

PR  
2818  
ARKA

Mailing Price 30cts.

ENGLISH CLASSICS

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES.

SHAKESPEARE'S

KING JOHN.

KELLOGG.

NEW-YORK,  
MAYNARD, MERRILL & CO.



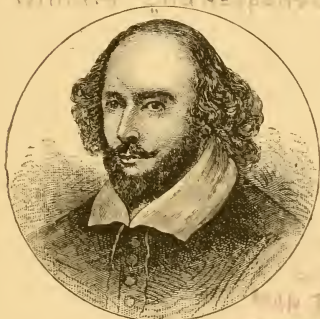




SHAKESPEARE'S  
KING JOHN.

WITH  
NOTES, EXAMINATION PAPERS, AND PLAN  
OF PREPARATION.

(SELECTED.)



By BRAINERD KELLOGG, A.M.

*Professor of the English Language and Literature in the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, and author of a "Text-Book on Rhetoric," a "Text-Book on English Literature," and one of the authors of Reed & Kellogg's "Graded Lessons in English" and "Higher Lessons in English," etc., etc.*

97474

NEW YORK:  
EFFINGHAM MAYNARD & Co., Publishers,  
43, 45, AND 47 EAST TENTH STREET.

1898

FR 2818  
A2 154

# SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS,

WITH NOTES.

*Uniform in style and price with this volume.*

MERCHANT OF VENICE.  
JULIUS CÆSAR.  
MACBETH.  
TEMPEST.  
TWELFTH NIGHT.  
HAMLET.  
KING HENRY V.  
KING LEAR.  
KING HENRY IV., PART I.  
KING HENRY VIII.  
AS YOU LIKE IT.

KING RICHARD III.  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S  
DREAM.  
A WINTER'S TALE.  
OTHELLO.  
CORIOLANUS.  
KING JOHN.  
ROMEO AND JULIET.  
MUCH ADO ABOUT  
NOTHING.

COPYRIGHT, 1893,

BY

EFFINGHAM MAYNARD & CO.

12-38525

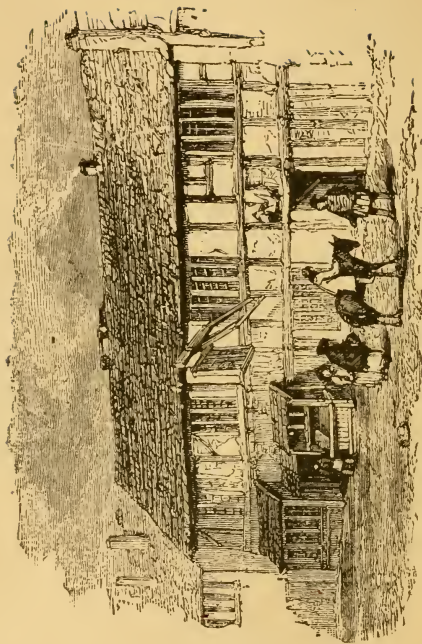
## EDITOR'S NOTE.

---

THE text here presented, adapted for use in mixed classes, has been carefully collated with that of six or seven of the latest and best editions. Where there was any disagreement, those readings have been adopted which seemed most reasonable and were supported by the best authority.

William Aldis Wright's exhaustive notes form the substance of those here used. But as these plays are intended rather for pupils in school and college than for ripe Shakespearean scholars, we have not hesitated to prune his notes of whatever was thought to be too learned for our purpose, or on other grounds was deemed irrelevant to it. The notes of other English editors and our own have been freely incorporated.

B. K.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.

From a Drawing by J. W. Archer.



## GENERAL NOTICE.

---

“AN attempt has been made in these new editions to interpret Shakespeare by the aid of Shakespeare himself. The Method of Comparison has been constantly employed ; and the language used by him in one place has been compared with the language used in other places in similar circumstances, as well as with older English and with newer English. The text has been as carefully and as thoroughly annotated as the text of any Greek or Latin classic.

“The first purpose in this elaborate annotation is, of course, the full working out of Shakespeare’s meaning. The Editor has in all circumstances taken as much pains with this as if he had been making out the difficult and obscure terms of a will in which he himself was personally interested ; and he submits that this thorough excavation of the meaning of a really profound thinker is one of the very best kinds of training that a boy or girl can receive at school. This is to read the very mind of Shakespeare, and to weave his thoughts into the fibre of one’s own mental constitution. And always new rewards come to the careful reader—in the shape of new meanings, recognition of

thoughts he had before missed, of relations between the characters that had hitherto escaped him. For reading Shakespeare is just like examining Nature; there are no hollownesses, there is no scamped work, for Shakespeare is as patiently exact and as first-hand as Nature herself.

“Besides this thorough working-out of Shakespeare’s meaning, advantage has been taken of the opportunity to teach his English—to make each play an introduction to the ENGLISH OF SHAKESPEARE. For this purpose copious collections of similar phrases have been gathered from other plays; his idioms have been dwelt upon; his peculiar use of words; his style and his rhythm. Some teachers may consider that too many instances are given; but, in teaching, as in everything else, the old French saying is true: *Assez n’y a, s’il trop n’y a*. The teacher need not require each pupil to give him *all* the instances collected. If each gives one or two, it will probably be enough; and, among them all, it is certain that one or two will stick in the memory. It is probable that, for those pupils who do not study either Greek or Latin, this close examination of every word and phrase in the text of Shakespeare will be the best substitute that can be found for the study of the ancient classics.

“It were much to be hoped that Shakespeare should become more and more of a study, and that every boy and girl should have a thorough knowledge of at least one play of Shakespeare before leaving school. It would be one of the best lessons in human life, without the chance of a polluting or degrading experience. It would also have the effect of bringing back into the too pale and for-

mal English of modern times a large number of pithy and vigorous phrases which would help to develop as well as to reflect vigor in the characters of the readers. Shakespeare used the English language with more power than any other writer that ever lived—he made it do more and say more than it had ever done; he made it speak in a more original way; and his combinations of words are perpetual provocations and invitations to originality and to newness of insight.”—J. M. D. MEIKLEJOHN, M.A., *Professor of the Theory, History, and Practice of Education in the University of St. Andrews.*

## Shakespeare's Grammar.

Shakespeare lived at a time when the grammar and vocabulary of the English language were in a state of transition. Various points were not yet settled; and so Shakespeare's grammar is not only somewhat different from our own but is by no means uniform in itself. In the Elizabethan age, "Almost any part of speech can be used as any other part of speech. An adverb can be used as a verb, 'They *askance* their eyes;' as a noun, 'the *backward* and abysm of time;' or as an adjective, 'a *seldom* pleasure.' Any noun, adjective, or intransitive verb can be used as a transitive verb. You can 'happy' your friend, 'malice' or 'foot' your enemy, or 'fall' an axe on his neck. An adjective can be used as an adverb; and you can speak and act 'easy,' 'free,' 'excellent;' or as a noun, and you can talk of 'fair' instead of 'beauty,' and 'a pale' instead of 'a paleness.' Even the pronouns are not exempt from these metamorphoses. A 'he' is used for a man, and a lady is described by a gentleman as 'the fairest *she* he has yet beheld.' In the second place, every variety of apparent grammatical inaccuracy meets us. *He* for *him*, *him* for *he*; *spoke* and *took* for *spoken* and *taken*; plural nominatives with singular verbs; relatives omitted where they are now considered necessary; unnecessary antecedents inserted; *shall* for *will*; *should* for *would*; *would* for *wish*; *to* omitted after 'I ought,' inserted after 'I *durst*;' double negatives; double comparatives ('more better,' &c.) and superlatives; *such* followed by *which*, *that* by *as*, *as* used for *as if*; *that* for *so that*; and lastly some verbs apparently with two nominatives, and others without any nominative at all."—Dr. Abbott's *Shakesperian Grammar*.

## Shakespeare's Versification.

Shakespeare's Plays are written mainly in what is known as *blank verse*; but they contain a number of riming, and a considerable number of prose, lines. As a rule, rime is much commoner in the earlier than in the later plays. Thus, *Love's Labor's Lost* contains nearly 1,100 riming lines, while (if we except the songs) *Winter's Tale* has none. *The Merchant of Venice* has 124.

In speaking, we lay a stress on particular syllables: this stress is called *accent*. When the words of a composition are so arranged that the accent recurs at regular intervals, the composition is said to be *rhythmical*. In blank verse the lines consist usually of ten syllables, of which the second, fourth, sixth,

eighth, and tenth are accented. The line consists, therefore, of five parts, each of which contains an unaccented followed by an accented syllable, as in the word *attend*. Each of these five parts forms what is called a *foot* or *measure*; and the five together form a *pentameter*. "Pentameter" is a Greek word signifying "five measures." This is the usual form of a line of blank verse. But a long poem composed entirely of such lines would be monotonous, and for the sake of variety several important modifications have been introduced.

(a) After the tenth syllable, one or two unaccented syllables are sometimes added; as—

"*Me-thought | you said | you nei | ther lend | nor bor | row.*"

(b) In any foot the accent may be shifted from the second to the first syllable, provided two accented syllables do not come together.

"*Pluck' the | young suck' | ing cubs' | from the' | she bear'.*" |

(c) In such words as "yesterday," "voluntary," "honesty," the syllables *-day*, *-ta-*, and *-ty* falling in the place of the accent, are, for the purposes of the verse, regarded as truly accented.

"*Bars' me | the right' | of vol'- | un-ta' | ry choos' | ing.*"

(d) Sometimes we have a succession of accented syllables; this occurs with monosyllabic feet only.

"*Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark.*"

(e) Sometimes, but more rarely, two or even three unaccented syllables occupy the place of one; as—

"*He says | he does, | be-ing then | most flat | ter-ed.*"

(f) Lines may have any number of feet from one to six.

Finally, Shakespeare adds much to the pleasing variety of his blank verse by placing the pauses in different parts of the line (especially after the second or third foot), instead of placing them all at the ends of lines, as was the earlier custom.

N. B.—In some cases the rhythm requires that what we usually pronounce as one syllable shall be divided into two, as *fi-er* (fire), *su-er* (sure), *mi-el* (mile), &c.; *too-elve* (twelve), *jaw-ee* (joy), &c. Similarly, *she-on* (-tion or -sion).

It is very important to give the pupil plenty of ear-training by means of formal scansion. This will greatly assist him in his reading.

PLAN OF STUDY  
FOR  
'PERFECT POSSESSION.'

---

To attain to the standard of 'Perfect Possession,' the reader ought to have an intimate and ready knowledge of the subject. (See opposite page.)

The student ought, first of all, to read the play as a pleasure; then to read it over again, with his mind upon the characters and the plot; and lastly, to read it for the meanings, grammar, &c.

With the help of the scheme, he can easily draw up for himself short examination papers (1) on each scene, (2) on each act, (3) on the whole play.

**1. The Plot and Story of the Play.**

- (a) The general plot ;
- (b) The special incidents.

**2. The Characters:** Ability to give a connected account of all that is done and most of what is said by each character in the play.**3. The Influence and Interplay of the Characters upon each other.**

- (a) Relation of A to B and of B to A ;
- (b) Relation of A to C and D.

**4. Complete Possession of the Language.**

- (a) Meanings of words ;
- (b) Use of old words, or of words in an old meaning ;
- (c) Grammar ;
- (d) Ability to quote lines to illustrate a grammatical point.

**5. Power to Reproduce or Quote.**

- (a) What was said by A or B on a particular occasion ;
- (b) What was said by A in reply to B ;
- (c) What argument was used by C at a particular juncture ;
- (d) To quote a line in instance of an idiom or of a peculiar meaning.

**6. Power to Locate.**

- (a) To attribute a line or statement to a certain person on a certain occasion ;
- (b) To cap a line ;
- (c) To fill in the right word or epithet.





## INTRODUCTION.

---

*Date of Composition.*—Internal evidence as to structure of verse, tone of thought, style of composition, as well as allusions, real or supposed, to contemporary events, have all been appealed to in the endeavor to fix the date at which *King John* was written; but all we know is, that it is first mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, published in 1598.

*Source.*—Apart from history, the play is founded on an earlier one, by an unknown writer, entitled *The Troublesome Raigne of Iohn King of England, with the discoverie of King Richard Cordelions base sonne (vulgarly called, The Bastard Fawconbridge): also the death of King Iohn at Swinstead Abbey, etc.*, which was first printed in 1591.

*Outline of the Play.*—The play opens at Northampton, with the demand made by the King of France that John should relinquish, in favor of Arthur, the throne of England and Ireland, as well as the French fiefs of Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine. This demand is accompanied by the threat of war in case of refusal, a threat which John meets with haughty defiance and preparation for the invasion of France. On the departure of the ambassador, we are introduced to a quarrel between two brothers, the reputed

sons of Sir Robert Faulconbridge, the younger of whom claims his father's estate on the ground that his brother was an illegitimate son of his mother by Richard' Cœur-de-lion. On their being brought before the King to have their dispute decided, both John and his mother, Elinor, remark upon the strong likeness which the younger brother bears to Richard ; and he, on being asked by the latter whether he is willing to forsake his fortune and follow her, joyfully assents, having apparently been long convinced of his true parentage. He is then knighted by John as Sir Richard Faulconbridge, in place of his baptismal name Philip. Almost immediately afterwards his mother, who had heard of the quarrel between the brothers, and angrily followed them to assert her good name, is brought to confess that she had been seduced by Richard during her husband's absence in Germany, and that her eldest son was the result of the intrigue.

At the beginning of the second Act, Philip, King of France, with his son Lewis and the Archduke of Austria, is preparing to besiege the city of Angiers, which refuses to acknowledge Arthur's right, when John appears on the scene with an English army. After mutual recriminations, each king appeals to the citizens of the place to admit his claim, John for himself, Philip on behalf of Arthur. On their refusal, an indecisive engagement takes place between the two armies, at the close of which the Bastard suggests that, uniting their powers, the two kings should first bring the city into submission, and then continue the contest to decide to which of them the city shall belong. The suggestion is approved ; but, while preparations are being made to carry the agreement into effect, one of the chief

citizens proposes a settlement of the quarrel by the marriage of Blanch, niece to John, with Lewis, the Dauphin. To this proposal Philip and John assent, the latter agreeing to bestow Anjou, Touraine, Maine, and Poitiers upon Blanch, as a dowry, while, as a sop to Constance and his own conscience, he proposes to create Arthur Duke of Bretagne and Earl of Richmond, and to make over to him the city of Angiers. The Act closes with preparations for the wedding.

The third Act introduces Salisbury bearing to Constance the tidings of the agreement that had been entered into; and, upon the entrance of the two kings, Elinor, etc., a fierce contest of words takes place between the mother and the grandmother of Arthur, the former bitterly reproaching Philip and Austria for having abandoned her son's cause. While these recriminations are going on, Pandulph, the Pope's legate, appears upon the scene, demanding of John his reason for refusing to acknowledge Stephen Langton as Archbishop of Canterbury. The king, defying the pope, is at once excommunicated by the legate, while Philip is bidden, on pain of the Church's curse, to break off all league with him, and to show his obedience to the pope by making war upon the "arch-heretic." Philip reluctantly obeys, and the first Scene ends with preparation on both sides for the conflict. The second Scene merely brings in the Bastard, bearing the head of the Archduke, whom he had killed; and John, who in the engagement had taken Arthur captive, making him over to the custody of Hubert de Burgh, a Norman knight devoted to the king. In the third Scene the Bastard is commissioned by John to return to England and wring from the clergy their hoarded treas-

ures in order to meet the expenses of the war. On his departure, the king breaks with Hubert as to Arthur's murder, which with little demur Hubert undertakes to bring about. The fourth Scene is mainly taken up with Constance's lamentations for her son, now torn from her, and with Pandulph's persuasion of Lewis to invade England.

With the fourth Act we come to the Scene between Hubert and Arthur, whose eyes the former is preparing to have burnt out in order to render impossible his coming to the throne. Arthur's pleadings, however, soften Hubert's heart, and he renounces his project. In the second Scene, John, newly recrowned, is urged by Pembroke and Salisbury to give Arthur his liberty, and has scarcely promised to do so, when Hubert, entering, tells him privately of Arthur's death. On his announcing these tidings to the lords, they throw off their allegiance and quit his presence. A messenger then appears with news of the French invasion under Lewis; and immediately afterwards the Bastard returns to report the result of his commission to plunder the abbeys, bringing with him a hermit whom he had arrested for prophesying that before Ascension Day the king would yield up his crown. John, having ordered the hermit to be taken to prison and to be put to death on the day to which his prophecy referred, gives the Bastard the task of trying to reconcile the revolted peers. On his departure, Hubert enters; and, telling the king that Arthur is still alive, is ordered to communicate the fact to the peers with all possible speed. The third Scene opens with Arthur's death in his attempted escape from prison. The peers in consultation about joining Lewis, are met by the Bastard, who calls upon them to return to the king. He

has hardly delivered his message, when they come upon Arthur's dead body outside the castle walls; and Hubert, entering, is accused by them of the deed. An angry colloquy ensues, at the end of which Hubert is ordered to take up Arthur's body for burial, and the Bastard proceeds to rejoin the king,

In the fifth Act, John, frightened out of his obstinacy by the menacing attitude of his subjects, determines to make submission to the pope, and yields up his crown, which is then returned to him by the legate. The Bastard enters with news that the nobles refuse to return and that the people are welcoming the Dauphin. At the king's entreaty, Pandulph goes off with the object of persuading Lewis to make peace, while John, utterly unnerved, leaves the Bastard to make preparations for the defense of the country. The second Scene describes the compact between the revolted lords and the Dauphin, and the legate's unsuccessful endeavor to persuade the latter to return to France. In the third Scene, John enters from the field of battle, prostrate with fever, and is borne off in a litter to Swinstead Abbey. In the fourth Scene, another part of the field is shown, in which the French lord, Melun, persuades Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot to abandon Lewis, whose intention is to put them to death at the close of the battle, and to return to the king. In the fifth, the Dauphin, boasting of his success in the battle, is informed of the falling off of these lords, and of the wreck of his expected re-enforcements on the Goodwin Sands. Meanwhile the king has been poisoned by a monk, and Hubert seeks out the Bastard to inform him of this fact. Together they hasten to Swinstead, when, in the seventh Scene, the revolted

lords, with Prince Henry, are found assembled round John's death-bed as he expires in great agony. The play closes with the news that the Dauphin is setting out on his return, and with preparations for the king's funeral and his son's accession to the throne.

*Deviations from History.*—Having now traced the course of the play, it will be convenient for us to notice the main deviations from history which Shakespeare has chosen to make.

In the first place, Arthur's title to the throne, which was without doubt a sound one, is represented in the play as indisputable, though in reality John had this much in his justification that in those days the rule of lineal descent was not as distinctly recognized as it later on came to be; that in the second of Richard's two wills he is named as successor to the throne; and that his accession was confirmed by election. In the next place, though Arthur's right was the cause of the wars between Philip and John, it was not in his murder that the real troubles of John's reign, continuing to its end, had their origin. These were due to his ill-treatment of his subjects, but for which the pope's interference would probably have had but little effect. Again, "The great quarrel between John and the pope, with reference to the election of Stephen Langton, did not take place till 1207, about six years after Arthur was taken prisoner at Mirebeau. Pandulph was not sent 'to practice with the French king' against John till 1211; and the invasion of England by the Dauphin (which is suggested by Pandulph as likely to be supported by the indignation of the English on the death of Arthur) did not take place till 1216, the year of John's death" (Knight, *Pictorial Shakespeare*,

p. 57). In regard to Arthur, Shakespeare has made several more or less important deviations from history. When we first meet with him, as also at the time of his death, he is represented as little more than a child, while in reality he lived to be nearly eighteen years old. In the second place, his confinement and death are represented as taking place in England. In point of fact, he was first confined at Falaise, and afterwards at Rouen, where he died. Further, the scene between Hubert and Arthur has no historical authority, Hubert having, according to Holinshed, saved Arthur from the men sent to murder him. In the play, Angiers refuses to acknowledge as its lord either John or Arthur until the question of right to the throne of England should be decided by battle; whereas in reality Anjou, Touraine, Maine were from the first loyal to Arthur. Shakespeare's Constance is a widow; the real Constance was at this time married to her third husband, Guy De Thouars. Moreover, she died the year before Arthur fell into John's hands. The Austrian Archduke, who had confined Richard in a dungeon, is made to live five or six years after the date of his actual death, and is represented as one and the same person with Vidomar, Viscount of Limoges, in besieging whose castle of Chaluz, Richard was mortally wounded. The four wars between John and Philip are compressed into two; and at the close of the play the Dauphin's return to France makes it appear that all idea of trying to conquer England had been abandoned, though in reality Philip's efforts were continued for two years longer. Finally, though Holinshed, on the authority of Caxton, speaks of John as having been poisoned by a monk, he, according to

the best authorities, died at Newark of a fever, not at Swinstead.

*The General Question of Literal Accuracy in Historical Dramas Considered.*—On the subject of literal accuracy in historical dramas, Knight remarks, "It would appear scarcely necessary to entreat the reader to bear in mind . . . that the 'Histories' of Shakespeare are Dramatic Poems. And yet, unless this circumstance be watchfully regarded, we shall fall into the error of setting up one form of truth in contradiction to, and not in illustration of, another form of truth. It appears to us to be worse than useless employment to be running parallels between the poet and the chronicler, for the purpose of showing that for the literal facts of history the poet is not so safe a teacher as the chronicler. . . . The 'lively images' of the poet present a general truth much more completely than the tedious narratives of the annalist. The ten magnificent 'histories' of Shakespeare . . . stand in the same relation to the contemporary historians of the events they deal with, as a landscape does to a map. . . . The principle, therefore, of viewing Shakespeare's history through another medium than that of his art, and pronouncing, upon this view, that his historical plays cannot be given to our youth 'as properly historical,' is nearly as absurd as it would be to derogate from the merits of Mr. Turner's beautiful drawings of coast scenery, by maintaining and proving that the draughtsman had not accurately laid down the relative positions of each bay and promontory. . . . There may be, in the poet, a higher truth than the literal, evolved in spite of, or rather in combination with, his minute violations of accuracy; men may in the poet better study history 'so to speak after nature,'



than in the annalist,—because the poet masses and generalizes his facts, subjecting them, in the order in which he presents them to the mind, as well as in the elaboration which bestows upon them, to the laws of his art, which has a clearer sense of fitness and proportion than the laws of a dry chronology.”

*Spirit of the Play.*—Shakespeare has shown a wide difference from the older play and Bishop Ball's pageant, in the way in which he treats the question of opposing religions. His feelings towards the papal power and towards Protestantism have no bitterness on the one hand or enthusiasm on the other; but, as Hudson points out, are “only the natural beatings of a sound, honest, English heart, resolute to withstand alike all foreign encroachments, whether from kings or emperors or popes.” Shakespeare, remarks Gervinus, “did not go so far, as to make a farce of Faulconbridge's extortion from the clergy; the old piece offered him here a scene in which merry nuns and brothers burst forth from the opened coffers of the ‘hoarding abbots,’ a scene certainly very amusing to the fresh Protestant feelings of the time, but to our poet's impartial mind the dignity of the clergy, nay even the contemplativeness of cloister-life, was a matter too sacred for him to introduce it in a ridiculous form into the seriousness of history.” Another noticeable feature in the spirit of the play is the light in which Shakespeare, in accordance with historical truth, represents the feelings of his countrymen in John's time towards the papal interference. On this point Green, *History of the English People*, remarks, “In after times men believed that England thrilled at the news [of Pandulph's intervention on John's behalf] with a sense of national shame, such as she

had never felt before. 'He has become the Pope's man,' the whole country was said to have murmured; 'he has forfeited the very name of king; from a free man he has degraded himself into a serf.' But this was the belief of a time still to come, when the rapid growth of national feeling, which this step and its issues did more than anything to foster, made men look back on the scene between John and Pandulph as a national dishonor. We see little trace of such a feeling in the contemporary accounts of the time. All seem rather to have regarded it as a complete settlement of the difficulties in which king and kingdom were involved. As a political measure, its success was immediate and complete. The French army at once broke up in impotent rage."

*The Characters in the Play—John.*—The more prominent characters in the play are John, Constance, the Bastard, and Pandulph. John, though cruel and weak, is not, at all events in the earlier scenes, portrayed in colors as dark as those used by the historians. Hume says, "The character of King John is nothing but a complication of vices equally mean and odious, and alike ruinous to himself and destructive to his people. Cowardice, inactivity, folly, levity, licentiousness, ingratitude, treachery, tyranny, and cruelty—all these qualities appear too evidently in the several incidents of his life to give us room to suspect that the disagreeable picture has been anywise overcharged by the prejudices of the ancient historians." According to Stubbs, "John trusted no man, and no man trusted him"; Macaulay calls him "a trifler and a coward." Green alone has a good word to say for him, declaring that, "with all his vices, he yet possessed all the quickness, vivacity, cleverness,

good humor, and social charm which distinguished his House." At the opening of the play he is represented as blustering a good deal, though at the same time resolute,—a resolution no doubt largely due to his mother's strong will,—and showing in his invasion of France both promptitude and personal courage. He is, of course, ready enough to enter into an unholy compact with Philip, but the facility of compromise is due rather to a consciousness of the doubtful nature of the title by which he holds the crown than to any promptings of physical cowardice. Again, in his defiance of the pope, Shakespeare gives him something like real dignity of purpose ; while his retreat from France is acknowledged by Philip and Lewis to have been conducted with masterly generalship. It may be that a good deal of the determination he displays is only such as would be evoked in any one so highly placed when amid the excitement of war ; for, no sooner is that excitement past, than he enacts the most shameless scene in the play, that in which he would tempt Hubert to the murder of Arthur, though not daring to put his temptation into anything but hints. Gervinus appears to discover in John qualities which Shakespeare would hardly acknowledge as his gift. "He is not" (i.e. at the opening of the play), that critic remarks, "the image of a brutal tyrant, but only the type of the hard, manly nature, without any of the enamel of finer feelings, and without any other motives for action than those arising from the instinct of this same inflexible nature and of personal interest. Severe and earnest, an enemy to cheerfulness and merry laughter, conversant with dark thoughts, of a restless, excited temperament, he quickly rises to daring resolves ; he is uncommunicative to his

best advisers, laconic, and reserved; he does not agree to the good design of his evil mother that he should satisfy Constance and her claims by an accommodation; it better pleases his warlike, manly pride to bear arms against threatened arms; in his campaigns against Constance and her allies the enemy himself feels that the 'hot haste,' managed with so much foresight, and the wise order in so wild a cause, are unexampled." Here it seems to me that we have a nearer approach to nobility of nature than the play warrants; and, further, that Shakespeare would not be likely to invest with such firmness of backbone a character so soon to be shown as the very impersonation of weakness. From the time of his return to England we see in him nothing but meanness, the most piteous vacillation, groveling humility, and an utter absence of anything like courage in adversity. These may be the essential qualities of his nature, which stirring events have for a time obscured while brightening; or it may be that "coward conscience," after the manner threatened by the ghosts in Richard the Third's dream, paralyzes whatever activity of mind he once possessed, whatever resolution he had in France nerved himself to display. In order to strengthen his position with his own countrymen, he on his return goes through the farce of being crowned again (in reality for the fourth time); he yields, plainly out of fear, to the demand made by Pembroke for Arthur's liberation; he hypocritically laments Arthur's death when the news of it is brought to him; is terror-stricken by the report of the Dauphin's invasion; with incredible meanness reproaches Hubert for the crime which had been his own suggestion; apologizes as unreservedly when told by Hubert that his order has not been car-

ried out ; yields up to Pandulph the crown which he had boastfully declared he would maintain " without the assistance of a mortal hand " ; beseeches him in the very spirit of cringing servility to negotiate peace with the Dauphin ; in absolute prostration of mind leaves it to the Bastard to make preparations for defense ; is seen hastening from the battle-field to nurse his fever at Swinstead, and finally in his death agony parades his facility of quibbling out maudlin lamentations for himself.

*The Bastard.*—The Bastard pervades the play with a presence ever active. The first Act is almost all Faulconbridge, with his good-humored jests during the dispute, his readily-given adherence to John, his amusing self-complacency on being knighted, and his affectionate patronage of his mother. In the second, his impudent banter of the Austrian Archduke relieves the contentious mouthings of the two kings ; his is the practical suggestion that Angiers should be brought to its bearings by the combined attack of the opposing forces ; and from him, though pretending to no more exalted morality than the pursuit of selfish expediency, we have a caustic commentary on the hypocrisy and treachery of Philip and John. It is he who is prominent in the battle of the third Act ; to him, instinctively assured of his fidelity, John gives the important and difficult commission of wringing from the abbots some of their hoarded wealth ; through his agency, John, on the news of the Dauphin's invasion, hopes to bring back to their allegiance the revolted lords ; from his lips we have the sternest condemnation of Arthur's murder, a condemnation pronounced in spite of his well knowing that Hubert, if guilty,

had only so acted out of misguided loyalty to the king. In his outspoken honesty, he shrinks not from freely chiding John when entreating the legate to help him to effect peace with Lewis; in his embassy to that prince, his fearlessness teaches him a language of defiance which John had not dared to use; in the ensuing battle he "alone upholds the day"; to him Hubert hastens upon the poisoning of the king; and into his ear John pours his last querulous accents, persuaded that from him, if from none else, he will receive a genuine sympathy. The Bastard's general position in the play is thus set out by Swinburne: "Considering this play in its double aspect of tragedy and history, we might say that the English hero becomes the central figure of the poem as seen from the historic side, while John remains the central figure of the poem as seen from its tragic side; the personal interest that depends on personal crime and retribution is concentrated on the agony of the king; the national interest which he, though eponymous hero of the poem, was alike inadequate as a craven and improper as a villain to sustain and represent in the eyes of the spectators was happily and easily transferred to the one person of the play who could properly express within the compass of its closing Act at once the protest against papal pretension, the defiance of foreign invasion, and the prophetic assurance of self-dependent life and self-sufficing strength inherent in the nation, then fresh from a fiercer trial of its quality, which an audience of the days of Queen Elizabeth would justly expect from the poet who undertook to set before them in action the history of the days of King John." And, again, speaking of him more

in his personal character, he observes, "The national side of Shakespeare's genius, the heroic vein of patriotism that runs like a thread of living fire through the world-wide range of his omnipresent spirit, has never, to my thinking, found vent or expression to such glorious purpose as here. Not even in Hotspur or Prince Hal has he mixed with more godlike sleight of hand all the lighter and graver good qualities of the national character, or compounded of them so lovable a nature as this."

*Pandulph.*—Pandulph plays nearly as large a part as the Bastard. From Philip, though the most powerful of continental sovereigns, he will brook no wavering in the fullness of obedience to be rendered to the Church by its eldest son; though, knowing how important to the papacy is his support, he condescends to put forth every subtlety of persuasion, while in the case of the recalcitrant John he scorns all argument, and at once pronounces his excommunication. Upon Lewis he works by appeals to his ambition in order to use him as a tool for the subjugation of John; and, this end attained, he has no object in further humiliating that king, no interest in further giving his countenance to the Dauphin's invasion. That prince may bluster for a while and refuse to be a puppet in the legate's hands; but his hesitation is not of much longer duration than was his father's, and he retires to France in abandonment of a project which he had flattered himself was so soon to be crowned with success. Pandulph is a hard, unlovely character; but we cannot altogether refuse a kind of admiration to the stern consistency of purpose with which, in the service of the Church, he sweeps away all obstacles, even though

among his weapons unblushing casuistry and chicanery are those most frequently used.

*Style and Subject-matter.*—In style, at all events in the three first Acts, *King John* is closely allied with *Richard the Second*; there is the same love of conceits, of antithesis, of rhetorical language, and empty declamation. And, though Shakespeare has now shaken himself free from the fetters of rhyme which so hampered him in *Richard the Second*, we have none of that rich prose which occupies so large a part in the later historical plays, and gives them a vigor that is wanting in *King John*. Furnivall points out the similarity in subject-matter with *Richard the Third*. "In both plays," he says, "we have cruel uncles planning their nephew's murder because the boys stand between them and the crown. In both we have distracted mothers overwhelmed with grief. In both we have prophecies of ruin and curses on the murderers, and in both the fulfillment of these. In both we have the kingdom divided against itself, and the horrors of civil war. In both we have the same lesson of the danger of division taught to the discontented English parties of Shakespeare's own day. *Richard III.* is the example of the misgovernment of a cruel tyrant; *King John* of the misgovernment of a selfish coward. . . . The temptation scene of John and Hubert repeats that of Richard and Tyrrel. The Bastard's statement of his motive, 'Gain, be my lord,' etc., is like that of Richard the Third's about his villany." The scope, however, of *King John* is much larger than that of *Richard the Third*; for, while the latter is but the history of the unscrupulous ambitions of one man and of the struggle for power between



the two rival houses of York and Lancaster, *King John* deals with matters affecting more deeply the vital interests of England as a nation, and foreshadows the independence of spirit in regard to religious questions which at a later time was to be the accompaniment to political independence.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING JOHN.

PRINCE HENRY, son to the king.

ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, nephew to the king.

The Earl of PEMBROKE.

The Earl of ESSEX.

The Earl of SALISBURY.

The Lord BIGOT.

HUBERT DE BURGH.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge.

PHILIP the BASTARD, his half-brother.

JAMES GURNEY, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.

PETER of Pomfret, a prophet.

PHILIP, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

LYMOGES, Duke of Austria.

CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's legate.

MELUN, a French lord.

CHATILLON, ambassador from France to King John.

QUEEN ELINOR, mother to King John.

CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur.

BLANCH of Spain, niece to King John.

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.

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

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

# THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN.

---

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. KING JOHN'S *palace*.

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

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

*Chat.* Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France

In my behavior to the majesty,  
The borrow'd majesty, of England here.

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

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

*Chat.* Philip of France, in right and true behalf

Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,  
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim  
To this fair island and the territories,  
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,

10

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword  
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,  
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,  
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

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

*Chat.* The proud control of fierce and bloody  
war,

T' enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

*K. John.* Here have we war for war and blood  
for blood,

Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

*Chat.* Then take my king's defiance from my  
mouth,

The farthest limit of my embassy.

*K. John.* Bear mine to him, and so depart in  
peace.

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;

For, ere thou canst report I will be there,

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:

So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath

And sullen presage of your own decay.

An honorable conduct let him have:

Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.*]

*Eli.* What now, my son! have I not ever said  
How that ambitious Constance would not cease  
Till she had kindled France and all the world  
Upon the right and party of her son?

This might have been prevented and made  
whole

With very easy arguments of love,

Which now the manage of two kingdoms must

With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

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

*Eli.* Your strong possession much more than  
your right, 40

Or else it must go wrong with you and me :  
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,  
Which none but heaven and you and I shall  
hear.

*Enter a Sheriff.*

*Essex.* My liege, here is the strangest contro-  
versy

Come from the country to be judg'd by you  
That e'er I heard : shall I produce the men ?

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

*Enter ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE and PHILIP  
his bastard brother.*

What men are you ?

*Bast.* Your faithful subject I, a gentleman 50  
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,  
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,  
A soldier, by the honor-giving hand  
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

*K. John.* What art thou ?

*Rob.* The son and heir to that same Faulcon-  
bridge.

*K. John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the  
heir ?

You came not of one mother, then, it seems.

*Bast.* Most certain of one mother, mighty  
king ;  
That is well known ; and, as I think, one father : 60

But for the certain knowledge of that truth  
I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother:  
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

*Eli.* Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame  
thy mother

And wound her honor with this diffidence.

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

70 Heaven guard my mother's honor and my land!

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

*Bast.* I know not why except to get the land.  
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:  
But whether I be as true begot or no,  
That still I lay upon my mother's head;  
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,—  
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—  
Compare our faces and be judge yourself:

80 If old sir Robert did beget us both

And were our father and this son like him,  
O old sir Robert, father, on my knee  
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

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

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

*K. John.* Mine eye hath well examinèd his  
parts

And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak, 90  
 What doth move you to claim your brother's  
 land?

*Bast.* Because he hath a half-face, like my  
 father.

With half that face would he have all my land :  
 A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year !

*Rob.* My gracious liege, when that my father  
 lived,

Your brother did employ my father much,—

*Bast.* Well, sir, by this you cannot get my  
 land.

*Rob.* —And once dispatch'd him in an em-  
 bassy

To Germany, there with the emperor  
 To treat of high affairs touching that time. 100  
 Th' advantage of his absence took the king,  
 And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's,  
 Where how he did prevail I shame to speak.  
 Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd  
 His lands to me, and took it on his death  
 That this my mother's son was none of his :  
 Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine, 110  
 My father's land, as was my father's will.

*K. John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate ;  
 Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him,  
 And if she did play false, the fault was hers.  
 Your father's heir must have your father's land.

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

*Eli.* Whether hadst thou rather be a Faul-  
 conbridge,  
 And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,

120 Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,  
Lord of thy presence and no land beside?

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

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

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

*Bast.* Brother, take you my land, I'll take my  
chance.

Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,  
Yet sell your face for five pence and 't is dear.  
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

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

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

140 *K. John.* What is thy name?

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

*K. John.* From henceforth bear his name  
whose form thou bear'st:

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



*Bast.* Brother by th' mother's side, give me  
your hand :

My father gave me honor, yours gave land.

*Eli.* The very spirit of Plantagenet !

I am thy grandam, Richard ; call me so.

*Bast.* Madam, by chance but not by truth ; 150  
what though ?

Something about, a little from the right,

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch :

Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,

And have is have, however men do catch :

Near or far off, well won is still well shot.

*K. John.* Go, Faulconbridge : now hast thou  
thy desire ;

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.

Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must  
speed

For France, for France, for it is more than need.

*Bast.* Brother, adieu : good fortune come to 160  
thee ! *[Exeunt all but Bastard.*

A foot of honor better than I was,

But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.

"Good den, sir Richard !" — "God-a-mercy,  
fellow !" —

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter ;

For new-made honor doth forget men's names ;

'T is too respective and too sociable

For your conversion. Now your traveler, —

He and his toothpick at my worship's mess,

And, when my knightly stomach is sufficed, 170

Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize

My pickèd man of countries : "My dear sir,"

Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin,  
 "I shall beseech you"—that is question now;  
 And then comes answer like an Absey book:  
 "O sir," says answer, "at your best command;  
 At your employment; at your service, sir:"  
 "No, sir," says question, "I, sweet sir, at yours:"  
 And so, ere answer knows what question would,  
 180 Saving in dialogue of compliment,  
 And talking of the Alps and Apennines,  
 The Pyrenean and the river Po,  
 It draws toward supper in conclusion so.  
 But this is worshipful society,  
 And fits the mounting spirit like myself,  
 For he is but a bastard to the time  
 That doth not smack of observation;  
 And so am' I, whether I smack or no;  
 And not alone in habit and device,  
 190 Exterior form, outward accoutrement,  
 But from the inward motion to deliver  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:  
 Which, though I will not practice to deceive,  
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;  
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.  
 But who comes in such haste in riding-robcs?  
 What woman-post is this? hath she no husband  
 That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

*Enter* LADY FAULCONBRIDGE *and* JAMES  
 GURNEY.

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

*Lady F.* Where is that slave, thy brother?  
 where is he

That holds in chase mine honor up and down?

*Bast.* My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?

Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?

It is sir Robert's son that you seek so?

*Lady F.* Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou un-reverend boy,

Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?

He is sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

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

*Gur.* Good leave, good Philip.

*Bast.* Philip! sparrow: James, 210

There's toys abroad: anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit Gurney.*

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son:

Sir Robert might have eat his part in me

Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast.

*Lady F.* Hast thou conspirèd with thy brother too,

That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honor?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

*Bast.* Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.

What! I am dubb'd! I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son; 220

I have disclaim'd sir Robert and my land;

Legitimation, name, and all is gone:

Then, good my mother, let me know my father;

Some proper man, I hope: who was it, mother?

*Lady F.* Hast thou denied thyself a Faulcon-  
bridge?

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

*Lady F.* King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy  
father.

Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!  
Thou art the issue of my dear offense,  
230 Which was so strongly urg'd past my defense.

*Bast.* Madam, I would not wish a better  
father.

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,  
Subjected tribute to commanding love,  
Against whose fury and unmatched force  
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,  
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.  
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts  
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,  
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *France. Before Angiers.*

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

*Lew.* Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.  
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,  
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart  
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,  
By this brave duke came early to his grave:

And, for amends to his posterity,  
 At our importance hither is he come  
 To spread his colors, boy, in thy behalf,  
 And to rebuke the usurpation  
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John : 10  
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome  
 hither.

*Arth.* God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's  
 death

The rather that you give his offspring life,  
 Shadowing their right under your wings of  
 war.

I give you welcome with a powerless hand,  
 But with a heart full of unstainèd love:  
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

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

*Aust.* Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,  
 As seal to this indenture of my love, 20  
 That to my home I will no more return,  
 Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,  
 Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,  
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring  
 tides

And coops from other lands her islanders,—  
 Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,  
 That water-wallèd bulwark, still secure  
 And confident from foreign purposes,—  
 Even till that utmost corner of the west  
 Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy, 30  
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

*Const.* Oh, take his mother's thanks, a  
 widow's thanks,

Till your strong hand shall help to give him  
strength

To make a more requital to your love!

*Aust.* The peace of heaven is theirs that lift  
their swords

In such a just and charitable war.

*K. Phi.* Well then, to work: our cannon  
shall be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.

Call for our chiefest men of discipline

40 To cull the plots of best advantages:

We'll lay before this town our royal bones,

Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's  
blood,

But we will make it subject to this boy.

*Const.* Stay for an answer to your embassy,  
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with  
blood:

My Lord Chatillon may from England bring  
That right in peace which here we urge in war,  
And then we shall repent each drop of blood  
That hot, rash haste so indirectly shed.

*Enter* CHATILLON.

50 *K. Phi.* A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish,  
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived!

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;

We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

*Chat.* Then turn your forces from this paltry  
siege

And stir them up against a mightier task.

England, impatient of your just demands,

Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,

Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him  
time .

To land his legions all as soon as I ;  
His marches are expedient to this town, 60  
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.  
With him along is come the mother-queen,  
An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife ;  
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain ;  
With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd ;  
And all the unsettled humors of the land,  
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,  
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their 70  
backs,

To make a hazard of new fortunes here :  
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits  
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er  
Did never float upon the swelling tide  
To do offense and scath in Christendom.

[*Drum beats.*

The interruption of their churlish drums  
Cuts off more circumstance : they are at hand  
To parley or to fight ; therefore prepare.

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

*Aust.* By how much unexpected by so much 80  
We must awake endeavor for defense ;  
For courage mounteth with occasion :  
Let them be welcome then ; we are prepared.

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

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

*K. Phi.* Peace be to England, if that war  
 return

90 From France to England, there to live in peace.  
 England we love; and for that England's sake  
 With burden of our armor here we sweat.  
 This toil of ours should be a work of thine ;  
 But thou from loving England art so far  
 That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,  
 Cut off the sequence of posterity,  
 Out-facèd infant state, and done a rape  
 Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.  
 Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face ;  
 100 These eyes, these brows were moldèd out of  
 his :

This little abstract doth contain that large  
 Which died in Geoffrey, and the hand of time  
 Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.  
 That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,  
 And this his son ; England, was Geoffrey's right,  
 And this is Geoffrey's : in the name of God  
 How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,  
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,  
 Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest ?

110 *K. John.* From whom hast thou this great  
 commission, France,



To draw my answer from thy articles ?

*K. Phi.* From that supernal judge that stirs  
good thoughts

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

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

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

*Eli.* Who is it thou dost call usurper, France ? 120

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

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

*Const.* My bed was ever to thy son as true  
As thine was to thy husband : and this boy  
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey  
Than thou and John in manners ; being as like  
As rain to water, or devil to his dam. 130

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

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

*Aust.* Peace !

*Bast.* Hear the crier.

*Aust.* What the devil art thou ?

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

An a' may catch your hide and you alone :  
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,  
Whose valor plucks dead lions by the beard :

I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right ;  
 140 Sirrah, look to 't ; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

*Blanch.* Oh, well did he become that lion's  
 robe

That did disrobe the lion of that robe !

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

*Aust.* What cracker is this same that deafs  
 our ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath ?  
 King Philip, determine what we shall do  
 straight.

150 *K. Phi.* Women and fools, break off your  
 conference.

King John, this is the very sum of all :  
 England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,  
 In right of Arthur do I claim of thee :  
 Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms ?

*K. John.* My life as soon : I do defy thee,  
 France.

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand ;  
 And out of my dear love I'll give thee more  
 Than e'er the coward hand of France can win :  
 Submit thee, boy.

*Eli.* Come to thy grandam, child.

160 *Const.* Do, child, go to it grandam, child ;  
 Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will  
 Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig :  
 There's a good grandam.

*Arth.* Good my mother, peace !  
 I would that I were low laid in my grave :

I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

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

*Const.* Now shame upon you, whether she  
does or no!

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's  
shames,

Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor  
eyes,

Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee; 170

Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be  
brib'd

To do him justice and revenge on you.

*Eli.* Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and  
earth!

*Const.* Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and  
earth!

Call not me slanderer ; thou and thine usurp  
The dominations, royalties, and rights  
Of this oppressèd boy : this is thy eld'st son's  
son,

Infortunate in nothing but in thee :

Thy sins are visited in this poor child ;

The canon of the law is laid on him,

Being but the second generation

Removèd from thy sin-conceiving womb.

*K. John.* Bedlam, have done.

*Const.* I have but this to say,  
That he's not only plaguèd for her sin  
But God hath made her sin and her the plague  
On this removèd issue, plaguèd for her  
And with her plague ; her sin his injury,  
Her injury the beadle to her sin,

All punish'd in the person of this child,  
 190 And all for her ; a plague upon her !

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

*Const.* Ay, who doubts that ? a will ! a wicked  
 will ;

A woman's will ; a canker'd grandam's will !

*K. Phi.* Peace, lady ! pause, or be more tem-  
 perate :

It ill beseems this presence to cry aim  
 To these ill-tunèd repetitions.

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls

These men of Angiers : let us hear them speak

200 Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

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

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

*K. Phi.* 'T is France, for England.

*K. John.* England, for itself.

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

*K. Phi.* You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's  
 subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle—

*K. John.* For our advantage ; therefore hear  
 us first.

These flags of France, that are advancèd here  
 Before the eye and prospect of your town,

Have hither march'd to your endamagement :

210 The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,

And ready mounted are they to spit forth

Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :

All preparation for a bloody siege  
And merciless proceeding by these French  
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates ;  
And but for our approach those sleeping stones,  
That as a waist doth girdle you about,  
By the compulsion of their ordinance  
By this time from their fixèd beds of lime  
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made 220  
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.  
But on the sight of us your lawful king,  
Who painfully with much expedient march  
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,  
To save unscratch'd your city's threatened  
cheeks,

Behold, the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle !  
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,  
To make a shaking fever in your walls,  
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,  
To make a faithless error in your ears : 230  
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,  
And let us in, your king, whose labor'd spirits,  
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,  
Crave harborage within your city walls.

*K. Phi.* When I have said, make answer to us  
both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection  
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right  
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,  
Son to the elder brother of this man,  
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys. 240  
For this down-trodden equity, we tread  
In warlike march these greens before your town,  
Being no further enemy to you

Than the constraint of hospitable zeal  
 In the relief of this oppressèd child  
 Religiously provokes. Be pleasèd then  
 To pay that duty which you truly owe  
 To him that owes it, namely this young prince :  
 And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,  
 250 Save in aspèct, hath all offense seal'd up ;  
 Our cannons' malicè vainly shall be spent  
 Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven ;  
 And with a blessèd and unvex'd retire,  
 With unhack'd swords and helmets all un-  
 bruis'd,  
 We will bear home that lusty blood again  
 Which here we came to spout against your  
 town,  
 And leave your children, wives, and you in  
 peàce.

But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,  
 'T is not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls  
 260 Can hide you from our messengers of war,  
 Though all these English and their discipline  
 Were harbor'd in their rude circumference.  
 Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,  
 In that behalf which we have challeng'd it ?  
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage  
 And stalk in blood to our possession ?

*First Cit.* In brief, we are the king of Eng-  
 land's subjects :

For him and in his right we hold this town.

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

270 *First Cit.* That can we not ; but he that  
 proves the king,

To him will we prove loyal: till that time  
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

*K. John.* Doth not the crown of England  
prove the king?

And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,  
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's  
breed,—

*Bast.* Bastards and else.

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

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

*Bast.* Some bastards too.

*K. Phi.* —Stand in his face to contradict 280  
his claim.

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

We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

*K. John.* Then God forgive the sin of all  
those souls

That, to their everlasting residence,  
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,  
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

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

*Bast.* Saint George, that swing'd the dragon,  
and e'er since

Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door,  
Teach us some fence! [*To Aust.*] Sirrah, were I 290  
at home,

At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,  
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,  
And make a monster of you.

*Aust.*

Peace! no more.

*Bast.* Oh, tremble, for you hear the lion roar.

*K. John.* Up higher to the plain ; where we 'll  
set forth

In best appointment all our regiments.

*Bast.* Speed then to take advantage of the  
field.'

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

[*Exeunt.*

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

300 *F. Her.* You men of Angiers, open wide  
your gates,

And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in ;  
Who by the hand of France this day hath made  
Much work for tears in many an English  
mother,

Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground ;  
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,  
Coldly embracing the discolor'd earth ;  
And victory, with little loss, doth play  
Upon the dancing banners of the French,  
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,

310 To enter conquerors and to proclaim  
Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

*Enter English Herald, with trumpet.*

*E. Her.* Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring  
your bells ;

King John, your king and England's, doth ap-  
proach,

Commander of this hot, malicious day :



Their armors, that march'd hence so silver-  
 bright, .  
 Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood ;  
 There stuck no plume in any English crest  
 That is removèd by a staff of France ;  
 Our colors do return in those same hands  
 That did display them when we first march'd 320  
 forth ;  
 And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come  
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,  
 Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes :  
 Open your gates and give the victors way.  
*First Cit.* Heralds, from off our towers we  
 might behold,  
 From first to last, the onset and retire  
 Of both your armies: whose equality  
 By our best eyes cannot be censurèd :  
 Blood hath bought blood and blows have an-  
 swer'd blows ;  
 Strength match'd with strength, and power con-  
 fronted power : 330  
 Both are alike ; and both alike we like.  
 One must prove greatest : while they weigh so  
 even,  
 We hold our town for neither yet for both.

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

*K. John.* France, hast thou yet more blood  
 to cast away ?  
 Say, shall the current of our right run on ?  
 Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,  
 Shall leave his native channel and o'erswell

With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,  
Unless thou let his silver water keep

34<sup>o</sup> A peaceful progress to the ocean.

*K. Phi.* England, thou hast not sav'd one  
drop of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France;  
Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,  
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,  
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,  
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms  
we bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead,  
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss  
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

35<sup>o</sup> *Bast.* Ha, majesty! how high thy glory  
towers,

When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!  
Oh, now doth Death line his dead chaps with  
steel;

The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;  
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,  
In undetermin'd differences of kings.

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?  
Cry, "havoc!" kings; back to the stained field,  
You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits!

Then let confusion of one part confirm

36<sup>o</sup> The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and  
death!

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

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

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

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

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

*First Cit.* A greater power than we denies  
all this ;

And, till it be undoubted, we do lock  
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates ; 370  
King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolv'd,  
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

*Bast.* By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers  
flout you, kings,

And stand securely on their battlements,  
As in a theater, whence they gape and point  
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.  
Your royal presences be ruled by me :

Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,  
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend  
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town : 380

By east and west let France and England mount  
Their battering cannon, chargèd to the mouths,  
Till their soul-fearing clamors have brawl'd  
down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city :  
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,  
Even till unfenced desolation

Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.

That done, dissever your united strengths,  
And part your mingled colors once again ;

Turn face to face and bloody point to point ; 390

Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth  
 Out of one side her happy minion,  
 To whom in favor she shall give the day,  
 And kiss him with a glorious victory.  
 How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?  
 Smacks it not something of the policy?

*K. John.* Now, by the sky that hangs above  
 our heads,

I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers  
 And lay this Angiers even with the ground;  
 400 Then after fight who shall be king of it?

*Bast.* An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—  
 Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,—  
 Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,  
 As we will ours, against these saucy walls;  
 And, when that we have dash'd them to the  
 ground,

Why then defy each other, and pell-mell  
 Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

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

*K. John.* We from the west will send destruc-  
 tion  
 410 Into this city's bosom.

*Aust.* I from the north.

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

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

*First Cit.* Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe  
 awhile to stay,

And I shall show you peace and fair-fac'd league;  
 Win you this city without stroke or wound;  
 Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,  
 That here come sacrifices for the field: 420  
 Perséver not, but hear me, mighty kings:

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

*First Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the  
 Lady Blanch,

Is niece to England: look upon the years  
 Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid:  
 If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
 Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?  
 If zealous love should go in search of virtue,  
 Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?  
 If love ambitious sought a match of birth, 430  
 Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady  
 Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,  
 Is the young Dauphin every way complete:  
 If not complete, oh, say he is not she;  
 And she again wants nothing, to name want,  
 If want it be not that she is not he:  
 He is the half part of a blessèd man,  
 Left to be finishèd by such as she;  
 And she a fair divided excellence,  
 Whose fullness of perfection lies in him. 440  
 Oh, two such silver currents, when they join,  
 Do glorify the banks that bound them in;  
 And two such shores to two such streams made  
 one,  
 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,  
 To these two princes if you marry them.

This union shall do more than battery can  
 To our fast-closèd gates; for, at this match,  
 With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,  
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,  
 450 And give you entrance: but, without this match,  
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,  
 Lions more confident, mountains and rocks  
 More free from motion, no, not Death himself  
 In mortal fury half so peremptory  
 As we to keep this city.

*Bast.* Here's a stay

That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death  
 Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,  
 That spits forth death and mountains, rocks  
 and seas,

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions

460 As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!  
 What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?  
 He speaks plain cannon fire and smoke and  
 bounce;

He gives the bastinado with his tongue:  
 Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his  
 But buffets better than a fist of France:  
 Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words  
 Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

*Eli.* Son, list to this conjunction, make this  
 match;

Give with our niece a dowry large enough:  
 470 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie  
 Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown  
 That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe  
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.  
 I see a yielding in the looks of France;

Mark, how they whisper: urge them while their  
souls

Are capable of this ambition,  
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath  
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,  
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

*First Cit.* Why answer not the double majesties 480  
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

*K. Phi.* Speak England first, that hath been  
forward first

To speak unto this city: what say you?

*K. John.* If that the Dauphin there, thy  
princely son,

Can in this book of beauty read, "I love,"  
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:  
For Anjou and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,

And all that we upon this side the sea,  
Except this city now by us besieg'd,  
Find liable to our crown and dignity, 490  
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich  
In titles, honors, and promotions,  
As she in beauty, education, blood,  
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

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

*Lew.* I do, my lord; and in her eye I find  
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,  
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;  
Which, being but the shadow of your son,  
Becomes a sun and makes your son a shadow: 500  
I do protest I never lov'd myself  
Till now infixèd I beheld myself

Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with Blanch.*

*Bast.* Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!  
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy  
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,  
That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there  
should be

In such a love so vile a lout as he.

510 *Blanch.* My uncle's will in this respect is  
mine:

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

520 That I can find should merit any hate.

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

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

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

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

*K. John.* Then do I give Volquessen, Tou-  
raine, Maine,  
Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,



With her to thee ; and this addition more,  
 Full thirty thousand marks of English coin. 530  
 Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,  
 Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

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

*Aust.* And your lips too ; for I am well  
 assur'd

That I did so when I was first assur'd.

*K. Phi.* Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your  
 gates,

Let in that amity which you have made ;  
 For at Saint Mary's chapel presently  
 The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.  
 Is not the Lady Constance in this troop ? 540  
 I know she is not, for this match made up  
 Her presence would have interrupted much :  
 Where is she and her son ? tell me, who knows.

*Lew.* She's sad and passionate at your high-  
 ness' tent.

*K. Phi.* And, by my faith, this league that  
 we have made

Will give her sadness very little cure.  
 Brother of England, how may we content  
 This widow lady ? In her right we came ;  
 Which we, God knows, have turn'd another  
 way,

To our own vantage.

*K. John.* We will heal up all ; 550  
 For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne  
 And Earl of Richmond ; and this rich fair town  
 We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance ;  
 Some speedy messenger bid her repair

To our solemnity: I trust we shall,  
 If not fill up the measure of her will,  
 Yet in some measure satisfy her so  
 That we shall stop her exclamation.  
 Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,  
 560 To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]

*Bast.* Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,  
 Hath willingly departed with a part;  
 And France,—whose armor conscience buckled  
 on,

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field  
 As God's own soldier,—rounded in the ear  
 With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,  
 That broker that still breaks the pate of faith,  
 That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,  
 570 Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,  
 maids,

Who, having no external thing to lose  
 But the word "maid," cheats the poor maid of  
 that,

That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity,—

Commodity, the bias of the world,  
 The world, who of itself is peisèd well,  
 Made to run even upon even ground,  
 Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,  
 This sway of motion, this Commodity,  
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,

580 From all direction, purpose, course, intent:—  
 And this same bias, this Commodity,

This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,  
 Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,  
 Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,  
 From a resolv'd and honorable war,  
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.  
 And why rail I on this Commodity?  
 But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:  
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,  
 When his fair angels would salute my palm;  
 But for my hand, as unattempted yet,  
 Like a poor beggar, railleth on the rich.  
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail  
 And say there is no sin but to be rich;  
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be  
 To say there is no vice but beggary.  
 Since kings break faith upon commodity,  
 Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee.

590

[*Exit.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *The French KING'S pavilion.**Enter* CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

*Const.* Gone to be married! gone to swear a  
 peace!  
 False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be  
 friends!  
 Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those  
 provinces?  
 It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;  
 Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:  
 It cannot be; thou dost but say 't is so:  
 I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word

- Is but the vain breath of a common man :  
 Believe me, I do not believe thee, man ;  
 10 I have a king's oath to the contrary.  
 Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,  
 For I am sick and capable of fears,  
 Oppress'd with wrongs and therefore full of  
     fears ;  
 A widow, husbandless, subject to fears ;  
 A woman, naturally born to fears ;  
 And, though thou now confess thou didst but  
     jest,  
 With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,  
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.  
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head ?  
 20 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ?  
 What means that hand upon that breast of  
     thine ?  
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds ?  
 Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words ?  
 Then speak again ; not all thy former tale,  
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.
- Sil.* As true as I believe you think them  
     false  
 That give you cause to prove my saying true.
- Const.* Oh, if thou teach me to believe this  
     sorrow,  
 30 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die,  
 And let belief and life encounter so  
 As doth the fury of two desperate men  
 Which in the very meeting fall and die.  
 Lewis marry Blanch ! O boy, then where art  
     thou ?

France friend with England, what becomes of  
me?

Fellow, be gone : I cannot brook thy sight :  
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

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

*Const.* Which harm within itself so heinous is 40  
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

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

*Const.* If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert  
grim,

Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,  
Full of displeasing blots and sightless stains,  
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,  
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending  
marks,

I would not care, I then would be content ;  
For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou  
Become thy great birth nor deserve a crown. 50

But thou art fair ; and, at thy birth, dear boy,  
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great :  
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast  
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, oh,  
She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee ;  
She adulterates hourly with thine Uncle John,  
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on  
France

To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,  
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs. 60  
France is a bawd to Fortune and King John,  
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John !  
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?  
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone

And leave those woes alone which I alone  
Am bound to under-bear.

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

*Const.* Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go  
with thee:

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;  
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.

70 To me and to the state of my great grief  
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great  
That no supporter but the huge firm earth  
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;  
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*Sits herself on the ground.*]

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

*K. Phi.* 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this  
blessèd day

Ever in France shall be kept festival:  
To solemnize this day the glorious sun  
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,  
Turning with splendor of his precious eye

80 The meager cloddy-earth to glittering gold:  
The yearly course that brings this day about  
Shall never see it but a holiday.

*Const.* A wicked day, and not a holy day!

[*Rising.*]

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done  
That it in golden letters should be set  
Among the high tides in the calendar?  
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,

This day of shame, oppression, perjury.  
 Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child  
 Pray that their burdens may not fall this day, 90  
 Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd :  
 But on this day let seamen fear no wreck ;  
 No bargains break that are not this day made :  
 This day, all things begun come to ill end,  
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change !

*K. Phi.* By heaven, lady, you shall have no  
 cause

To curse the fair proceedings of this day :  
 Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty ?

*Const.* You have beguil'd me with a counter-  
 feit

Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and 100  
 tried,

Proves valueless : you are forsworn, forsworn ;  
 You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,  
 But now in arms you strengthen it with yours.

The grappling vigor and rough frown of war  
 Is cold in amity and painted peace,

And our oppression hath made up this league.  
 Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjurd  
 kings !

A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !

Let not the hours of this ungodly day

Wear out the day in peace ; but, ere sunset, 110

Set armèd discord 'twixt these perjured kings !

Hear me, oh, hear me !

*Aust.* Lady Constance, peace !

*Const.* War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me a  
 war.

O Lymoges ! O Austria ! thou dost shame

That bloody spoil : thou slave, thou wretch, thou  
coward !

Thou little valiant, great in villany !

Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !

Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight

But when her humorous ladyship is by

120 To teach thee safety ! thou art perjur'd too,

And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art  
thou,

A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear

Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded slave,

Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,

Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend

Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength,

And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?

Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,

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

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

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on those re-  
creant limbs.

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

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on those re-  
creant limbs.

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

*Enter PANDULPH.*

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

*Pand.* Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven !  
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.



I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,  
 And from Pope Innocent the legate here,  
 Do in his name religiously demand 140  
 Why thou against the church, our holy mother,  
 So willfully dost spurn; and force perforce  
 Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop  
 Of Canterbury, from that holy see?  
 This, in our foresaid holy father's name,  
 Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

*K. John.* What earthy name to interroga-  
 tories  
 Can task the free breath of a sacred king?  
 Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name  
 So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous, 150  
 To charge me to an answer, as the pope.  
 Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of Eng-  
 land

Add thus much more, that no Italian priest  
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;  
 But as we, under heaven, are súpreme head,  
 So under Him that great supremacy,  
 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
 Without th' assistance of a mortal hand:  
 So tell the pope, all reverence set apart  
 To him and his usurp'd authority. 160

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

*K. John.* Though you and all the kings of  
 Christendom  
 Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out;  
 And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,  
 Purchase corrupted<sup>a</sup> pardon of a man,

Who in that sale sells pardon from himself, —  
 Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,  
 This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,  
 170 Yet I alone, alone do me oppose  
 Against the pope and count his friends my foes.  
*Pand.* Then, by the lawful power that I have,  
 Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate :  
 And blessèd shall he be that doth revolt  
 From his allegiance to an heretic ;  
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,  
 Canónizéd and worship'd as a saint,  
 That takes away by any secret course  
 Thy hateful life.

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

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

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

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

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

*Const.* Look to that, devil; lest that France  
repent,

And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

*Aust.* King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

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

*Aust.* Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these 200  
wrongs,

Because—

*Bast.* Your breeches best may carry them.

*K. John.* Philip, what say'st thou to the car-  
dinal?

*Const.* What should he say, but as the car-  
dinal?

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

*Blanch.* That's the curse of Rome.

*Const.* O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts  
thee here

In likeness of a new untrimmèd bride.

*Blanch.* The Lady Constance speaks not from  
her faith,

But from her need.

*Const.* Oh, if thou grant my need, 210

Which only lives but by the death of faith,

That need must needs infer this principle,

That faith would live again by death of need.

Oh, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts  
up;

Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!

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

*Const.* Oh, be removed from him, and answer  
well!

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

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

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

*Pand.* What canst thou say but will perplex  
thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd?

*K. Phi.* Good reverend father, make my person  
yours,

And tell me how you would bestow yourself:

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,

And the conjunction of our inward souls

Married in league, coupled and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vows;

230 The latest breath that gave the sound of words

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love

Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;

And even before this truce, but new before,

No longer than we well could wash our hands

To clap this royal bargain up of peace,

Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-  
stain'd

With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint

The fearful difference of incensèd kings:

And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,

240 So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,

Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret?

Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with  
heaven,

Make such unconstant children of ourselves  
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,  
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed  
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,  
And make a riot on the gentle brow  
Of true sincerity? O holy sir,  
My reverend father, let it not be so!

Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose 250  
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest  
To do your pleasure and continue friends.

*Pand.* All form is formless, order orderless,  
Save what is opposite to England's love.  
Therefore to arms! be champion of our church,  
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,  
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.  
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,  
A chafèd lion by the mortal paw,  
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth, 260  
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost  
hold.

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

*Pand.* So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;  
And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,  
Thy tongue against thy tongue. Oh, let thy vow  
First made to heaven, first be to heaven per-  
form'd,

That is, to be the champion of our church!  
What since thou sworest is sworn against thyself  
And may not be performèd by thyself,  
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss 270

Is not amiss when it is truly done,  
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,  
 The truth is then most done not doing it :  
 The better act of purposes mistook  
 Is to mistake again ; though indirect,  
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,  
 And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire  
 Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.  
 It is religion that doth make vows kept ;  
 280 But thou hast sworn against religion,  
 By what thou swear'st against the thing thou  
       swear'st,  
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth  
 Against an oath : the truth thou art unsure  
 To swear, swears only not to be forsworn ;  
 Else what a mockery should it be to swear !  
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn ;  
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost  
       swear.

Therefore thy later vows against thy first  
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself ;  
 290 And better conquest never canst thou make  
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts  
 Against these giddy, loose suggestions :  
 Upon which better part our prayers come in,  
 If thou vouchsafe them. But, if not, then know  
 The peril of our curses light on thee  
 So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,  
 But in despair die under their black weight.

*Aust.* Rebellion, flat rebellion !

*Bast.* Will 't not be ?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine ?

*Lew.* Father, to arms !

*Blanch.* Upon thy wedding-day? 300  
 Against the blood that thou hast married?  
 What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd  
 men?

Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,  
 Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp?  
 O husband, hear me! ay, alack, how new  
 Is husband in my mouth! even for that name,  
 Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pro-  
 nounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms  
 Against mine uncle.

*Const.* Oh, upon my knee,  
 Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee, 310  
 Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom  
 Forethought by heaven!

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

*Const.* That which upholdeth him that thee  
 upholds,  
 His honor: oh, thine honor, Lewis, thine honor!

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

*Pand.* I will denounce a curse upon his head.  
*K. Phi.* Thou shalt not need. England, I'll  
 fall from thee. 320

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

*Eli.* O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

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

*Bast.* Old Time the clock-setter, that bald  
 sexton Time,

Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

*Blanch.* The sun's o'er-cast with blood: fair day, adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And, in their rage, I having hold of both,

330 They whirl asunder and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Assured loss before the match be play'd.

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

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

*K. John.* Cousin, go draw our puissance together. [Exit Bast.]

340 France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;

A rage whose heat hath this condition,

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

*K. Phi.* Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

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



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

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

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

*Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.*

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

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

SCENE III. *The same.*

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

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

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

*K. John.* [*To the Bastard*] Cousin, away for England! haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags  
Of hoarding abbots; set at liberty

Imprison'd angels: the fat ribs of peace

10 Must by the hungry now be fed upon:

Use our commission in his utmost force.

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

When gold and silver becks me to come on.

I leave your highness. Grandam, I will pray,—  
If ever I remember to be holy,—

For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand.

*Eli.* Farewell, gentle cousin.

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

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

*K. John.* Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,

20 We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh

There is a soul counts thee her creditor

And with advantage means to pay thy love:

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherishèd.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,

But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, Hubert, I'm almost ashamed

To say what good respect I have of thee.

*Hub.* I am much bounden to your majesty.

30 *K. John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,

But thou shalt have ; and, creep time ne'er so  
slow,

Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say,—but let it go :

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,

Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton and too full of gawds

To give me audience : if the midnight bell

Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

Sound on into the drowsy race of night ;

If this same were a churchyard where we stand, 40

And thou possessèd with a thousand wrongs ;

Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,

Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy, thick,

Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,

Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,

A passion hateful to my purposes ;

Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,

Hear me without thine ears, and make reply

Without a tongue, using conceit alone, 50

Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of  
words ;—

Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,

I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.

But, ah, I will not ! yet I love thee well ;

And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

*Hub.* So well that what you bid me under-  
take,

Though that my death were adjunct to my act,

By heaven, I'd d' it.

*K. John.* Do not I know thou wouldst ?

Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye

60 On yon young boy : I 'll tell thee what, my friend,  
 He is a very serpent in my way ;  
 And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,  
 He lies before me : dost thou understand me ?  
 Thou art his keeper.

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

*K. John.* Death.

*Hub.* My lord ?

*K. John.* A grave.

*Hub.* He shall not live.

*K. John.* Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee ;  
 Well, I 'll not say what I intend for thee :  
 Remember.—Madam, fare you well :

70 I 'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

*Eli.* My blessing go with thee !

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

[*Exeunt.*]

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

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

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

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

*K. Phi.* What can go well when we have run  
so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?  
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?  
And bloody England into England gone,  
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

*Lew.* What he hath won, that hath he for- 10  
tified:

So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,  
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause  
Doth want example: who hath read or heard  
Of any kindred action like to this?

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

*Enter* CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;  
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,  
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.  
I prithee, lady, go away with me. 20

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

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

*Const.* No, I defy all counsel, all redress,  
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,  
Death, death. O amiable, lovely death!  
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!  
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,  
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,  
And I will kiss thy détestable bones  
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows 30

And ring these fingers with thy household  
worms

And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust

And be a carrion monster like thyself :

Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest,

And buss thee as thy wife. Miséry's love,

Oh, come to me !

*K. Phi.* O fair affliction, peace !

*Const.* No, no, I will not, having breath to cry :

Oh, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !

Then with a passion would I shake the world,

40 And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy

Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,

Which scorns a modern invocation.

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

*Const.* Thou art not holy to belie me so.

I am not mad : this hair I tear is mine ;

My name is Constance ; I was Geffrey's wife ;

Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost :

I am not mad : I would to heaven I were !

For then 't is like I should forget myself :

50 Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget !

Preach some philosophy to make me mad,

And thou shalt be canóniz'd, cardinal ;

For being not mad but sensible of grief,

My reasonable part produces reason

How I may be deliver'd of these woes,

And teaches me to kill or hang myself :

If I were mad, I should forget my son,

Or madly think a babe of clouts were he :

I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel

60 The different plague of each calamity.

*K. Phi.* Bind up those tresses. Oh, what  
love I note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs!  
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,  
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends  
Do glue themselves in sociable grief,  
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,  
Sticking together in calamity.

*Const.* To England, if you will.

*K. Phi.* Bind up your hairs.

*Const.* Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I  
do it?

I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud, 70

“Oh, that these hands could so redeem my son  
As they have given these hairs their liberty!”

But now I envy at their liberty;

And will again commit them to their bonds,  
Because my poor child is a prisoner.

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say  
That we shall see and know our friends in  
heaven:

If that be true, I shall see my boy again;

For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,

To him that did but yesterday suspire, 80

There was not such a gracious creature born.

But now will canker sorrow eat my bud

And chase the native beauty from his cheek,

And he will look as hollow as a ghost,

As dim and meager as an ague's fit,

And so he'll die; and, rising so again,

When I shall meet him in the court of heaven

I shall not know him: therefore never, never

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

90 *Pand.* You hold too heinous a respect of  
grief.

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

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

*Const.* Grief fills the room up of my absent  
child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;  
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?

Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,

100 I could give better comfort than you do.

I will not keep this form upon my head,

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!

My widow comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

[*Exit.*

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

[*Exit.*

*Lew.* There's nothing in this world can make  
me joy:

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;

110 And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's  
taste,

That it yields naught but shame and bitterness.

*Pand.* Before the curing of a strong disease,

Even in the instant of repair and health,

The fit is strongest; evils that take leave

On their departure most of all show evil:



What have you lost by losing of this day?

*Lew.* All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

*Pand.* If you had won it, certainly you had.  
No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,  
She looks upon them with a threatening eye. 120  
'T is strange to think how much King John hath  
lost

In this which he accounts so clearly won :  
Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner?

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

*Pand.* Your mind is all as youthful as your  
blood.

Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit ;  
For e'en the breath of what I mean to speak  
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,  
Out of the path which shall directly lead  
Thy foot to England's throne ; and therefore 130  
mark.

John hath seized Arthur ; and it cannot be  
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,  
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,  
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.  
A scepter snatch'd with an unruly hand  
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd ;  
And he that stands upon a slippery place  
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up :  
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must  
fall ;

So be it, for it cannot be but so. 140

*Lew.* But what shall I gain by young Ar-  
thur's fall ?

*Pand.* You, in the right of Lady Blanch your  
wife,

May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

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

*Pand.* How green you are and fresh in this old world!

John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;  
For he that steeps his safety in true blood  
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.

This act so evilly born shall cool the hearts  
150 Of all his people and freeze up their zeal,  
That none so small advantage shall step forth  
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;  
No natural exhalation in the sky,  
No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,  
No common wind, no custom'd event,  
But they will pluck away his natural cause  
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,  
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,  
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

160 *Lew.* May be he will not touch young Arthur's  
life,

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

*Pand.* Oh, sir, when he shall hear of your  
approach,

If that young Arthur be not gone already,  
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts  
Of all his people shall revolt from him  
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change  
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath  
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.  
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:

170 And, oh, what better matter breeds for you  
Than I have named! The bastard Faulcon-  
bridge

Is now in England, ransacking the church,  
 Offending charity: if but a dozen French  
 Were there in arms, they would be as a call  
 To train ten thousand English to their side,  
 Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,  
 Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,  
 Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful  
 What may be wrought out of their discontent,  
 Now that their souls are topful of offense. 180  
 For England go: I will whet on the king.

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

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A room in a castle.*

*Enter HUBERT and Executioners.*

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

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

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

*Enter ARTHUR.*

*Arth.* Good morrow, Hubert.

*Hub.* Good morrow; little prince.

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

*Hub.* Indeed, I have been merrier.

*Arth.* Mercy on me!

Methinks no body should be sad but I:

Yet I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night

Only for wantonness. By my christendom,

So I were out of prison and kept sheep,

I should be as merry as the day is long;

And so I would be here, but that I doubt

20 My uncle practices more harm to me:

He is afraid of me and I of him:

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

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

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

*Hub.* [*Aside*] If I talk to him, with his inno-  
cent prate

He will awake my mercy which lies dead:

Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale  
to-day:

In sooth, I would you were a little sick

30 That I might sit all night and watch with you:

I warrant I love you more than you do me.

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

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*

[*Aside*] How now, foolish rlieum!

Turning despiteous torture out of door!

I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes in tender, womanish tears.

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

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

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.* And will you?

*Hub.* And I will. 40

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

I knit my handkercher about your brows,—  
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,—  
And I did never ask it you again;  
And with my hand at midnight held your head,  
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,  
Saying, "What lack you?" and "Where lies  
your grief?"

Or, "What good love may I perform for you?"  
Many a poor man's son would have lain still 50  
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;  
But you at your sick service had a prince.  
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love  
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:  
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,  
Why then you must. Will you put out mine  
eyes?

These eyes that never did nor never shall  
So much as frown on you.

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

*Arth.* Ah, none but in this iron age would 60  
do it!

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,

Approaching near these eyes, would drink my  
tears

And quench his fiery indignation  
Even in the matter of mine innocence;

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?

An if an angel should have come to me

And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,

70 I would not have believed him,—no tongue but  
Hubert's.

*Hub.* Come forth.

[*Stamps.*]

*Re-enter Executioners, with a cord, irons, etc.*

Do as I bid you do.

*Arth.* Oh, save me, Hubert, save me! my  
eyes are out

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

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

*Arth.* Alas, what need you be so boisterous-  
rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,

80 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir nor wince nor speak a word

Nor look upon the iron angerly:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

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

*First Ex.* I am best pleas'd to be from such  
a deed.

[*Exeunt Executioners.*]

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

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself. 90

*Arth.* Is there no remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O heaven, that there were but a mote  
in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are boisterous  
there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

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

*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of  
tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:

Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert; 100

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,

So I may keep mine eyes: oh, spare mine eyes,

Though to no use but still to look on you!

Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold

And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth; the fire is dead  
with grief,

Being create for comfort, to be us'd

In undeserv'd extremes: see else yourself;

There is no malice in this burning coal;

The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out 110

And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

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

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

Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;  
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.  
All things that you should use to do me wrong  
Deny their office: only you do lack

120 That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,  
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live; I will not touch thine  
eye

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:  
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* Oh, now you look like Hubert! all this  
while

You were disguisèd.

*Hub.* Peace; no more. Adieu.  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;  
I'll fill these doggèd spies with false reports:

130 And; pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.

*Arth.* O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

*Hub.* Silence; no more: go closely in with  
me:

Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.]



SCENE II. KING JOHN'S *palace.*

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

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

*Pem.* This "once again," but that your high-  
ness pleased,  
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,  
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;  
The faiths of men ne'er stain'd with revolt;  
Fresh expectation troubled not the land  
With any long'd-for change or better state.

*Sal.* Therefore, to be possess'd with double  
pomp,  
To guard a title that was rich before, 10  
To gild refin'd gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

*Pem.* But that your royal pleasure must be  
done,  
This act is as an ancient tale new told,  
And in the last repeating troublesome, 20  
Being urg'd at a time unseasonable.

*Sal.* In this the antique and well noted face  
Of plain old form is much disfigur'd;  
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,  
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,  
Startles and frights consideration,

Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,  
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

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

*Sal.* To this effect, before you were new  
crown'd,  
We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your  
highness  
To overbear 't, and we are all well pleas'd,  
Since all and every part of what we would  
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.  
40 *K. John.* Some reasons of this double coronation

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

*Pem.* Then I,—as one that am the tongue of  
these  
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,  
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,  
50 Your safety, for the which myself and them  
Bend their best studies,—heartily request  
Th' enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint  
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent

To break into this dangerous argument,—  
 If what in rest you have in right you hold,  
 Why then your fears, which, as they say, attend  
 The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up  
 Your tender kinsman and to choke his days  
 With barbarous ignorance and deny his youth  
 The rich advantage of good exercise. 60  
 That the time's enemies may not have this  
 To grace occasions, let it be our suit  
 That you have bid us ask his liberty;  
 Which for our goods we do no further ask  
 Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,  
 Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

*Enter HUBERT.*

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

*Pem.* This is the man should do the bloody  
 deed;  
 He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine: 70  
 The image of a wicked, heinous fault  
 Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his  
 Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;  
 And I do fearfully believe 't is done,  
 What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

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

*Pem.* And, when it breaks, I fear will issue 80  
 thence  
 The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

*K. John.* We cannot hold mortality's strong hand :

Good lords, although my will to give is living,  
The suit which you demand is gone and dead :  
He tells us Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

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

*Pem.* Indeed we heard how near his death he was

Before the child himself felt he was sick :

This must be answer'd either here or hence.

90 *K. John.* Why do you bend such solemn brows on me ?

Think you I bear the shears of destiny ?

Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?

*Sal.* It is apparent foul-play ; and 't is shame  
That greatness should so grossly offer it :  
So thrive it in your game ! and so, farewell.

*Pem.* Stay yet, Lord Salisbury ; I 'll go with thee

And find the inheritance of this poor child,  
His little kingdom of a forcèd grave.

That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle,

100 Three foot of it doth liold : bad world the while !  
This must not be thus borne : this will break out  
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

*K. John.* They burn in indignation. I  
repent :

There is no sure foundation set on blood,  
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.

*Enter a Messenger.*

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood  
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?  
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:  
Pour down thy weather: how goes all in France?

*Mess.* From France to England. Never such 110  
a power

For any foreign preparation  
Was levied in the body of a land.  
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;  
For when you should be told they do prepare,  
The tidings comes that they are all arriv'd.

*K. John.* Oh, where hath our intelligence  
been drunk?

Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's  
care,

That such an army could be drawn in France,  
And she not hear of it?

*Mess.* My liege, her ear 120  
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April died

Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,  
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died  
Three days before: but this from rumor's tongue  
I idly heard; if true or false I know not.

*K. John.* Withhold thy speed, dreadful occa-  
sion!

Oh, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd  
My discontented peers! What! mother dead!  
How wildly then walks my estate in France!  
Under whose conduct came those powers of  
France

That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here? 130

*Mess.* Under the Dauphin.

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

*Enter the BASTARD and PETER of Pomfret.*

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

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

*K. John.* Bear with me, cousin; for I was  
amaz'd

Under the tide: but now I breathe again  
Aloft the flood, and can give audience  
140 To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

*Bast.* How I have sped among the clergymen,  
The sums I have collected shall express.  
But, as I travel'd hither through the land,  
I find the people strangely fantasied;  
Possess'd with rumors, full of idle dreams,  
Not knowing what they fear; but full of fear:  
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me  
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found  
With many hundreds treading on his heels:  
150 To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding  
rhymes,

That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,  
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

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

*Peter.* Foreknowing that the truth will fall  
out so.

*K. John.* Hubert, away with him; imprison  
him;

And on that day at noon, whereon he says  
 I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.  
 Deliver him to safety ; and return,  
 For I must use thee. [*Exit Hubert with Peter.* •

O my gentle cousin,  
 Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd ? 160

*Bast.* The French, my lord ; men's mouths  
 are full of it :

Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,  
 With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,  
 And others more, going to seek the grave  
 Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night  
 On your suggestion.

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

*Bast.* I will seek them out.

*K. John.* Nay, but make haste ; the better 170  
 foot before.

Oh, let me have no subject enemies,  
 When adverse foreigners affright my towns  
 With dreadful pomp of stout invasion !  
 Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,  
 And fly like thought from them to me again.

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

*K. John.* Spoke like a sprightful, noble gen-  
 tleman.

Go after him ; for he perhaps shall need  
 Some messenger betwixt me and the peers ;  
 And be thou he.

*Mess.* With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.* 180

*K. John.* My mother dead!

*Re-enter HUBERT.*

*Hub.* My lord, they say five moons were seen  
to-night;

Four fixèd, and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four in wondrous motion.

*K. John.* Five moons!

*Hub.* Old men and beldams in the streets  
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:  
Young Arthur's death is common in their  
mouths:

And, when they talk of him, they shake their  
heads

And whisper one another in the ear;

190 And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,  
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,

With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,

The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,

With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;

Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,

Starding on slippers, which his nimble haste

Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,

Told of a many thousand warlike French

200 That were embattailèd and rank'd in Kent:

Another lean, unwash'd artificer

Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

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

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?

Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty  
cause



To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

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

*K. John.* It is the curse of kings to be attended

By slaves that take their humors for a warrant  
To break within the bloody house of life, 210  
And, on the winking of authority,  
To understand a law, to know the meaning  
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns  
More upon humor than advis'd respect.

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

*K. John.* Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal  
Witness against us to damnation!  
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by, 220  
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,  
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,  
This murder had not come into my mind:  
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,  
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,  
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,  
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;  
And thou, to be endear'd to a king,  
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

*Hub.* My lord,—

*K. John.* Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause

When I spake darkly what I purposèd,

Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,  
 As bid me tell my tale in éxpress words,  
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me  
 break off,  
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears  
 in me :

But thou didst understand me by my signs  
 And didst in signs again parley with sin ;  
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,  
 240 And consequently thy rude hand to act  
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to  
 name.

Out of my sight, and never see me more !  
 My nobles leave me ; and my state is brav'd,  
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :  
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns  
 Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

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

260 *K. John.* Doth Arthur live ? Oh, haste thee  
 to the peers,  
 Throw this report on their incensèd rage,

And make them tame to their obedience!  
 Forgive the comment that my passion made  
 Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,  
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood  
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.  
 Oh, answer not, but to my closet bring  
 The angry lords with all expedient haste.  
 I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Before the castle.*

*Enter ARTHUR, on the walls.*

*Arth.* The wall is high, and yet will I leap  
 down:

Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not!  
 There's few or none do know me: if they did,  
 This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me  
 quite.

I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.  
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,  
 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:  
 As good to die and go, as die and stay.

[*Leaps down.*]

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:  
 Heaven take my soul, and England keep my  
 bones! 10

[*Dies.*]

*Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

*Sal.* Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmunds-  
 bury:

It is our safety, and we must embrace  
 This gentle offer of the perilous time.

*Pem.* Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

*Sal.* The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;

Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love  
Is much more general than these lines import

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

*Sal.* Or rather then set forward; for 't will be  
20 Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet.

*Enter the BASTARD.*

*Bast.* Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!

The king by me requests your presence straight.

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

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

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

30 *Bast.* But there is little reason in your grief;  
Therefore 't were reason you had manners now.

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

*Bast.* 'T is true, to hurt his master, no man else.

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

*Pem.* O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!

The earth hath not a hole to hide this deed.

*Sal.* Murder, as hating what himself hath done,

Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

*Big.* Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,

Found it too precious-princely for a grave. 40

*Sal.* Sir Richard, what think you? have you beheld?

Or have you read or heard? or could you think?

Or do you almost think, although you see,

That you do see? could thought, without this object,

Form such another? This is the very top,

The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,

Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,

The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,

That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage

Presented to the tears of soft remorse. 50

*Pem.* All murders past do stand excus'd in this:

And this, so sole and so unmatchable,

Shall give a holiness, a purity,

To the yet unbegotten sin of times;

And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,

Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

*Bast.* It is a damnèd and a bloody work;

The graceless action of a heavy hand,

If that it be the work of any hand.

*Sal.* If that it be the work of any hand! 60

We had a kind of light what would ensue:

It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;

The practice and the purpose of the king:

From whose obedience I forbid my soul,  
 Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,  
 And breathing to his breathless excellence  
 The incense of a vow, a holy vow,  
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world,  
 Never to be infected with delight,  
 70 Nor conversant with ease and idleness,  
 Till I have set a glory to this hand,  
 By giving it the worship of revenge.

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

*Enter HUBERT.*

*Hub.* Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking  
 you :

Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

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

*Hub.* I am no villain.

*Sal.* Must I rob the law ?

[*Drawing his sword.*]

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

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

*Hub.* Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back,  
 I say ;

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

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself  
 Nor tempt the danger of my true defense ;  
 Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget  
 Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

*Big.* Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

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

*Sal.* Thou art a murderer.

*Hub.* Do not prove me so; 90  
Yet I am none: whose tongue soe'er speaks false,

Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

*Pem.* Cut him to pieces.

*Bast.* Keep the peace, I say.

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

*Bast.* Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:

If thou but frown on me or stir thy foot  
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,  
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;  
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron  
That you shall think the devil is come from hell. 100

*Big.* What wilt thou do, renownèd Faulconbridge?

Second a villain and a murderer?

*Hub.* Lord Bigot, I am none.

*Big.* Who kill'd this prince?

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

*Sal.* Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,

For villany is not without such rheum;  
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem  
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.

Away with me, all you whose souls abhor  
Th' uncleanly savors of a slaughter-house ;  
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

*Big.* Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin  
there!

*Pem.* There tell the king he may inquire us  
out. [*Exeunt Lords.*]

*Bast.* Here's a good world! Knew you of  
this fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,  
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

*Hub.* Do but hear me, sir.

120 *Bast.* Ha! I'll tell thee what ;  
Thou'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so  
black ;

Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer :  
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell  
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

*Hub.* Upon my soul—

*Bast.* If thou didst but consent  
To this most cruel act, do but despair ;  
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
That ever spider twisted from her womb  
Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be a  
beam

130 To hang thee on ; or, wouldst thou drown thy-  
self,

Put but a little water in a spoon,  
And it shall be as all the ocean.  
Enough to stifle such a villain up.  
I do suspect thee very grievously.

*Hub.* If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,



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

*Bast.* Go, bear him in thine arms.  
I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way 140  
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.  
How easy dost thou take all England up!  
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,  
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm  
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left  
To tug and scramble and to part by the teeth  
Th' unowèd int'rest of proud-swelling state.  
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty  
Doth doggèd war bristle his angry crest  
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace: 150  
Now powers from home and discontents at  
home

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

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I. KING JOHN'S *palace*.

*Enter* KING JOHN, PANDULPH, *and* Attendants.

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

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

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

*Pand.* It was my breath that blew this tempest  
up,  
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;  
But, since you are a gentle convertite,  
20 My tongue shall hush again this storm of war  
And make fair weather in your blustering land.  
On this Ascension-day, remember well,  
Upon your oath of service to the pope,

Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

[*Exit.*

*K. John.* Is this Ascension-day? Did not  
the prophet

Say that before Ascension-day at noon

My crown I should give off? Even so I have:

I did suppose it should be on constraint

But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

*Enter the BASTARD.*

*Bast.* All Kent hath yielded; nothing there 30  
holds out

But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,

Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:

Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone

To offer service to your enemy,

And wild amazement hurries up and down

The little number of your doubtful friends.

*K. John.* Would not my lords return to me  
again,

After they heard young Arthur was alive?

*Bast.* They found him dead and cast into the  
streets,

An empty casket, where the jewel of life 40

By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

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

*Bast.* So, on my soul, he did, for aught he  
knew.

But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?

Be great in act as you have been in thought:

Let not the world see fear and sad distrust

Govern the motion of a kingly eye:

Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;  
 Threaten the threatener and outface the brow  
 50 Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes,  
 That borrow their behaviors from the great,  
 Grow great by your example and put on  
 The dauntless spirit of resolution.  
 Away, and glister like the god of war  
 When he intendeth to become the field :  
 Show boldness and aspiring confidence.  
 What, shall they seek the lion in his den  
 And fright him there ? and make him tremble  
 there ?

Oh, let it not be said : forage, and run  
 60 To meet displeasure farther from the doors,  
 And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.  
*K. John.* The legate of the pope hath been  
 with me,

And I have made a happy peace with him ;  
 And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers  
 Led by the Dauphin.

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

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

*Bast.* Away, then, with good courage! yet, I know,

Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

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

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

*Sal.* Upon our sides it never shall be broken. And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear A voluntary zeal and unurg'd faith  
10  
To your proceedings; yet believe me, prince, I am not glad that such a sore of time Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt, And heal th' inveterate canker of one wound By making many. Oh, it grieves my soul That I must draw this metal from my side To be a widow-maker! Oh, and there Where honorable rescue and defense Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!  
20  
But such is the infection of the time That, for the health and physic of our right,

We cannot deal but with the very hand  
 Of stern injustice and confusèd wrong.  
 And is't not pity, O my grievèd friends,  
 That we, the sons and children of this isle,  
 Were born to see so sad an hour as this;  
 Wherein we step after a stranger, march  
 Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up  
 Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw and weep  
 30 Upon the spot of this enforcèd cause,—  
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,  
 And follow unacquainted colors here?  
 What, here? O nation, that thou couldst re-  
 move!

That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,  
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,  
 And grapple thee unto a pagan shore,  
 Where these two Christian armies might combine  
 The blood of malice in a vein of league,  
 And not to spend it so unneighborly!

40 *Lew.* A noble temper dost thou show in this  
 And great affections wrestling in thy bosom  
 Doth make an earthquake of nobility.  
 Oh; what a noble combat hast thou fought  
 Between compulsion and a brave respect!  
 Let me wipe off this honorable dew  
 That silvery doth progress on thy cheeks:  
 My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,  
 Being an ordinary inundation;  
 But this effusion of such manly drops,  
 50 This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,  
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd  
 Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven  
 Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.

Lift up thy brow, renownèd Salisbury,  
 And with a great heart heave away this storm :  
 Commend these waters to those baby eyes  
 That never saw the g. 'nt world enrag'd ;  
 Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,  
 Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.  
 Come, come ; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as 60  
     deep

Into the purse of rich prosperity  
 As Lewis himself : so, nobles, shall you all  
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.  
 And even there, methinks, an angel spake :

*Enter PANDULPH.*

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

*Pand.* Hail, noble prince of France !  
 The next is this : King John hath reconcil'd  
 Himself to Rome ; his spirit is come in 70  
 That so stood out against the holy church,  
 The great metropolis and see of Rome :  
 Therefore thy threatening colors now wind up ;  
 And tame the savage spirit of wild war,  
 That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,  
 It may lie gently at the foot of peace  
 And be no further harmful than in show.

*Lew.* Your grace shall pardon me, I will not  
     back :

I am too high-born to be propertied,  
 To be a secondary at control, 80  
 Or useful serving-man and instrument,

To any sovereign state throughout the world.  
 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars  
 Between this chaste'd kingdom and myself.  
 And brought in matter that should feed this  
 fire :

And now 't is far too huge to be blown out  
 With that same weak wind which enkindled it.  
 You taught me how to know the face of right,  
 Acquainted me with interest to this land.

90 Yes, thrust this enterprise into my heart ;  
 And come ye now to tell me John hath made  
 His peace with Rome ? What is that peace to  
 me ?

I. by the honor of my marriage-bed.  
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine ;  
 And, now it is half conquer'd, must I back  
 Because that John hath made his peace with  
 Rome ?

Am I Rome's slave ? What penny hath Rome  
 borne.

What men provided, what munition sent,  
 To underprop this action ? Is 't not I

100 That undergo this charge ? who else but I,  
 And such as to my claim are liable,  
 Sweat in this business and maintain this war ?  
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out  
 " *Vive le roi !* " as I have bank'd their towns ?  
 Have I not here the best cards, for the game,  
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown ?  
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set ?  
 No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

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



*Lew.* Outside or inside, I will not return 110  
 Till my attempt so much be glorified  
 As to my ample hope was promisèd  
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,  
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world  
 To outlook conquest and to win renown  
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

*Enter the BASTARD, attended.*

*Bast.* According to the fair play of the world,  
 Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:  
 My holy lord of Milan, from the king 120  
 I come to learn how you have dealt for him;  
 And, as you answer, I do know the scope  
 And warrant limited unto my tongue.

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

*Bast.* By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,  
 The youth says well. Now hear our English  
 king;  
 For thus his royalty doth speak in me.  
 He is prepar'd, and reason too he should: 130  
 This apish and unmannerly approach,  
 This harness'd masque and unadvisèd revel,  
 This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,  
 The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd  
 To whip this dwarfish war, these pygmy arms,  
 From out the circle of his territories.  
 That hand which had the strength, even at your  
 door,

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

*Lew.* There end thy brave, and turn thy face  
 in peace ;

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

*Pand.* Give me leave to speak.

*Bast.* No, I will speak.

*Lew.* We will attend to neither.

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

*Bast.* Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will  
 cry out ;

And so shall you, being beaten: do but start  
 An echo with the clamor of thy drum,  
 And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd  
 That shall reverberate all as loud as thine; 170  
 Sound but another, and another shall  
 As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear.  
 And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for, at  
 hand,

Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
 Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,  
 Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits  
 A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day  
 To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

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

*Bast.* And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not 180  
 doubt. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The field of battle.*

*Alarums.* Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.

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

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

*K. John.* This fever, that hath troubled me  
 so long,

Lies heavy on me; oh, my heart is sick!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faul-  
 conbridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field  
 And send him word by me which way you go.

*K. John.* Tell him, toward Swinſteed, to the abbey there.

*Mess.* Be of good comfort ; for the great ſupply

10 That was expected by the Dauphin here  
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.  
This news was brought to Richard but e'en now ;  
The French fight coldly and retire themſelves.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

*Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, and BIGOT.*

*Sal.* I did not think the king ſo ſtor'd with friends.

*Pem.* Up once again ; put ſpirit in the French :

If they miſcarry, we miſcarry too.

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

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

*Enter MELUN, wounded.*

*Mel.* Lead me to the revolts of England here.

*Sal.* When we were happy we had other names.

*Pem.* It is the Count Melun.

*Sal.* Wounded to death.

*Mel.* Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold ; 10

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion  
 And welcome home again discarded faith.  
 Seek out King John and fall before his feet ;  
 For, if the French be lords of this loud day,  
 He means to recompense the pains you take  
 By cutting off your heads : thus hath he sworn  
 And I with him, and many moe with me,  
 Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury ;  
 Even on that altar where we swore to you  
 Dear amity and everlasting love. 20

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

*Mel.* Have I not hideous death within my  
 view,

Retaining but a quantity of life,  
 Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax  
 Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire ?  
 What in the world should make me now deceive,  
 Since I must lose the use of all deceit ?  
 Why should I then be false, since it is true  
 That I must die here and live hence by truth ?  
 I say again, if Lewis do win the day, 30  
 He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours  
 Behold another day break in the east :  
 But e'en this night, whose black, contagious  
 breath  
 Already smokes about the burning crest  
 Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—  
 E'en this ill night, your breathing shall expire,  
 Paying the fine of rated treachery  
 Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,  
 If Lewis by your assistance win the day.

40 Commend me to one Hubert with your king :  
 The love of him, and this respect besides,  
 For that my grandsire was an Englishman,  
 Awakes my conscience to confess all this.  
 In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence  
 From forth the noise and rumor of the field,  
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts  
 In peace; and part this body and my soul  
 With contemplation and devout desires.

*Sal.* We do believe thee: and beshrew my  
 soul

50 But I do love the favor and the form  
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which  
 We will untread the steps of damnèd flight,  
 And like a bated and retirèd flood,  
 Leaving our rankness and irregular course,  
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-  
 look'd  
 And calmly run on in obedience  
 Even to our ocean, to our great King John.  
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence ;  
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death

60 Right in thine eye. Away, my friends! New  
 flight ;

And happy newness, that intends old right.

*[Exeunt, leading off Melun.]*

SCENE V. *The French camp.*

*Enter LEWIS and his train.*

*Lew.* The sun of heaven methought was loath  
 to set,  
 But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,

When English measure backward their own  
ground

In faint retire. Oh, bravely came we off,  
When, with a volley of our needless shot  
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;  
And wound our tattering colors clearly up,  
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

*Lew.* Here: what news?

*Mess.* The Count Melun is slain; the English 10  
lords

By his persuasion are again fall'n off;  
And your supply, which you have wish'd so  
long,

Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.

*Lew.* Ah, foul shrewd news! beshrew thy  
very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night  
As this hath made me. Who was he that said  
King John did fly an hour or two before  
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

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

*Lew.* Well; keep good quarter and good care 20  
to-night:

The day shall not be up so soon as I  
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

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

*Enter the BASTARD and HUBERT, severally.*

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

*Bast.* A friend. What art thou?

*Hub.* Of the part of England.

*Bast.* Whither dost thou go?

*Hub.* What's that to thee? why may not I  
demand

Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

*Bast.* Hubert, I think?

*Hub.* Thou hast a perfect thought:

I will upon all hazards well believe

Thou art my friend, thou know'st my tongue so  
well.

Who art thou?

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

*Hub.* Unkind remembrance! thou and eye-  
less night

Have done me shame: brave soldier, pardon me,  
That any accent breaking from thy tongue  
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

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

*Hub.* Why here walk I in the black brow of  
night

To find you out.

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



*Hub.* O my sweet sir, news fitting to the  
 night,  
 Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible. 20

*Bast.* Show me the very wound of this ill  
 news :

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

*Hub.* The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk :  
 I left him almost speechless ; and broke out  
 T' acquaint you with this evil that you might  
 The better arm you to the sudden time  
 Than if you had at leisure known of this.

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

*Hub.* A monk, I tell you ; a resolvèd villain,  
 Whose bowels suddenly burst out : the king 30  
 Yet speaks and peradventure may recover.

*Bast.* Who didst thou leave to tend his  
 majesty ?

*Hub.* Why, know you not ? the lords are all  
 come back,  
 And brought Prince Henry in their company ;  
 At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,  
 And they are all about his majesty.

*Bast.* Withhold thine indignation, mighty  
 heaven,  
 And tempt us not to bear above our power !  
 I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,  
 Passing these flats, are taken by the tide ; 40  
 These Lincoln Washes have devourèd them ;  
 Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.  
 Away before : conduct me to the king ;  
 I doubt he will be dead or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The orchard in Swinstead Abbey.*

*Enter* Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

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

*Enter* PEMBROKE.

*Pem.* His highness yet doth speak, and holds  
belief

That, being brought into the open air,  
It would allay the burning quality  
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

10 *P. Hen.* Let him be brought into the orchard  
here.

Doth he still rage? *[Exit Bigot.]*

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

*P. Hen.* O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes  
In their continuance will not feel themselves.  
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,  
Leaves them, invisible, and his siege is now  
Against the mind, the which he pricks and  
wounds

With many legions of strange fantasies,  
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,  
20 Confound themselves. 'T is strange that death  
should sing.

I am the cygnet to this pale, faint swan,  
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,

And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings  
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

*Sal.* Be of good comfort, prince; for you are  
born

To set a form upon that indigest  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

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

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

It would not out at windows nor at doors.

There is so hot a summer in my bosom 30

That all my bowels crumble up to dust:

I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen

Upon a parchment, and against this fire

Do I shrink up.

*P. Hen.* How fares your majesty?

*K. John.* Poison'd,—ill fare—dead, forsook,  
cast off:

And none of you will bid the winter come

To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,

Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course

Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the north

To make his bleak winds kiss my parch'd lips 40

And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you  
much,

I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait

And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

*P. Hen.* Oh, that there were some virtue in  
my tears

That might relieve you!

*K. John.* The salt in them is hot.

Within me is a hell; and there the poison  
Is as a fiend confin'd to tyrannize  
On unreprieveable, condemnèd blood.

*Enter the BASTARD.*

*Bast.* Oh, I am scalded with my violent  
motion

50 And spleen of speed to see your majesty!

*K. John.* O cousin, thou art come to set  
mine eye:

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,  
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should  
sail

Are turnèd to one thread, one little hair:  
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
Which holds but till thy news be utterèd;  
And then all this thou seest is but a clod  
And module of confounded royalty.

*Bast.* The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,  
60 Where heaven He knows how we shall answer  
him;

For in a night the best part of my power,  
As I upon advantage did remove,  
Were in the Washes all unwarily  
Devourèd by the unexpected flood.

[*The king dies.*]

*Sal.* You breathe these dead news in as dead  
an ear.

My liege! my lord! but now a king, now thus.

*P. Hen.* E'en so must I run on, and e'en so  
stop.

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

*Bast.* Art thou gone so? I do but stay be- 70  
hind

To do the office for thee of revenge,  
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,  
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.

Now, now, you stars that move in your right  
spheres,

Where be your powers? show now your mended  
faiths,

And instantly return with me again  
To push destruction and perpetual shame  
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.  
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be  
sought;

The Dauphin rages at our very heels. 80

*Sal.* It seems you know not then so much  
as we:

The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,  
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,  
And brings from him such offers of our peace  
As we with honor and respect may take,  
With purpose presently to leave this war.

*Bast.* He will the rather do it when he sees  
Ourselves well sinewèd to our defense.

*Sal.* Nay, it is in a manner done already;  
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd 90  
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel  
To the disposing of the cardinal:

With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,  
If you think meet, this afternoon will post  
To consummate this business happily.

*Bast.* Let it be so: and you, my noble prince,  
With other princes that may best be spar'd,

Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

*P. Hen.* At Worcester must his body be  
interr'd;

For so he will'd it.

100 *Bast.* Thither shall it then :

And happily may your sweet self put on  
The lineal state and glory of the land !

To whom, with all submission, on my knee

I do bequeath my faithful services

And true subjection everlastingly.

*Sal.* And the like tender of our love we  
make,

To rest without a spot for evermore.

*P. Hen.* I have a kind soul that would give  
you thanks

And knows not how to do it but with tears.

110 *Bast.* Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,

Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.

This England never did, nor never shall,

Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,

But when it first did help to wound itself.

Now these her princes are come home again,

Come the three corners of the world in arms,

And we shall shock them. Naught shall make  
us rue,

If England to itself do rest but true. [Exeunt.]

# NOTES.

---

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

1. France. Philip Augustus, King of France.
3. In my behavior, as represented in my person and by my outward acts and deportment.
10. territories appears to be used here in the sense of feudal dependencies.
17. control, constraint, compulsion.
28. sullen presage. Though *sullen* may not appropriately describe the trumpet's note, it may fitly characterize the mournful and threatening message which it accompanied.
- decay, destruction, ruin.
29. conduct, escort.
30. Pembroke. William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke.
62. I put you o'er, I refer you.
68. a', a colloquial abbreviation of *he*. See ii. 1. 136, Much Ado, ii. 3. 201: "If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace."
69. pound, used with numerals as a plural.
75. whether is spelled in the folios, as it was pronounced, "where."
78. Fair fall, good luck befall.
85. a trick, peculiar feature.
94. A half-faced groat. Groats and half-groats with the profile or half-face of the king were first struck in 1503, in the 18th year of Henry VII (Hawkins, *The Silver Coins of England*, p. 125).
108. took it on his death, not, maintained it on his death-bed, but maintained it by an oath, the asseveration being as true as his death was certain; or, as I rather incline to believe, staking his life as security for his truth.
- 119, 120. hadst thou rather be . . . or to enjoy. In such

clauses it is not uncommon to insert *to* before the second infinitive, though it is omitted before the first.

121. Lord of thy presence, with only your fine person for your fortune; an *if*, a reduplicated form of *if*, commonly printed *and if* in the folios.

123. Sir Robert's his, that 'is, his shape, 'which is 'also his father Sir Robert's.

127. three-farthings. In 1561 Queen Elizabeth coined three-farthing pieces of silver, which were of course extremely thin, and had the queen's profile or half-face, with a rose behind her ear, to distinguish them from the silver pence. They were discontinued in 1582.

128. to his shape, in addition to his shape.

131. sir Nob is said to be a contemptuous diminutive of *Sir Robert*.

140. give our betters way, allow our superiors to pass before us.

151. The proverbial sayings which follow are characteristic of the Bastard's rusticity of breeding.

152. In at the window, or else o'er the hatch are both expressions applied to those who have come into the world in an irregular manner.

163. any Joan a lady. *Joan* was a common name among peasants.

164. Good den, good even, or good evening.

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

168. for your conversion, for one who has undergone such a change of rank as you have.

169. He and his toothpick. In Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters, quoted by Malone, there is a description of An Affectate Traveler: "He censures all things by countenances, and shrugs, and speaks his own language with shame and lisping: he will choake, rather than confesse beere good drinke; and his pick-tooth is a maine part of his behaviour."

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

172. pickèd, spruce, trim, affected; man of countries, one who in his travels had seen many countries.

175. an Absey book or ABC book, which appears to have combined the Alphabet and the Catechism.

182. The Pyrenean, now called the Pyrenees.



185. mounting, aspiring, ambitious.  
 187. doth not smack, hath not some taste.  
 189. device, fashion and ornaments of dress.  
 191. motion, impulse or tendency.  
 204. Colbrand the giant, overthrown by Guy of Warwick before King Athelstan at Winchester.  
 210. Philip! sparrow. From his chirping note the sparrow early got the name of Philip. Skelton wrote *The Boke of Phyllyp Sparowe*.  
 211. toys, trifles, idle rumors or follies.  
 218. Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like. There is an allusion here to an old play called *Soliman and Perseda*, printed in 1599, but written at least as early as 1592. Basilisco is a cowardly braggart, and Piston the buffoon, jumping upon his back, makes him take oath upon his dudgeon dagger.  
 232. dispose, disposal.  
 235. The aweless lion. The story of Richard's encounter with a lion, and of his plucking out the lion's heart, is told in the old metrical romance of which he is the hero, and is repeated in Rastell's *Chronicle*, where there is a picture of the scene.

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.

1. Angiers, Angers, the capital of Anjou.  
 2. that great forerunner of thy blood. By some strange carelessness, Shakespeare here makes Arthur in the direct line of descent from Richard.  
 5. By this brave duke, etc. This is not in accordance with history, for Richard was slain by an arrow at the siege of Chaluz, which belonged to Vidomar, viscount of Limoges, and the Duke of Austria died some years before. Shakespeare, however, is not following the chronicles but the old play.  
 7. importance, importunity, urgency.  
 23. that white-faced shore of which the "chalky cliffs" were supposed to have given the island the name of Albion.  
 37. bent, aimed, directed. The terms of archery were applied to other weapons than the bow.  
 38. the brows. As the gates are the eyes of the city the battlements are the eyebrows.  
 40. To cull the plots of best advantages, to select the positions which are most favorable for the attack.  
 49. indirectly, unrighteously, wrongfully.  
 53. coldly, calmly, without passion or feverish impatience.

60. **expedient, quick, expeditious.**
63. **Ate**, the goddess of revenge and mischief. Compare Julius Cæsar, iii. i. 271 :  
 "And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
 With Ate by his side come hot from hell,"
64. her niece or granddaughter, Blanch being the daughter of John's sister Eleanor and Alphonso the Eighth, King of Castile.
65. a bastard of the king's deceased, one of the deceased king's bastards. The line is borrowed almost literally from the old play, as Malone has pointed out.
66. **unsettled humors**, used by metonymy for persons of unsettled disposition.
67. **voluntaries, volunteers.**
68. **spleens**, hasty tempers, passions, of which the spleen was believed to be the seat.
85. **lineal**, due to us in virtue of our descent.
87. **Whiles**, while ; the old genitive of A.S. *hwil*, time, used adverbially.
95. **under-wrought, undermined** ; *his* for *its*—a form as yet rarely used.
97. **outfacèd infant state**, browbeaten, put down by intimidation or bravado, the state that belongs to an infant.
101. **abstract**, summary, epitome.
103. **draw, draw out, expand** ; **this brief, this short writing.** The legal metaphor suggested by *abstract* is still kept up.
109. **owe, own**, are rightful owners of.
111. **articles**, the particulars of a document.
123. **check, control, chide, rebuke.**
125. **As thine was to thy husband.** Elinor had been divorced from her first husband, Louis the Seventh of France, for infidelity.
139. **smoke.** Delius thinks there is a reference to the use of smoke for the purpose of destroying moths. But in the North country dialect *to smoke* is synonymous with *to thrash* ; your skin-coat. Austria is supposed to be wearing the lion's skin which he had taken from Richard.
144. **great Alcides' shows**, the skin of the Nemean lion worn by Hercules.
147. **cracker, boaster, braggart.** In the North-country dialect *to crack* is to boast.
149. **straight, straightway, at once.**
156. **Bretagne**, spelled *Britaine* in the first folio.
- 160, 161. **it**, the old form of *its*, used ironically by Constance in imitating the language of the nursery. Compare Lear, i. 4. 236. But it also occurs seriously in many passages of

Shakespeare. See Hamlet, i. 2. 216: "It lifted up it head."  
And Winter's Tale, iii. 2. 101:

"The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth."

165. coil, turmoil, disturbance.

167. she refers to *His mother*.

183. Bedlam, lunatic—a contraction for *Bethlehem*, name of an old monastery converted into an asylum for the insane.

187. And with her plague; her sin his injury, etc. Mr. Roby interprets the whole passage thus: "God hath made her sin and herself to be a plague to this distant child, who is punished for her and with the punishment belonging to her."

191. unadvisèd, rash, inconsiderate.

196. to cry aim, to give encouragement or approval; a term of archery.

205. parle, parley, conference.

210. cannons and *cannon* are both used for the plural by Shakespeare. An anachronism here, as cannon were first used at Crécy, 1346.

215. winking, closed. To wink is properly to shut the eyes.

217. doth is attracted to the singular by the nearer *waist*.

220. dishabited, dislodged.

233. Forwearied, exhausted. Spelled *forewearied* in the folios; just as it is usual to write *forego* instead of *forgo*, while no one would use *forebid* or *foreget* for *forbid* and *forget*.

253. unvex'd, undisturbed, unmolested. *Vex* had formerly a much stronger sense than at present. See Psalm lxxxviii. 6, Prayer Book Version: "Thou hast vexed me with all thy storms;" retire, retreat.

259. roundure, circuit, enclosure.

281. compound, settle, agree.

288. swing'd, beat, whipped.

290. some fence, some skill in weapons.

318. staff, the shaft of a lance.

328. censurèd, judged, estimated.

354. mousing, tearing, as a cat does a mouse, or a lion its prey.

357. Cry "havoc!" The signal that no quarter was to be given.

358. potents, potentates.

359. confusion, destruction, overthrow.

371. King'd of our fears. The citizens were not masters of their fear but were overpowered by it, and resolved to acknowledge no other sovereign till it was allayed by the appearance of the rightful king.

373. scroyles, scabs, scrofulous wretches; a term of contempt, from the French *les escrouelles*, the king's evil.
376. industrious, busy, laborious.
378. mutines, mutineers.
383. soul-fearing, soul-terrifying. For *fear* in this active sense, see *The Merchant of Venice*, ii. i. 9:  
 "I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine  
 Hath fear'd the valiant."
395. states, used of persons holding high positions.
396. the policy, which is so much thought of.
401. peevish, foolish, childish, wayward.
448. spleen, quick impulse, impetuosity.
463. bastinado, a beating; from the Italian *Bastonata*, a bastinado, or cudgel blow.
466. Zounds = Swounds, that is, God's wounds, a common oath.
478. remorse is used here, as it frequently is by Shakespeare, in the sense of compassion or tender feeling, without the idea of compunction.
481. treaty, offer, proposal of agreement.
503. table, the tablet on which a picture is painted.
513. it, redundant, *that anything* in the previous line being the object to *translate*.
527. Volquessen, the ancient country of the Velocasses, whose capital was Rouen; divided in modern times into Vexin Normand and Vexin Français.
535. assur'd, affianced, betrothed.
544. passionate, full of lamentation, sorrowful.
552. Earl of Richmond. Arthur's grandfather, Conan le Petit, Duke of Brittany, and father of Constance, was the first who styled himself Earl of Richmond, although the lordship of the Honor of Richmond had been originally granted to his ancestor, Alan Fergaunt, Count of Brittany, by the Conqueror.
555. solemnity, marriage ceremony.
561. composition; compact, agreement.
563. departed, parted. "Till death us *do part*," in the marriage service, once read, "till death us *depart*."
566. rounded, whispered. The proper form of the word is *rouned* from Anglo-Saxon *rūnian*.
567. With, by.
568. broker, an agent or go-between. Whatever be the etymology of this word, and it is very uncertain, it has nothing to do with *break*.
571. Who. The antecedent is *maids*, not *commodity*, and the meaning of the sentence is clear although the construction is irregular.
573. tickling, flattering.

574. The figures of speech in the next few lines are derived from the game of bowls. *bias*, the weight of lead introduced into one side of a bowl in order to make it turn towards the side on which the weight is. A perfectly uniform spherical bowl on a perfectly level and smooth ground would run in a perfectly straight line. The word *bias* is derived from the French *biais*, and this again is said by Brachet to be from the Lat. *bifacem*, which is applied to a person whose vision is crooked.

575. who is used of inanimate objects regarded as persons.

579. *indifferency, impartiality.*

583. *the outward eye.* According to Staunton, the eye of a bowl was the aperture on one side which contains the bias or weight.

590. *his fair angels.* The Angel was a gold coin worth ten shillings, and was so called from having on one side a figure of Michael and the dragon.

591. *for, because:*

597. *upon commodity, for motives of advantage.*

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.

If the play were historical, Salisbury would be William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, son of Henry II. and Fair Rosamond, whose tomb is in Salisbury Cathedral.

5. *well advised, considerate, deliberate.*

19. *by shaking of thy head.* For *of* after gerunds or verbal nouns, see Abbott, Shakespeare Grammar, § 178.

22. *rheum, used of tears.*

46. *swart, swarthy, black; prodigious, monstrous.*

86. *the high tides, the festivals or saints' days.*

87. Compare Job iii. 3, "Let the day perish wherein I was born."

91. *prodigiously be cross'd, be disappointed by the birth of a prodigy or monster.*

92. *But, except.*

100. *touch'd and tried with the touchstone, which is a black jasper.*

105. *painted, fictitious, unreal.*

106. *our oppression, oppression of us.*

114. *O Lymoges! O Austria!* The making one personage of the Duke of Austria who threw Richard into prison in 1193, and the Viscount of Limoges, in besieging whose castle of Chaluz in 1199 Richard was mortally wounded, is due to the old play.

115. That bloody spoil, the lion's skin.

119. humorous, capricious.

121. soothest up, flatterest. Compare Coriolanus, ii, 2. 77 : "You soothed not, therefore hurt not." *Up* is emphatic, as in iv. 3. 133.

122. A ramping fool. *Ramping* is suggested by the lion's skin which Austria wears, and is a proper epithet of the lion, in the sense of tearing, pawing.

126. thy stars, the planets that govern thy destiny, and so, thy fate or destiny itself.

127. fall over, desert. *Fall* alone is used in the same sense in l. 320.

128. doff it, put it off ; *doff* is *do off*.

129. a calf's-skin. Sir John Hawkins says, "When fools were kept for diversion in great families, they were distinguished by a calf's-skin coat, which had the buttons down the back." Steevens adds, "The custom is still preserved in Ireland ; and the fool, in any of the legends which the mummers act at Christmas, always appears in a calf's or cow's skin." Austria had more of the calf than the lion in him.

136. The Cardinal's speech and John's reply are almost literally taken from the old play.

138. Pandulph. Pandulphus de Masca, a native of Pisa, was made Cardinal in 1182, and was elected in 1218 to the bishopric of Norwich.

139. Pope Innocent the third.

142. force perforce, violently, by violent constraint.

143. Stephen Langton. On the death of Hubert Fitzwalter, Archbishop of Canterbury, July 13, 1205, the monks elected Reginald the sub-prior, and sent to Rome to have the election confirmed by the pope. The pope, however, refused to confirm it in the absence of letters recommendatory from the king. The monks then, fearing the king's displeasure, begged him to nominate one whom they might elect, and he ordered them to vote for John Gray, Bishop of Norwich, who was accordingly chosen. But the pope quashed this election also, "and procured by his papall authoritie the moonks of Canturburie . . . to choose one Stephan Langton the cardinall of S. Chrysogon an Englishman borne" (Holinshed, iii. 171), whom John refused to acknowledge.

147. earthy. Pope reads *earthly* ; interrogatories, a technical law-term, denoting certain questions put to a witness, which were to be answered with the solemnities of an oath. In his note on this passage, Lord Campbell (*Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements*, p. 52) says, "In the Court of Queen's Bench, when a complaint is made against a person for a 'contempt,' the practice is, that before sentence is finally pro-

nounced he is sent into the Crown Office, and being there 'charged upon interrogatories,' he is made to swear that he will 'answer all things faithfully.'"

148. **task, tax, charge, compel to submit.**

154. **Shall tithe or toll, that is, shall take tithe or tax.**

173. **excommunicate, excommunicated.** Like many other words formed from the Latin participle in *-atus* it does not take the English participial ending.

180. **Thus I have room with Rome.** In Shakespeare's time, *Rome, room, and roam* must all have been pronounced as *room*. Compare Julius Cæsar. i. 2. 156:

"Now is it Rome indeed and room enough."

209. **untrimmèd** may be descriptive of the bride with her hair hanging loose.

210, 211. **not from her faith, But from her need, not as she really believes, but as her necessities compel her.**

212. **only . . . but.** One of these words is redundant.

213. **infer, prove, demonstrate.**

233. **new, lately.**

235. **To clap this royal bargain up.** The figure is from the joining of hands at the time the bargain was made.

240. **in both, that is, in fighting and friendship.**

241. **regreet, greeting, salutation.** See *The Merchant of Venice*, ii. 9. 89:

"From whom he bringeth sensible greets,  
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,  
Gifts of rich value."

242. **fast and loose** was the name of a cheating game which was played in various ways.

258. **the tongue, in which the poison of serpents was supposed to dwell.**

259. **mortal, deadly.**

267. **the champion of our church.** The King of France was styled the Eldest Son of the Church and the Most Christian King.

268. **sworest, hast sworn.** Compare, for this use of the imperfect, iii. 4. 81, and Genesis xlv. 28: "And I said, Surely he is torn in pieces; and I saw him not since." See Abbott,

§ 347.

275. **indirect, unjust.** See ii. 1. 49.

277. **as fire cools fire.** Compare *Coriolanus*, iv. 7. 54:

"One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail."

281. **By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st, by the oath thou hast taken thou hast sworn against religion, which is the thing thou swearest by.**

282-284. **Pandulph's argument is that no oath is binding which is opposed to the higher obligations of religion.** The

vow to God must be kept before and above all others. Other pledges of faith are of less certain obligation; but if by keeping them he breaks his vow to God he commits perjury in the highest degree, and to avoid this must break that pledge which is less binding than his religious obligation. Staunton and Hudson have rewritten the passage, and thereby have given it a meaning which is sufficiently clear, but may not be what Shakespeare intended.

289. *Is*. See ii. i. 169, 250. The verb is singular on account of *rebellion* which follows.

292. suggestions, temptations, promptings.

295. The peril of our curses light. Here *light* is plural on account of the nearer substantive *curses*. See Hamlet, i. 2. 38, and, Julius Cæsar, v. 1. 33:

“The posture of your blows are yet unknown.”

304. measures usually denote stately dances, but the word is here used for the music which accompanied them.

317. I muse, I marvel.

318. respects, considerations, motives.

339. Cousin is used of any one not in the first degree of relationship. See iii. 3. 17, where it means grandson; puissance, power, military force. It is used both as a trisyllable and a dissyllable.

346. jeopardy, danger, hazard. The origin of the word seems to be the French *jeu parti*, a game in which the risk is evenly divided.

#### SCENE II.

4, 5. Philip. Shakespeare appears to have forgotten that he was now Sir Richard.

4. breathes, takes breath.

5. make up, move onward.

#### SCENE III.

9. imprisoned angels. See ii. i. 590.

11. his, its. See ii. i. 95.

12. Bell, book, and candle. Nares (Glossary) says, “In the solemn form of excommunication used in the Romish Church, the bell was tolled, the book of offices for the purpose used, and three candles extinguished, with certain ceremonies.”

13. becks, beckons. *Gold* and *silver* expressing but one idea, the verb is singular. See Abbott, § 336.

26. time, Pope's correction. The folios have *tune*.

39. Sound on into the drowsy race of night. There is evidently some corruption in this line. The difficulty seems



to lie in the word *race*. But it is not improbable that *race* is a misprint for *ear*, as Sidney Walker suggested, and this would be in keeping with *tongue* and *mouth* just before.

50. *conceit*, the mental faculty or understanding.

52. *brooded* is an instance of an adjective formed from a substantive by means of the participial suffix *-ed*. It is derived from the substantive *brood* and is therefore almost equivalent to *brooding*, or *sitting on brood*.

55. *troth*, faith.

57. *adjunct to*, consequent upon.

61. *a very serpent in my way*. See Genesis xlix. 17: "Dan shall be a serpent by the way."

65. *offend*, harm.

70. *powers*, forces, troops.

#### SCENE IV.

2. *armado*, a fleet of men-of-war; from the Spanish *armada*, which is distinguished from *flota*, a fleet of merchant vessels; *convicted*, beaten, discomfited. The reference is probably to the great Spanish Armada, which after being harassed and beaten by the English fleet was dispersed by a violent storm.

6. *Angiers* was not taken by John till 1206. It was at the capture of Mirebeau, in 1202, that Elinor was rescued and Arthur made prisoner.

11. *with such advice or deliberation*.

19. *prison of afflicted breath*, in which the afflicted breath is imprisoned.

23. *defy*, renounce.

32. *fulsome*, nauseous, disgusting.

35. *buss* is used of coarse and wanton kissing, and is in keeping with the rest of Constance's exaggerated and hysterical language.

36. *affliction*, afflicted lady; the abstract being used for the concrete.

40. *fell*, fierce, cruel; *anatomy*, skeleton. It is here used of death. See v. 2. 177.

42. *modern*, commonplace.

55. *deliver'd of*, delivered from.

58. *a babe of clouts*, a doll made of clouts or rags.

68. *To England*. Constance here replies to Philip's invitation in line 20.

73. *envy at*, envy.

80. *suspire*, breathe, draw breath.

81. *was not*, hath not been. See iii. 1. 268; *gracious*, full of grace, attractive, lovely.

85. *dim*, lacking color and brightness of complexion.

90. respect. See iii. 1. 318. Pandulph means, you regard your grief in too hateful an aspect.

96. Remembers me, reminds me.

101. this form, this orderly arrangement of hair.

107. joy, rejoice, be glad.

111. That, so that.

116. day, like the French *journée*, is used for the day of battle.

128. rub is a technical term denoting any impediment to the course of a bowl.

138. Makes nice of, is scrupulous about.

146. lays you plots, lays plots for you or in your favor, and not, as he thinks, for his own gain. The emphasis is on *you*.

147. true blood, the blood of the rightful heir.

153. exhalation, meteor.

154. no scope of nature, no circumstance within the limits of nature's operations, no natural effect. Pope reads *scape* in the sense of *freak*.

158. Abortives, things produced contrary to the common course of nature, like monstrous births.

163. gone, a euphemism for *dead*.

169. this hurly, this tumult, uproar. The word is more common in the reduplicated form *hurly-burly*, as in *Macbeth*, i. 1. 3.

174. a call, the cry of the decoy by which birds are lured to the net, or the whistle by which the falcon is recalled to the falconer's hand. Mr. Rushton (*Notes and Queries*, Fourth Series, xi. 72) quotes from Lyly's *Euphues* (ed. Arber, p. 392), "Birds are trayned with a sweet call, but caught with a broade nette."

180. topful, brimful. So in *Macbeth*, i. 5. 43:

"Unsex me here,  
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full  
Of direst cruelty!"

181. whet on, incite, instigate.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

A room in a castle. Capell places the scene at Northampton, as at the opening of the play. Mr. Grant White places it at Canterbury; Mr. Halliwell (Phillipps) at Dover. Beyond the fact that the scene changes to England, no indication of the locality is given.

2. the arras, the arras hangings, so called from a special kind of figured tapestry manufactured at Arras.

4. which is applied to persons, as in the Lord's Prayer.
16. Only for wantonness, out of mere levity or sportiveness; By my christendom, my baptism or christianity.
19. doubt, fear, suspect. See iv. 2. 102, v. 6. 44, and Hamlet, i. 2. 256: "I doubt some foul play."
20. practices, plots, contrives.
27. sudden, quick, speedy.
34. despiteous, pitiless. Compare Chaucer's description of the Parson (C. T. prol. 518):  
"He was to sinful men not dispiteous."
37. fair writ, well and clearly written.
38. effect, meaning, purpose.
42. handkercher. The spelling, no doubt, represented the pronunciation.
43. wrought it me, worked it for me.
47. the watchful minutes to the hour, that is, the minutes which watch, or are watchful to, the hour. For this position of the adjective, compare All's Well, iii. 4. 30:  
"To this unworthy husband of his wife."
48. Still and anon, ever and anon.
52. at your sick service, at your service in sickness.
57. nor never. For the double negative see v. 7. 112.
61. heat, heated. Compare *waft* for *wafted*, ii. 1. 73.
70. I would not have believed him,—no tongue but Hubert's, that is, I would have believed no tongue but Hubert's.
82. angrily, angrily.
85. within, that is, within the arras.
86. from, away from. See Macbeth, iii. 1. 132:  
"For 't must be done to-night,  
And something from the palace."
92. mote. The reference is to Matthew vii. 3, 4, 5, and Luke vi. 41, 42.
93. a dust, a particle of dust.
95. boisterous, roughly violent or disturbing.
99. want pleading, be insufficient to plead.
- 106, 107. with grief . . . to be used, with grief that it should be used.
108. In undeserv'd extremes, in acts of cruelty in which it has no right to be employed.
117. tarre him on, set him on to fight.
121. of note, noted, well known.
123. owes, owns, possesses.
128. but you are dead, that you are not dead.
130. doubtless and secure, free from fear and care.

## SCENE II.

8. long'd-for qualifies both *change* and *better state*.

10. guard, ornament. *Guards* or *gards* were the facings or trimmings of dress.

24. to fetch about, to veer round or take a circuitous route.

27. so new a fashion'd robe, a robe of so new a fashion.

29. They do confound their skill in covetousness, they destroy what they have done skillfully by their eager desire to improve it.

41. possess'd you with, informed you of.

50. myself and them. In Shakespeare's day the different forms of pronouns were not rigidly used as with us.

52. enfranchisement, deliverance from imprisonment.

55. in rest, in quiet possession.

56-60. Why then . . . exercise. The argument of inquiry takes the form of an indirect question. The people ask, says Pembroke, why your fears should move you to mew up your tender kinsmen, etc.

57. to mew up, to confine as in a mew or coop, to coop up, imprison. A mew was a cage for hawks.

60. good exercise. "In the middle ages," says Percy, "the whole education of princes and noble youths consisted in martial exercises, etc." Compare *As You Like It*, i. 1. 76, where Orlando appeals to his elder brother, "You have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman."

61. the time's enemies, those who are opposed to the present condition of things.

62. To grace occasions, to give them a fair opportunity for attack.

69. the man should. For the omission of the relative, compare *The Merchant of Venice*, i. 1. 175:

"I have a mind presages me such thrift."

See Abbott, § 244.

78. battles, armies in battle array; set refers to *battles* and not to *heralds*.

79. His passion is compared to a tumor.

92. commandment on, command over.

94. grossly, unskillfully, clumsily; offer it, attempt it.

109. thy weather, thy tempest.

116. our intelligence, our spies. Abstract for concrete, as in iii. 4. 36.

118. drawn, drawn together, assembled.

120. the first of April. This appears to be Shakespeare's

own chronology. Queen Elinor died in 1204 (Ralph de Coggeshall), in the month of July (Grafton), at the abbey of Beaulieu (Matthew Paris, Hist. Min.), which John had founded, and was buried at Westminster (Stow). The last-mentioned fact is doubtful.

122. The Lady Constance died at Nantes three years and not three days before Elinor, August 31, 1201.

124. idly, carelessly, without taking interest in it or troubling to make further inquiry.

125. occasion, the course of events which were following each other in rapid succession.

129. conduct, command, leading.

137. amaz'd, bewildered, confused; used of the effects of any strong emotion.

148. Pomfret, the common spelling and pronunciation of Pontefract. The prophet of Pomfret appears in the old play.

158. safety, safe custody.

162. Lord Bigot is called in the old play Richard earle of Bigot, and in Holinshed Richard earle de Bigot. Whether this is an error for Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, it is difficult to say.

165. whom. See note, l. 50.

177. sprightly, high-spirited.

185. beldams, applied contemptuously to old women, hags. The word originally meant grandmother.

186. prophesy in this passage appears to be used not so much in the sense of foretelling the future events predicted by this phenomenon as in that of commenting upon and expounding the phenomenon itself, making it the text of a dangerous discourse. Jeremy Taylor's Liberty of Propheying was not the liberty of predicting future events but of expounding scripture.

191. fearful action, gestures of fear.

198. upon contrary feet. Johnson's note on this passage is a curious illustration of the change of fashion. "He that is frightened or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. The author seems to be disturbed by the disorder which he describes." There is abundant evidence, however, that, whatever might be the custom in the 18th century, in the 16th shoes were not made straight but shaped to the right and left foot respectively.

200. embattailèd, set in order of battle.

207. No had! had you not?

210. To break within the bloody house of life, the house of life which thereby becomes bloody. This use of the adjective grammarians call proleptic.

214. More upon humor than advis'd respect, more out of caprice than deliberate consideration.

222. Quoted, noted; from the notes or marks in the side (*coté*) or margin of a book.

227. broke with, communicated with.

234. As bid, that is, such an eye as bid, etc.

245. this fleshly land, this land of flesh, to which he compares his body.

258, 259. a fairer mind Than to be, etc., that is, a mind too fair to be, etc.

264. feature, external shape and personal appearance.

267. closet, private apartment. So in Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 35:

"The taper burneth in your closet, sir."

And Matthew vi. 6: "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet."

### SCENE III.

The death of Arthur is taken from the old play.

4. semblance, external appearance; and hence a disguise.

11. him, the Dauphin.

15. The Count Melun, called Vicount Meloun in the old play, as in Holinshed, iii. 193.

16. private, private communication.

20. or ere, before. With this reduplicated form compare *an if* (i. 1. 138) and *for because* (ii. 588).

21. distemper'd, disordered by passion, ill-humored.

47. arms is here used for armorial bearings.

49. wall-eyed, with glaring eyes. The word properly describes an eye in which the iris is discolored or wanting in color. This gives it a fierce expression, like the glaring look of a man in a rage.

52. sole, unique.

53. a holiness, a purity. All other crimes being holy and pure in comparison with this.

54. times, that is, times to come.

63. practice, contrivance, plot.

71. this hand, that is, his own hand which is uplifted while he pronounces his vow.

72. worship, honor, dignity.

84. my true defense, the defense of my honesty and innocence.

95. Thou wert better, it were better for thee.

98. betime, in good time, quickly, soon.

99. your toasting-iron. Stevens compares what Nym says in Henry V (ii. 1. 7-9): "I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese."

109. traded in it, familiar with it, accustomed to it.  
 126. do but despair, simply despair, there is no hope for thee.  
 132. ocean, a trisyllable as in ii. 1. 340.  
 133. to stifle such a villain up. *Up* has an intensive force, giving the idea of completion.  
 146. scramble, scuffle, struggle for.  
 147. unowed, which now by Arthur's death is left without an owner.  
 151. powers from home, the French troops which had landed; discontents, discontented persons, malcontents.  
 158. brief in hand, shortly to be dispatched.

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.

8. counties. Steevens understands by this the lords or nobility and not the divisions of the kingdom. Delius follows him on the ground that there is an opposition between *discontented counties* and *our people*, if counties be taken in its usual sense. But *discontented counties* refers only to certain parts of the country which were actually in revolt, while a spirit of disobedience affected the whole people.

11. stranger, alien, foreign.  
 19. convertite, convert, penitent. Compare *As You Like It*, v. 4. 190:

“ Out of these convertites

There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.”

Florio (*A Worlde of Wordes*, 1598) has, “*Conuertito, conuerso, conuerted, turned, changed, transformed. Also a conuertite.*” Mr. Hunter (*New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, ii. 14) maintained that a convertite was not merely a convert, but a person who having relapsed had been recovered.

22. on this Ascension-day, which in 1213 fell on May 23. The date of John's form of homage to the Pope was May 15.

27. give off, take off and give up.  
 49. outface, browbeat, intimidate. See ii. 1. 97.  
 53. spirit, a monosyllable.  
 54. glister, glisten, glitter.  
 55. to become the field, to adorn the field of battle.  
 59. forage, range abroad, like a lion in search of prey.  
 66. upon the footing of our land, standing on our own soil.  
 70. cocker'd, pampered.

## SCENE II.

1. this, the compact with the English lords.
2. remembrance is here a quadrisyllable,
3. the precedent, the rough draft of the document.
19. cries out upon, exclaims against the name of Salisbury for being on the opposite side.
30. Upon the spot. *Upon* is used here, as in ii. 1. 597, *upon commodity*, and in iv. 2. 214, *upon humor*, to express the ground of an action. *Spot* is stain, disgrace.
34. clippeth thee about, embraceth thee, surroundeth thee.
36. unto a pagan shore. The reference is to the Crusades, in which the Christian armies of Europe laid aside their mutual animosities and combined against the infidels.
39. to spend. Where two infinitives follow an auxiliary verb, it is not uncommon for *to* to be inserted before the second, though it is omitted before the first, as here.
41. affections, feelings, passions.
42. Doth make. The nominative is the idea involved in the preceding clause, as if it had been *the wrestling of great affections*. See ii. 1. 249, 253, and Abbott, § 337.
44. compulsion, the circumstances which have forced him into his present position; and a brave respect, a gallant regard for his country, notwithstanding that he had joined the army of a foreign invader.
46. progress, go as in a march or progress. Shakespeare only uses the verb in this passage.
64. an angel spake. Lewis, seeing the legate approach as he was speaking, regards his coming as a confirmation of his words, which now seem to him to have been uttered by a kind of divine inspiration.
79. propertied, treated as a property, or instrument for a particular purpose, to be thrown aside as soon as used, like a thing with no will of its own. The word is derived from the technical sense of the word *property* as used in the theater.
89. interest to, right in or claim to.
104. as I have bank'd their towns, that is, have sailed along the rivers on the banks of which stood their towns.
115. to outlook, to outstare, intimidate by looks.
121. dealt for him, acted on his behalf.
125. temporize, come to terms, compromise.
129. in me, in my person as his representative.
130. reason, it is reasonable.
132. harness'd, armed.
133. unhair'd, beardless.
138. take the hatch, jump the hatch or half-door, without



waiting to open it. i. 1. 171, *o'er the hatch* is used figuratively for an irregular mode of entering.

144. *your nation's crow*. Dr. Nicholson (Notes and Queries. Third Series, xi. 251) thinks there is a reference here to the incident of the ominous flight of ravens, which was introduced into the play of Edward III, as striking terror into the French just before the battle of Poitiers.

149. *aerie*, eagle's brood; properly, a nest; *towers*, rises in its flight in circles till it gets to a favorable height for swooping down upon and striking its prey.

157. *needles* is pronounced as a monosyllable.

159. *brave*, bravado, defiant speech.

172. *the welkin*, the sky; from the Middle English *welkne* or *wolcne*, A. S. *wolcnu*, clouds.

174. *halting*, limping; and, in a metaphorical sense, dilatory.

177. *a bare-ribb'd death* or skeleton figure of death.

### SCENE III.

8. *Swinstead* is taken from the old play, and is an error for *Swineshead*, near Spalding, in Lincolnshire.

### SCENE IV.

10. *bought and sold*, betrayed, cheated.

11. *Unthread the rude eye of rebellion*. Shakespeare uses *thread* elsewhere with a distinct reference to the figure in the Gospels (Matt. xix. 24), "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." Hence Coriolanus, iii. 1. 124: "They would not thread the gates;" that is, would not pass through them. Hence to unthread the rude eye of rebellion is to withdraw from the difficult and hazardous undertaking in which they were engaged.

17. *moe* (Anglo-Saxon *mā*) as an adjective frequently occurs for *more*.

21. *May* is used for *Can*, as in *The Merchant of Venice*, i. 3. 7: "May you stead me?" for "Can you assist me?"

23. *a quantity*, a small portion, such as could be easily measured.

25. *Resolveth*, dissolveth, melteth; 'gainst the fire, exposed to the fire.

29. *live hence*, that is, hereafter.

36. *expire*, perish, come to an end.

37, 38. *fine*. There is of course a play upon the two meanings of this word, penalty and end, as in *Hamlet*, v. 1. 115: "Is this the fine of his fines?"

37. *rated treachery*, treachery which has been assessed at its value.

49. beshrew my soul, evil befall my soul.  
 54. rankness, fullness to overflowing. *Rank* is applied to a river in the sense of *brimful* in *Venus and Adonis*, 71 :  
 " Rain added to a river that is rank  
 Perforce will force it overflow the bank."  
 60. *Right* has been suspected, and the following words have been proposed in its place: *Pight*, *Fight*, *Bright*, *Fright*, and *Riot*. That *Right* is a possible misprint for *Riot* is certain from the fact that in the first edition of the Globe Shakespeare *riotous* was misprinted *righteous* in *Richard III*, ii. 1. 100. Schmidt in his *Shakespeare Lexicon* does not consider that any correction is necessary.

## SCENE V.

14. shrewd, evil, bad. So in *The Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 246 :  
 " There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper."  
 18. stumbling, the darkness being the cause of stumbling.  
 20. keep good quarter, guard carefully the posts assigned to you.

## SCENE VI.

6. perfect, correct.  
 11. one way, by one line of descent.  
 12. Unkind remembrance! Hubert reproaches his own want of memory, which together with the darkness prevented him from recognizing his friend.  
 16. sans, without; compare *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 166 :  
 " Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."  
 23. poison'd by a monk. One of the accounts given by Holinshed is: " After he had lost his armie, he came to the abbeie of Swineshead in Lincolneshire, and there vnderstanding the cheapenesse and plentie of corne, shewed himselfe greatlie displeas'd therewith, as he that for the hatred which he bare to the English people, that had so traitorouslie reuolted from him vnto his aduersarie Lewes, wished all miserie to light vpon them, and therevpon said in his anger, that he would cause all kind of graine to be at a farre higher price, yer many daies should passe. Wherevpon a monke that heard him speake such words, being moued with zeale for the oppression of his countrie, gaue the king poison in a cup of ale, wherof he first tooke the assaie, to cause the king not to suspect the matter, and so they both died in manner at one time" (vol. iii. p. 192 [194]).  
 26. the sudden time, the emergency which has suddenly come upon us.  
 28. who did taste to him? It was customary for royal personages, whose lives were supposed to be in danger from

assassination, to have an officer whose duty it was to taste, or "take the assay," of each dish before it was offered to them, in order to avoid the risk of poison.

32. *who.* So in Henry V, iv. 7. 154: "Who servest thou under?" Abbott, § 274.

## SCENE VII.

2. *corruptibly*, so as to cause it to corrupt.

11. *rage*, rave.

16. *Leaves them invisible, and his siege*, etc. The subject of *invisible* is *Death*, and not *the outward parts*. Death, having destroyed the outworks of the body where the effect of his ravages could be seen, directs his attack upon the mind within where his operations are invisible to the eye.

17. *the which.* See i. i. 68, and Abbott, § 270.

21. *this pale, faint swan.* Shakespeare refers more than once to this fiction of the dying swan.

26. *that indigest or confused chaos.*

37. *maw, stomach*; A.S. *maga*. It is generally used of animals.

42. *cold comfort.* In Richard II. Gaunt's death-scene is full of this trifling with words: *strait, illiberal, niggardly*.

48. *unreprieveable, condemnèd, condemnèd without hope of a reprieve.*

51. *to set mine eye, to close mine eye.*

53. *the shrouds or ropes, which form the standing rigging of a ship.*

55. *to stay it by*, like the stays which strengthen the mast.

58. *module, mold or form*; *confounded, ruined, destroyed*.

60. *answer him, oppose him, meet his attack.*

62. *upon advantage, seizing a favorable opportunity.*

65. *dead news, news of death.*

73. *still, constantly.*

74. *stars, etc.*, meaning Salisbury and the other revolted nobles.

82. *Cardinal Pandulph.* It was Cardinal Gualo, or Guala Bicchieri, who really interfered between John and his French invaders.

97. *princes.* This word may have crept in, by a printer's error, from *prince* in the line before. But in line 115 *princes* is used of the revolted nobles.

99. *At Worcester, where his body was found in a stone coffin, July 17, 1797.*

## EXAMINATION PAPERS.

---

### A (HISTORICAL).

1. What is John's period as King of England?
2. Which one, in number, of the Plantagenets was he?
3. Outline his character.
4. How came he into antagonism to the Pope?
5. By what three measures did the Pope bring him to obedience?
6. Who was Stephen Langton, and what did he do for England?
7. What great measure distinguishes John's reign?
8. State the most important provisions of it.

### B (ON THE PLAY AS A WHOLE).

1. To what group of Shakespeare's plays does *King John* belong?
2. Tell what you have learned about the date, the first acting, and the first printing of the play.
3. Upon what was this play largely modeled, and how closely does Shakespeare follow the model?
4. What are some of Shakespeare's departures in this play from real history?
5. What, in particular, are some of the anachronisms of the play?
6. Outline the play.

## C (CHARACTERS).

1. Who are Elinor and Constance before and after marriage, and what are their salient traits ?
2. Depict Prince Arthur.
3. For what is Faulconbridge distinguished, and what is his agency in the play ?
4. What do you think of Hubert ?
5. Were the nobles justified in their desertion of John ?
6. What good qualities can you find in King John, in King Philip, and in Lewis ?
7. How is Blanch of Spain drawn by Shakespeare ?

## D (QUOTATIONS).

1. State by whom and on what occasions these lines were uttered :

- (a) Who dares not stir by day must walk by night.
- (b) A foot of honor better than I was,  
But many a many foot of land the worse.
- (c) He that perforce robs lions of their hearts  
May easily win a woman's.
- (d) He is the half part of a blessèd man,  
Left to be finishèd by such as she.
- (e) Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.
- (f) Commodity the bias of the world.
- (g) For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.
- (h) And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.
- (i) It is religion that doth make vows kept.
- (j) I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.
- (k) Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes.

- (l) How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
Make deeds ill done !
- (m) Unthread the rude eye of rebellion.
- (n) This England never did, nor never shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.
- (o) And oftentimes excusing of a fault  
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse.
2. Give other striking quotations from this play.

## E (VERBAL).

1. Give the meaning of these words and phrases :—

*A'*; *Joan*; *good den*; *an Absey book*; *Basilisco-like*; *dear offense*; *spleens*; *whiles*; *scroyles*; *zounds*; *rounded*; *angel*; *doff*; *arras*; *tarre*; *an if*; *scamble*; *clippeth*; *bank'd their towns*; *the welkin*; *moe*.

2. How are these words used in the play, and what change of meaning have they undergone since ?

*Worship*; *indirectly*; *straight*; *it* (as possessive); *his* (for *its*); *Bedlam*; *owe*; *fondly*; *censure*; *cousin*; *remorse*; *conceit*; *convicted*; *defy*; *modern*; *exhalation*; *boisterous*; *enfranchisement*; *weather*; *prophecy*; *closet*; *rankness*; *shrewd*; *still*.

# A TEXT-BOOK ON ENGLISH LITERATURE,

With copious extracts from the leading authors, English and American. With full Instructions as to the Method in which these are to be studied. Adapted for use in Colleges, High Schools, Academies, etc. By BRAINERD KELLOGG, A. M., Professor of the English Language and Literature in the Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute, Author of a "Text-Book on Rhetoric," and one of the Authors of Reed & Kellogg's "Graded Lessons in English," and "Higher Lessons in English." Handsomely printed. 12mo. 478 pp.

*The Book is divided into the following Periods:*

Period I.—Before the Norman Conquest, 670-1066. Period II.—From the Conquest to Chaucer's death, 1066-1400. Period III.—From Chaucer's death to Elizabeth, 1400-1558. Period IV.—Elizabeth's reign, 1558-1603. Period V.—From Elizabeth's death to the Restoration, 1603-1660. Period VI.—From the Restoration to Swift's death, 1660-1745. Period VII.—From Swift's death to the French Revolution, 1745-1789. Period VIII.—From the French Revolution, 1789, onwards.

Each Period is preceded by a Lesson containing a brief *resumé* of the great historical events that have had somewhat to do in shaping or in coloring the literature of that period.

Extracts, as many and as ample as the limits of a text-book would allow, have been made from the principal writers of each Period. Such are selected as contain the characteristic traits of their authors, both in thought and expression, and but few of these extracts have ever seen the light in books of selections—none of them have been worn threadbare by use, or have lost their freshness by the pupil's familiarity with them in the school readers.

It teaches the pupil how the selections are to be studied, soliciting and exacting his judgment at every step of the way which leads from the author's diction up through his style and thought to the author himself, and in many other ways it places the pupil on the best possible footing with the authors whose acquaintance it is his business, as well as his pleasure, to make.

Short estimates of the leading authors, made by the best English and American critics, have been inserted, most of them contemporary with us.

The author has endeavored to make a practical, common-sense text-book: one that would so educate the student that he would know and enjoy good literature.

EFFINGHAM MAYNARD & Co., Publishers.

# A TEXT-BOOK ON RHETORIC:

Supplementing the development of the Science with Exhaustive Practice in Composition. A Course of Practical Lessons adapted for use in High Schools and Academies and in the Lower Classes of Colleges. By BRAINERD KELLOGG, A.M., Professor of the English Language and Literature in the Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute, and one of the authors of Reed & Kellogg's "Graded Lessons in English," and "Higher Lessons in English." etc. 276 pages, 12mo, attractively bound in cloth.

In preparing this work upon Rhetoric, the author's aim has been to write a practical text-book for High Schools, Academies, and the lower classes of Colleges, based upon the science rather than an exhaustive treatise upon the science itself.

This work has grown up out of the belief that the rhetoric which the pupil needs is not that which lodges finally in the memory, but that which has worked its way down into his tongue and fingers, enabling him to speak and write the better for having studied it. The author believes that the aim of the study should be to put the pupil in possession of an art, and that this can be done not by forcing the science into him through eye and ear, but by drawing it out of him, in products, through tongue and pen. Hence, all explanations of principles are followed by exhaustive practice in Composition—to this everything is made tributary.

When, therefore, under the head of Invention, the author is leading the pupil up through the construction of sentences and paragraphs, through the analyses of subjects and the preparing of frameworks, to the finding of the thought for themes; when, under the head of Style, he is familiarizing the pupil with its grand, cardinal qualities; and when, under the head of Productions, he divides discourse into oral prose, written prose, and poetry, and these into their subdivisions, giving the requisites and functions of each—he is aiming in it all to keep sight of the fact that the pupil is to acquire an art, and that to attain this he must put into almost endless practice with his pen what he has learned from the study of the theory.

---

"KELLOGG'S RHETORIC is evidently the fruit of scholarship and large experience. Nothing is sacrificed to show; the book is intended for use, and the abundance of examples, together with the explicit and well-ordered directions for practice upon them, will constitute one of its chief merits in the eyes of the thorough teacher."—Prof. Albert S. Cook, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

---

EFFINGHAM MAYNARD & Co., Publishers,



# A TREATISE ON PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.

For Educational Institutions and the General Reader. By JOSEPH C. HURCAISON, M.D., President of the New York Pathological Society; Vice-President of the New York Academy of Medicine; Surgeon to the Brooklyn City Hospital; and late President of the Medical Society of the State of New York. Fully Illustrated with numerous elegant Engravings. 12mo. 300 pages.

1. *The Plan of the Work* is to present the leading facts and principles of human Physiology and Hygiene in language so clear and concise as to be readily comprehended by pupils in schools and colleges, as well as by general readers not familiar with the subject. 2. *The Style* is terse and concise, yet intelligible and clear; and all useless technicalities have been avoided. 3. *The Range of Subjects Treated* includes those on which it is believed all persons should be informed, and that are proper in a work of this class. 4. *The Subject-matter* is brought up to date, and includes the results of the most valuable of recent researches. Neither subject—Physiology or Hygiene—has been elaborated at the expense of the other, but each rather has been accorded its due weight, consideration, and space. 5. *The Engravings* are numerous, of great artistic merit, and are far superior to those in any other work of the kind, among them being two elegant colored plates, one showing the Viscera in Position, the other, the Circulation of the Blood. 6. *The Size* of the work will commend itself to teachers. It contains about 300 pages, and can therefore be easily completed in one or two school terms.

---

“This book is one of the very few school-books on these subjects which can be unconditionally recommended. It is accurate, free from needless technicalities, and judicious in the practical advice it gives on Hygienic topics. The illustrations are excellent.”—**Boston Journal of Chemistry.**

“Its matter is judiciously selected, lucidly presented, attractively treated, and pointedly illustrated by memorable facts; and, as to the plates and diagrams, they are not only clear and intelligible to beginners, but beautiful specimens of engraving. I do not see that any better presentation of the subject of physiology could be given within the same compass.”—**Prof. John Ordronaux, Professor of Physiology in the University of Vermont, and also in the National Medical College, Washington, D. C.**

*The above work is the most popular work and most widely used text-book on these subjects yet published.*

---

EFFINGHAM MAYNARD & Co., Publishers

# FRENCH COURSE.

BY PROFESSOR JEAN GUSTAVE KEETELS.

**A Child's Illustrated First Book in French.** 168 pages. 12mo.

**An Elementary French Grammar.** 340 pages. 12mo.

**An Analytical and Practical French Grammar.** 524 pages. 12mo.

**A Key to the English Exercises in the Analytical and Practical French Grammar.** 12mo. (For Teachers only.)

**A Collegiate Course in the French Language;** comprising a complete Grammar, the whole being a compilation of the Principles of the French Language, arranged and prepared for the study of French, in Colleges and Collegiate Institutions. 559 pages. 12mo.

**A Key to the English Exercises contained in Part Second of a Collegiate Course in the French Language.** 12mo. (For teachers only.)

**An Analytical French Reader;** with English Exercises for Translation and Oral Exercises for Practice in Speaking: Notes and Vocabulary. In two parts. Part I.--Fables, Anecdotes and Short Stories. Part II.--Selections from the best Modern Writers. 1 vol., 12mo. 360 pages.

---

**Grammaire Francaise Moderne, Theorique, Analytique et Pratique.** Grammaire particulierement destinee a l'usage des Ecoles Americaines. Preparee et arrangee d'apres les meilleurs ouvrages modernes, par VICTOR ALVERGNAT, Professeur de Langue Francaise. 1 vol., 306 pages. 12mo, cloth.

---

*Keetels' French Course, in whole or in part, are in use in the United States Military Academy, West Point; United States Naval School, Annapolis; Yale College, Amherst College, Bowdoin College, and in nearly all the Colleges East, West, and South. In the Boston, Chicago, Baltimore High Schools and nearly all the High Schools of the country where French is taught. Also in most of the principal Female Colleges and Ladies' Schools of the country.*

EFFINGHAM MAYNARD & Co., Publishers,











## ENGLISH CLASSICS—Continued.

- No. 69 DeQuincey's *Joan of Arc.*  
" 70 Carlyle's *Essay on Burns.*  
" 71 Byron's *Ohlde Harold's Pilgrimage.* (Cantos I. and II.)  
" 72 Poe's *Raven, and other Poems.*  
" 73-74 Macaulay's *Lord Clive.* (Double Number.)  
" 75 Webster's *Reply to Hayne.*  
" 76-77 Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome.* (Double Number.)  
" 78 American Patriotic Selections: *Declaration of Independence, Washington's Farewell Address, Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech, etc.*  
" 79-80 Scott's *Lady of the Lake.* (Double Number.)  
" 81-82 Scott's *Marmion.* (Double Number.)  
" 83-84 Pope's *Essay on Man.* (Double Number.)  
" 85 Shelley's *Skylark, Adonais, and other Poems.*  
" 86 Dickens' *Cricket on the Hearth.* (In preparation.)  
" 87 Spencer's *Philosophy of Style.*  
" 88 Lamb's *Essays of Elia.* (In preparation.)  
" 89 Cowper's *Task.* (Book II.) See No. 28.  
" 90 Wordsworth's *Selected Poems.*  
" 91 Tennyson's *The Holy Grail, and Sir Galahad.*  
" 92 Addison's *Cato.*  
" 93 Irving's *Westminster Abbey, and Christmas Sketches.*  
" 94-95 Macaulay's *Earl of Chatham. Second Essay.*  
" 96 Early English *Ballads.*  
" 97 Skelton, Wyatt, and Surrey. (Selected Poems.)  
" 98 Edwin Arnold. (Selected Poems.)  
" 99 Caxton and Daniel. (Selections.)  
" 100 Fuller and Hooker. (Selections.)  
" 101 Marlowe's *The Jew of Malta.*  
" 102-103 Macaulay's *Essay on Milton.*  
" 104-105 Macaulay's *Essay on Addison.* (In preparation.)  
" 106 Macaulay's *Essay on Boswell's Johnson.*  
" 107 Maundeville's *Travels* and Wycliffe's *Bible.* (Selections.)  
" 108-109 Macaulay's *Essay on Frederick the Great.* (In prep.)  
" 110-111 Milton's *Samson Agonistes.*

*Other Numbers in Preparation.*

Mailing price, single numbers, 12 cents each; double numbers, 24 cents.



# ENGLISH CLASSIC SERIES—Special Numbers.

*Attractively Bound in Boards.*

- Milton's Paradise Lost.** (Book I.) Full Explanatory Notes. 94 pp. Mailing price, 30 cents.
- Milton's Paradise Lost.** (Books I. and II.) Full Explanatory Notes. 158 pp. Mailing price, 40 cents.
- Homer's Iliad.** (Books I. and VI.) Metrical Translation by GEORGE HOWLAND, Superintendent of Schools, Chicago. With Introduction and Notes. 96 pp. Mailing price, 30 cents.
- Chaucer's The Squire's Tale.** Full Explanatory Notes. 80 pp. Mailing price, 35 cents.
- Chaucer's The Knight's Tale.** Full Explanatory Notes. 144 pp. Mailing price, 40 cents.
- Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, The Prologue.** Critical and Explanatory Notes, and Index to Obsolete and Difficult Words. By E. F. WILLOUGHBY, M.D. 112 pp., 16mo. Mailing price, 35 cents.
- Goldsmith's She Stoops to Conquer.** With Biographical Sketch. Copiously annotated. 96 pp. Mailing price, 30 cents.
- Homer's Odyssey.** (Books I., V., IX., and X.) Metrical translation by GEORGE HOWLAND. With Introduction and Notes. Mailing price, 25 cents.
- Horace's The Art of Poetry.** Translated in verse by GEORGE HOWLAND. Mailing price, 25 cents.
- Defoe's Robinson Crusoe.** Edited by PETER PARLEY. With Introduction and Notes. 169 pp., 16mo. Linen. Mailing price, 30 cents.

---

## HISTORICAL CLASSIC READINGS.

*With Introductions and Explanatory Notes.*

For Classes in History, Reading, and Literature.

---

From 50 to 64 pages each. Price 12 cents per copy;  
\$1.20 per dozen; \$9.00 per hundred; \$80.00 per thousand.

The following numbers, uniform in style and size, are now ready:

- 1 **Discovery of America.** WASHINGTON IRVING.
- 2 **Settlement of Virginia.** Capt. JOHN SMITH.
- 3 **History of Plymouth Plantation.** Gov. WILLIAM BRADFORD.
- 4 **King Phillip's War, and Witchcraft in New England.** Gov. THOMAS HUTCHINSON.
- 5 **Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley.** JOHN GILMARY SHEA.
- 6 **Champlain and his Associates.** FRANCIS PARKMAN.
- 7 **Braddock's Defeat.** FRANCIS PARKMAN.
- 8 **First Battles of the Revolution.** EDWARD EVERETT
- 9 **Colonial Pioneers.** JAMES PARTON.
- 10 **Heroes of the Revolution.** JAMES PARTON.

*Other Numbers in Preparation.*

---

EFFINGHAM MAYNARD & CO., NEW YORK.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 068 651 7

