished away.—*Holinshed.*

(8) *The wall is high ; and yet will I leap down :*] In what manner Arthur was deprived of his life is not ascertained. Matthew Paris, relating the event, uses the word *evanuit* ; and, indeed, as King Philip afterwards publicly accused King John of putting his nephew to death, without either mentioning the manner of it, or his accomplices, we may conclude that it was conducted with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians, however, say, that John coming in a boat, during the night-time, to the castle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, ordered him to be brought forth, and having stabbed him while supplicating for mercy, the King fastened a stone to the dead body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some colour to a report, which he afterwards caused to be spread, that the prince attempting to escape out of a window of the tower of the castle, fell into the river, and was drowned.—*Malone.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH  
AT NORTHAMPTON.

KING JOHN, PANDULPH *with the Crown*, (A) *Grand Master, Knights Templars, Church Banners, and ATTENDANTS.*

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

*Pand.* Take again [*Giving JOHN the Crown.*  
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.

*Pand.* It was my breath that blew this tempest up,  
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;  
But, since you are a gentle convertite,<sup>1</sup>  
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.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *convertite,*] i. e. *convert.*

*Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.*

*Faul.* All Kent hath yielded ; nothing there holds out  
But Dover Castle : London hath receiv'd,  
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 ?

*Faul.* 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.

*Faul.* 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 blank distrust,  
Govern the motion of a kingly eye :  
Be stirring as the time ; meet fire with fire ;  
Threaten the threat'ner, 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 glisten 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 !—Courage ! and run  
To meet displeasure further 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 promis'd to dismiss the powers  
Led by the dauphin.

*Faul.* O inglorious league !  
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,  
Send fair-play offers, 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 colors 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.

*Faul.* Away then, with good courage; yet I know,  
 Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A PLAIN, NEAR ST. EDMUND'S-BURY.

*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<sup>2</sup> 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 unurg'd faith,  
 To your proceedings,—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.

*Lew.* A noble temper dost thou show in this;  
 Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,  
 Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep

<sup>2</sup> *Return the precedent*] i.e., the rough draught of the original treaty between the dauphin and the English lords.

Into the purse of rich prosperity  
 As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,  
 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:

*Enter PANDULPH, attended.*

*Pand.* Hail, noble prince of France!  
 The next is this,—King John hath reconcil'd  
 Himself to Rome;  
 Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,  
 And tame the savage spirit of wild war.

*Lew.* Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;  
 I am too high-born to be propertied,  
 To be a secondary at control,  
 To any sovereign state throughout the world.  
 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars  
 Between this chástis'd kingdom and myself.  
 You taught me how to know the face of right,  
 Acquainted me with interest to this land,<sup>3</sup>  
 Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;  
 And come you 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?  
 No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

*Enter FAULCONBRIDGE attended.*

*Faul.* 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;

<sup>3</sup> — with interest to this land,] This was the phraseology of Shakespeare's time.

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 temporise with my entreaties;  
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

*Faul.* By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,  
The youth says well:—Now hear our English king;  
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.  
He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should:  
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,  
From out the circle of his territories.  
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 aiery, towers<sup>4</sup>  
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—  
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,  
You bloody Neros, ripping up the womb  
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:

*Lew.* We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;  
We hold our time too precious to be spent  
With such a babbler.

*Pand.* Give me leave to speak.

*Faul.* 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.

*Faul.* 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 brac'd,  
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 has us'd rather for sport than need)  
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits

<sup>4</sup> — his aiery, towers] an aiery is the nest of an eagle.



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.

*Faul.* And thou shalt find it, dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A 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 Sir Richard<sup>s</sup> even now:  
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

*K. John.* Ah 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 SAME.

*Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and others.*

*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.

<sup>s</sup> — *Sir Richard*] Sir Richard Faulconbridge.

*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, (B) and led by SOLDIERS.*

*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;<sup>6</sup>  
Untread the road-way of rebellion,<sup>7</sup>  
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<sup>8</sup> to recompense the pains you take:  
By compassing your deaths. Thus hath he sworn,  
And I with him, and many more with me,  
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury;  
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?  
What in the world should make me now deceive?  
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.  
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

<sup>6</sup> — *bought and sold*;] a proverbial phrase, intimating treachery.

<sup>7</sup> *Untread the road-way of rebellion*,] *i.e.* return by the road you took when you rebelled against king John.—COLLIER.

<sup>8</sup> *He means*] The Frenchman; *i.e.*, Lewis means, &c.

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,  
Calmly run on in our 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 !

[*Exeunt, leading off* MELUN.]

SCENE V.—EXTERIOR OF SWINSTEAD ABBEY,  
(NIGHT).

*Enter* FAULCONBRIDGE *and* HUBERT *with a cross bow,*  
*meeting.*

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

*Faul.* A friend.—What art thou ?

*Hub.* Of the part of England.

*Faul.* Hubert, I think.

*Hub.* Thou hast a perfect thought :<sup>9</sup>

Who art thou ?

*Faul.* Who thou wilt : an 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.

*Faul.* Come, come ; sans compliment, what news abroad ?

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

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

<sup>9</sup> *Thou hast a perfect thought :*] *id est*, a well informed one.

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

*Paul.* 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; (α)  
I left him almost speechless, and broke out  
To acquaint you with this evil.

*Paul.* 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.

*Paul.* 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.

*Paul.* Withold 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 escap'd.  
Away, before! conduct me to the king;  
I doubt he will be dead, or e'er I come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—THE ORCHARD OF SWINSTEAD  
ABBAY, (NIGHT).

*Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BACC.*

*P. Hen.* It is too late; the life of all his blood  
Is touch'd corruptibly,<sup>10</sup> and his pure brain  
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

<sup>10</sup> — corruptibly,] i.e., corruptively. Such was the phraseology of Shakespeare's age.

SCENE VI.]

KING JOHN.

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.* 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 were born  
To set a form upon that indigest,<sup>11</sup>  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.<sup>12</sup>

*Re-enter BIGOT with ATTENDANTS, who bring in KING JOHN  
on a couch, and Monks with Torches.*

*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,

<sup>11</sup> — indigest,] *Id est*, disordered, indigested state of affairs.

<sup>12</sup> *To set a form upon that indigest,*  
*Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.]* A description of  
the chaos, almost in the very words of Ovid—

“*Quem dixere chaos, rudis indigesta que moles.*”  
With chaos hight, a huge rude heap,  
No sunne as yet with lightsome beames the shapeless world did  
view.—GOLDING'S TRANSLATION, 1587.

I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait,<sup>13</sup>  
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, confin'd to tyrannize  
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

*Enter FAULCONBRIDGE and HUBERT.*

*Faul.* 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 burnt ;  
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 see'st is but a clod,  
And module of confounded royalty.<sup>14</sup>

*Faul.* The Dauphin is preparing hitherward ;  
Where, heaven 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. (D) [The KING dies.]

*Hub.* 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.

*Faul.* 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.

<sup>13</sup> — you are so strait,] *Id est*, narrow, avaricious.

<sup>14</sup> — module of confounded royalty.] *Module* and *model* were, in Shakespeare's time, only different modes of spelling the same word. It is here used for a representation.

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

*Faul.* Thither shall it, then ;  
And happily may you, sweet prince, 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.

*Faul.* O, let us pay the time but needful woe,  
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.<sup>15</sup>—  
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.*]

<sup>15</sup> — *let us pay the time but needful woe,*  
*Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.*] Let us not waste  
the present time in superfluous sorrow, as we have already found  
sufficient cause for lamentation.

### HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT FIFTH.

---

(A) *Pandulph with the crown.*] In 1213 John did homage to Pandulph, as the Pope's legate, with all the submissive rights which the feudal law required of vassals before their liege-lord and superior. He came disarmed into the legate's presence, who was seated on a throne, he flung himself on his knees before him; he lifted up his joined hands, and put them within those of Pandulph; he swore fealty to the Pope; and he paid part of the tribute which he owed for his kingdom, as the patrimony of St. Peter.—*Hume.*

(B) *Enter Melun, wounded.*] "About the same time (1216, An. Reg. 18), or rather in the year last past, as some hold, it happened that the Viscount of Melune, a Frenchman, fell sick at London, and perceiving that death was at hand, he called unto him certain of the English barons, which remained in the city, upon safeguard thereof, and to them made this protestation: 'I lament,' saith he, 'your destruction and desolation at hand, because you are ignorant of the perils hanging over your heads. For this understand that Lewis, and with him sixteen earls and barons of France, have secretly sworn (if it shall fortune him to conquer this realm of England, and be crowned king) that he will kill, banish, and confine all those of the English nobility (which now do serve under him, and persecute their own king), as traitors and rebels, and furthermore will dispossess all their lineage of such inheritance as they now hold in England. And because,' saith he, 'you shall not have doubt hereof, I, which lie here at the point of death, do now affirm unto you, and take it on the peril of my soul, that I am one of those sixteen that have sworn to perform this thing. Wherefore I advise you to provide for your own safeties, and your realm's, which you now destroy, and keep this thing secret which I have uttered unto you.' After this speech was uttered he straightways died."—*Holinshead.*

(C) *The king, I fear, is poisoned by a monk.*] Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years after the death of King John, mentions this very improbable story. The tale is, that a monk, to revenge himself on the king for a saying at which he took offence, poisoned a cup of ale, and having brought it to his majesty, drank some of it himself, to induce the king to taste it, and soon afterwards expired. Thomas Wykes is the first, who relates it in his *Chronicle*, as a report. According to the best accounts, John died at Newark, of a fever.—*Malone.*



*Holinshed* thus describes the death of King John :—

“ There be which have written, that after he had lost his army, he came to the abbey of Swineshead, in Lincolnshire, and there understanding the cheapness and plenty of corn, shewed himself greatly displeas'd therewith ; as he that for the hatred which he bare to the English people, that had so traitorously revolted from him unto his adversary Lewis, wished all misery to light upon them, and thereupon said in his anger, that he would cause all kind of grain to be at a far higher price ere many days should pass. Whereupon a monk that heard him speak such words, being moved with zeal for the oppression of his country, gave the king poison in a cup of ale, whereof he first took the assay, to cause the king not to suspect the matter, and so they both died in manner at one time.”

(D) *Were in the washes, all unswarily,  
Devoured by the unexpected flood.*] This untoward accident happened to King John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire, he lost, by an inundation, all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia.

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

---

JOHN K. CHAPMAN AND CO., 5, SHOE LANE, AND PETERBOROUGH  
COURT, FLEET STREET.

---

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the date stamped below.

A fine of five cents is imposed for each day by retaining it beyond the stated time.

Please return promptly.

DUE FEB 10 1929

~~DUE JUL 22 1940~~

13485.41.5

Shakespeare's play of King John /

Widener Library

002663476



3 2044 086 741 170

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

