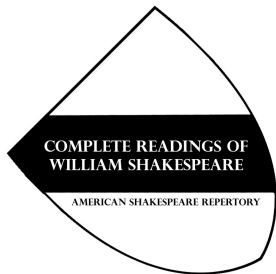


EDWARD III

EDITED AND CONFLATED BY JUSTIN ALEXANDER
THE COMPLETE READINGS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
READING 6 – JANUARY 27TH, 2010



CAST LIST

EDWARD III	LUCAS GERSTNER
COUNTESS	ELIZABETH GRULLON
PRINCE EDWARD	CONNOR BOHNE
KING JOHN	ANN CARROLL
PRINCE CHARLES	JORDON JOHNSON
LORRAINE	NEAL BECKMAN
SALISBURY	CODY SORENSEN
ARTOIS	ANN FRANCES GREGG
WARWICK	JUSTIN ALEXANDER
KING DAVID	CHRISTOPHER TIBBETTS
DOUGLAS	GABE HELLER
QUEEN PHILIPPA & GOBIN	KELLY BANCROFT
MOUNTFORD	COURTNEY GLENNY
COPLAND & MOUNTAGUE	SUSANNAH HANDLEY

[ACT I, SCENE 1]

Enter King Edward, Prince Edward, Artois, [and Warwick].

KING EDWARD Robert of Artois, banished though thou be
From France, thy native Country, yet with us
Thou shalt retain as great a seignory:
For we create thee Earl of Richmond here.
And now go forwards with our pedigree:
Who next succeeded Phillip le Beau?

ARTOIS Three sons of his, which all successfully
Did sit upon their father's regal throne:
Yet died and left no issue of their loins.

KING EDWARD But was my mother sister unto those?

ARTOIS She was, my Lord, and only Isabel
Was all the daughters that this Phillip had,
Whom afterward your father took to wife:
And from the fragrant garden of her womb,
Your gracious self, the flower of Europe's hope,
Derived is inheritor to France.
But note the rancor of rebellious minds:
When thus the lineage of Beau was out,
The French obscured your mother's privilege,
And, though she were the next of blood, proclaimed
John of the house of Valois now their king:
The reason was, they say the Realm of France,
Replete with Princes of great parentage,
Ought not admit a governor to rule,
Except he be descended of the male;
And that's the special ground of their contempt,
Wherewith they study to exclude your grace.

[**KING EDWARD**] But they shall find that forged ground of theirs

To be but dusty heaps of brittle sand.

ARTOIS Perhaps it will be thought a heinous thing,
That I, a French man, should discover this,
But heaven I call to record of my vows,
It is not hate nor any private wrong,
But love unto my country and the right,
Provokes my tongue, thus lavish in report.
You are the lineal watchman of our peace,
And John of Valois indirectly climbs;
What then should subjects but embrace their King?
Ah, wherein may our duty more be seen,
Than striving to rebate a tyrant's pride
And place the true shepherd of our commonwealth?

KING EDWARD This counsel, Artois, like to fruitful showers,
Hath added growth unto my dignity,
And by the fiery vigor of thy words,
Hot courage is engendered in my breast,
Which heretofore was raked in ignorance,
But now doth mount with golden wings of fame,
And will approve fair Isabel's descent,
Able to yoke their stubborn necks with steel,
That spurn against my sovereignty in France.

Sound a horn.

[Enter Lorraine.]

A messenger, Lord Artois, know from whence.

ARTOIS The Duke of Lorraine, having crossed the seas,
Entreats he may have conference with your highness.

KING EDWARD Admit him, Lords, that we may hear the news.
Say, Duke of Lorraine, wherefore art thou come?

LORRAINE The most renowned prince, King John of France,

Doth greet thee, Edward, and by me commands,
That for so much as by his liberal gift,
The Guienne dukedom is entailed to thee,
Thou do him lowly homage for the same.
And for that purpose here I summon thee,
Repair to France within these forty days,
That there according as the custom is,
Thou mayst be sworn true liegeman to our King;
Or else thy title in that province dies,
And he him self will repossess the place.

KING EDWARD See how occasion laughs me in the face.

No sooner minded to prepare for France,
But straight I am invited (nay, with threats
Upon a penalty enjoined) to come:
'Twere but a childish part to say him nay.
Lorraine, return this answer to thy Lord:
I mean to visit him as he requests.
But how? not servilely dispos'd to bend,
But like a conqueror to make him bow.
His lame unpolished shifts are come to light,
And truth hath pulled the vizard from his face,
That set a [gloss] upon his arrogance.
Dare he command a fealty in me?
Tell him, the Crown that he usurps, is mine,
And where he sets his foot, he ought to kneel.
'Tis not a petty Dukedom that I claim,
But all the whole Dominions of the Realm,
Which if with grudging he refuse to yield,
I'll take away those borrowed plumes of his,
And send him naked to the wilderness.

LORRAINE Then, Edward, here, in spite of all thy Lords,
I do pronounce defiance to thy face.

PRINCE EDWARD Defiance, Frenchman? We rebound it back,
Even to the bottom of thy master's throat.

And be it spoke with reverence of the King,
My gracious father, and these other Lords,
I hold thy message but as scurrilous,
And him that sent thee like the lazy drone,
Crept up by stealth unto the eagle's nest,
From whence we'll shake him with so rough a storm,
As others shall be warned by his harm.

WARWICK Bid him leave of the Lyons case he wears,
Lest meeting with the Lyon in the field,
He chance to tear him piecemeal for his pride.

ARTOIS The soundest counsel I can give his grace,
Is to surrender ere he be constrained.
A voluntary mischief hath less scorn,
Than when reproach with violence is borne.

LORRAINE Degenerate traitor, viper to the place
Where thou was fostered in thine infancy:
Bearest thou a part in this conspiracy?

He draws his sword.

KING EDWARD Lorraine, behold the sharpness of this steel:
Fervent desire that sits against my heart,
Is far more thorny pricking than this blade,
That with the nightingale I shall be scarred
As oft as I dispose myself to rest,
Until my colours be displayed in France:
This is my final Answer; so be gone.

LORRAINE It is not that, nor any English brave,
Afflicts me so, as doth his poisoned view,
That is most false, should most of all be true.

[Exit Lorraine.]

KING EDWARD Now, Lord, our fleeting bark is under sail:
Our gage is thrown, and war is soon begun,
But not so quickly brought unto an end.

Enter Mountague.

But wherefore comes Sir William Mountague?
How stands the league between the Scot and us?

MOUNTAGUE Cracked and dissevered, my renowned Lord:
The treacherous King no sooner was informed
Of your withdrawing of your army back:
But straight forgetting of his former oath,
He made invasion on the bordering Towns:
Barwick is won, Newcastle spoiled and lost,
And now the tyrant hath begirt with siege
The Castle of Rocksborough, where inclosed
The Countess Salisbury is like to perish.

KING EDWARD That is thy daughter, Warwick, is it not?
Whose husband hath in Brittain served so long
About the planting of Lord Mountford there?

WARWICK It is, my Lord.

KING EDWARD Ignoble David, hast thou none to grieve
But silly Ladies with thy threatening arms?
But I will make you shrink your snail horns.
First therefore, Artois, this shall be thy charge,
Go levy footmen for our wars in France;
And Ned take muster of our men at arms,
In every shire elect a several band.
Let them be Soldiers of a lusty spirit,
Such as dread nothing but dishonor's blot;
Be wary therefore since we do commence
A famous War, and with so mighty a nation.
[Mountague], be thou Ambassador for us

Unto our Father in Law, the Earl of Henalt:
Make him acquainted with our enterprise,
And likewise will him with our own allies
That are in Flanders, to solicit to
The Emperour of Almaine in our name.
Myself, whilst you are jointly thus employed,
Will with these forces that I have at hand,
March, and once more repulse the traitorous Scot.
But, Sirs, be resolute: we shall have wars
On every side; and, Ned, thou must begin
Now to forget thy study and thy books,
And ure thy shoulders to an armor's weight.

PRINCE EDWARD As cheerful sounding to my youthful spleen
This tumult is of war's increasing broils,
As at the coronation of a king,
The joyful clamours of the people are,
When *Ave, Caesar* they pronounce aloud.
Within this school of honor I shall learn
Either to sacrifice my foes to death,
Or in a rightful quarrel spend my breath.
Then cheerfully forward each a several way,
In great affairs tis nought to use delay.

Exeunt.

[ACT I, SCENE 2]

Enter the Countess.

COUNTESS Alas, how much in vain my poor eyes gaze
For succour that my sovereign should send.
Ah, cousin Mountague, I fear thou wants
The lively spirit sharply to solicit
With vehement suit the king in my behalf:
Thou dost not tell him, what a grief it is
To be the scornful captive of a Scot,
Either to be wooed with broad untuned oaths,
Or forced by rough insulting barbarism:
Thou dost not tell him, if he here prevail,
How much they will deride us in the North,
And, in their [wild], uncivil, skipping gigs,
Bray forth their conquest and our overthrow
Even in the barren, bleak, and fruitless air.

Enter KING DAVID, Douglas, [and] Lorraine.

I must withdraw, the everlasting foe
Comes to the wall. I'll closely step aside,
And list their babble blunt and full of pride.

KING DAVID My Lord of Lorraine, to our brother of France
Commend us, as the man in Christendom
That we most reverence and entirely love.
Touching your embassy, return and say,
That we with England will not enter parley,
Nor never make fair weather, or take truce,
But burn their neighbor towns and so persist
With eager rods beyond their city York.
And never shall our bonny riders rest,
Nor [rusting] canker have the time to eat
Their light borne snaffles nor their nimble [spurs],

Nor lay aside their jacks of gimmel mail,
Nor hang their staves of grained Scottish ash
In peaceful wise upon their city walls,
Nor from their buttoned tawny leathern belts
Dismiss their biting whinyards, till your King
Cry out 'Enough, spare England now for pity.'
Farewell, and tell him that you leave us here
Before this castle; say you came from us,
Even when we had that yielded to our hands.

LORRAINE I take my leave, and fairly will return
Your acceptable greeting to my king.

Exit Lorraine.

KING DAVID Now, Douglas, to our former task again,
For the division of this certain spoil.

DOUGLAS My liege, I crave the Lady, and no more.

KING DAVID Nay, soft ye, sir; first I must make my choice,
And first I do bespeak her for myself.

DOUGLAS Why then, my liege, let me enjoy her jewels.

KING DAVID Those are her own, still liable to her,
And who inherits her, hath those with all.

Enter a Scot in haste [Kelly as Messenger].

[KELLY] My liege, as we were pricking on the hills,
To fetch in booty, marching hitherward,
We might descry a mighty host of men.
The Sun reflecting on the armour showed
A field of plate, a wood of picks advanced:
Bethink your highness speedily herein,
An easy march within four hours will bring

The hindmost rank unto this place, my liege.

[Exit Messenger.]

KING DAVID Dislodge, dislodge, it is the king of England.

DOUGLAS Jemmy, my man, saddle my bonny black.

KING DAVID Meanst thou to fight? Douglas, we are too weak.

DOUGLAS I know it well my liege, and therefore fly.

COUNTESS My Lords of Scotland, will ye stay and drink?

KING DAVID She mocks at us, Douglas; I cannot endure it.

COUNTESS Say, good my Lord, which is he must have the Lady,
And which her jewels? I am sure, my Lords,
Ye will not hence, till you have shared the spoils.

KING DAVID She heard the messenger, and heard our talk.
And now that comfort makes her scorn at us.

[Re-Enter] Messenger.

[KELLY] Arm, my good Lord. O, we are all surprised!

[COUNTESS] After the French ambassador, my liege,
And tell him, that you dare not ride to York;
Excuse it that your bonny horse is lame.

KING DAVID [She] heard that too; intolerable grief.
Woman, farewell! Although I do not stay,
['Tis not for fear.]

Exeunt Scots.

COUNTESS And yet you run away.
O happy comfort, welcome to our house.
The confident and boisterous boasting Scot,
That swore before my walls they would not back
For all the armed power of this land,
With faceless fear that ever turns his back
Turned hence against the blasting North-east wind
Upon the bare report and name of Arms.

Enter Mountague.

O Summer's day, see where my Cousin comes:

[MOUNTAGUE] How fares my Aunt? We are not Scots,
Why do you shut your gates against your friends?

COUNTESS Well may I give a welcome, Cousin, to thee,
For thou come'st well to chase my foes from hence.

MOUNTAGUE The king himself is come in person hither;
Dear Aunt, descend, and gratulate his highness.

COUNTESS How may I entertain his Majesty,
To show my duty and his dignity?

[Exit Countess, above.]

Enter King Edward, Warwick, Artois, with others.

KING EDWARD What, are the stealing Foxes fled and gone
Before we could uncouple at their heels?

WARWICK They are, my liege, but with a cheerful cry
Hot hounds and hardy chase them at the heels.

Enter Countess.

KING EDWARD This is the Countess, Warwick, is it not?

WARWICK Even she, my liege; whose beauty tyrants fear,
As a May blossom with pernicious winds,
Hath sullied, withered, overcast, and done.

KING EDWARD Hath she been fairer, Warwick, than she is?

WARWICK My gracious King, fair is she not at all,
If that herself were by to stain her self,
As I have seen her when she was herself.

KING EDWARD What strange enchantment [lurked] in those her eyes,
When they excelled this excellence they have,
That now her dim decline hath power to draw
My subject eyes from piercing majesty,
To gaze on her with dotting admiration?

COUNTESS In duty lower than the ground I kneel,
And for my dull knees bow my feeling heart,
To witness my obedience to your highness,
With many millions of a subject's thanks
For this your Royal presence, whose approach
Hath driven war and danger from my gate.

KING EDWARD Lady, stand up; I come to bring thee peace,
However thereby I have purchased war.

COUNTESS No war to you, my liege, the Scots are gone,
And gallop home toward Scotland with their hate.

[KING EDWARD] Lest yielding here I pine in shameful love,
Come, we'll pursue the Scots. Artois, away.

COUNTESS A little while, my gracious sovereign, stay,
And let the power of a mighty king
Honor our roof: My husband in the wars,
When he shall hear it, will triumph for joy.

Then, dear my liege, now niggard not thy state.
Being at the wall, enter our homely gate.

KING EDWARD Pardon me, countess, I will come no near;
I dreamed tonight of treason and I fear.

COUNTESS Far from this place let ugly treason lie.

KING EDWARD No farther off, than her conspiring eye,
Which shoots infected poison in my heart
Beyond repulse of wit or cure of Art.
Now in the Sun alone it doth not lie
With light to take light from a mortal eye;
For here two day stars that mine eyes would see
More than the Sun steals mine own light from me:
Contemplative desire, desire to be
In contemplation that may master thee.
Warwick, Artois, to horse and let's away.

COUNTESS What might I speak to make my sovereign stay?

KING EDWARD What needs a tongue to such a speaking eye,
That more persuades than winning Oratory?

COUNTESS Let not thy presence like the April sun,
Flatter our earth and suddenly be done:
More happy do not make our outward wall
Than thou wilt grace our inner house withal.
Our house, my liege, is like a country swain,
Whose habit rude and manners blunt and plain
Presageth nought, yet inly beautified
With bounties, riches and faire hidden pride:
For where the golden ore doth buried lie,
The ground undecked with nature's tapestry,
Seems barren, sere, unfertile, fructless, dry;
And where the upper turf of earth doth boast
His pride, perfumes, and party-coloured cost,

Delve there, and find this issue and their pride
To spring from ordure and corruption's side:
But, to make up my all too long compare,
These ragged walls no testimony are
What is within, but like a cloak doth hide
From weather's [waste] the under garnished pride:
More gracious then my terms can let thee be,
Entreat thyself to stay awhile with me.

KING EDWARD As wise as fair: what fond fit can be heard
When wisdom keeps the gate as beauty's guard?
It shall attend, while I attend on thee:
Come on, my Lords, here will I host tonight.

Exeunt.

[ACT II, SCENE 1]

[Enter Artois.]

[ARTOIS] I might perceive his eye in her eye lost,
His ear to drink her sweet tongue's utterance,
And changing passion, like inconstant clouds
That rack upon the carriage of the winds,
Increase and die in his disturbed cheeks.
Lo when she blushed, even then did he look pale,
As if her cheeks by some enchanted power
Attracted had the cherry blood from his.
[Anon] with reverent fear, when she grew pale,
His cheeks put on their scarlet ornaments,
But no more like her oriental red
Than brick to coral, or live things to dead.
Why did he then thus counterfeit her looks?
If she did blush, 'twas tender modest shame,
Being in the sacred presence of a King.
If he did blush, 'twas red immodest shame,
To veil his eyes amiss, being a king.
If she looked pale, 'twas silly woman's fear,
To bear herself in presence of a king:
If he looked pale, it was with guilty fear,
To dote amiss, being a mighty king.
Then, Scottish wars, farewell; I fear twill prove
A lingering English siege of peevish love.
Here comes his highness, walking all alone.

Enter King Edward.

KING EDWARD She is grown more fairer far since I came hither,
Her voice more silver every word than other,
Her wit more fluent. What a strange discourse
Unfolded she of David and his Scots:
'Even thus', quoth she, 'he spake', and then spoke broad,

With epithets and accents of the Scot
(But somewhat better than the Scot could speak)
'And thus', quoth she, and answered then herself;
(For who could speak like her but she herself?)
Breathes from the wall an Angel's note from Heaven
Of sweet defiance to her barbarous foes.
When she would talk of peace methinks her tongue
Commanded war to prison; when of war,
It wakened Caesar from his Roman grave
To hear war beautified by her discourse.
Wisdom is foolishness but in her tongue,
Beauty a slander but in her fair face,
There is no summer but in her cheerful looks,
Nor frosty winter but in her disdain.
I cannot blame the Scots that did besiege her,
For she is all the Treasure of our land:
But call them cowards that they ran away,
Having so rich and fair a cause to stay.
Art thou there, [Artois]? Give me ink and paper.

[ARTOIS] I will, my liege.

KING EDWARD And bid the Lords hold on their play at Chess,
For we will walk and meditate alone.

[ARTOIS] I will, my sovereign.

[Exit Artois.]

KING EDWARD This fellow is well read in poetry,
And hath a lusty and persuasive spirit:
I will acquaint him with my passion,
Which he shall shadow with a veil of lawn,
Through which the Queen of beauty's Queen shall see
Herself the ground of my infirmity.

Enter Artois.

Hast thou pen, ink, and paper ready, Artois?

[ARTOIS] Ready, my liege.

KING EDWARD Then in the summer arbor sit by me,
Make it our counsel house or cabinet:
Since green our thoughts, green be the conventicle,
Where we will ease us by disburdening them:
Now, Artois, invoke some golden Muse,
To bring thee hither an enchanted pen,
That may for sighs set down true sighs indeed;
Talking of grief, to make thee ready groan;
And when thou writest of tears, enouch the word
Before and after with such sweet laments,
That it may raise drops in a Tartar's eye,
And make a flintheart Scythian pitiful,
For so much moving hath a Poet's pen:
Then, if thou be a Poet, move thou so,
And be enriched by thy [sovereign's] love:
For, if the touch of sweet concordant strings
Could force attendance in the ears of hell,
How much more shall the strains of poets' wit
Beguile and ravish soft and humane minds?

[ARTOIS] To whom, my Lord, shall I direct my style?

KING EDWARD To one that shames the fair and sots the wise;
Whose body is an abstract or a brief,
Contains each general virtue in the world.
Better than beautiful thou must begin,
Devise for fair a fairer word than fair,
And every ornament that thou wouldst praise,
Fly it a pitch above the soar of praise.
For flattery fear thou not to be convicted,
For were thy admiration ten times more,
Ten times ten thousand more [the] worth exceeds

Of that thou art to praise [thy] praises worth.
Begin; I will to contemplate the while.
Forget not to set down, how passionate,
How heartsick, and how full of languishment,
Her beauty makes me.

[ARTOIS] Write I to a woman?

KING EDWARD What beauty else could triumph over me,
Or who but women do our love lays greet?
What thinkst thou I did bid thee praise? A horse?

[ARTOIS] Of what condition or estate she is,
'Twere requisite that I should know, my Lord.

KING EDWARD Of such estate that hers is as a throne,
And my estate the footstool where she treads:
Then mayst thou judge what her condition is
By the proportion of her mightiness.
Write on while I peruse her in my thoughts.
Her voice to music or the nightingale?
To music every summer leaping swain
Compares his sunburnt lover when she speaks.
And why should I speak of the nightingale?
The nightingale sings of adulterate wrong,
And that compared is too satirical.
For sin, though sin, would not be so esteemed.
But rather virtue sin, sin virtue deemed.
Her hair far softer than the silk worm's twist,
Like to a flattering glass doth make more fair
The yellow amber like a flattering glass.
Comes in too soon: for writing of her eyes,
I'll say that like a glass they catch the sun,
And thence the hot reflection doth rebound
Against the breast, and burns my heart within.
Ah, what a world of descendant makes my soul
Upon this voluntary ground of love.

Come, [Artois], hast thou turned thy ink to gold?
If not, write but in letters capital
My mistress' name and it will gild thy paper.
Read, Lord, read.
Fill thou the empty hollows of mine ears
With the sweet hearing of thy poetry.

[ARTOIS] I have not to a period brought her praise.

KING EDWARD Her praise is as my love, both infinite,
Which apprehend such violent extremes,
That they disdain an ending period.
Her beauty hath no match but my affection;
Hers more than most, mine most and more than more:
Hers more to praise than tell the sea by drops,
Nay more than drop the massy earth by sands,
And [sand] by [sand] print them in memory:
Then wherefore talkest thou of a period
To that which craves unended admiration?
Read, let us hear.

[ARTOIS] 'More fair and chaste than is the queen of shades —'

KING EDWARD That [line] hath two faults, gross and palpable:
Comparest thou her to the pale queen of night,
Who being set in dark seems therefore light?
What is she, when the sun lifts up his head,
But like a fading taper, dim and dead?
My love shall brave the eye of heaven at noon,
And, being unmasked outshine the golden sun.

[ARTOIS] What is the other fault, my sovereign Lord?

KING EDWARD Read o'er the line again.

[ARTOIS] 'More fair and chaste —'

KING EDWARD I did not bid thee talk of chastity,
To ransack so the treasure of her mind,
For I had rather have her chased than chaste.
Out with the moon line, I will none of it,
And let me have her likened to the sun:
Say she hath thrice more splendour than the sun,
That her perfections emulate the sun,
That she breeds sweets as plenteous as the sun,
That she doth thaw cold winter like the sun,
That she doth cheer fresh summer like the sun,
The she doth dazzle gazers like the sun.
And in this application to the sun,
Bid her be free and general as the sun,
Who smiles upon the basest weed that grows
As lovingly as on the fragrant rose.
Let's see what follows that same moonlight line.

[ARTOIS] 'More fair and chaste than is the queen of shades,
More bold in constancy –

KING EDWARD In constancy? Than who?

[ARTOIS] ' – than Judith was.'

KING EDWARD O monstrous line, put in the next a sword,
And I shall woo her to cut [off] my head.
Blot, blot, good [Artois]. Let us hear the next.

[ARTOIS] There's all that yet is done.

KING EDWARD I thank thee then. Thou hast done little ill,
But what is done is passing, passing ill.
No, let the Captain talk of boisterous war,
The prisoner of emured dark constraint,
The sick man best sets down the pangs of death,
The man that starves the sweetness of a feast,
The frozen soul the benefit of fire,

And every grief his happy opposite:
Love cannot sound well but in lover's tongues.
Give me the pen and paper, I will write.

Enter Countess.

But soft, here comes the treasurer of my spirit.
Artois thou knowst not how to draw a battle,
These wings, these flankers, and these squadrons
Argue in thee defective discipline:
Thou shouldst have placed this here, this other here.

COUNTESS Pardon my boldness, my thrice gracious Lords,
Let my intrusion here be called my duty,
That comes to see my sovereign how he fares.

KING EDWARD Go draw the same I tell thee in what form.

[ARTOIS] I go.

[Exit Artois.]

COUNTESS Sorry I am to see my liege so sad.
What may thy subject do to drive from thee
Thy gloomy consort, [sullen] melancholy?

KING EDWARD Ah, Lady, I am blunt and cannot [strew]
The flowers of solace in a ground of shame.
Since I came hither, Countess, I am wronged.

COUNTESS Now God forbid that any in my house
Should think my sovereign wrong, thrice gentle King:
Acquaint me with your cause of discontent.

[KING EDWARD] How near then shall I be to remedy?

COUNTESS As near, my liege, as all my woman's power
Can pawn itself to buy thy remedy.

KING EDWARD If thou speakst true, then have I my redress.
Engage thy power to redeem my Joys,
And I am joyful, Countess; else I die.

COUNTESS I will, my Liege.

KING EDWARD Swear, Countess, that thou wilt.

COUNTESS By heaven, I will.

KING EDWARD Then take thyself a little way aside,
And tell thyself a King doth dote on thee;
Say that within thy power it doth lie
To make him happy, and that thou hast sworn
To give him all the joy within thy power.
Do this and tell me when I shall be happy.

COUNTESS All this is done my thrice dread sovereign.
That power of love that I have power to give,
Thou hast with all devout obedience,
Employ me how thou wilt in proof thereof.

KING EDWARD Thou hear'st me say that I do dote on thee?

COUNTESS If on my beauty, take it if thou canst;
Though little, I do prize it ten times less;
If on my virtue, take it if thou canst,
For virtue's store by giving doth augment,
Be it on what it will that I can give
And thou canst take away, inherit it.

KING EDWARD It is thy beauty that I would enjoy.

COUNTESS O were it painted I would wipe it off,
And dispossess myself to give it thee.
But sovereign it is soldered to my life:
Take one and both, for like a humble shadow,
It haunts the sunshine of my summer's life.

[**KING EDWARD**] But thou mayst leave it me to sport withal.

COUNTESS As easy may my intellectual soul
Be lent away and yet my body live,
As lend my body, palace to my soul,
Away from her and yet retain my soul.
My body is her bower, her Court, her abbey,
And she an Angel pure, divine, unspotted.
If I should leave her house, my Lord, to thee,
I kill my poor soul and my poor soul me.

KING EDWARD Didst thou not swear to give me what I would?

COUNTESS I did, my liege, so what you would I could.

KING EDWARD I wish no more of thee than thou mayst give,
Nor beg I do not, but I rather buy:
That is, thy love; and for that love of thine
In rich exchange I tender to thee mine.

COUNTESS But that your lips were sacred, my Lord,
You would profane the holy name of love.
That love you offer me you cannot give,
For Caesar owes that tribute to his Queen;
That love you beg of me I cannot give,
For Sara owes that duty to her Lord.
He that doth clip or counterfeit your stamp
Shall die, my Lord; and will your sacred self
Commit high treason against the King of heaven,
To stamp his Image in forbidden metal,
Forgetting your allegiance and your oath?

In violating marriage sacred law,
You break a greater honor than your self.
To be a King is of a younger house
Than to be married. Your progenitor,
Sole reigning Adam on the universe,
By God was honored for a married man,
But not by him anointed for a king.
It is a penalty to break your statutes,
Though not enacted with your highness' hand;
How much more to infringe the holy act,
Made by the mouth of God, sealed with his hand?
I know my sovereign, in my husband's love,
Who now doth loyal service in his wars,
Doth but so try the wife of Salisbury,
Whither she will hear a wanton's tale or no,
Lest being therein guilty by my stay,
From that, not from my liege, I turn away.

Exit.

KING EDWARD Whether is her beauty by her words dying,
Or are her words sweet chaplains to her beauty?
Like as the wind doth beautify a sail,
And as a sail becomes the unseen wind,
So do her words her beauties, [beauties] words.
O that I were a honey gathering bee,
To bear the comb of virtue from [this] flower,
And not a poison sucking envious spider,
To turn the juice I take to deadly venom.
Religion is austere and beauty gentle;
Too strict a guardian for so fair a ward.
O that she were as is the air to me.
Why so she is, for when I would embrace her,
This do I, and catch nothing but myself.
I must enjoy her; for I cannot beat
With reason and reproof fond love away.

Enter Warwick

Here comes her father. I will work with him,
To bear my colours in this field of love.

WARWICK How is it that my sovereign is so sad?
May I with pardon know your highness' grief;
And that my old endeavor will remove it,
It shall not cumber long your majesty.

KING EDWARD A kind and voluntary gift thou profferest,
That I was forward to have begged of thee.
But O thou world, great nurse of flattery,
Why dost thou tip men's tongues with golden words,
And peise their deeds with weight of heavy lead,
That fair performance cannot follow promise?
O that a man might hold the heart's close book
And choke the lavish tongue, when it doth utter
The breath of falsehood not characterized there!

WARWICK Far be it from the honor of my age,
That I should owe bright gold and render lead;
Age is a cynic, not a flatterer.
I say again, that if I knew your grief,
And that by me it may be lessened,
My proper harm should buy your highness good.

[KING EDWARD] These are the vulgar tenders of false men,
That never pay the duty of their words.
Thou wilt not stick to swear what thou hast said;
But when thou knowest my grief's condition,
This rash disgorged vomit of thy word
Thou wilt eat up again and leave me helpless.

WARWICK By heaven, I will not, though your majesty
Did bid me run upon your sword and die.

[KING EDWARD] Say that my grief is no way medicinable

But by the loss and bruising of thine honour.

WARWICK If nothing but that loss may vantage you,
I would [account] that loss my vantage too.

KING EDWARD Thinkst that thou canst [unswear] thy oath again?

WARWICK I cannot, nor I would not if I could.

KING EDWARD But if thou dost what shall I say to thee?

WARWICK What may be said to any perjured villain,
That [breaks] the sacred warrant of an oath.

KING EDWARD What wilt thou say to one that breaks an oath?

WARWICK That he hath broke his faith with God and man,
And from them both stands excommunicate.

KING EDWARD What office were it to suggest a man
To break a lawful and religious vow?

WARWICK An office for the devil, not for man.

KING EDWARD That devil's office must thou do for me,
Or break thy oath, or cancel all the bonds
Of love and duty twixt thyself and me.
And therefore, Warwick, if thou art thyself,
The Lord and master of thy word and oath,
Go to thy daughter and in my behalf
Command her, woo her, win her any ways,
To be my mistress and my secret love.
I will not stand to hear thee make reply,
Thy oath break hers, or let thy sovereign die.

Exit.

WARWICK O doting King or detestable office.

Well may I tempt myself to wrong myself,
When he hath sworn me by the name of God
To break a vow made by the name of God.
What if I swear by this right hand of mine
To cut this right hand off? The better way
Were to profane the idol than confound it.
But neither will I do. I'll keep mine oath,
And to my daughter make a recantation
Of all the virtue I have preach'd to her:
I'll say she must forget her husband Salisbury,
If she remember to embrace the king;
I'll say an oath may easily be broken,
But not so easily pardoned being broken;
I'll say it is true charity to love,
But not true love to be so charitable;
I'll say his greatness may bear out the shame,
But not his kingdom can buy out the sin;
I'll say it is my duty to persuade,
But not her honesty to give consent.

Enter Countess.

See where she comes. Was never father had,
Against his child, an embassy so bad?

COUNTESS My Lord and father, I have sought for you:
My mother and the Peers importune you
To keep in presence of his majesty,
And do your best to make his highness merry.

WARWICK [*aside*] How shall I enter in this graceless [errand]?
I must not call her child, for where's the father
That will in such a suit seduce his child?
Then 'wife of Salisbury'; shall I so begin?
No, he's my friend, and where is found the friend
That will do friendship such indammagement?

[to the Countess]

Neither my daughter, nor my dear friend's wife,
I am not Warwick as thou thinkst I am,
But an attorney from the court of hell,
That thus have housed my spirit in his form,
To do a message to thee from the king:
The mighty king of England dotes on thee:
He that hath power to take away thy life,
Hath power to take thy honor; then consent
To pawn thine honor rather than thy life.
Honor is often lost and got again,
But life, once gone, hath no recovery.
The Sun that withers hay [doth] nourish grass;
The king that would disdain thee will advance thee:
The poets write that great Achilles' spear
Could heal the wound it made. The moral is,
What mighty men misdo, they can amend.
The lion doth become his bloody jaws,
And grace his forragement by being mild,
When vassal fear lies trembling at his feet.
The king will in his glory hide thy shame,
And those that gaze on him to find out thee,
Will lose their eye-sight, looking in the Sun:
What can one drop of poison harm the Sea,
Whose huge vastures can digest the ill
And make it lose his operation?
The king's great name will temper [thy] misdeeds,
And give the bitter potion of reproach
A sugared, sweet, and most delicious taste:
Besides, it is no harm to do the thing
Which without shame could not be left undone.
Thus have I in his majesty's behalf
Appareled sin in virtuous sentences,
And dwell upon thy answer in his suit.

COUNTESS Unnatural besiege, woe me unhappy,

To have escaped the danger of my foes,
And to be ten times worse injured by friends:
Hath he no means to stain my honest blood,
But to corrupt the author of my blood
To be his scandalous and vile solicitor?
No marvel though the branches be then infected,
When poison hath encompassed the root:
No marvel though the leprous infant die,
When the stern dame envenometh the dug:
Why then give sin a passport to offend,
And youth the dangerous reign of liberty:
Blot out the strict forbidding of the law,
And cancel every cannon that prescribes
A shame for shame or penance for offence.
No, let me die, if his too bois'trous will
Will have it so, before I will consent
To be an actor in his graceless lust.

WARWICK Why now thou speakest as I would have thee speak,
And mark how I unsay my words again:
An honorable grave is more esteemed
Than the polluted closet of a king;
The greater man, the greater is the thing,
Be it good or bad, that he shall undertake;
An unrepented mote, flying in the Sun,
Presents a greater substance than it is;
The freshest summer's day doth soonest taint
The loathed carrion that it seems to kiss;
Deep are the blows made with a mighty Axe;
That sin doth ten times aggravate itself,
That is committed in a holy place;
An evil deed, done by authority,
Is sin and subornation: Deck an ape
In tissue, and the beauty of the robe
Adds but the greater scorn unto the beast.
A spacious field of reasons could I urge
Between his glory, daughter, and thy shame:

That poison shows worst in a golden cup;
Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds;
And every glory that inclines to sin,
The shame is treble by the opposite.
So leave I with my blessing in thy bosom,
Which then convert to a most heavy curse,
When thou convertest from honor's golden name
To the black faction of bed blotting shame.

COUNTESS I'll follow thee, and when my mind turns so,
My body sink my soul in endless woe!

Exeunt.

[ACT II, SCENE 2]

Enter at one door [Mountague] from France. At another door [Artois].

[MOUNTAGUE] Thrice noble [Artois], well encountered here.
How is it with our sovereign and his peers?

[ARTOIS] 'Tis full a fortnight, since I saw his highness,
What time he sent me forth to muster men.
Which I accordingly have done, and bring them hither
In fair array before his majesty.
What news, dear Mountague, from the Emperor?

[MOUNTAGUE] As good as we desire: The Emperor
Hath yielded to his highness friendly aid,
And makes our king lieutenant general
In all his lands and large dominions,
Then via for the spacious bounds of France!

[ARTOIS] What, doth his highness leap to hear these news?

[MOUNTAGUE] I have not yet found time to open them.
The king is in his closet, malcontent;
For what, I know not, but he gave in charge,
Till after dinner, none should interrupt him:
The Countess Salisbury, and her father Warwick,
Artois, and all look underneath the brows.

[ARTOIS] Undoubtedly then some thing is amiss.

Enter the King.

[MOUNTAGUE] The Trumpets sound, the king is now abroad.

[ARTOIS] Here comes his highness.

[MOUNTAGUE] Befall my sovereign all my sovereign's wish.

KING EDWARD Ah that thou wert a Witch to make it so!

[MOUNTAGUE] The Emperor greeteth you.

KING EDWARD Would it were the Countess.

[MOUNTAGUE] And hath accorded to your highness suit.

KING EDWARD Thou liest, she hath not; but I would she had.

[ARTOIS] All love and duty to my Lord the King.

KING EDWARD Well all but one is none. What news with you?

[ARTOIS] I have, my liege, levied those horse and foot
According to your charge, and brought them hither.

KING EDWARD Then let those foot trudge hence upon those horse,
According to our discharge, and be gone:
Mountague, I'll look upon the Countess' mind anon.

[MOUNTAGUE] The Countess' mind, my liege?

KING EDWARD I mean the Emperor. Leave me alone.

[MOUNTAGUE] What is his mind?

[ARTOIS] Let's leave him to his humor.

Exeunt [all but the King].

KING EDWARD Thus from the heart's abundance speaks the tongue,
Countess for Emperor, and indeed, why not?
She is as imperator over me, and I to her
Am as a kneeling vassal, that observes

The pleasure or displeasure of her eye.

Enter [Artois].

What says the more than Cleopatra's match
To Caesar now?

[ARTOIS] That yet, my liege, ere night
She will resolve your majesty.

[Drum within.]

KING EDWARD What drum is this that thunders forth this march,
To start the tender Cupid in my bosom?
Poor sheepskin, how it brawls with him that beateth it:
Go break the thund'ring parchment bottom out,
And I will teach it to conduct sweet lines
Unto the bosom of a heavenly Nymph;
For I will use it as my writing paper,
And so reduce him from a scolding drum
To be the herald and dear counsel bearer
Betwixt a goddess and a mighty king;
Go bid the drummer learn to touch the Lute,
Or hang him in the braces of his drum,
For now we think it an uncivil thing,
To trouble heaven with such harsh resounds. Away.

[Exit Artois.]

The quarrel that I have requires no arms
But these of mine, and these shall meet my foe
In a deep march of penetrable groans.
My eyes shall be my arrows, and my sighs
Shall serve me as the vantage of the wind,
To whirl away my sweetest artillery:
Ah but alas she wins the sun of me,
For that is she herself, and thence it comes

That poets term the wanton warrior blind:
But love hath eyes as judgment to his steps,
Till too much loved glory dazzles them.
How now?

Enter [Artois].

[ARTOIS] My liege, the drum that stroke the lusty march,
Stands with Prince Edward, your thrice valiant son.

Enter Prince Edward.

KING EDWARD I see the boy. Oh how his mother's face,
Modeled in his, corrects my strayed desire,
And rates my heart, and chides my thievish eye,
Who being rich enough in seeing her,
Yet [seeks] elsewhere. And basest theft is that
Which cannot cloak itself on poverty.
Now, boy, what news?

PRINCE EDWARD I have assembled, my dear Lord and father,
The choicest buds of all our English blood
For our affairs in France, and here we come
To take direction from your majesty.

KING EDWARD Still do I see in him delineate
His mother's visage; those his eyes are hers,
Who looking wistly on me, make me blush:
For faults against themselves give evidence;
Lust [is] a fire and [men] like lanterns show
Light lust within themselves; even through themselves.
Away loose silks of wavering vanity.
Shall the large limit of fair Brittain
By me be overthrown, and shall I not
Master this little mansion of myself?
Give me an Armor of eternal steel;
I go to conquer kings, and shall I not then

Subdue myself and be my enemy's friend?
It must not be. Come, boy, forward, advance,
Let's with our colours sweet the Air of France.

Enter [Artois].

[ARTOIS] My liege, the Countess with a smiling cheer
Desires access unto your Majesty.

KING EDWARD Why there it goes. That very smile of hers
Hath ransomed captive France, and set the King,
The Dauphin, and the Peers at liberty.
Go, leave me, Ned, and revel with thy friends.

Exit Prince Edward.

Thy mother is but black, and thou, like her,
Dost put it in my mind how foul she is.
Go fetch the Countess hither in thy hand,
And let her chase away these winter clouds,
For she gives beauty both to heaven and earth.

Exit [Artois].

The sin is more to hack and hew poor men,
Than to embrace in an unlawful bed
The register of all rarities
Since Letherne Adam till this youngest hour.

Enter Countess [with Artois].

Go Artois, put thy hand into my purse,
Play, spend, give, riot, waste, do what thou wilt,
So thou wilt hence awhile and leave me here.

[Exit Artois.]

Now, my soul's playfellow, art thou come
To speak the more than heavenly word of yea
To my objection in thy beauteous love?

COUNTESS My father on his blessing hath commanded.

KING EDWARD That thou shalt yield to me?

COUNTESS Aye, dear my liege, your due.

KING EDWARD And that, my dearest love, can be no less
Than right for right and tender love for love.

COUNTESS Then wrong for wrong and endless hate for hate.
But sith I see your majesty so bent,
That my unwillingness, my husband's love,
Your high estate, nor no respect respected
Can be my help, but that your mightiness
Will overbear and awe these dear regards;
I bind my discontent to my content,
And what I would not, I'll compel I will,
Provided that yourself remove those lets
That stand between your highness' love and mine.

KING EDWARD Name them, fair Countess, and by heaven I will.

COUNTESS It is their lives that stand between our love,
That I would have choked up, my sovereign.

KING EDWARD Whose lives, my Lady?

COUNTESS My thrice loving liege,
Your Queen, and Salisbury my wedded husband,
Who living have that title in our love,
That we cannot bestow but by their death.

KING EDWARD Thy opposition is beyond our Law.

COUNTESS So is your desire. If the law
Can hinder you to execute the one,
Let it forbid you to attempt the other:
I cannot think you love me as you say,
Unless you do make good what you have sworn.

[KING EDWARD] No more. Thy husband and the Queen shall die.
Fairer thou art by far than Hero was,
Beardless Leander not so strong as I:
He swum an easy current for his love,
But I will through a [Hellespont] of blood,
To arrive at Cestus where my Hero lies.

COUNTESS Nay, you'll do more; you'll make the river, too,
With their heart bloods that keep our love asunder,
Of which my husband and your wife are twain.

KING EDWARD Thy beauty makes them guilty of their death
And gives in evidence that they shall die,
Upon which verdict I, their Judge, condemn them.

COUNTESS *[aside]* O perjured beauty, more corrupted Judge:
When to the great Star-chamber o'er our heads
The universal sessions calls to count
This packing evil, we both shall tremble for it.

KING EDWARD What says my fair love? Is she resolute?

COUNTESS Resolute to be dissolute, and therefore this.
Keep but thy word, great king, and I am thine.
Stand where thou dost, I'll part a little from thee,
And see how I will yield me to thy hands.
Here by my side doth hang my wedding knives,
Take thou the one, and with it kill thy Queen,
And learn by me to find her where she lies;
And with this other I'll dispatch my love,

Which now lies fast asleep within my heart.
When they are gone, then I'll consent to love:
Stir not, lascivious king, to hinder me,
My resolution is more nimble far,
Than thy prevention can be in my rescue.
And if thou stir, I strike; therefore stand still,
And hear the choice that I will put thee to:
Either swear to leave thy most unholy suit
And never henceforth to solicit me,
Or else by heaven this sharp pointed knife
Shall stain thy earth with that which thou would stain:
My poor chaste blood. Swear, Edward, swear,
Or I will strike and die before thee here.

We'll wake him with our martial harmony.

Exeunt.

KING EDWARD Even by that power I swear that gives me now
The power to be ashamed of myself.
I never mean to part my lips again
In any words that tends to such a suit.
Arise true English Lady, whom our Isle
May better boast of than ever Roman might
Of her whose ransacked treasury hath tasked
The vain endeavor of so many pens:
Arise, and be my fault thy honor's fame,
Which after ages shall enrich thee with.
I am awakened from this idle dream.
Warwick, my Son, Derby, Artois, and [Mountague],
Brave warriors all, where are you all this while?

Enter all [Warwick, Artois, and Mountague].

~~Warwick, I make thee Warden of the North.~~
Thou, Prince of Wales, and [Warwick], straight to Sea;
Scour to Newhaven, some there stay for me:
Myself, Artois, and Derby will through Flanders
To greet our friends there and to crave their aide.
This night will scarce suffice a faithful lover;
For ere the Sun shall guide the eastern sky,

[ACT III, SCENE 1]

Enter King John of France, Charles of Normandy, and the Duke of Lorraine.

KING JOHN Here, till our Navy of a thousand sail
Have made a breakfast to our foe by Sea,
Let us encamp to wait their happy speed:
Lorraine, what readiness is Edward in?
How hast thou heard that he provided is
Of martial furniture for this exploit?

LORRAINE To lay aside unnecessary soothing,
And not to spend the time in circumstance,
'Tis bruited for a certainty, my Lord,
That he's exceeding strongly fortified;
His subjects flock as willingly to war
As if unto a triumph they were led.

CHARLES England was wont to harbour malcontents,
Bloodthirsty and seditious Catilines,
Spendthrifts, and such as gape for nothing else
But changing and alteration of the state;
And is it possible
That they are now so loyal in themselves?

LORRAINE All but the Scot, who solemnly protests,
As heretofore I have informed his grace,
Never to sheath his sword or take a truce.

KING JOHN Ah, that's the anchorage of some better hope.
But on the other side, to think what friends
King Edward hath retained in Netherland,
Among those ever-bibing Epicures;
Those frothy Dutchmen puffed with double beer
That drink and swill in every place they come,
Doth not a little aggravate mine ire.

Besides, we hear the Emperor conjoins
And stalls him in his own authority:
But all the mightier that their number is,
The greater glory reaps the victory.
Some friends have we beside [domestic] power:
The stern Polonian and the warlike Dane,
The king of Bohemia, and of Sicily,
Are all become confederates with us,
And, as I think, are marching hither apace.

[*Drum.*]

But soft, I hear the music of their drums,
By which I guess that their approach is near.

[*Exit Lorraine.*]

Enter [King David] and a Polonian Captain.

KING [DAVID] King John of France, as league and neighborhood
Requires when friends are any way distressed,
I come to aide thee with my country's force.

POLONIAN CAPTAIN And from great Moscow, fearful to the Turk,
And lofty Poland, nurse of hardy men,
I bring these servitors to fight for thee,
Who willingly will venture in thy cause.

KING JOHN Welcome, [King of Scotland], and welcome all.
This your great kindness I will not forget.
Besides your plentiful rewards in crowns,
That from our treasury ye shall receive,
There comes a hare brained nation decked in pride,
The spoil of whom will be a treble gain.
And now my hope is full, my joy complete:
At sea we are as puissant as the force
Of Agamemnon in the Haven of Troy;
By land with Xerxes we compare of strength,

Whose soldiers drank up rivers in their thirst:
Then Bayard-like, blind overweaning Ned,
To reach at our imperial diadem
Is either to be swallowed of the waves,
Or hacked apieces when thou comest ashore.

Enter [Lorraine].

[LORRAINE] Near to the coast I have [descried], my Lord,
As I was busy in my watchful charge,
The proud Armado of king Edward's ships,
Which, at the first, far off when I did ken,
Seemed as it were a grove of withered pines;
But drawing near, their glorious bright aspect,
Their streaming ensigns, wrought of coloured silk,
Like to a meadow full of sundry flowers,
Adorns the naked bosom of the earth.
Majestical the order of their course,
Figuring the horned Circle of the Moon:
And on the top gallant of the Admiral,
And likewise all the handmaids of his train,
The Arms of England and of France unite
Are quartered equally by Heralds' art.
Thus tightly carried with a merry gale,
They plough the Ocean hitherward amain.

[KING JOHN] Dare he already crop the fleur-de-lis?
I hope the honey being gathered thence,
He with the spider afterward approached
Shall suck forth deadly venom from the leaves.
But where's our Navy? How are they prepared
To wing themselves against this flight of Ravens?

[LORRAINE] They, having knowledge brought them by the scouts,
Did break from Anchor straight, and puffed with rage,
No otherwise than were their sails with wind,
Made forth, as when the empty Eagle flies,

To satisfy his hungry griping maw.

KING JOHN ~~There's for thy news.~~ Return unto thy barque,
And if thou scape the bloody stroke of war
And do survive the conflict, come again,
And let us hear the manner of the fight.

Exit [Lorraine].

Mean space, my Lords, 'tis best we be dispersed
To several places [lest] they chance to land:
First you, my Lord, with your [Scottish] Troops,
Shall pitch your battailes on the lower hand;
My eldest son, the Duke of Normandy,
Together with the aide of Muscovites,
Shall climb the higher ground another way;
Here in the middle cost betwixt you both [I will lodge].
~~Phillip my youngest boy and I will lodge.~~
So Lords be gone, and look unto your charge.
You stand for France, an Empire fair and large.

Exeunt [all except King John and Charles].

Now tell me [Charles], what is thy concept,
Touching the challenge that the English make?

[CHARLES] I say, my Lord, claim Edward what he can,
And bring he ne'er so plain a pedigree,
'Tis you are in the possession of the Crown,
And that's the surest point of all the Law:
But were it not, yet ere he should prevail,
I'll make a conduit of my dearest blood,
Or chase those straggling upstarts home again.

KING JOHN Well said, young Charles. Call for bread and wine,
That we may cheer our stomachs with repast,
To look our foes more sternly in the face.

The battle heard afar off.

Now is begun the heavy day at Sea.
Fight, Frenchmen, fight; be like the field of bears,
When they defend their younglings in the caves:
Stir, angry Nemesis, the happy helm,
That with the sulphur battles of your rage,
The English Fleet may be dispersed and sunk.

Shot.

[CHARLES] O Father, how this echoing Cannon shot
Like sweet harmony, digests my cates.

KING JOHN Now boy thou hear'st what thund'ring terror 'tis,
To buckle for a kingdom's sovereignty.
The earth with giddy trembling when it shakes,
Or when the exhalations of the air
Breaks in extremity of lightning flash,
Affrights not more than kings when they dispose
To show the rancor of their high swollen hearts.

Retreat.

Retreat is sounded. One side hath the worse.
O if it be the French, sweet fortune turn,
And in thy turning change the forward winds,
That with advantage of a favoring sky,
Our men may vanquish and [the other] fly.

Enter [Lorraine].

My heart misgives. Say, mirror of pale death,
To whom belongs the honor of this day.
Relate, I pray thee, if thy breath will serve,
The sad discourse of this discomfiture.

[LORRAINE] I will, my Lord.

My gracious sovereign, France hath ta'en the foil,
And boasting Edward triumphs with success.
These iron-hearted navies
When last I was reporter to your grace,
Both full of angry spleen, of hope and fear,
Hasting to meet each other in the face,
At last conjoined, and by their Admiral
Our Admiral encountered many shot.
By this, the other that beheld these twain
Give earnest penny of a further wrack,
Like fiery dragons took their haughty flight,
And, likewise meeting, from their smoky wombs
Sent many grim ambassadors of death.
Then 'gan the day to turn to gloomy night,
And darkness did as well enclose the quick
As those that were but newly reft of life.
No leisure served for friends to bid farewell;
And if it had, the hideous noise was such,
As each to other seemed deaf and dumb.
Purple the sea, whose channel filled as fast
With streaming gore, that from the maimed fell,
As did her gushing moisture break into
The crannied cleftures of the through-shot planks.
Here flew a head, dissevered from the trunk,
There mangled arms and legs were tossed aloft,
As when a whirlwind takes the summer dust
And scatters it in middle of the air.
Then might ye see the reeling vessels split,
And tottering sink into the ruthless flood,
Until their lofty tops were seen no more.
All shifts were tried both for defense and hurt,
And now the effect of valor and of force,
Of resolution and of cowardice,
We lively pictures; how the one for fame,
The other by compulsion laid about;

Much did the *Nonpareille*, that brave ship;
So did the *Black Snake* of Boulogne, then which
A bonnier vessel never yet spread sail.
But all in vain. Both sun, the wind, and tide
Revolted all unto our foemen's side,
That we perforce were fain to give them way,
And they are landed. Thus my tale is done.
We have untimely lost, and they have won.

KING JOHN Then rests there nothing but with present speed
To join our several forces all in one,
And bid them battle ere they range too far.
Come, gentle Charles, let us hence depart.
This soldier's words have pierced thy father's heart.

Exeunt.

[ACT III, SCENE 2]

*Enter [Gobin de Grey with COURTNEY and ELIZABETH as Frenchmen
and two children]; met by [GABE as Frenchman].*

[GABE] Well met, my masters: how now, what's the news?
And wherefore are ye laden thus with stuff?
What, is it quarter day that you remove,
And carry bag and baggage too?

[GOBIN] Quarter day? Aye, and quartering [day] I fear:
Have [ye] not heard the news that flies abroad?

[GABE] What news?

[COURTNEY] How the French Navy is destroyed at sea,
And that the English Army is arrived.

[GABE] What then?

[GOBIN] What then, quoth you? Why, is't not time to fly,
When envy and destruction is so nigh?

[GABE] Content thee, man; they are far enough from hence,
And will be met, I warrant ye, to their cost,
Before they break so far into the Realm.

[GOBIN] Aye, so the Grasshopper doth spend the time
In mirthful jollity till Winter come,
And then too late he would redeem his time,
When frozen cold hath nipped his careless head:
He that no sooner will provide a cloak
Than when he sees it doth begin to rain,
May peradventure for his negligence
Be thoroughly washed when he suspects it not.
We that have charge and such a train as this,

Must look in time to look for them and us,
Lest when we would, we cannot be relieved.

[GABE] Belike, you then despair of ill success,
And think your country will be subjugate.

[COURTNEY] We cannot tell; 'tis good to fear the worst.

[GABE] Yet rather fight, than like unnatural sons,
Forsake your loving parents in distress.

[GOBIN] Tush, they that have already taken arms
Are many fearful millions in respect
Of that small handful of our enemies:
But 'tis a rightful quarrel must prevail;
Edward is son unto our late king's sister,
When John Valois is three degrees removed.

FRENCHWOMAN Besides, there goes a Prophesy abroad,
Published by one that was a Friar once,
Whose Oracles have many times proved true,
And now he says the time will shortly come,
When as a Lion roused in the west,
Shall carry hence the fleur-de-lis of France.
These, I can tell ye, and such like surmises
Strike many Frenchmen cold unto the heart.

Enter [SUSANNAH as Frenchman].

[SUSANNAH] Fly countrymen and citizens of France!
Sweet flowering peace, the root of happy life,
Is quite abandoned and expuls'd the land;
Instead of whom ransacked constraining war
Sits like to ravens upon your houses' tops.
Slaughter and mischief walk within your streets,
And unrestrained make havoc as they pass,
The form whereof even now myself beheld

Upon this fair mountain whence I came;
For so far off as I directed mine eyes,
I might perceive five cities all on fire,
Cornfields and vineyards, burning like an oven;
And as the [reaking] vapour in the wind
[Turned] but aside I likewise might discern
The poor inhabitants, escaped the flame,
Fall numberless upon the soldiers' pikes.
Three ways these dreadful ministers of wrath
Do tread the measures of their tragic march:
Upon the right hand comes the conquering King,
Upon the left [his] hot unbridled son,
And in the midst our nation's glittering host,
All which, though distant yet, conspire in one,
To leave a desolation where they come.
Fly therefore, citizens, if you be wise,
Seek out some habitation further off.
Here, if you stay, your wives will be abused,
Your treasure shared before your weeping eyes;
Shelter you yourselves, for now the storm doth rise.
Away, away; methinks I hear their drums.
Ah wretched France, I greatly fear thy fall;
Thy glory shaketh like a tottering wall.

[Exeunt.]

[ACT III, SCENE 3]

Enter King Edward, [Warwick], [Salisbury], and Gobin de Grey.

KING EDWARD Where's the Frenchman by whose cunning guide
We found the shallow of this River Somme,
And had directions how to pass the sea?

GOBIN Here, my good Lord.

KING EDWARD How art thou called? tell me thy name.

GOBIN Gobin de Grey, if please your excellence.

KING EDWARD Then, Gobin, for the service thou hast done,
We here enlarge and give thee liberty;
And for recompense beside this good,
Thou shalt receive five hundred marks in gold.
I know not how, we should have met our son,
Whom now in heart I wish I might behold.

Enter Artois.

ARTOIS Good news, my Lord; the prince is hard at hand,
~~And with him comes Lord Audley and the rest,~~
Whom since our landing we could never meet.

Enter Prince Edward and soldiers.

KING EDWARD Welcome, fair prince. How hast thou sped, my son,
Since thy arrival on the coast of France?

PRINCE EDWARD Successfully, I thank the gracious heavens.
Some of their strongest cities we have won,
As Harfleur, Lo, Crotay, and Carentigne,
And others wasted, leaving at our heels

A wide apparent field and beaten path
For solitariness to progress in:
Yet those that would submit we kindly pardoned;
For who in scorn refused our proffered peace,
Endured the penalty of sharp revenge.

KING EDWARD Ah France, why shouldst thou be thus obstinate
Against the kind embracement of thy friends?
How gently had we thought to touch thy breast
And set our foot upon thy tender mould,
But that in froward and disdainful pride,
Thou like a skittish and untamed colt,
Dost start aside and strike us with thy heels.
But tell me, Ned, in all thy warlike course,
Hast thou not seen the usurping King of France?

PRINCE EDWARD Yes, my good Lord, and not two hours ago,
With full a hundred thousand fighting men
(Upon the one side of the river's bank
And on the other both his multitudes)
I feared he would have cropped our smaller power.
But, happily, perceiving your approach
He hath withdrawn himself to Crecy plains;
Where, as it seemeth by his good array,
He means to bid us battle presently.

KING EDWARD He shall be welcome; that's the thing we crave.

Enter King John, PRINCE CHARLES, Lorraine, and [King David].

KING JOHN Edward, know that John, the true king of France,
Musing thou shouldst encroach upon his land,
And in thy tyrannous proceeding slay
His faithful subjects and subvert his Towns,
Spits in thy face and in this manner following
Upbraids thee with thine arrogant intrusion:
First, I condemn thee for a fugitive,

A thievish pirate, and a needy mate,
 One that hath either no abiding place,
 Or else, inhabiting some barren soil
 Where neither herb or fruitful grain is had,
 Dost altogether live by pilfering.
 Next, insomuch thou hast infringed thy faith,
 Broke league and solemn covenant made with me,
 I hold thee for a false pernicious wretch.
 And last of all, although I scorn to cope
 With one such inferior to myself,
 Yet, in respect thy thirst is all for gold,
 Thy labour rather to be feared than loved,
 To satisfy thy lust in either part,
 Here am I come, and with me have I brought
 Exceeding store of treasure, pearl, and coin.
 Leave, therefore, now to persecute the weak,
 And armed entering conflict with the arm'd,
 Let it be seen, 'mongst other petty thefts,
 How thou canst win this pillage manfully.

KING EDWARD If gall or wormwood have a pleasant taste,
 Then is thy salutation honey sweet;
 But as the one hath no such property,
 So is the other most satirical.
 Yet wot how I regard thy worthless taunts:
 If thou have uttered them to foil my fame
 Or dim the reputation of my birth,
 Know that thy wolfish barking cannot hurt;
 If slyly to insinuate with the world,
 And with a strumpet's artificial line
 To paint thy vicious and deformed cause,
 Be well assured, the counterfeit will fade,
 And in the end thy foul defects be seen.
 But if thou didst it to provoke me on,
 As who should say I were but timorous.
 Or coldly negligent did need a spur,
 Bethink thyself how slack I was at sea,

[How] since my landing I have won no towns,
 Entered no further but upon the coast,
 And there have ever since securely slept.
 But if I have been otherwise employed,
 Imagine, Valois, whether I intend
 To skirmish. Not for pillage, but for the crown
 Which thou dost wear and that I vow to have,
 Or one of us shall fall into his grave.

PRINCE EDWARD Look not for cross invectives at our hands,
 Or railing execrations of despite.
 Let creeping serpents hid in hollow banks
 Sting with their tongues; we have remorseless swords,
 And they shall plead for us and our affairs.
 Yet thus much briefly, by my father's leave:
 As all the immodest poison of thy throat
 Is scandalous and most notorious lies,
 And our pretended quarrel is truly just,
 So end the battle when we meet today:
 May either of us prosper and prevail,
 Or, luckless, curst, receive eternal shame!

KING EDWARD That needs no further question, and I know,
 His conscience witnesseth, it is my right.
 Therefore, Valois, say: Wilt thou yet resign,
 Before the sickles thrust into the corn
 Or that enkindled fury turn to flame?

KING JOHN Edward, I know what right thou hast in France;
 And ere I basely will resign my crown,
 This champion field shall be a pool of blood,
 And all our prospect as a slaughter house.

PRINCE EDWARD Aye, that approves thee, tyrant, what thou art.
 No father, king, or shepherd of thy realm,
 But one that tears her entrails with thy hands,
 And like a thirsty tiger suckst her blood.

[ARTOIS] You peers of France, why do you follow him
That is so prodigal to spend your lives?

CHARLES Whom should they follow, aged impotent,
But he that is their trueborn sovereign?

KING EDWARD Upbraids thou him, because within his face
Time hath engraved deep characters of age?
Know these grave scholars of experience,
Like stiff grown oaks, will stand immovable,
When whirl wind quickly turns up younger trees.

[WARWICK] Was ever any of thy father's house
King but thyself, before this present time?
Edward's great lineage, by the mother's side,
Five hundred years hath held the scepter up.
Judge then, conspirators, by this descent,
Which is the true borne sovereign, this or that.

[CHARLES] Father, range your battles, prate no more.
These English fain would spend the time in words,
That, night approaching, they might escape unfought.

KING JOHN Lords and my loving subjects, [now's] the time
That your intended force must bide the touch.
Therefore, my friends, consider this in brief:
He that you fight for is your natural King;
He against whom you fight a foreigner:
He that you fight for rules in clemency
And reins you with a mild and gentle bit;
He against whom you fight, if he prevail,
Will straight enthrone himself in tyranny,
Makes slaves of you, and with a heavy hand
Curtail and curb your sweetest liberty.
Then to protect your Country and your King,
Let but the haughty courage of your hearts

Answer the number of your able hands,
And we shall quickly chase these fugitives.
For what's this Edward but a belly god,
A tender and lascivious wantoness,
That t'other day was almost dead for love?
And what, I pray you, is his goodly guard?
Such as but scant them of their chins of beef,
And take away their downy featherbeds,
And presently they are as resty stiff,
As 'twere a many overridden jades.
Then Frenchmen scorn that such should be your Lords,
And rather bind ye them in captive bands.

ALL FRENCHMEN Vive le Roy! God save King John of France!

KING JOHN Now on this plain of Crecy spread your selves.
And, Edward, when thou darest, begin the fight.

KING EDWARD We presently will meet thee, John of France.

[*Exeunt the French.*]

And, English Lords, let us resolve this day,
Either to clear us of that scandalous crime,
Or be entombed in our innocence.
And, Ned, because this battle is the first
That ever yet thou foughtest in pitched field,
As ancient custom is of martialists,
To dub thee with the tip of chivalry,
In solemn manner we will give thee arms.
Come therefore Heralds, orderly bring forth
A strong attirement for the prince my son.

Enter four Heralds bringing in a coat armour, a helmet, a lance, and a shield.

Edward Plantagenet, in the name of God,

As with this armour I impall thy breast,
So be thy noble unrelenting heart
Walled in with flint of matchless fortitude,
That never base affections enter there.
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou come'st.
Now follow, Lords, and do him honor, too.

[SALISBURY] Edward Plantagenet, prince of Wales,
As I do set this helmet on thy head,
Wherewith the chamber of thy brain is fenced,
So may thy temples, with Bellona's hand,
Be still adorned with laurel victory.
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou come'st.

[ARTOIS] Edward Plantagenet, prince of Wales,
Receive this lance into thy manly hand;
Use it in fashion of a brazen pen,
To draw forth bloody stratagems in France,
And print thy valiant deeds in honor's book.
Fight and be valiant, vanquish where thou come'st.

[WARWICK] Edward [Plantagenet], prince of Wales,
Hold, take this target, wear it on thy arm,
And may the view thereof like Perseus' shield,
Astonish and transform thy gazing foes
To senseless images of meager death.
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou come'st.

KING EDWARD Now wants there nought but knighthood, which deferred
We leave till thou hast won it in the field.

[PRINCE EDWARD] My gracious father and ye forward peers,
This honor you have done me, animates
And cheers my green yet scarce appearing strength
With comfortable good presaging signs,
No otherwise than did old Jacob's words,
When as he breathed his blessings on his sons.

These hallowed gifts of yours when I profane,
Or use them not to glory of my God,
To patronage the fatherless and poor,
Or for the benefit of England's peace,
Be numb my joints, wax feeble both mine arms,
Wither my heart, that, like a sapless tree,
I may remain the map of infamy.

KING EDWARD Then [thus] our steeled battles shall be ranged:
The leading of the vaward, Ned, is thine,
To dignify whose lusty spirit the more
We temper it with Artois' gravity,
That courage and experience joined in one,
Your manage may be second unto none.
For the main battles I will guide myself,
And Derby in the rearward march behind.
That orderly disposed and set in 'ray,
Let us to horse; and God grant us the day!

Exeunt.

[ACT III, SCENE 4]

*Alarum. Enter many Frenchmen flying
After them Prince Edward drumming.
Then enter King John and Duke of Lorraine.*

KING JOHN Oh Lorraine say, what mean our men to fly?
Our number is far greater than our foes.

LORRAINE The garrison of Genoese, my Lord,
That came from Paris weary with their march,
Grudging to be so suddenly employ'd,
No sooner in the forefront took their place
But straight retiring so dismayed the rest,
As likewise they betook themselves to flight,
In which, for haste to make a safe escape,
More in the clustering throng are press'd to death,
Than by the enemy a thousandfold.

KING JOHN O hapless fortune, let us yet assay
If we can counsel some of them to stay.

Exeunt.

[ACT III, SCENE 5]

Enter King Edward and [Artois].

KING EDWARD Lord [Artois], whiles our son is in the chase,
Withdraw our powers unto this little hill,
And here a season let us breath ourselves.

ARTOIS I will, my Lord.

Exit [Artois]. Sound retreat.

KING EDWARD Just dooming heaven, whose secret providence
To our gross judgment is inscrutable,
How are we bound to praise thy wondrous works,
That hast this day given way unto the right,
And made the wicked stumble at themselves.

Enter Artois.

ARTOIS Rescue, king Edward, rescue for thy son.

KING EDWARD Rescue, Artois? what, is he prisoner?
Or by violence fell beside his horse?

ARTOIS Neither, my Lord. But narrowly beset
With turning Frenchmen, whom he did pursue,
As 'tis impossible that he should 'scape,
Except your highness presently descend.

KING EDWARD Tut, let him fight. We gave him arms today,
And he is laboring for a knighthood, man.

Enter [Warwick].

WARWICK The Prince, my Lord, the Prince, oh succour him,

He's close encompass'd with a world of odds.

KING EDWARD Then will he win a world of honor, too,
If he by valour can redeem him thence.
If not, what remedy? We have more sons
Than one, to comfort our declining age.

Enter [Salisbury].

[SALISBURY] Renowned Edward, give me leave, I pray,
To lead my soldiers where I may relieve
Your Grace's son, in danger to be slain.
The snares of French, like emmets on a bank,
Muster about him, whilst he lion-like,
Entangled in the net of their assaults,
Frantically rends and bites the woven toil;
But all in vain, he cannot free him self.

KING EDWARD Salisbury, content. I will not have a man,
On pain of death, sent forth to succour him:
This is the day, ordained by destiny,
To season his courage with those grievous thoughts,
That if he breaketh out, Nestor's years on earth
Will make him savor still of this exploit.

[WARWICK] Ah, but he shall not live to see those days.

KING EDWARD Why, then his epitaph is lasting praise.

[ARTOIS] Yet, good my Lord, 'tis too much willfulness
To let his blood be spilt that may be saved.

KING EDWARD Exclaim no more, for none of you can tell
Whether a borrowed aid will serve or no.
Perhaps he is already slain or ta'en:
And dare a falcon when she's in her flight,
And ever after she'll be haggard-like:

Let Edward be delivered by our hands,
And still in danger he'll expect the like.
But if himself himself redeem from thence,
He will have vanquished cheerful death and fear,
And ever after dread their force no more
Than if they were but babes or captive slaves.

[SALISBURY] O cruel Father. Farewell Edward, then.

[WARWICK] Farewell, sweet Prince, the hope of chivalry.

ARTOIS O, would my life might ransom him from death.

[Retreat sounded.]

KING EDWARD But soft, methinks I hear
The dismal charge of trumpets' loud retreat:
All are not slain, I hope, that went with him.
Some will return with tidings, good or bad.

*Enter Prince Edward, in triumph bearing in his hand his shivered lance,
and the King of Bohemia, borne before [and] wrapped in colours. They run
and embrace him.*

[ARTOIS] O joyful sight. Victorious Edward lives.

[SALISBURY] Welcome, brave Prince.

KING EDWARD Welcome, Plantagenet.

[Prince Edward] kneels and kisses his father's hand.

PRINCE EDWARD First having done my duty as beseemed,
Lords, I regret you all with hearty thanks.
And now, behold: After my winter's toil,
My painful voyage on the boist'rous sea
Of war's devouring gulfs and steely rocks,

I bring my fraught unto the wished port;
My summer's hope, my travels' sweet reward:
And here with humble duty I present
This sacrifice, this first fruit of my sword,
Cropped and cut down even at the gate of death:
The king of Boheme, father, whom I slew;
Whose thousands had entrenched me round about,
And lay as thick upon my battered crest
As on an anvil with their ponderous glaves.
Yet marble courage still did underprop,
And when my weary arms with often blows,
Like the continual laboring woodman's axe
That is enjoined to fell a load of oaks,
Began to falter, straight I would recover
My gifts you gave me, and my zealous vow,
And then new courage made me fresh again,
That in despite I carved my passage forth,
And put the multitude to speedy flight:
Lo, [thus] hath Edward's hand filled your request,
And done, I hope, the duty of a Knight.

His sword borne by a Soldier.

KING EDWARD Aye, well thou hast deserved a knighthood, Ned,
And therefore with thy sword, yet reeking warm
With blood of those that fought to be thy bane.
Arise Prince Edward, trusty knight at arms.
This day thou hast confounded me with joy,
And proud thyself fit heir unto a king.

PRINCE EDWARD Here is a note, my gracious Lord, of those
That in this conflict of our foes were slain:
Eleven princes of esteem, fourscore barons,
A hundred and twenty knights, and thirty thousand
Common soldiers; and, of our men, a thousand.

KING EDWARD Our God be praised. Now, John of France, I hope,
Thou knowest King Edward for no wantoness,
No love sick cockney, nor his soldiers jades.
But which way is the fearful king escaped?

PRINCE EDWARD Towards Poitiers, noble father, and his sons.

KING EDWARD Ned, thou and Artois shall pursue them still;
Myself and Derby will to Calais straight,
And there begirt that haven town with siege:
Now lies it on an upshot; therefore strike,
And wistly follow whiles the game's on foot.
What picture's this?

PRINCE EDWARD A pelican, my Lord,
Wounding her bosom with her crooked beak,
That so her nest of young ones may be fed
With drops of blood that issue from her heart;
The motto *Sic et Vos*: 'And so should you.'

Exeunt.

[ACT IV, SCENE 1]

Enter Lord Mountford with a coronet in his hand, with him the Earl of Salisbury.

MOUNTFORD My Lord of Salisbury, since by your aide
Mine enemy Sir Charles of Blois is slain,
And I again am quietly possessed
In Brittain's dukedom, know that I resolve,
For this kind furtherance of your king and you,
To swear allegiance to his majesty:
In sign whereof receive this coronet;
Bear it unto him and, withal, mine oath
Never to be but Edward's faithful friend.

SALISBURY I take it, Mountford. Thus I hope ere long
The whole dominions of the Realm of France
Will be surrendered to his conquering hand.

Exit [Mountford].

Now if I knew but safely how to pass,
I would at Calais gladly meet his Grace,
[Whither] I am by letters certified
Yet he intends to have his host removed.
It shall be so, this policy will serve.
Ho, whose within? Bring [Lorraine] to me.

Enter [Lorraine].

[Lorraine], thou knowst thou art my prisoner,
And that I might for ransom, if I would,
Require of thee a hundred thousand Francs,
Or else retain and keep thee captive still:
But so it is, that for a smaller charge
Thou mayst be quit, and if thou wilt thyself.

And this it is: Procure me but a passport
Of Charles the Duke of Normandy, that I,
Without restraint, may have recourse to Calais
Through all the countries where he hath to do;
Which thou mayst easily obtain I think,
By reason I have often heard thee say
He and thou were students once together:
And then thou shalt be set at liberty.
How sayst thou? wilt thou undertake to do it?

[LORRAINE] I will, my Lord, but I must speak with him.

SALISBURY Why so thou shalt. Take horse and post from hence.
Only before thou goest, swear by thy faith
That if thou canst not compass my desire
Thou wilt return my prisoner back again,
And that shall be sufficient warrant for me.

[LORRAINE] To that condition I agree, my Lord,
And will unfaindly perform the same.

Exit.

SALISBURY Farewell, Lorraine.
Thus once I mean to try a Frenchman's faith.

Exit.

[ACT IV, SCENE 2]

Enter King Edward and [Artois] with Soldiers.

KING EDWARD Since they refuse our proffered league, my Lord,
And will not open their gates and let us in,
We will entrench our selves on every side,
That neither victuals nor supply of men
May come to succour this accursed town;
Famine shall combat where our swords are stopped.

Enter poor Frenchmen (COURTNEY and SUSANNAH).

[ARTOIS] The promised aid that made them stand aloof
Is now retired and gone another way:
It will repent them of their stubborn will.
But what are these poor ragged slaves, my Lord?

KING EDWARD Ask what they are; it seems they come from Calais.

[ARTOIS] You wretched patterns of despair and woe,
What are you? Living men, or gliding ghosts
Crept from your graves to walk upon the earth?

[SUSANNAH] No ghosts, my Lord, but men that breathe a life
Far worse than is the quiet sleep of death:
We are distressed poor inhabitants,
That long have been diseased, sick, and lame;
And now, because we are not fit to serve,
The captain of the town hath thrust us forth,
That so expense of victuals may be saved.

KING EDWARD A charitable deed no doubt, and worthy praise:
But how do you imagine then to speed?
We are your enemies in such a case,
We can no less but put ye to the sword,

Since when we proffered truce, it was refused.

[COURTNEY] And if your grace no otherwise vouchsafe,
As welcome death is unto us as life.

KING EDWARD Poor silly men, much wronged and more distressed.
Go, Artois, go, and see they be relieved;
Command that victuals be appointed them,
And give to every one five crowns a piece.
The Lion scorns to touch the yielding prey,
And Edward's sword must flesh itself in such
As willful stubbornness hath made perverse.

[Exeunt Artois and poor Frenchmen.]
Enter Lord [Warwick].

Lord [Warwick], welcome: what's the news in England?

[WARWICK] The Queen, my Lord, comes here to your Grace,
And from her highness and the Lord vicegerent
I bring this happy tidings of success:
David of Scotland, lately up in arms,
Thinking belike he soonest should prevail,
Your highness being absent from the Realm,
Is by the fruitful service of your peers
And painful travel of the Queen her self
(That, big with child, was every day in arms)
Vanquished, subdued, and taken prisoner.

KING EDWARD Thanks, Warwick, for thy news with all my heart.
What was he took him prisoner in the field?

[WARWICK] An esquire, my Lord; John Copland is his name:
Who since entreated by her Majesty,
Denies to make surrender of his prize
To any but unto your grace alone:
Whereat the Queen is grievously displeas'd.

KING EDWARD Well then, we'll have a pursuivant dispatched,
To summon Copland hither out of hand,
And with him he shall bring his prisoner king.

[WARWICK] The Queen, my Lord, herself by this at Sea,
And purposeth as soon as wind will serve,
To land at Calais and to visit you.

KING EDWARD She shall be welcome; and, to wait her coming,
I'll pitch my tent near to the sandy shore.

Enter [GABE] as [French] Captain.

[GABE] The Burgesses of Calais, mighty king,
Have by a counsel willingly decreed
To yield the town and castle to your hands,
Upon condition it will please your grace
To grant them benefit of life and goods.

KING EDWARD They will so? Then, belike, they may command,
Dispose, elect, and govern as they list.
No, sirrah, tell them since they did refuse
Our princely clemency at first proclaimed,
They shall not have it now although they would;
[I] will accept of nought but fire and sword,
Except, within these two days, six of them
That are the wealthiest merchants in the town,
Come naked all but for their linen shirts,
With each a halter hanged about his neck,
And prostrate yield themselves, upon their knees,
To be afflicted, hanged, or what I please;
And so you may inform their masterships.

Exeunt [all but French Captain].

[GABE] Why this it is to trust a broken staff.

Had we not been persuaded John our King
Would with his army have relieved the town,
We had not stood upon defiance so:
But now 'tis past that no man can recall,
And better some do go to wrack them all.

Exit.

[ACT IV, SCENE 3]

Enter Charles of Normandy and [Lorraine].

CHARLES I wonder, [Lorraine], thou shouldst importune me
For one that is our deadly enemy.

[LORRAINE] Not for his sake, my gracious Lord, so much
Am I become an earnest advocate,
As that thereby my ransom will be quit.

CHARLES Thy ransom, man? Why needst thou talk of that?
Art thou not free? And are not all occasions,
That happen for advantage of our foes,
To be accepted of, and stood upon?

[LORRAINE] No, good my Lord, except the same be just.
For profit must with honor be commixed,
Or else our actions are but scandalous:
But letting pass these intricate objections,
Wilt please your highness to subscribe or no?

CHARLES [Lorraine], I will not, nor I cannot do it;
Salisbury shall not have his will so much,
To claim a passport how it pleaseth himself.

[LORRAINE] Why then I know the extremity, my Lord;
I must return to prison whence I came.

CHARLES Return? I hope thou wilt not;
What bird that hath escaped the fowler's gin
Will not beware how she's ensnared again?
Or what is he so senseless and secure,
That having hardly past a dangerous gulf
Will put himself in peril there again?

[LORRAINE] Ah, but it is mine oath, my gracious Lord,
Which I in conscience may not violate,
Or else a kingdom should not draw me hence.

CHARLES Thine oath? Why that doth bind thee to abide:
Hast thou not sworn obedience to thy Prince?

[LORRAINE] In all things that uprightly he commands:
But either to persuade or threaten me,
Not to perform the covenant of my word,
Is lawless, and I need not to obey.

CHARLES Why is it lawful for a man to kill,
And not to break a promise with his foe?

[LORRAINE] To kill, my Lord, when war is once proclaimed,
So that our quarrel be for wrongs received,
No doubt is lawfully permitted us:
But in an oath we must be well advised,
How we do swear, and, when we once have sworn,
Not to infringe it, though we die therefore:
Therefore, my Lord, as willing I return,
As if I were to fly to paradise.

CHARLES Stay, my [Lorraine]; thine honorable mind
Deserves to be eternally admired;
Thy suit shall be no longer thus deferred:
Give me the paper, I'll subscribe to it;
And, wheretofore I loved thee [as] [Lorraine],
Hereafter I'll embrace thee as myself.
Stay and be still in favour with thy Lord.

[Charles hands him the passport.]

[LORRAINE] I humbly thank you grace. I must dispatch,
And send this passport first unto the Earl,

And then I will attend your highness pleasure.

CHARLES Do so, [Lorraine], and Charles, when he hath need,
Be such his soldiers, howsoever he speed.

*Exit [Lorraine].
Enter King John.*

KING JOHN Come, Charles, and arm thee; Edward is entrapped,
The Prince of Wales is fall'n into our hands
And we have compassed him; he cannot escape.

CHARLES But will your highness fight today?

KING JOHN What else, my son? He's scarce eight thousand strong
And we are threescore thousand at the least.

CHARLES I have a prophecy, my gracious Lord,
Wherein is written what success is like
To happen us in this outrageous war.
It was delivered me at Crecy's field
By one that is an aged hermit there:
*When feathered fowl shall make thine army tremble
And flint stones rise and break the battle ray:
Then think on him that doth not now dissemble,
For that shall be the hapless dreadful day:
Yet in the end thy foot thou shalt advance
As far in England as thy foe in France.*

KING JOHN By this it seems we shall be fortunate:
For as it is impossible that stones
Should ever rise and break the battle ray,
Or airy fowl make men in arms to quake,
So is it like we shall not be subdued:
Or say this might be true, yet in the end,
Since he doth promise we shall drive him hence
And forage their country as they have done ours,

By this revenge that loss will seem the less.
But all are frivolous fancies, toys, and dreams:
Once we are sure we have ensnared the son,
Catch we the father after how we can.

Exeunt.

[ACT IV, SCENE 4]

Enter Prince Edward, Artois, and others.

PRINCE EDWARD Artois, the arms of death embrace us round,
And comfort have we none save that to die;
We pay our earnest for a sweeter life.
At Crecy field our clouds of warlike smoke
Choked up those French mouths and discovered them;
But now their multitudes of millions hide,
Masking as 'twere, the beauteous burning Sun,
Leaving no hope to us but sullen dark
And eyeless terror of all ending night.

ARTOIS This sudden, mighty, and expedient head
That they have made, fair prince, is wonderful.
Before us in the valley lies the king,
Vantaged with all that heaven and earth can yield;
His party stronger battled than our whole:
His son, the braving Duke of Normandy,
Hath trimmed the mountain on our right hand up
In shining plate, that now the aspiring hill
Shows like a silver quarry or an orb
Aloft the which the banners, bannerets,
And new replenished pendants cuff the air
And beat the winds that, for their gaudiness,
Struggles to kiss them. On our left hand lies
Phillip, the younger issue of the king,
Coating the other hill in such array
That all his gilded upright pikes do seem
Straight trees of gold, the pendants leaves,
And their device of antique heraldry
(Quartered in colours) seeming sundry fruits,
Makes it the Orchard of the Hesperides.
Behind us, too, the hill doth bear his height,
For like a half Moon opening but one way,

It rounds us in; there at our backs are lodged
The fatal crossbows, and the battle there
Is governed by the rough Chattillion.
Then thus it stands: The valley for our flight
The king binds in; the hills on either hand
Are proudly royalized by his sons;
And on the hill behind stands certain death
In pay and service with Chattillion.

PRINCE EDWARD Death's name is much more mighty than his deeds;
Thy parcelling this power hath made it more.
As many sands as these my hands can hold,
Are but my handful of so many sands;
Then all the world, and call it but a power
Easily ta'en up and quickly thrown away:
But if I stand to count them sand by sand,
The number would confound my memory,
And make a thousand millions of a task,
Which briefly is no more, indeed, than one.
These quarters, squadrons, and these regiments,
Before, behind us, and on either hand,
Are but a power. When we name a man,
His hand, his foot, his head hath several strengths;
And being all but one self instant strength,
Why, all this many, Artois, is but one,
And we can call it all but one man's strength.
He that hath far to go, tells it by miles;
If he should tell the steps, it kills his heart:
The drops are infinite that make a flood,
And yet, thou knowst, we call it but a Rain.
There is but one France, one king of France,
That France hath no more kings; and that same king
Hath but the puissant legion of one king!
And we have one. Then apprehend no odds,
For one to one is fair equality.

Enter [GABE as] a Herald from King John.

What tidings, messenger? Be plain and brief.

[GABE] The king of France, my sovereign Lord and master,
Greets by me his foe, the Prince of Wales:
If thou call forth a hundred men of name,
Of Lords, Knights, Squires, and English gentlemen,
And with thyself and those kneel at his feet,
He straight will fold his bloody colours up,
And ransom shall redeem lives forfeited:
If not, this day shall drink more English blood
Than ere was buried in our British earth.
What is the answer to his proffered mercy?

PRINCE EDWARD This heaven that covers France contains the mercy
That draws from me submissive orisons;
That such base breath should vanish from my lips
To urge the plea of mercy to a man,
The Lord forbid. Return and tell the king,
My tongue is made of steel, and it shall beg
My mercy on his coward burgonet.
Tell him my colours are as red as his,
My men as bold, our English arms as strong.
Return him my defiance in his face.

[GABE] I go.

[Exit Herald.]

Enter [COURTNEY as] Herald [from Charles].

PRINCE EDWARD What news with thee?

[COURTNEY] The Duke of Normandy, my Lord and master,
Pitying thy youth is so engirt with peril,
By me hath sent a nimble jointed jennet,
As swift as ever yet thou didst bestride,
And therewithall he counsels thee to fly;

Else death himself hath sworn that thou shalt die.

PRINCE EDWARD Back with the beast unto the beast that sent him,
Tell him I cannot sit a coward's horse;
Bid him today bestride the jade himself,
For I will stain my horse quite o'er with blood,
And double gild my spurs, but I will catch him;
So tell the carping boy, and get thee gone.

[Exit second Herald.]

Enter [SUSANNAH as] Herald [from Phillip].

[SUSANNAH] Edward of Wales, Phillip, the second son
To the most mighty Christian king of France,
Seeing thy body's living date expired,
All full of charity and Christian love,
Commends this book full fraught with prayers,
To thy fair hand, and for thy hour of life
Entreats thee that thou meditate therein,
And arm thy soul for her long journey towards.
Thus have I done his bidding, and return.

PRINCE EDWARD Herald of Phillip, greet thy Lord from me:
All good that he can send, I can receive;
But thinkst thou not, the unadvised boy
Hath wronged himself in thus far tendering me?
Happily he cannot pray without the book,
I think him no divine extemporal.
Then render back this common place of prayer,
To do himself good in adversity;
Besides, he knows not my sins' quality,
And therefore knows no prayers for my avail;
Ere night his prayer may be to pray to God
To put it in my heart to hear his prayer.
So tell the courtly wanton, and be gone.

[SUSANNAH] I go.

[Exit Herald.]

PRINCE EDWARD How confident their strength and number makes them.

Now, Artois, sound those silver wings of thine,
And let those milk-white messengers of time
Show thy times learning in this dangerous time.
Thyself art busy, and bit with many broils,
And stratagems forepast with iron pens
Are texted in thine honorable face;
Thou art a married man in this distress,
But danger woos me as a blushing maid:
Teach me an answer to this perilous time.

[ARTOIS] To die is all as common as to live:

The one in choice the other holds in chase;
For from the instant we begin to live,
We do pursue and hunt the time to die:
First bud we, then we blow, and after seed,
Then presently we fall, and, as a shade
Follows the body, so we follow death.
If, then, we hunt for death, why do we fear it?
If we fear it, why do we follow it?
If we do fear, how can we shun it?
If we do fear, with fear we do but aide
The thing we fear to seize on us the sooner.
If we fear not, then no resolved proffer
Can overthrow the limit of our fate;
For, whether ripe or rotten, drop we shall,
As we do draw the lottery of our doom.

PRINCE EDWARD Ah, good old man, a thousand thousand armors

These words of thine have buckled on my back:
Ah what an idiot hast thou made of life
To seek the thing it fears; and how disgraced
The imperial victory of murdering death,
Since all the lives his conquering arrows strike

Seek him, and he not them, to shame his glory.

I will not give a penny for a life,
Nor half a halfpenny to shun grim death,
Since for to live is but to seek to die,
And dying but beginning of new life.
Let come the hour when he that rules it will.
To live or die I hold indifferent.

Exeunt.

[ACT IV, SCENE 5]

Enter King John and Charles.

KING JOHN A sudden darkness hath defaced the sky,
The winds are crept into their caves for fear,
The leaves move not, the world is hushed and still,
The birds cease singing, and the wandering brooks
Murmur no wonted greeting to their shores,
Silence attends some wonder and expecteth
That heaven should pronounce some prophesy:
Where, or from whom, proceeds this silence, Charles?

CHARLES Our men, with open mouths and staring eyes,
Look on each other, as they did attend
Each other's words, and yet no creature speaks;
A tongue-tied fear hath made a midnight hour,
And speeches sleep through all the waking regions.

KING JOHN But now the pompous Sun in all his pride
Looked through his golden coach upon the world,
And on a sudden hath he hid himself,
That now the under earth is as a grave,
Dark, deadly, silent, and uncomfortable.

A clamor of ravens.

Hark, what a deadly outcry do I hear?

CHARLES Here comes [the Duke of Lorraine].

KING JOHN All dismayed:

[Enter Lorraine.]

What fearful words are those thy looks presage?

[LORRAINE] A flight, a flight!

KING JOHN Coward, what flight? Thou liest, there needs no flight.

[LORRAINE] A flight!

KING JOHN Awake thy craven powers, and tell on
The substance of that very fear in deed
Which is so ghastly printed in thy face:
What is the matter?

[LORRAINE] A flight of ugly ravens
Do croak and hover o'er our soldiers' heads,
And keep in triangles and cornered squares
Right as our forces are embattled.
With their approach there came this sudden fog,
Which now hath hid the airy floor of heaven
And made at noon a night unnatural
Upon the quaking and dismayed world.
In brief, our soldiers have let fall their arms,
And stand like metamorphos'd images,
Bloodless and pale, one gazing on another.

KING JOHN Aye, now I call to mind the prophesy,
But I must give no entrance to a fear.
Return and hearten up these yielding souls;
Tell them the ravens, seeing them in arms,
So many fair against a famished few,
Come but to dine upon their handy work
And prey upon the carrion that they kill;
For when we see a horse laid down to die,
Although not dead, the ravenous birds
Sit watching the departure of his life;
Even so these ravens, for the carcasses
Of those poor English that are marked to die,
Hover about; and if they cry to us,

'Tis but for meat that we must kill for them.
Away and comfort up my soldiers,
And sound the trumpets, and at once dispatch
This little business of a silly fraud.

Another noise, Salisbury brought in by [SUSANNAH as a] a French Captain.

[SUSANNAH] Behold, my liege, this knight and forty mo',
Of whom the better part are slain and fled,
With all endeavor sought to break our ranks,
And make their way to the encompassed prince.
Dispose of him as please your majesty.

KING JOHN Go, and the next bough, soldier, that thou seest,
Disgrace it with his body presently;
For I do hold a tree in France too good
To be the gallows of an English thief.

SALISBURY My Lord of Normandy, I have your pass
And warrant for my safety through this land.

CHARLES [Lorraine] procured it for thee, did he not?

SALISBURY He did.

CHARLES And it is current; thou shalt freely pass.

KING JOHN Aye, freely to the gallows to be hanged
Without denial or impediment.
Away with him!

CHARLES I hope your highness will not so disgrace me
And dash the virtue of my seal at arms.
He hath my never broken name to show,
Charactered with this princely hand of mine.
And rather let me leave to be a prince

Than break the stable verdict of a prince.
I do beseech you, let him pass in quiet.

KING JOHN Thou and thy word lie both in my command;
What canst thou promise that I cannot break?
Which of these twain is greater infamy,
To disobey thy father or thyself?
Thy word, nor no man's, may exceed his power;
Nor that same man doth never break his word
That keeps it to the utmost of his power.
The breach of faith dwells in the soul's consent,
Which if thyself without consent do break,
Thou art not charged with the breach of faith.
Go hang him, for thy license lies in me,
And my constraint stands the excuse for thee.

CHARLES What, am I not a soldier in my word?
Then arms adieu, and let them fight that list.
Shall I not give my girdle from my waste,
But with a gardion I shall be controlled,
To say I may not give my things away?
Upon my soul, had Edward, prince of Wales,
Engaged his word, writ down his noble hand
For all your knights to pass his father's land,
The royal king, to grace his warlike son,
Would not alone safe conduct give to them,
But with all bounty feasted them and theirs.

KING JOHN Dwellst thou on precedents? Then be it so.
Say, Englishman, of what degree thou art?

SALISBURY An Earl in England, though a prisoner here,
And those that know me call me Salisbury.

KING JOHN Then, Salisbury, say whether thou art bound.

SALISBURY To Calais, where my liege, King Edward, is.

KING JOHN To Calais, Salisbury? Then, to Calais pack,
And bid the king prepare a noble grave
To put his princely son Black Edward in.
And as thou travelst westward from this place,
Some two leagues hence there is a lofty hill,
Whose top seems topless (for the embracing sky
Doth hide his high head in her azure bosom)
Upon whose tall top, when thy foot attains,
Look back upon the humble vale beneath
(Humble of late, but now made proud with arms)
And thence behold the wretched prince of Wales,
Hoop'd with a bond of iron round about.
After which sight, to Calais spur amain,
And say the prince was smothered, and not slain;
And tell the king this is not all his ill,
For I will greet him, ere he thinks I will.
Away, be gone; the smoke but of our shot
Will choke our foes, though bullets hit them not.

[Exeunt.]

[ACT IV, SCENE 6]

Alarum.

Enter Prince Edward and Artois.

ARTOIS How fares your grace? Are you not shot, my Lord?

PRINCE EDWARD No, dear Artois, but choked with dust and smoke,
And stepped aside for breath and fresher air.

ARTOIS Breathe, then, and to it again. The amazed French
Are quite distract with gazing on the crows;
And, were our quivers full of shafts again,
Your grace should see a glorious day of this.
O for more arrows, Lord, that's our want.

PRINCE EDWARD Courage, Artois! A fig for feathered shafts,
When feathered fowls do bandy on our side.
What need we fight, and sweat, and keep a coil,
When railing crows outscold our adversaries?
Up, up, Artois! The ground itself is arm'd!
Fire containing flint! Command our bows
To hurl away their pretty colored yew,
And to it with stones. Away, Artois, away!
My soul doth prophecy we win the day.

Exeunt.

[ACT IV, SCENE 7]

*Alarum.
Enter King John.*

KING JOHN Our multitudes are in themselves confounded,
Dismayed, and distraught; swift starting fear
Hath buzz'd a cold dismay through all our army,
And every petty disadvantage prompts
The fear-possessed abject soul to fly.
Myself, whose spirit is steel to their dull lead,
What with recalling of the prophecy
And that our native stones from English arms
Rebel against us, find myself attainted
With strong surprise of weak and yielding fear.

Enter Charles.

CHARLES Fly, father, fly! The French do kill the French,
Some that would stand let drive at some that fly;
Our drums strike nothing but discouragement;
Our trumpets sound dishonor and retire;
The spirit of fear, that feareth nought but death,
Cowardly works confusion on itself.

Enter [Lorraine].

[LORRAINE] Pluck out your eyes, and see not this day's shame!
An arm hath beat an army; one poor David
Hath with a stone foiled twenty stout Goliaths;
Some twenty naked starvelings with small flints,
Hath driven back a puissant host of men,
Array'd and fenc'd in all accomplishments.

KING JOHN *Mort dieu!* They quoit at us, and kill us up;
No less than forty thousand wicked elders

Have forty lean slaves this day stoned to death.

CHARLES O that I were some other countryman!
This day hath set derision on the French,
And all the world will blurt and scorn at us.

KING JOHN What, is there no hope left?

[LORRAINE] No hope but death, to bury up our shame.

KING JOHN Make up once more with me! The twentieth part
Of those that live are men enow to quail
The feeble handful on the adverse part.

CHARLES Then charge again. If heaven be not opposed,
We cannot lose the day.

KING JOHN On, away!

Exeunt.

[ACT IV, SCENE 8]

Enter [Artois], wounded; rescued by [Gobin de Grey]

[GOBIN] How fares my Lord?

[ARTOIS] Even as a man may do,
That dines at such a bloody feast as this.

[GOBIN] I hope, my Lord, that is no mortal scar.

[ARTOIS] No matter if it be, the count is cast,
And, in the worst, ends but a mortal man.
Good friends, convey me to the princely Edward,
That in the crimson bravery of my blood
I may become him with saluting him.
I'll smile and tell him that this open scar
Doth end the harvest of his Artois' war.

Exeunt.

[ACT IV, SCENE 9]

*Enter Prince Edward, King John, Charles, and all ensigns spread.
Retreat sounded.*

PRINCE EDWARD Now, John in France (and lately John of France,
Thy bloody ensigns are my captive colours)
And you, high vaunting Charles of Normandy
(That once today sent me a horse to fly),
Are now the subjects of my clemency.
Fie, Lords, is it not a shame that English boys,
Whose early days are yet not worth a beard,
Should in the bosom of your kingdom thus,
One against twenty, beat you up together?

KING JOHN Thy fortune, not thy force, hath conquered us.

PRINCE EDWARD An argument that heaven aides the right.

Enter Artois with Phillip.

~~See, see, Artois doth bring with him along~~
~~The late good counsel giver to my soul.~~
~~Welcome, Artois, and welcome, Phillip, too:~~
~~Who now of you or I have need to pray?~~
~~Now is the proverb verified in you,~~
~~'Too bright a morning breeds a louring day.'~~

Sound Trumpets. Enter [Artois].

But say, what grim discouragement comes here?
Alas, what thousand armed men of France
Have writ that note of death in Artois' face?
Speak, thou that wooest death with thy careless smile
And lookst so merrily upon thy grave,
As if thou were enamored on thine end:

What hungry sword hath so bereaved thy face,
And lopped a true friend from my loving soul?

[ARTOIS] O Prince, thy sweet bemoaning speech to me
Is as a mournful knell to one dead sick.

PRINCE EDWARD Dear, [Artois]: If my tongue ring out thy end,
My arms shall be thy grave. What may I do
To win thy life, or to revenge thy death?
If thou wilt drink the blood of captive kings,
Or that it were restorative, command
A health of kings' blood, and I'll drink to thee;
If honor may dispense for thee with death,
The never dying honor of this day
Share wholly, [Artois], to thyself, and live.

[ARTOIS] Victorious Prince (that thou art so, behold
A Caesar's fame in king's captivity);
If I could hold dim death but at a bay,
Till I did see my liege thy royal father,
My soul should yield this castle of my flesh,
This mangled tribute, with all willingness,
To darkness, consummation, dust, and worms.

PRINCE EDWARD Cheerily, bold man, thy soul is all too proud
To yield her city for one little breach;
Should be divorced from her earthly spouse
By the soft temper of a Frenchman's sword?
Lo, to repair thy life, I give to thee
Three thousand marks a year in English land.

[ARTOIS] I take thy gift, to pay the debts I owe:
[This too] poor esquire redeem'd me from the French
With lusty and dear hazard of [his life]:
What thou hast given me, I give to [him];
And as thou love'st me, prince, lay thy consent
To this bequeath in my last testament.

PRINCE EDWARD Renowned [Artois], live, and have from me
This gift twice doubled to [this esquire] and thee:
But live or die, what thou hast given away
To [him and his] shall lasting freedom stay.
Come, gentlemen, I will see my friend bestowed
Within an easy litter; then we'll march
Proudly toward Calais, with triumphant pace
Unto my royal father, and there bring
The tribute of my wars: Fair France his king.

Exeunt.

[ACT V, SCENE 1]

*Enter [GABE and COURTNEY as] citizens in their shirts, barefoot, with
halters about their necks.*

Enter King Edward, Queen Phillipa, soldiers.

KING EDWARD No more, Queen Phillip, pacify yourself;
Copland, except he can excuse his fault,
Shall find displeasure written in our looks.
And now unto this proud resisting town:
Soldiers, assault. I will no longer stay
To be deluded by their false delays;
Put all to sword, and make the spoil your own.

[GABE] Mercy, king Edward!

[COURTNEY] Mercy, gracious Lord!

KING EDWARD Contemptuous villains, call ye now for truce?
Mine ears are stopped against your bootless cries.
Sound drums alarum; draw threatening swords!

[COURTNEY]: Ah noble Prince, take pity on this town,
And hear us, mighty king:
We claim the promise that your highness made;
The two days' respite is not yet expired,
And we are come with willingness to bear
What torturing death or punishment you please,
So that the trembling multitude be saved.

KING EDWARD My promise? Well, I do confess as much:
But I do require the chiefest citizens
And men of most account that should submit;
You, peradventure, are but servile grooms,
Or some felonious robbers on the sea,
Whom, apprehended, law would execute,
Albeit severity lay dead in us:

No, no, ye cannot overreach us thus.

[GABE]: The Sun, dread Lord, that in the western fall
Beholds us now low brought through misery,
Did in the Orient purple of the morn
Salute our coming forth, when we were known;
Or may our portion be with damned fiends.

KING EDWARD If it be so, then let our covenant stand:
We take possession of the town in peace;
But for yourselves look you for no remorse,
But as imperial justice hath decreed,
Your bodies shall be dragged about these walls,
And after feel the stroke of quartering steel.
This is your doom. Go, soldiers, see it done.

QUEEN PHILLIPA Ah be more mild unto these yielding men.
It is a glorious thing to stablish peace,
And kings approach the nearest unto God
By giving life and safety unto men:
As thou intendest to be king of France,
So let her people live to call thee king;
For what the sword cuts down or fire hath spoiled,
Is held in reputation none of ours.

KING EDWARD Although experience teach us this is true,
That peaceful quietness brings most delight
When most of all abuses are controlled;
Yet insomuch it shall be known that we
As well can master our affections
As conquer other by the dint of sword.
Phillip, prevail; we yield to thy request:
These men shall live to boast of clemency,
And, tyranny, strike terror to thyself.

[GABE]: Long live your highness!

[COURTNEY] Happy be your reign!

KING EDWARD Go, get you hence, return unto the town,
And if this kindness hath deserved your love,
Learn then to reverence Edward as your king.

Exit [Citizens].

Now might we hear of our affairs abroad.
We would, till gloomy Winter were o'er spent,
Dispose our men in garrison awhile.
But who comes here?

Enter Copland and King David.

[QUEEN PHILIPPA] Copland, my Lord, and David, King of Scots.

KING EDWARD Is this the proud presumptuous Esquire of the North
That would not yield his prisoner to my Queen?

COPLAND I am, my liege, a Northern Esquire indeed,
But neither proud nor insolent, I trust.

KING EDWARD What moved thee then to be so obstinate
To contradict our royal Queen's desire?

COPLAND No wilful disobedience, mighty Lord,
But my desert and public law at arms:
I took the king myself in single fight,
And, like a soldiers, would be loath to lose
The least preeminence that I had won.
And Copland straight upon your highness charge
Is come to France, and with a lowly mind
Doth vale the bonnet of his victory:
Receive, dread Lord, the custom of my fraught,
The wealthy tribute of my laboring hands,
Which should long since have been surrend' red up,

Had but your gracious self been there in place.

QUEEN PHILIPPA But, Copland, thou didst scorn the king's command,
Neglecting our commission in his name.

COPLAND His name I reverence, but his person more;
His name shall keep me in allegiance still,
But to his person I will bend my knee.

KING EDWARD I pray thee, Phillip, let displeasure pass:
This man doth please me, and I like his words;
For what is he that will attempt great deeds
And lose the glory that ensues the same?
All rivers have recourse unto the Sea,
And Copland's faith relation to his king.
Kneel, therefore, down: Now rise, King Edward's knight;
And, to maintain thy state, I freely give
Five hundred marks a year to thee and thine.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, Lord Salisbury: what news from Brittain?

SALISBURY This, mighty king: The country we have won,
And Charles de Mountford, regent of that place,
Presents your highness with this coronet,
Protesting true allegiance to your Grace.

KING EDWARD We thank thee for thy service, valiant Earl;
Challenge our favour, for we owe it thee.

SALISBURY But now, my Lord, as this is joyful news,
So must my voice be tragical again,
And I must sing of doleful accidents.

KING EDWARD What, have our men the overthrow at Poitiers?
Or is our son beset with too much odds?

SALISBURY He was, my Lord; and as my worthless self
 With forty other serviceable knights,
 Under safe conduct of the Dauphin's seal,
 Did travel that way, finding him distressed,
 A troop of lances met us on the way,
 Surprised, and brought us prisoners to the king,
 Who proud of this, and eager of revenge,
 Commanded straight to cut off all our heads.
 And surely we had died, but that the Duke,
 More full of honor than his angry sire,
 Procured our quick deliverance from thence;
 But, ere we went, *Salute your king*, quoth he,
Bid him provide a funeral for his son:
Today our sword shall cut his thread of life;
And, sooner than he thinks, we'll be with him:
To quittance those displeasures he hath done.
 This said, we passed, not daring to reply;
 Our hearts were dead, our looks diffused and wan.
 Wand'ring, at last we climb'd unto a hill,
 From whence, although our grief were much before,
 Yet now to see the occasion with our eyes
 Did thrice so much increase our heaviness;
 For there, my Lord, oh, there we did descry
 Down in a valley how both armies lay:
 The French had cast their trenches like a ring,
 And every barricado's open front
 Was thick embossed with brazen ordinance;
 Here stood a battaile of ten thousand horse,
 There twice as many pikes in quadrant wise,
 Here crossbows and deadly wounding darts;
 And in the midst, like to a slender point
 Within the compass of the horizon,
 As 'twere a rising bubble in the sea,
 A hazel wand amidst a wood of Pines,
 Or as a bear fast chained unto a stake,
 Stood famous Edward, still expecting when

Those dogs of France would fasten on his flesh.
 Anon the death procuring knell begins:
 Off go the cannons that with trembling noise
 Did shake the very mountain where they stood;
 Then sound the trumpets' clangor in the air.
 The battles join, and, when we could no more
 Discern the difference twixt the friend and foe,
 So intricate the dark confusion was,
 Away we turned our watery eyes with sighs,
 As black as powder fuming into smoke.
 And thus, I fear, unhappy have I told
 The most untimely tale of Edward's fall.

QUEEN PHILLIPA Ah me, is this my welcome into France?
 Is this the comfort that I looked to have,
 When I should meet with my beloved son?
 Sweet Ned, I would thy mother in the sea
 Had been prevented of this mortal grief.

KING EDWARD Content thee, Phillip; 'tis not tears will serve
 To call him back if he be taken hence.
 Comfort thyself as I do, gentle Queen,
 With hope of sharp, unheard of, dire revenge.
 He bids me to provide his funeral,
 And so I will; but all the Peers in France
 Shall mourners be, and weep out bloody tears
 Until their empty veins be dry and sere;
 The pillars of his hearse shall be [their] bones;
 The mould that covers him, their city ashes;
 His knell the groaning cries of dying men;
 And in the stead of tapers on his tomb,
 A hundred fifty towers shall burning blaze,
 While we bewail our valiant son's decease.

[Enter Warwick.]

[WARWICK] Rejoice, my Lord! Ascend the imperial throne!

The mighty and redoubted Prince of Wales,
Great servitor to bloody Mars in arms,
The Frenchman's terror, and his country's fame,
Triumphant rideth like a Roman peer,
And, lowly at his stirrup comes afoot
King John of France, together with his son,
In captive bonds; whose diadem he brings
To crown thee with, and to proclaim thee king.

KING EDWARD Away with mourning, Phillip, wipe thine eyes!
Sound, Trumpets, welcome in Plantagenet!

Enter Prince Edward, King John, [Charles], Artois.

As things long lost, when they are found again,
So doth my son rejoice his father's heart,
For whom even now my soul was much perplex'd.

QUEEN PHILLIPA Be this a token to express my joy,

Kisses him.

For inward passion will not let me speak.

PRINCE EDWARD My gracious father, here receive the gift;
This wreath of conquest and reward of war,
Got with as mickle peril of our lives,
As ere was thing of price before this day.
Install your highness in your proper right,
And herewithall I render to your hands
These prisoners, chief occasion of our strife.

KING EDWARD So, John of France, I see you keep your word:
You promised to be sooner with ourself
Than we did think for, and 'tis so in deed:
But, had you done at first as now you do,
How many civil towns had stood untouched,

That now are turned to ragged heaps of stones?
How many people's lives mightst thou have saved,
That are untimely sunk into their graves?

KING JOHN Edward, recount not things irrevocable;
Tell me what ransom thou requirest to have?

KING EDWARD Thy ransom, John, hereafter shall be known:
But first to England thou must cross the seas,
To see what entertainment it affords;
How ere it falls, it cannot be so bad,
As ours hath been since we arrived in France.

KING JOHN Accursed man, of this I was foretold,
But did misconster what the prophet told.

PRINCE EDWARD Now, father, this petition Edward makes
To thee, whose grace hath been his strongest shield;
That as thy pleasure chose me for the man
To be the instrument to show thy power,
So thou wilt grant that many princes more,
Bred and brought up within that little Isle,
May still be famous for like victories!
And, for my part, the bloody scars I bear,
And weary nights that I have watched in field,
The dangerous conflicts I have often had,
The fearful menaces were proffered me,
The heat and cold and what else might displease;
I wish were now redoubled twenty fold,
So that hereafter ages, when they read
The painful traffic of my tender youth,
Might thereby be enflamed with such resolve,
As not the territories of France alone,
But likewise Spain, Turkey, and what countries else
That justly would provoke fair England's ire,
Might at their presence, tremble and retire.

KING EDWARD Here, English Lords, we do proclaim a rest,
An intercession of our painful arms:
Sheath up your swords, refresh your weary limbs,
Peruse your spoils; and, after we have breath'd
A day or two within this haven town,
God willing, then for England we'll be shipped;
Where in a happy hour, I trust we shall
Arrive three kings, two princes, and a queen.

FINIS.