

HENRY VI

Part 1

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

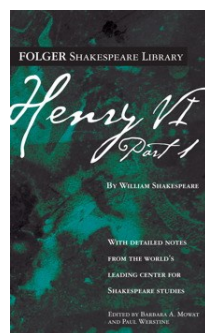
Edited by BARBARA A. MOWAT
and PAUL WERSTINE

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From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

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Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of "taking up Shakespeare," finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as The Folger Shakespeare (formerly Folger Digital Texts), we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare's plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare's works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger's holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare's works in the Folger's Elizabethan Theatre.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare's works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exists to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

Textual Introduction

By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of The Folger Shakespeare (formerly Folger Digital Texts), readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare's plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare's plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare's text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed "improper" and "indecent" for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: "Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee..."). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Shakespeare texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]"), half-square brackets (for example, from *Henry V*: "With [blood] and sword and fire to win your right,"), or angle brackets (for example, from

Hamlet: “O farewell, honest (soldier.) Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Shakespeare texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

Synopsis

With an underage boy now king of England, *Henry VI, Part 1*, depicts the collapse of England's role in France, as English nobles fight each other instead of the French and as Joan la Pucelle (Joan of Arc) brings military strength to the French army. The English hero Lord Talbot attacks Orleans, but is defeated by Joan.

In England, Gloucester, Henry VI's Protector, and Gloucester's rival Winchester encourage their followers to attack each other in the streets. Richard Plantagenet (later the Duke of York) and Somerset are equally antagonistic, with their followers signaling their allegiance by wearing white or red roses.

Henry VI is crowned in Paris, and orders York and Somerset to fight the French instead of each other. As they squabble, French forces kill Talbot and his son. The English army captures and executes Joan. Suffolk arranges a marriage between Henry and Margaret, daughter of the king of Naples, in order to keep her near him and give him, through her, control of England.

Characters in the Play

The English

KING HENRY VI

Lord TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury

JOHN TALBOT, his son

Duke of GLOUCESTER, the king's uncle, and Lord Protector

Duke of BEDFORD, the king's uncle, and Regent of France

Duke of EXETER, the king's great-uncle

Cardinal, Bishop of WINCHESTER, the king's great-uncle

Duke of SOMERSET

Richard PLANTAGENET, later Duke of YORK, and Regent of France

Earl of WARWICK

Earl of SALISBURY

Earl of SUFFOLK, William de la Pole

Edmund MORTIMER, Earl of March

Sir William GLANSDALE

Sir Thomas GARGRAVE

Sir John FASTOLF

Sir William LUCY

WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower of London

VERNON, of the White Rose or York faction

BASSET, of the Red Rose or Lancaster faction

A LAWYER

JAILORS to Mortimer

A LEGATE

MAYOR of London

Heralds, Attendants, three Messengers, Servingmen in blue coats and in tawny coats, two Warders, Officers, Soldiers, Captains, Watch, Trumpeters, Drummer, Servant, two Ambassadors

The French

CHARLES, Dauphin of France

Joan la PUCELLE, also Joan of Arc

REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou and Maine, King of Naples

MARGARET, his daughter

Duke of ALANSON

Bastard of ORLEANCE

Duke of BURGUNDY

GENERAL of the French forces at Bordeaux

COUNTESS of Auvergne

Her PORTER

MASTER GUNNER of Orleance

BOY, his son

SERGEANT of a Band

A SHEPHERD, Pucelle's father

Drummer, Soldiers, two Sentinels, Messenger, Soldiers, Governor of Paris, Herald, Scout, Fiends accompanying Pucelle

ACT 1

Scene 1

Dead March. Enter the funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloucester, Protector; the Duke of Exeter; [the Earl of] Warwick; the Bishop of Winchester; and the Duke of Somerset, [with Heralds and Attendants.]

BEDFORD

FTLN 0001 Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
FTLN 0002 Comets, importing change of times and states,
FTLN 0003 Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
FTLN 0004 And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
FTLN 0005 That have consented unto Henry's death: 5
FTLN 0006 King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long.
FTLN 0007 England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0008 England ne'er had a king until his time.
FTLN 0009 Virtue he had, deserving to command;
FTLN 0010 His brandished sword did blind men with his beams; 10
FTLN 0011 His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
FTLN 0012 His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
FTLN 0013 More dazzled and drove back his enemies
FTLN 0014 Than midday sun fierce bent against their faces.
FTLN 0015 What should I say? His deeds exceed all speech. 15
FTLN 0016 He ne'er lift up his hand but conquerèd.

EXETER

FTLN 0017 We mourn in black; why mourn we not in blood?
FTLN 0018 Henry is dead and never shall revive.
FTLN 0019 Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
FTLN 0020 And Death's dishonorable victory 20

FTLN 0021	We with our stately presence glorify,	
FTLN 0022	Like captives bound to a triumphant car.	
FTLN 0023	What? Shall we curse the planets of mishap	
FTLN 0024	That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?	
FTLN 0025	Or shall we think the subtle-witted French	25
FTLN 0026	Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,	
FTLN 0027	By magic verses have contrived his end?	
	WINCHESTER	
FTLN 0028	He was a king blest of the King of kings;	
FTLN 0029	Unto the French the dreadful Judgment Day	
FTLN 0030	So dreadful will not be as was his sight.	30
FTLN 0031	The battles of the Lord of Hosts he fought;	
FTLN 0032	The Church's prayers made him so prosperous.	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 0033	The Church? Where is it? Had not churchmen prayed,	
FTLN 0034	His thread of life had not so soon decayed.	
FTLN 0035	None do you like but an effeminate prince	35
FTLN 0036	Whom like a schoolboy you may overawe.	
	WINCHESTER	
FTLN 0037	Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou art Protector	
FTLN 0038	And lookest to command the Prince and realm.	
FTLN 0039	Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe	
FTLN 0040	More than God or religious churchmen may.	40
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 0041	Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh,	
FTLN 0042	And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,	
FTLN 0043	Except it be to pray against thy foes.	
	BEDFORD	
FTLN 0044	Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!	
FTLN 0045	Let's to the altar.—Heralds, wait on us.—	45
FTLN 0046	Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms,	
FTLN 0047	Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.	
FTLN 0048	Posterity, await for wretched years	
FTLN 0049	When at their mothers' moistened eyes babes shall	
FTLN 0050	suck,	50

FTLN 0051 Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,
 FTLN 0052 And none but women left to wail the dead.
 FTLN 0053 Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invoke:
 FTLN 0054 Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
 FTLN 0055 Combat with adverse planets in the heavens. 55
 FTLN 0056 A far more glorious star thy soul will make
 FTLN 0057 Than Julius Caesar or bright—

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER

FTLN 0058 My honorable lords, health to you all.
 FTLN 0059 Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
 FTLN 0060 Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture: 60
 FTLN 0061 Guyen, Champagne, Rheims, 「Roan,」 Orleance,
 FTLN 0062 Paris, Gisors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

BEDFORD

FTLN 0063 What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
 FTLN 0064 Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
 FTLN 0065 Will make him burst his lead and rise from death. 65

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0066 Is Paris lost? Is Roan yielded up?
 FTLN 0067 If Henry were recalled to life again,
 FTLN 0068 These news would cause him once more yield the
 FTLN 0069 ghost.

EXETER

FTLN 0070 How were they lost? What treachery was used? 70

MESSENGER

FTLN 0071 No treachery, but want of men and money.
 FTLN 0072 Amongst the soldiers, this is mutterèd:
 FTLN 0073 That here you maintain several factions
 FTLN 0074 And, whilst a field should be dispatched and fought,
 FTLN 0075 You are disputing of your generals. 75
 FTLN 0076 One would have ling'ring wars with little cost;
 FTLN 0077 Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
 FTLN 0078 A third thinks, without expense at all,

FTLN 0079 By guileful fair words peace may be obtained.
 FTLN 0080 Awake, awake, English nobility! 80
 FTLN 0081 Let not sloth dim your honors new begot.
 FTLN 0082 Cropped are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
 FTLN 0083 Of England's coat, one half is cut away. *「He exits.」*

EXETER

FTLN 0084 Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
 FTLN 0085 These tidings would call forth her flowing tides. 85

BEDFORD

FTLN 0086 Me they concern; regent I am of France.
 FTLN 0087 Give me my steelèd coat, I'll fight for France.
 FTLN 0088 Away with these disgraceful wailing robes.
 FTLN 0089 Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes
 FTLN 0090 To weep their intermissive miseries. 90

Enter to them another Messenger, 「with papers.」

SECOND MESSENGER

FTLN 0091 Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.
 FTLN 0092 France is revolted from the English quite,
 FTLN 0093 Except some petty towns of no import.
 FTLN 0094 The Dauphin Charles is crownèd king in Rheims;
 FTLN 0095 The Bastard of Orleance with him is joined; 95
 FTLN 0096 Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
 FTLN 0097 The Duke of Alanson flieth to his side. *He exits.*

EXETER

FTLN 0098 The Dauphin crownèd king? All fly to him?
 FTLN 0099 O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0100 We will not fly but to our enemies' throats.— 100
 FTLN 0101 Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

BEDFORD

FTLN 0102 Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
 FTLN 0103 An army have I mustered in my thoughts,
 FTLN 0104 Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter another Messenger.

THIRD MESSENGER

FTLN 0105 My gracious lords, to add to your laments, 105
 FTLN 0106 Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,
 FTLN 0107 I must inform you of a dismal fight
 FTLN 0108 Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

WINCHESTER

FTLN 0109 What? Wherein Talbot overcame, is 't so?

THIRD MESSENGER

FTLN 0110 O no, wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown. 110
 FTLN 0111 The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
 FTLN 0112 The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
 FTLN 0113 Retiring from the siege of Orleance,
 FTLN 0114 Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
 FTLN 0115 By three and twenty thousand of the French 115
 FTLN 0116 Was round encompassèd and set upon.
 FTLN 0117 No leisure had he to enrank his men.
 FTLN 0118 He wanted pikes to set before his archers,
 FTLN 0119 Instead whereof, sharp stakes plucked out of hedges
 FTLN 0120 They pitchèd in the ground confusedly 120
 FTLN 0121 To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
 FTLN 0122 More than three hours the fight continuèd,
 FTLN 0123 Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
 FTLN 0124 Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
 FTLN 0125 Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him; 125
 FTLN 0126 Here, there, and everywhere, enraged, he slew.
 FTLN 0127 The French exclaimed the devil was in arms;
 FTLN 0128 All the whole army stood agazed on him.
 FTLN 0129 His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
 FTLN 0130 "À Talbot! À Talbot!" cried out amain 130
 FTLN 0131 And rushed into the bowels of the battle.
 FTLN 0132 Here had the conquest fully been sealed up
 FTLN 0133 If Sir John Fastolf had not played the coward.
 FTLN 0134 He, being in the vaward, placed behind
 FTLN 0135 With purpose to relieve and follow them, 135
 FTLN 0136 Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
 FTLN 0137 Hence grew the general wrack and massacre.

FTLN 0138	Enclosèd were they with their enemies.	
FTLN 0139	A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,	
FTLN 0140	Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,	140
FTLN 0141	Whom all France, with their chief assembled	
FTLN 0142	strength,	
FTLN 0143	Durst not presume to look once in the face.	
	BEDFORD	
FTLN 0144	Is Talbot slain then? I will slay myself	
FTLN 0145	For living idly here, in pomp and ease,	145
FTLN 0146	Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,	
FTLN 0147	Unto his dastard foemen is betrayed.	
	THIRD MESSENGER	
FTLN 0148	O, no, he lives, but is took prisoner,	
FTLN 0149	And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford;	
FTLN 0150	Most of the rest slaughtered or took likewise.	150
	BEDFORD	
FTLN 0151	His ransom there is none but I shall pay.	
FTLN 0152	I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne;	
FTLN 0153	His crown shall be the ransom of my friend.	
FTLN 0154	Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.	
FTLN 0155	Farewell, my masters; to my task will I.	155
FTLN 0156	Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,	
FTLN 0157	To keep our great Saint George's feast withal.	
FTLN 0158	Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,	
FTLN 0159	Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.	
	THIRD MESSENGER	
FTLN 0160	So you had need; 'fore Orleance besieged,	160
FTLN 0161	The English army is grown weak and faint;	
FTLN 0162	The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply	
FTLN 0163	And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,	
FTLN 0164	Since they so few watch such a multitude.	
	<i>「He exits.」</i>	
	EXETER	
FTLN 0165	Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn:	165
FTLN 0166	Either to quell the Dauphin utterly	
FTLN 0167	Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.	

BEDFORD

FTLN 0168 I do remember it, and here take my leave
 FTLN 0169 To go about my preparation. *Bedford exits.*

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0170 I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can 170
 FTLN 0171 To view th' artillery and munition,
 FTLN 0172 And then I will proclaim young Henry king.
Gloucester exits.

EXETER

FTLN 0173 To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
 FTLN 0174 Being ordained his special governor;
 FTLN 0175 And for his safety there I'll best devise. *He exits.* 175

WINCHESTER, *「aside」*

FTLN 0176 Each hath his place and function to attend.
 FTLN 0177 I am left out; for me nothing remains.
 FTLN 0178 But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office.
 FTLN 0179 The King from Eltham I intend to *「steal,」*
 FTLN 0180 And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. 180
*He exits 「at one door; at another door,
 Warwick, Somerset, Attendants and
 Heralds exit with the coffin.」*

「Scene 2」

*Sound a flourish. Enter Charles 「the Dauphin,」
 Alanson, and Reignier, marching with Drum
 and Soldiers.*

CHARLES

FTLN 0181 Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens
 FTLN 0182 So in the Earth, to this day is not known.
 FTLN 0183 Late did he shine upon the English side;
 FTLN 0184 Now we are victors; upon us he smiles.
 FTLN 0185 What towns of any moment but we have? 5
 FTLN 0186 At pleasure here we lie, near Orleance.
 FTLN 0187 Otherwhiles, the famished English, like pale ghosts,
 FTLN 0188 Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

ALANSON

FTLN 0189 They want their porridge and their fat bull beeves.
 FTLN 0190 Either they must be dieted like mules 10
 FTLN 0191 And have their provender tied to their mouths,
 FTLN 0192 Or piteous they will look, like drownèd mice.

REIGNIER

FTLN 0193 Let's raise the siege. Why live we idly here?
 FTLN 0194 Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear.
 FTLN 0195 Remaineth none but mad-brained Salisbury, 15
 FTLN 0196 And he may well in fretting spend his gall;
 FTLN 0197 Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

CHARLES

FTLN 0198 Sound, sound alarum! We will rush on them.
 FTLN 0199 Now for the honor of the forlorn French!
 FTLN 0200 Him I forgive my death that killeth me 20
 FTLN 0201 When he sees me go back one foot, or fly.

*They exit. Here alarum. They are beaten
 back by the English, with great loss.*

Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reignier.

CHARLES

FTLN 0202 Whoever saw the like? What men have I!
 FTLN 0203 Dogs, cowards, dastards! I would ne'er have fled
 FTLN 0204 But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

REIGNIER

FTLN 0205 Salisbury is a desperate homicide. 25
 FTLN 0206 He fighteth as one weary of his life.
 FTLN 0207 The other lords, like lions wanting food,
 FTLN 0208 Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

ALANSON

FTLN 0209 Froissart, a countryman of ours, records
 FTLN 0210 England all Olivers and Rolands ^ƚbred^ƚ 30
 FTLN 0211 During the time Edward the Third did reign.
 FTLN 0212 More truly now may this be verified,
 FTLN 0213 For none but Samsons and Goliases
 FTLN 0214 It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!

FTLN 0215	Lean rawboned rascals! Who would e'er suppose	35
FTLN 0216	They had such courage and audacity?	
	CHARLES	
FTLN 0217	Let's leave this town, for they are hare-brained slaves,	
FTLN 0218	And hunger will enforce them to be more eager.	
FTLN 0219	Of old I know them; rather with their teeth	
FTLN 0220	The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege.	40
	REIGNIER	
FTLN 0221	I think by some odd gimmicks or device	
FTLN 0222	Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on;	
FTLN 0223	Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.	
FTLN 0224	By my consent, we'll even let them alone.	
FTLN 0225	ALANSON Be it so.	45
	<i>Enter the Bastard of Orleans.</i>	
	BASTARD	
FTLN 0226	Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.	
	CHARLES	
FTLN 0227	Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.	
	BASTARD	
FTLN 0228	Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appalled.	
FTLN 0229	Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?	
FTLN 0230	Be not dismayed, for succor is at hand.	50
FTLN 0231	A holy maid hither with me I bring,	
FTLN 0232	Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,	
FTLN 0233	Ordained is to raise this tedious siege	
FTLN 0234	And drive the English forth the bounds of France.	
FTLN 0235	The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,	55
FTLN 0236	Exceeding the nine Sibyls of old Rome.	
FTLN 0237	What's past and what's to come she can descry.	
FTLN 0238	Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,	
FTLN 0239	For they are certain and unfallible.	
	CHARLES	
FTLN 0240	Go call her in. [<i>Bastard exits.</i>]	60
FTLN 0241	But first, to try her skill,	
FTLN 0242	Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place;	

FTLN 0243 Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern.
 FTLN 0244 By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Enter [Bastard, with] Joan [la] Pucelle.

REIGNIER, [as Charles]

FTLN 0245 Fair maid, is 't thou wilt do these wondrous feats? 65

PUCELLE

FTLN 0246 Reignier, is 't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
 FTLN 0247 Where is the Dauphin?—Come, come from behind.
 FTLN 0248 I know thee well, though never seen before.
 FTLN 0249 Be not amazed; there's nothing hid from me.
 FTLN 0250 In private will I talk with thee apart.— 70
 FTLN 0251 Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while.

REIGNIER

FTLN 0252 She takes upon her bravely at first dash.
[Alanson, Reignier, and Bastard exit.]

PUCELLE

FTLN 0253 Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
 FTLN 0254 My wit untrained in any kind of art.
 FTLN 0255 Heaven and Our Lady gracious hath it pleased 75
 FTLN 0256 To shine on my contemptible estate.
 FTLN 0257 Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
 FTLN 0258 And to sun's parching heat displayed my cheeks,
 FTLN 0259 God's Mother deignèd to appear to me,
 FTLN 0260 And in a vision full of majesty 80
 FTLN 0261 Willed me to leave my base vocation
 FTLN 0262 And free my country from calamity.
 FTLN 0263 Her aid she promised and assured success.
 FTLN 0264 In complete glory she revealed herself;
 FTLN 0265 And whereas I was black and swart before, 85
 FTLN 0266 With those clear rays which she infused on me
 FTLN 0267 That beauty am I blest with, which you may see.
 FTLN 0268 Ask me what question thou canst possible,
 FTLN 0269 And I will answer unpremeditated.
 FTLN 0270 My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st, 90
 FTLN 0271 And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.

FTLN 0272

Resolve on this: thou shalt be fortunate

FTLN 0273

If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

CHARLES

FTLN 0274

Thou hast astonished me with thy high terms.

FTLN 0275

Only this proof I'll of thy valor make:

95

FTLN 0276

In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,

FTLN 0277

And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;

FTLN 0278

Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

PUCELLE

FTLN 0279

I am prepared. Here is my keen-edged sword,

FTLN 0280

Decked with fine flower-de-luces on each side—

100

FTLN 0281

「*Aside.*」 The which at Touraine, in Saint Katherine's
churchyard,

FTLN 0282

Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

FTLN 0283

CHARLES

FTLN 0284

Then come, a' God's name! I fear no woman.

PUCELLE

FTLN 0285

And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

105

*Here they fight, and
Joan 「la」 Pucelle overcomes.*

CHARLES

FTLN 0286

Stay, stay thy hands! Thou art an Amazon,

FTLN 0287

And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

PUCELLE

FTLN 0288

Christ's mother helps me; else I were too weak.

CHARLES

FTLN 0289

Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me.

FTLN 0290

Impatiently I burn with thy desire.

110

FTLN 0291

My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.

FTLN 0292

Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,

FTLN 0293

Let me thy servant and not sovereign be.

FTLN 0294

'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

PUCELLE

FTLN 0295

I must not yield to any rights of love,

115

FTLN 0296

For my profession's sacred from above.

FTLN 0297 When I have chasèd all thy foes from hence,
FTLN 0298 Then will I think upon a recompense.

CHARLES

FTLN 0299 Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

¶Enter Reignier and Alanson.¶

REIGNIER, *¶aside to Alanson¶*

FTLN 0300 My lord, methinks, is very long in talk. 120

ALANSON, *¶aside to Reignier¶*

FTLN 0301 Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock,
FTLN 0302 Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

REIGNIER, *¶aside to Alanson¶*

FTLN 0303 Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

ALANSON, *¶aside to Reignier¶*

FTLN 0304 He may mean more than we poor men do know.
FTLN 0305 These women are shrewd tempters with their 125
FTLN 0306 tongues.

REIGNIER, *¶to Charles¶*

FTLN 0307 My lord, where are you? What devise you on?
FTLN 0308 Shall we give o'er Orleance, or no?

PUCELLE

FTLN 0309 Why, no, I say. Distrustful recreants,
FTLN 0310 Fight till the last gasp. I'll be your guard. 130

CHARLES

FTLN 0311 What she says I'll confirm: we'll fight it out.

PUCELLE

FTLN 0312 Assigned am I to be the English scourge.
FTLN 0313 This night the siege assuredly I'll raise.
FTLN 0314 Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyons' days,
FTLN 0315 Since I have enterèd into these wars. 135
FTLN 0316 Glory is like a circle in the water,
FTLN 0317 Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
FTLN 0318 Till by broad spreading it disperse to naught.
FTLN 0319 With Henry's death, the English circle ends;
FTLN 0320 Dispersèd are the glories it included. 140

FTLN 0321 Now am I like that proud insulting ship
FTLN 0322 Which Caesar and his fortune bare at once.

CHARLES

FTLN 0323 Was Mahomet inspirèd with a dove?
FTLN 0324 Thou with an eagle art inspirèd then.
FTLN 0325 Helen, the mother of great Constantine, 145
FTLN 0326 Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters were like thee.
FTLN 0327 Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the Earth,
FTLN 0328 How may I reverently worship thee enough?

ALANSON

FTLN 0329 Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

REIGNIER

FTLN 0330 Woman, do what thou canst to save our honors. 150
FTLN 0331 Drive them from Orleance and be immortalized.

CHARLES

FTLN 0332 Presently we'll try. Come, let's away about it.
FTLN 0333 No prophet will I trust if she prove false.

They exit.

「Scene 3」

Enter Gloucester with his Servingmen 「in blue coats.」

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0334 I am come to survey the Tower this day.
FTLN 0335 Since Henry's death I fear there is conveyance.
FTLN 0336 Where be these warders that they wait not here?—
FTLN 0337 Open the gates! 'Tis Gloucester that calls.
「Servingmen knock at the gate.」

FIRST WARDER, 「within」

FTLN 0338 Who's there that knocks so imperiously? 5

FIRST SERVINGMAN

FTLN 0339 It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

SECOND WARDER, 「within」

FTLN 0340 Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

FIRST SERVINGMAN

FTLN 0341 Villains, answer you so the Lord Protector?

FIRST WARDER, *['within']*

FTLN 0342 The Lord protect him, so we answer him.

FTLN 0343 We do no otherwise than we are willed. 10

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0344 Who willed you? Or whose will stands but mine?

FTLN 0345 There's none Protector of the realm but I.—

FTLN 0346 Break up the gates! I'll be your warrantize.

FTLN 0347 Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

*Gloucester's men rush at the Tower gates, and
Woodville, the lieutenant, speaks within.*

WOODVILLE

FTLN 0348 What noise is this? What traitors have we here? 15

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0349 Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?

FTLN 0350 Open the gates. Here's Gloucester that would enter.

WOODVILLE

FTLN 0351 Have patience, noble duke, I may not open.

FTLN 0352 The Cardinal of Winchester forbids.

FTLN 0353 From him I have express commandment 20

FTLN 0354 That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0355 Fainthearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?

FTLN 0356 Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate

FTLN 0357 Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?

FTLN 0358 Thou art no friend to God or to the King. 25

FTLN 0359 Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

SERVINGMEN

FTLN 0360 Open the gates unto the Lord Protector,

FTLN 0361 Or we'll burst them open if that you come not quickly.

*Enter, to the Protector at the Tower gates, Winchester
['in cardinal's robes'] and his men in tawny coats.*

WINCHESTER

FTLN 0362 How now, ambitious Humphrey, what means this?

	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 0363	Peeled priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?	30
	WINCHESTER	
FTLN 0364	I do, thou most usurping proditor—	
FTLN 0365	And not Protector—of the King or realm.	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 0366	Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,	
FTLN 0367	Thou that contrived'st to murder our dead lord,	
FTLN 0368	Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin!	35
FTLN 0369	I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat	
FTLN 0370	If thou proceed in this thy insolence.	
	WINCHESTER	
FTLN 0371	Nay, stand thou back. I will not budge a foot.	
FTLN 0372	This be Damascus; be thou cursèd Cain	
FTLN 0373	To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.	40
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 0374	I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back.	
FTLN 0375	Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth,	
FTLN 0376	I'll use to carry thee out of this place.	
	WINCHESTER	
FTLN 0377	Do what thou dar'st, I heard thee to thy face.	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 0378	What, am I dared and bearded to my face?—	45
FTLN 0379	Draw, men, for all this privileged place.	
FTLN 0380	Blue coats to tawny coats! <i>「All draw their swords.」</i>	
FTLN 0381	Priest, beware your beard.	
FTLN 0382	I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly.	
FTLN 0383	Under my feet <i>「I'll」</i> stamp thy cardinal's hat;	50
FTLN 0384	In spite of pope or dignities of Church,	
FTLN 0385	Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.	
	WINCHESTER	
FTLN 0386	Gloucester, thou wilt answer this before the Pope.	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 0387	Winchester goose, I cry “a rope, a rope!”—	
FTLN 0388	Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?—	55

FTLN 0389 Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
 FTLN 0390 Out, tawny coats, out, scarlet hypocrite!

*Here Gloucester's men beat out the Cardinal's men,
 and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London
 and his Officers.*

MAYOR

FTLN 0391 Fie, lords, that you, being supreme magistrates,
 FTLN 0392 Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0393 Peace, Mayor? Thou know'st little of my wrongs. 60
 FTLN 0394 Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
 FTLN 0395 Hath here distrained the Tower to his use.

WINCHESTER

FTLN 0396 Here's Gloucester, a foe to citizens,
 FTLN 0397 One that still motions war and never peace,
 FTLN 0398 O'ercharging your free purses with large fines; 65
 FTLN 0399 That seeks to overthrow religion
 FTLN 0400 Because he is Protector of the realm,
 FTLN 0401 And would have armor here out of the Tower
 FTLN 0402 To crown himself king and suppress the Prince.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0403 I will not answer thee with words, but blows. 70
Here they skirmish again.

MAYOR

FTLN 0404 Naught rests for me in this tumultuous strife
 FTLN 0405 But to make open proclamation.
 FTLN 0406 Come, officer, as loud as e'er thou canst, cry.

〔He hands an Officer a paper.〕

FTLN 0407 *〔OFFICER reads〕 All manner of men, assembled here in*
 FTLN 0408 *arms this day against God's peace and the King's, we* 75
 FTLN 0409 *charge and command you, in his Highness' name, to*
 FTLN 0410 *repair to your several dwelling places, and not to*
 FTLN 0411 *wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger*
 FTLN 0412 *henceforward, upon pain of death.*

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0413 Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law, 80
 FTLN 0414 But we shall meet and break our minds at large.

WINCHESTER

FTLN 0415 Gloucester, we'll meet to thy cost, be sure.
 FTLN 0416 Thy heartblood I will have for this day's work.

MAYOR

FTLN 0417 I'll call for clubs if you will not away.
 FTLN 0418 (「*Aside.*」) This cardinal's more haughty than the devil! 85

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0419 Mayor, farewell. Thou dost but what thou mayst.

WINCHESTER

FTLN 0420 Abominable Gloucester, guard thy head,
 FTLN 0421 For I intend to have it ere long.

「*Gloucester and Winchester*」 exit

「*at separate doors, with their Servingmen.*」

MAYOR, 「*to Officers*」

FTLN 0422 See the coast cleared, and then we will depart.
 FTLN 0423 (「*Aside.*」) Good God, these nobles should such 90
 FTLN 0424 stomachs bear!
 FTLN 0425 I myself fight not once in forty year.

They exit.

「Scene 4」

Enter the Master Gunner of Orleance and his Boy.

MASTER GUNNER

FTLN 0426 Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleance is besieged
 FTLN 0427 And how the English have the suburbs won.

BOY

FTLN 0428 Father, I know, and oft have shot at them;
 FTLN 0429 Howe'er, unfortunate, I missed my aim.

MASTER GUNNER

FTLN 0430 But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled by me. 5
 FTLN 0431 Chief master-gunner am I of this town;

FTLN 0432	Something I must do to procure me grace.		
FTLN 0433	The Prince's espials have informèd me		
FTLN 0434	How the English, in the suburbs close entrenched,		
FTLN 0435	Went through a secret grate of iron bars		10
FTLN 0436	In yonder tower, to overpeer the city,		
FTLN 0437	And thence discover how with most advantage		
FTLN 0438	They may vex us with shot or with assault.		
FTLN 0439	To intercept this inconvenience,		
FTLN 0440	A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have placed,		15
FTLN 0441	And even these three days have I watched		
FTLN 0442	If I could see them. Now do thou watch,		
FTLN 0443	For I can stay no longer.		
FTLN 0444	If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;		
FTLN 0445	And thou shalt find me at the Governor's.	<i>He exits.</i>	20

BOY

FTLN 0446	Father, I warrant you, take you no care;		
FTLN 0447	I'll never trouble you if I may spy them.	<i>He exits.</i>	

*Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the turrets,
with †Sir William Glansdale, Sir Thomas Gargrave,
Attendants and †Others.*

SALISBURY

FTLN 0448	Talbot, my life, my joy, again returned!		
FTLN 0449	How wert thou handled, being prisoner?		
FTLN 0450	Or by what means gott'st thou to be released?		25
FTLN 0451	Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.		

TALBOT

FTLN 0452	The †Duke‡ of Bedford had a prisoner		
FTLN 0453	Called the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;		
FTLN 0454	For him was I exchanged and ransomèd.		
FTLN 0455	But with a baser man-of-arms by far		30
FTLN 0456	Once in contempt they would have bartered me,		
FTLN 0457	Which I disdainig, scorned, and cravèd death		
FTLN 0458	Rather than I would be so †vile-esteemed.‡		
FTLN 0459	In fine, redeemed I was as I desired.		
FTLN 0460	But O, the treacherous Fastolf wounds my heart,		35

FTLN 0461 Whom with my bare fists I would execute
 FTLN 0462 If I now had him brought into my power.

SALISBURY

FTLN 0463 Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertained.

TALBOT

FTLN 0464 With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts.
 FTLN 0465 In open marketplace produced they me 40
 FTLN 0466 To be a public spectacle to all.
 FTLN 0467 "Here," said they, "is the terror of the French,
 FTLN 0468 The scarecrow that affrights our children so."
 FTLN 0469 Then broke I from the officers that led me,
 FTLN 0470 And with my nails digged stones out of the ground 45
 FTLN 0471 To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
 FTLN 0472 My grisly countenance made others fly;
 FTLN 0473 None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
 FTLN 0474 In iron walls they deemed me not secure:
 FTLN 0475 So great fear of my name 'mongst them were spread 50
 FTLN 0476 That they supposed I could rend bars of steel
 FTLN 0477 And spurn in pieces posts of adamant.
 FTLN 0478 Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had
 FTLN 0479 That walked about me every minute-while;
 FTLN 0480 And if I did but stir out of my bed, 55
 FTLN 0481 Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a linstock.
〔He crosses the main stage and exits.〕

SALISBURY

FTLN 0482 I grieve to hear what torments you endured,
 FTLN 0483 But we will be revenged sufficiently.
 FTLN 0484 Now it is supper time in Orleance.
 FTLN 0485 Here, through this grate, I count each one 60
 FTLN 0486 And view the Frenchmen how they fortify.
 FTLN 0487 Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.
 FTLN 0488 Sir Thomas Gargrave and Sir William Glansdale,
 FTLN 0489 Let me have your express opinions
 FTLN 0490 Where is best place to make our batt'ry next? 65

GARGRAVE

FTLN 0491 I think at the north gate, for there stands lords.

GLANSDALE

FTLN 0492 And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

TALBOT

FTLN 0493 For aught I see, this city must be famished

FTLN 0494 Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

*Here they [shoot,] and Salisbury
[and Gargrave fall] down.*

SALISBURY

FTLN 0495 O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners! 70

GARGRAVE

FTLN 0496 O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man!

TALBOT

FTLN 0497 What chance is this that suddenly hath crossed us?—

FTLN 0498 Speak, Salisbury—at least if thou canst, speak!

FTLN 0499 How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?

FTLN 0500 One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!— 75

FTLN 0501 Accursèd tower, accursèd fatal hand

FTLN 0502 That hath contrived this woeful tragedy!

FTLN 0503 In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;

FTLN 0504 Henry the Fifth he first trained to the wars.

FTLN 0505 Whilst any trump did sound or drum struck up, 80

FTLN 0506 His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—

FTLN 0507 Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? Though thy speech doth fail,

FTLN 0508 One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace.

FTLN 0509 The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.

FTLN 0510 Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive 85

FTLN 0511 If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!—

FTLN 0512 Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?

FTLN 0513 Speak unto Talbot. Nay, look up to him.—

FTLN 0514 Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.

[Attendants exit with body of Gargrave.]

FTLN 0515 Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort, 90

FTLN 0516 Thou shalt not die whiles—

FTLN 0517 He beckons with his hand and smiles on me
 FTLN 0518 As who should say "When I am dead and gone,
 FTLN 0519 Remember to avenge me on the French."
 FTLN 0520 Plantagenet, I will; and, like thee, 「Nero,」 95
 FTLN 0521 Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn.
 FTLN 0522 Wretched shall France be only in my name.
 Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens.
 FTLN 0523 What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
 FTLN 0524 Whence cometh this alarum and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER

FTLN 0525 My lord, my lord, the French have gathered head. 100
 FTLN 0526 The Dauphin, with one Joan 「la」 Pucelle joined,
 FTLN 0527 A holy prophetess new risen up,
 FTLN 0528 Is come with a great power to raise the siege.
 Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans.

TALBOT

FTLN 0529 Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan;
 FTLN 0530 It irks his heart he cannot be revenged. 105
 FTLN 0531 Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you.
 FTLN 0532 Pucelle or puzel, dauphin or dogfish,
 FTLN 0533 Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels
 FTLN 0534 And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
 FTLN 0535 Convey 「we」 Salisbury into his tent, 110
 FTLN 0536 And then try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.
 Alarum. They exit.

「Scene 5」

*Here an alarum again, and Talbot pursueth the
 Dauphin and driveth him; then enter Joan 「la」 Pucelle,
 driving Englishmen before her. 「They cross the stage
 and exit.」 Then enter Talbot.*

TALBOT

FTLN 0537 Where is my strength, my valor, and my force?
 FTLN 0538 Our English troops retire; I cannot stay them.
 FTLN 0539 A woman clad in armor chaseth them.

Enter Pucelle, 「with Soldiers.」

FTLN 0540 Here, here she comes!—I'll have a bout with thee.
 FTLN 0541 Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee. 5
 FTLN 0542 Blood will I draw on thee—thou art a witch—
 FTLN 0543 And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

PUCELLE

FTLN 0544 Come, come; 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.
Here they fight.

TALBOT

FTLN 0545 Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
 FTLN 0546 My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage, 10
 FTLN 0547 And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
 FTLN 0548 But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.
They fight again.

PUCELLE

FTLN 0549 Talbot, farewell. Thy hour is not yet come.
 FTLN 0550 I must go victual Orleance forthwith.
A short alarum. Then 「she prepares to」
enter the town with Soldiers.
 FTLN 0551 O'ertake me if thou canst. I scorn thy strength. 15
 FTLN 0552 Go, go, cheer up thy 「hunger-starvèd」 men.
 FTLN 0553 Help Salisbury to make his testament.
 FTLN 0554 This day is ours, as many more shall be.
She exits 「with Soldiers.」

TALBOT

FTLN 0555 My thoughts are whirlèd like a potter's wheel.
 FTLN 0556 I know not where I am nor what I do. 20
 FTLN 0557 A witch by fear—not force, like Hannibal—
 FTLN 0558 Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists.
 FTLN 0559 So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench

FTLN 0560 Are from their hives and houses driven away.
 FTLN 0561 They called us, for our fierceness, English dogs; 25
 FTLN 0562 Now like to whelps we crying run away.

*A short alarum. [Enter English soldiers,
 chased by French soldiers.]*

FTLN 0563 Hark, countrymen, either renew the fight,
 FTLN 0564 Or tear the lions out of England's coat.
 FTLN 0565 Renounce your soil; give sheep in lions' stead.
 FTLN 0566 Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf, 30
 FTLN 0567 Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
 FTLN 0568 As you fly from your oft-subduèd slaves.

Alarum. Here another skirmish.

FTLN 0569 It will not be! Retire into your trenches.
 FTLN 0570 You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
 FTLN 0571 For none would strike a stroke in his revenge. 35
 FTLN 0572 Pucelle is entered into Orleance
 FTLN 0573 In spite of us or aught that we could do.

[Soldiers exit.]

FTLN 0574 O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
 FTLN 0575 The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
Talbot exits. Alarum. Retreat.

[Scene 6]

*Flourish. Enter on the walls Pucelle, [Charles the]
 Dauphin, Reignier, Alanson, and Soldiers.*

PUCELLE

FTLN 0576 Advance our waving colors on the walls.
 FTLN 0577 Rescued is Orleance from the English.
 FTLN 0578 Thus Joan [la] Pucelle hath performed her word.
[She exits.]

CHARLES

FTLN 0579 Divinest creature, Astraea's daughter,
 FTLN 0580 How shall I honor thee for this success? 5

FTLN 0581 Thy promises are like Adonis' garden
 FTLN 0582 That one day bloomed and fruitful were the next.
 FTLN 0583 France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess.
 FTLN 0584 Recovered is the town of Orleance.
 FTLN 0585 More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state. 10

REIGNIER

FTLN 0586 Why ring not bells aloud throughout the town?
 FTLN 0587 Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires
 FTLN 0588 And feast and banquet in the open streets
 FTLN 0589 To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

ALANSON

FTLN 0590 All France will be replete with mirth and joy 15
 FTLN 0591 When they shall hear how we have played the men.

CHARLES

FTLN 0592 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
 FTLN 0593 For which I will divide my crown with her,
 FTLN 0594 And all the priests and friars in my realm
 FTLN 0595 Shall in procession sing her endless praise. 20
 FTLN 0596 A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear
 FTLN 0597 Than Rhodophe's ^{of} Memphis ever was.
 FTLN 0598 In memory of her, when she is dead,
 FTLN 0599 Her ashes, in an urn more precious
 FTLN 0600 Than the rich-jeweled coffer of Darius, 25
 FTLN 0601 Transported shall be at high festivals
 FTLN 0602 Before the kings and queens of France.
 FTLN 0603 No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
 FTLN 0604 But Joan ^{la} Pucelle shall be France's saint.
 FTLN 0605 Come in, and let us banquet royally 30
 FTLN 0606 After this golden day of victory.

Flourish. They exit.

ACT 2

Scene 1

*Enter 「on the walls」 a 「French」 Sergeant of a Band,
with two Sentinels.*

SERGEANT

FTLN 0607 Sirs, take your places and be vigilant.
FTLN 0608 If any noise or soldier you perceive
FTLN 0609 Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
FTLN 0610 Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

SENTINEL

FTLN 0611 Sergeant, you shall. *「Sergeant exits.」* 5
FTLN 0612 Thus are poor servitors,
FTLN 0613 When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
FTLN 0614 Constrained to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

*Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, 「below,」
with scaling ladders.*

TALBOT

FTLN 0615 Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
FTLN 0616 By whose approach the regions of Artois, 10
FTLN 0617 Walloon, and Picardy are friends to us,
FTLN 0618 This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
FTLN 0619 Having all day caroused and banqueted.
FTLN 0620 Embrace we then this opportunity,
FTLN 0621 As fitting best to quittance their deceit 15
FTLN 0622 Contrived by art and baleful sorcery.

BEDFORD

FTLN 0623 Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
FTLN 0624 Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
FTLN 0625 To join with witches and the help of hell!

	BURGUNDY	
FTLN 0626	Traitors have never other company.	20
FTLN 0627	But what's that Pucelle whom they term so pure?	
	TALBOT	
FTLN 0628	A maid, they say.	
FTLN 0629	BEDFORD A maid? And be so martial?	
	BURGUNDY	
FTLN 0630	Pray God she prove not masculine ere long,	
FTLN 0631	If underneath the standard of the French	25
FTLN 0632	She carry armor as she hath begun.	
	TALBOT	
FTLN 0633	Well, let them practice and converse with spirits.	
FTLN 0634	God is our fortress, in whose conquering name	
FTLN 0635	Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.	
	BEDFORD	
FTLN 0636	Ascend, brave Talbot. We will follow thee.	30
	TALBOT	
FTLN 0637	Not all together. Better far, I guess,	
FTLN 0638	That we do make our entrance several ways,	
FTLN 0639	That if it chance the one of us do fail,	
FTLN 0640	The other yet may rise against their force.	
	BEDFORD	
FTLN 0641	Agreed. I'll to yond corner.	35
FTLN 0642	BURGUNDY And I to this.	
	TALBOT	
FTLN 0643	And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.	
FTLN 0644	Now, Salisbury, for thee and for the right	
FTLN 0645	Of English Henry, shall this night appear	
FTLN 0646	How much in duty I am bound to both.	40
	<i>「Scaling the walls, they」 cry</i>	
	<i>“Saint George! À Talbot!”</i>	
	SENTINEL	
FTLN 0647	Arm, arm! The enemy doth make assault.	
	<i>「The English, pursuing the Sentinels, exit aloft.」</i>	
	<i>The French leap o'er the walls in their shirts.</i>	

*Enter several ways, Bastard, Alanson, Reignier,
half ready, and half unready.*

ALANSON

FTLN 0648 How now, my lords? What, all unready so?

BASTARD

FTLN 0649 Unready? Ay, and glad we scaped so well.

REIGNIER

FTLN 0650 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,

FTLN 0651 Hearing alarums at our chamber doors. 45

ALANSON

FTLN 0652 Of all exploits since first I followed arms

FTLN 0653 Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise

FTLN 0654 More venturous or desperate than this.

BASTARD

FTLN 0655 I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

REIGNIER

FTLN 0656 If not of hell, the heavens sure favor him. 50

ALANSON

FTLN 0657 Here cometh Charles. I marvel how he sped.

Enter Charles and Joan [la Pucelle.]

BASTARD

FTLN 0658 Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

CHARLES

FTLN 0659 Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?

FTLN 0660 Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

FTLN 0661 Make us partakers of a little gain 55

FTLN 0662 That now our loss might be ten times so much?

PUCELLE

FTLN 0663 Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

FTLN 0664 At all times will you have my power alike?

FTLN 0665 Sleeping or waking, must I still prevail,

FTLN 0666 Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?— 60

FTLN 0667 Improvident soldiers, had your watch been good,

FTLN 0668 This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

CHARLES

FTLN 0669 Duke of Alanson, this was your default,
 FTLN 0670 That, being captain of the watch tonight,
 FTLN 0671 Did look no better to that weighty charge. 65

ALANSON

FTLN 0672 Had all your quarters been as safely kept
 FTLN 0673 As that whereof I had the government,
 FTLN 0674 We had not been thus shamefully surprised.

BASTARD

FTLN 0675 Mine was secure.

FTLN 0676 REIGNIER And so was mine, my lord. 70

CHARLES

FTLN 0677 And for myself, most part of all this night
 FTLN 0678 Within her quarter and mine own precinct
 FTLN 0679 I was employed in passing to and fro
 FTLN 0680 About relieving of the sentinels.
 FTLN 0681 Then how or which way should they first break in? 75

PUCELLE

FTLN 0682 Question, my lords, no further of the case,
 FTLN 0683 How or which way; 'tis sure they found some place
 FTLN 0684 But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
 FTLN 0685 And now there rests no other shift but this:
 FTLN 0686 To gather our soldiers, scattered and dispersed, 80
 FTLN 0687 And lay new platforms to endamage them.

*Alarum. Enter [an English] Soldier, crying,
 "À Talbot, À Talbot!" [The French] fly,
 leaving their clothes behind.*

SOLDIER

FTLN 0688 I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
 FTLN 0689 The cry of "Talbot" serves me for a sword,
 FTLN 0690 For I have loaden me with many spoils,
 FTLN 0691 Using no other weapon but his name. 85

He exits.

[Scene 2]

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, [a Captain and Others.]

BEDFORD

FTLN 0692 The day begins to break and night is fled,
FTLN 0693 Whose pitchy mantle over-veiled the Earth.
FTLN 0694 Here sound retreat and cease our hot pursuit.

Retreat [sounded.]

TALBOT

FTLN 0695 Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
FTLN 0696 And here advance it in the marketplace,
FTLN 0697 The middle center of this cursèd town.

5

*[Soldiers enter bearing the body of Salisbury,
Drums beating a dead march.]*

FTLN 0698 Now have I paid my vow unto his soul:
FTLN 0699 For every drop of blood was drawn from him
FTLN 0700 There hath at least five Frenchmen died tonight.
FTLN 0701 And, that hereafter ages may behold
FTLN 0702 What ruin happened in revenge of him,
FTLN 0703 Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
FTLN 0704 A tomb wherein his corpse shall be interred,
FTLN 0705 Upon the which, that everyone may read,
FTLN 0706 Shall be engraved the sack of Orleance,
FTLN 0707 The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
FTLN 0708 And what a terror he had been to France.

10

15

[Funeral exits.]

FTLN 0709 But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
FTLN 0710 I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
FTLN 0711 His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of [Arc,
FTLN 0712 Nor any of his false confederates.

20

BEDFORD

FTLN 0713 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
FTLN 0714 Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
FTLN 0715 They did amongst the troops of armèd men
FTLN 0716 Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

25

BURGUNDY

FTLN 0717 Myself, as far as I could well discern
 FTLN 0718 For smoke and dusky vapors of the night,
 FTLN 0719 Am sure I scared the Dauphin and his trull,
 FTLN 0720 When arm-in-arm they both came swiftly running,
 FTLN 0721 Like to a pair of loving turtledoves 30
 FTLN 0722 That could not live asunder day or night.
 FTLN 0723 After that things are set in order here,
 FTLN 0724 We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER

FTLN 0725 All hail, my lords. Which of this princely train
 FTLN 0726 Call you the warlike Talbot, for his acts 35
 FTLN 0727 So much applauded through the realm of France?

TALBOT

FTLN 0728 Here is the Talbot. Who would speak with him?

MESSENGER

FTLN 0729 The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
 FTLN 0730 With modesty admiring thy renown,
 FTLN 0731 By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe 40
 FTLN 0732 To visit her poor castle where she lies,
 FTLN 0733 That she may boast she hath beheld the man
 FTLN 0734 Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

BURGUNDY

FTLN 0735 Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
 FTLN 0736 Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport, 45
 FTLN 0737 When ladies crave to be encountered with.
 FTLN 0738 You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

TALBOT

FTLN 0739 Ne'er trust me, then; for when a world of men
 FTLN 0740 Could not prevail with all their oratory,
 FTLN 0741 Yet hath a woman's kindness overruled.— 50
 FTLN 0742 And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
 FTLN 0743 And in submission will attend on her.—
 FTLN 0744 Will not your Honors bear me company?

BEDFORD

FTLN 0745 No, truly, 'tis more than manners will;
 FTLN 0746 And I have heard it said unbidden guests 55
 FTLN 0747 Are often welcomest when they are gone.

TALBOT

FTLN 0748 Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
 FTLN 0749 I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.—
 FTLN 0750 Come hither, captain. *Whispers.*
 FTLN 0751 You perceive my mind? 60

CAPTAIN

FTLN 0752 I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.
They exit.

「Scene 3」

Enter Countess 「of Auvergne, with Porter.»

COUNTESS

FTLN 0753 Porter, remember what I gave in charge,
 FTLN 0754 And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

FTLN 0755 PORTER Madam, I will. *He exits.*

COUNTESS

FTLN 0756 The plot is laid. If all things fall out right,
 FTLN 0757 I shall as famous be by this exploit 5
 FTLN 0758 As Scythian Tamyris by Cyrus' death.
 FTLN 0759 Great is the rumor of this dreadful knight,
 FTLN 0760 And his achievements of no less account.
 FTLN 0761 Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears
 FTLN 0762 To give their censure of these rare reports. 10

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

MESSENGER

FTLN 0763 Madam, according as your Ladyship desired,
 FTLN 0764 By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.

COUNTESS

FTLN 0765 And he is welcome. What, is this the man?

MESSENGER

FTLN 0766

Madam, it is.

FTLN 0767

COUNTESS Is this the scourge of France? 15

FTLN 0768

Is this the Talbot, so much feared abroad

FTLN 0769

That with his name the mothers still their babes?

FTLN 0770

I see report is fabulous and false.

FTLN 0771

I thought I should have seen some Hercules,

FTLN 0772

A second Hector, for his grim aspect 20

FTLN 0773

And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.

FTLN 0774

Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!

FTLN 0775

It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp

FTLN 0776

Should strike such terror to his enemies.

TALBOT

FTLN 0777

Madam, I have been bold to trouble you. 25

FTLN 0778

But since your Ladyship is not at leisure,

FTLN 0779

I'll sort some other time to visit you.

〔He begins to exit.〕

COUNTESS, *〔to Messenger〕*

FTLN 0780

What means he now? Go ask him whither he goes.

MESSENGER

FTLN 0781

Stay, my Lord Talbot, for my lady craves

FTLN 0782

To know the cause of your abrupt departure. 30

TALBOT

FTLN 0783

Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,

FTLN 0784

I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Enter Porter with keys.

COUNTESS, *〔to Talbot〕*

FTLN 0785

If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

TALBOT

FTLN 0786

Prisoner? To whom?

FTLN 0787

COUNTESS To me, bloodthirsty lord. 35

FTLN 0788

And for that cause I trained thee to my house.

FTLN 0789

Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,

FTLN 0790

For in my gallery thy picture hangs.

FTLN 0791	But now the substance shall endure the like,	
FTLN 0792	And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,	40
FTLN 0793	That hast by tyranny these many years	
FTLN 0794	Wasted our country, slain our citizens,	
FTLN 0795	And sent our sons and husbands captivate.	
FTLN 0796	TALBOT Ha, ha, ha!	
	COUNTESS	
FTLN 0797	Laughest thou, wretch? Thy mirth shall turn to moan.	45
	TALBOT	
FTLN 0798	I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond	
FTLN 0799	To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow	
FTLN 0800	Whereon to practice your severity.	
FTLN 0801	COUNTESS Why, art not thou the man?	
FTLN 0802	TALBOT I am, indeed.	50
FTLN 0803	COUNTESS Then have I substance too.	
	TALBOT	
FTLN 0804	No, no, I am but shadow of myself.	
FTLN 0805	You are deceived; my substance is not here,	
FTLN 0806	For what you see is but the smallest part	
FTLN 0807	And least proportion of humanity.	55
FTLN 0808	I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,	
FTLN 0809	It is of such a spacious lofty pitch	
FTLN 0810	Your roof were not sufficient to contain 't.	
	COUNTESS	
FTLN 0811	This is a riddling merchant for the nonce:	
FTLN 0812	He will be here and yet he is not here.	60
FTLN 0813	How can these contrarities agree?	
	TALBOT	
FTLN 0814	That will I show you presently.	
	<i>Winds his horn. Drums strike up; a peal of ordnance.</i>	
	<i>Enter Soldiers.</i>	
FTLN 0815	How say you, madam? Are you now persuaded	
FTLN 0816	That Talbot is but shadow of himself?	

FTLN 0817 These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength, 65
 FTLN 0818 With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
 FTLN 0819 Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
 FTLN 0820 And in a moment makes them desolate.

COUNTESS

FTLN 0821 Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse.
 FTLN 0822 I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited, 70
 FTLN 0823 And more than may be gathered by thy shape.
 FTLN 0824 Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath,
 FTLN 0825 For I am sorry that with reverence
 FTLN 0826 I did not entertain thee as thou art.

TALBOT

FTLN 0827 Be not dismayed, fair lady, nor misconster 75
 FTLN 0828 The mind of Talbot as you did mistake
 FTLN 0829 The outward composition of his body.
 FTLN 0830 What you have done hath not offended me,
 FTLN 0831 Nor other satisfaction do I crave
 FTLN 0832 But only, with your patience, that we may 80
 FTLN 0833 Taste of your wine and see what cates you have,
 FTLN 0834 For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

COUNTESS

FTLN 0835 With all my heart, and think me honorèd
 FTLN 0836 To feast so great a warrior in my house.

They exit.

「Scene 4」

*Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset,
 「William de la」 Pole 「the Earl of Suffolk,
 Vernon, a Lawyer,」 and Others.*

PLANTAGENET

FTLN 0837 Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
 FTLN 0838 Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

SUFFOLK		
FTLN 0839	Within the Temple Hall we were too loud;	
FTLN 0840	The garden here is more convenient.	
PLANTAGENET		
FTLN 0841	Then say at once if I maintained the truth,	5
FTLN 0842	Or else was wrangling Somerset in th' error?	
SUFFOLK		
FTLN 0843	Faith, I have been a truant in the law	
FTLN 0844	And never yet could frame my will to it,	
FTLN 0845	And therefore frame the law unto my will.	
SOMERSET		
FTLN 0846	Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then, between us.	10
WARWICK		
FTLN 0847	Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,	
FTLN 0848	Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,	
FTLN 0849	Between two blades, which bears the better temper,	
FTLN 0850	Between two horses, which doth bear him best,	
FTLN 0851	Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,	15
FTLN 0852	I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment;	
FTLN 0853	But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,	
FTLN 0854	Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.	
PLANTAGENET		
FTLN 0855	Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance!	
FTLN 0856	The truth appears so naked on my side	20
FTLN 0857	That any purblind eye may find it out.	
SOMERSET		
FTLN 0858	And on my side it is so well appareled,	
FTLN 0859	So clear, so shining, and so evident,	
FTLN 0860	That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.	
PLANTAGENET		
FTLN 0861	Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak,	25
FTLN 0862	In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:	
FTLN 0863	Let him that is a trueborn gentleman	
FTLN 0864	And stands upon the honor of his birth,	
FTLN 0865	If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,	
FTLN 0866	From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.	30

SOMERSET

FTLN 0867 Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
 FTLN 0868 But dare maintain the party of the truth,
 FTLN 0869 Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

WARWICK

FTLN 0870 I love no colors; and, without all color
 FTLN 0871 Of base insinuating flattery, 35
 FTLN 0872 I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

SUFFOLK

FTLN 0873 I pluck this red rose with young Somerset,
 FTLN 0874 And say withal I think he held the right.

VERNON

FTLN 0875 Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more
 FTLN 0876 Till you conclude that he upon whose side 40
 FTLN 0877 The fewest roses are cloggèd from the tree
 FTLN 0878 Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

SOMERSET

FTLN 0879 Good Master Vernon, it is well objected:
 FTLN 0880 If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

FTLN 0881 PLANTAGENET And I. 45

VERNON

FTLN 0882 Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
 FTLN 0883 I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
 FTLN 0884 Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

SOMERSET

FTLN 0885 Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
 FTLN 0886 Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red, 50
 FTLN 0887 And fall on my side so against your will.

VERNON

FTLN 0888 If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
 FTLN 0889 Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt
 FTLN 0890 And keep me on the side where still I am.

FTLN 0891 SOMERSET Well, well, come on, who else? 55

LAWYER

FTLN 0892 Unless my study and my books be false,

FTLN 0893	The argument you held was wrong in 「law,」	
FTLN 0894	In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.	
	PLANTAGENET	
FTLN 0895	Now, Somerset, where is your argument?	
	SOMERSET	
FTLN 0896	Here in my scabbard, meditating that	60
FTLN 0897	Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.	
	PLANTAGENET	
FTLN 0898	Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses,	
FTLN 0899	For pale they look with fear, as witnessing	
FTLN 0900	The truth on our side.	
FTLN 0901	SOMERSET No, Plantagenet.	65
FTLN 0902	'Tis not for fear, but anger that thy cheeks	
FTLN 0903	Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,	
FTLN 0904	And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.	
	PLANTAGENET	
FTLN 0905	Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?	
	SOMERSET	
FTLN 0906	Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?	70
	PLANTAGENET	
FTLN 0907	Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth,	
FTLN 0908	Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.	
	SOMERSET	
FTLN 0909	Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses	
FTLN 0910	That shall maintain what I have said is true,	
FTLN 0911	Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.	75
	PLANTAGENET	
FTLN 0912	Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,	
FTLN 0913	I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.	
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 0914	Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.	
	PLANTAGENET	
FTLN 0915	Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.	
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 0916	I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.	80

SOMERSET

FTLN 0917 Away, away, good William de la Pole!
 FTLN 0918 We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

WARWICK

FTLN 0919 Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset.
 FTLN 0920 His grandfather was Lionel, Duke of Clarence,
 FTLN 0921 Third son to the third Edward, King of England. 85
 FTLN 0922 Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

PLANTAGENET

FTLN 0923 He bears him on the place's privilege,
 FTLN 0924 Or durst not for his craven heart say thus.

SOMERSET

FTLN 0925 By Him that made me, I'll maintain my words
 FTLN 0926 On any plot of ground in Christendom. 90
 FTLN 0927 Was not thy father Richard, Earl of Cambridge,
 FTLN 0928 For treason executed in our late king's days?
 FTLN 0929 And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
 FTLN 0930 Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
 FTLN 0931 His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood, 95
 FTLN 0932 And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.

PLANTAGENET

FTLN 0933 My father was attachèd, not attainted,
 FTLN 0934 Condemned to die for treason, but no traitor;
 FTLN 0935 And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
 FTLN 0936 Were growing time once ripened to my will. 100
 FTLN 0937 For your partaker Pole and you yourself,
 FTLN 0938 I'll note you in my book of memory
 FTLN 0939 To scourge you for this apprehension.
 FTLN 0940 Look to it well, and say you are well warned.

SOMERSET

FTLN 0941 Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still, 105
 FTLN 0942 And know us by these colors for thy foes,
 FTLN 0943 For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

PLANTAGENET

FTLN 0944 And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
 FTLN 0945 As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,

FTLN 0946	Will I forever, and my faction, wear	110
FTLN 0947	Until it wither with me to my grave	
FTLN 0948	Or flourish to the height of my degree.	
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 0949	Go forward, and be choked with thy ambition!	
FTLN 0950	And so farewell, until I meet thee next. <i>He exits.</i>	
	SOMERSET	
FTLN 0951	Have with thee, Pole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. <i>He exits.</i>	115
	PLANTAGENET	
FTLN 0952	How I am braved, and must perforce endure it!	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 0953	This blot that they object against your house	
FTLN 0954	Shall be whipped out in the next parliament,	
FTLN 0955	Called for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester;	
FTLN 0956	And if thou be not then created York,	120
FTLN 0957	I will not live to be accounted Warwick.	
FTLN 0958	Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,	
FTLN 0959	Against proud Somerset and William Pole	
FTLN 0960	Will I upon thy party wear this rose.	
FTLN 0961	And here I prophesy: this brawl today,	125
FTLN 0962	Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,	
FTLN 0963	Shall send, between the red rose and the white,	
FTLN 0964	A thousand souls to death and deadly night.	
	PLANTAGENET	
FTLN 0965	Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,	
FTLN 0966	That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.	130
	VERNON	
FTLN 0967	In your behalf still will I wear the same.	
	LAWYER	
FTLN 0968	And so will I.	
FTLN 0969	PLANTAGENET Thanks, gentle [sir.]	
FTLN 0970	Come, let us four to dinner. I dare say	
FTLN 0971	This quarrel will drink blood another day. <i>They exit.</i>	135

[Scene 5]

*Enter [Edmund] Mortimer, brought in a chair,
and Jailers.*

MORTIMER

FTLN 0972 Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
 FTLN 0973 Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
 FTLN 0974 Even like a man new-halèd from the rack,
 FTLN 0975 So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
 FTLN 0976 And these gray locks, the pursuivants of death, 5
 FTLN 0977 Nestor-like agèd in an age of care,
 FTLN 0978 Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer;
 FTLN 0979 These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
 FTLN 0980 Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;
 FTLN 0981 Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief, 10
 FTLN 0982 And pithless arms, like to a withered vine
 FTLN 0983 That droops his sapless branches to the ground;
 FTLN 0984 Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
 FTLN 0985 Unable to support this lump of clay,
 FTLN 0986 Swift-wingèd with desire to get a grave, 15
 FTLN 0987 As witting I no other comfort have.
 FTLN 0988 But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

KEEPER

FTLN 0989 Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come.
 FTLN 0990 We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber,
 FTLN 0991 And answer was returned that he will come. 20

MORTIMER

FTLN 0992 Enough. My soul shall then be satisfied.
 FTLN 0993 Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
 FTLN 0994 Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
 FTLN 0995 Before whose glory I was great in arms,
 FTLN 0996 This loathsome sequestration have I had; 25
 FTLN 0997 And even since then hath Richard been obscured,
 FTLN 0998 Deprived of honor and inheritance.
 FTLN 0999 But now the arbitrator of despairs,

FTLN 1000 Just Death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
 FTLN 1001 With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence. 30
 FTLN 1002 I would his troubles likewise were expired,
 FTLN 1003 That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard 「*Plantagenet.*」

KEEPER

FTLN 1004 My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

MORTIMER

FTLN 1005 Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

PLANTAGENET

FTLN 1006 Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used, 35
 FTLN 1007 Your nephew, late despisèd Richard, comes.

MORTIMER, 「*to Jailer*」

FTLN 1008 Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck
 FTLN 1009 And in his bosom spend my latter gasp.
 FTLN 1010 O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
 FTLN 1011 That I may kindly give one fainting kiss. 40

He embraces Richard.」

FTLN 1012 And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
 FTLN 1013 Why didst thou say of late thou wert despised?

PLANTAGENET

FTLN 1014 First, lean thine aged back against mine arm,
 FTLN 1015 And in that ease I'll tell thee my disease.
 FTLN 1016 This day, in argument upon a case, 45
 FTLN 1017 Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me,
 FTLN 1018 Among which terms he used his lavish tongue
 FTLN 1019 And did upbraid me with my father's death;
 FTLN 1020 Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
 FTLN 1021 Else with the like I had requited him. 50
 FTLN 1022 Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
 FTLN 1023 In honor of a true Plantagenet,
 FTLN 1024 And for alliance' sake, declare the cause
 FTLN 1025 My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

MORTIMER

FTLN 1026 That cause, fair nephew, that imprisoned me 55
FTLN 1027 And hath detained me all my flow'ring youth
FTLN 1028 Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
FTLN 1029 Was cursèd instrument of his decease.

PLANTAGENET

FTLN 1030 Discover more at large what cause that was,
FTLN 1031 For I am ignorant and cannot guess. 60

MORTIMER

FTLN 1032 I will, if that my fading breath permit
FTLN 1033 And death approach not ere my tale be done.
FTLN 1034 Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
FTLN 1035 Deposed his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
FTLN 1036 The first begotten and the lawful heir 65
FTLN 1037 Of Edward king, the third of that descent;
FTLN 1038 During whose reign the Percies of the north,
FTLN 1039 Finding his usurpation most unjust,
FTLN 1040 Endeavored my advancement to the throne.
FTLN 1041 The reason moved these warlike lords to this 70
FTLN 1042 Was, for that—young Richard thus removed,
FTLN 1043 Leaving no heir begotten of his body—
FTLN 1044 I was the next by birth and parentage;
FTLN 1045 For by my mother I derivèd am
FTLN 1046 From Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son 75
FTLN 1047 To King Edward the Third; whereas he
FTLN 1048 From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
FTLN 1049 Being but fourth of that heroic line.
FTLN 1050 But mark: as in this haughty great attempt
FTLN 1051 They laborèd to plant the rightful heir, 80
FTLN 1052 I lost my liberty and they their lives.
FTLN 1053 Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
FTLN 1054 Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
FTLN 1055 Thy father, Earl of Cambridge then, derived
FTLN 1056 From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York, 85
FTLN 1057 Marrying my sister that thy mother was,

FTLN 1058	Again, in pity of my hard distress,	
FTLN 1059	Levied an army, weening to redeem	
FTLN 1060	And have installed me in the diadem.	
FTLN 1061	But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl	90
FTLN 1062	And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,	
FTLN 1063	In whom the title rested, were suppressed.	
	PLANTAGENET	
FTLN 1064	Of which, my lord, your Honor is the last.	
	MORTIMER	
FTLN 1065	True, and thou seest that I no issue have	
FTLN 1066	And that my fainting words do warrant death.	95
FTLN 1067	Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather.	
FTLN 1068	But yet be wary in thy studious care.	
	PLANTAGENET	
FTLN 1069	Thy grave admonishments prevail with me.	
FTLN 1070	But yet methinks my father's execution	
FTLN 1071	Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.	100
	MORTIMER	
FTLN 1072	With silence, nephew, be thou politic;	
FTLN 1073	Strong-fixèd is the house of Lancaster,	
FTLN 1074	And, like a mountain, not to be removed.	
FTLN 1075	But now thy uncle is removing hence,	
FTLN 1076	As princes do their courts when they are cloyed	105
FTLN 1077	With long continuance in a settled place.	
	PLANTAGENET	
FTLN 1078	O uncle, would some part of my young years	
FTLN 1079	Might but redeem the passage of your age.	
	MORTIMER	
FTLN 1080	Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaughterer doth	
FTLN 1081	Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.	110
FTLN 1082	Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;	
FTLN 1083	Only give order for my funeral.	
FTLN 1084	And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes,	
FTLN 1085	And prosperous be thy life in peace and war.	

Dies.

PLANTAGENET

FTLN 1086 And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul. 115
 FTLN 1087 In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
 FTLN 1088 And like a hermit overpassed thy days.—
 FTLN 1089 Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast,
 FTLN 1090 And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
 FTLN 1091 Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself 120
 FTLN 1092 Will see his burial better than his life.
 「Jailers」 exit 「carrying Mortimer's body.」
 FTLN 1093 Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
 FTLN 1094 Choked with ambition of the meaner sort.
 FTLN 1095 And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
 FTLN 1096 Which Somerset hath offered to my house, 125
 FTLN 1097 I doubt not but with honor to redress.
 FTLN 1098 And therefore haste I to the Parliament,
 FTLN 1099 Either to be restored to my blood,
 FTLN 1100 Or make *「mine ill」* th' advantage of my good.

He exits.

ACT 3

Scene 1

Flourish. Enter King [Henry,] Exeter, Gloucester, [and] Winchester; Richard Plantagenet [and] Warwick, [with white roses;] Somerset [and] Suffolk, [with red roses; and Others.] Gloucester offers to put up a bill. Winchester snatches it, tears it.

WINCHESTER

FTLN 1101 Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
FTLN 1102 With written pamphlets studiously devised?
FTLN 1103 Humphrey of Gloucester, if thou canst accuse
FTLN 1104 Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
FTLN 1105 Do it without invention, suddenly, 5
FTLN 1106 As I with sudden and extemporal speech
FTLN 1107 Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1108 Presumptuous priest, this place commands my
FTLN 1109 patience,
FTLN 1110 Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonored me. 10
FTLN 1111 Think not, although in writing I preferred
FTLN 1112 The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
FTLN 1113 That therefore I have forged or am not able
FTLN 1114 Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen.
FTLN 1115 No, prelate, such is thy audacious wickedness, 15
FTLN 1116 Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
FTLN 1117 As very infants prattle of thy pride.
FTLN 1118 Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
FTLN 1119 Froward by nature, enemy to peace,
FTLN 1120 Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems 20

FTLN 1121	A man of thy profession and degree.	
FTLN 1122	And for thy treachery, what's more manifest,	
FTLN 1123	In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life	
FTLN 1124	As well at London Bridge as at the Tower?	
FTLN 1125	Besides, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,	25
FTLN 1126	The King, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt	
FTLN 1127	From envious malice of thy swelling heart.	
	WINCHESTER	
FTLN 1128	Gloucester, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe	
FTLN 1129	To give me hearing what I shall reply.	
FTLN 1130	If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,	30
FTLN 1131	As he will have me, how am I so poor?	
FTLN 1132	Or how haps it I seek not to advance	
FTLN 1133	Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?	
FTLN 1134	And for dissension, who preferreth peace	
FTLN 1135	More than I do, except I be provoked?	35
FTLN 1136	No, my good lords, it is not that offends;	
FTLN 1137	It is not that that hath incensed the Duke.	
FTLN 1138	It is because no one should sway but he,	
FTLN 1139	No one but he should be about the King;	
FTLN 1140	And that engenders thunder in his breast	40
FTLN 1141	And makes him roar these accusations forth.	
FTLN 1142	But he shall know I am as good—	
FTLN 1143	GLOUCESTER As good!	
FTLN 1144	Thou bastard of my grandfather!	
	WINCHESTER	
FTLN 1145	Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,	45
FTLN 1146	But one imperious in another's throne?	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 1147	Am I not Protector, saucy priest?	
	WINCHESTER	
FTLN 1148	And am not I a prelate of the Church?	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 1149	Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,	
FTLN 1150	And useth it to patronage his theft.	50

	WINCHESTER	
FTLN 1151	Unreverent Gloucester!	
FTLN 1152	GLOUCESTER	Thou art reverend
FTLN 1153	Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.	
	WINCHESTER	
FTLN 1154	Rome shall remedy this.	
FTLN 1155	「GLOUCESTER」	Roam thither then. 55
	WARWICK, 「to Winchester」	
FTLN 1156	My lord, it were your duty to forbear.	
	SOMERSET	
FTLN 1157	Ay, 「so」 the Bishop be not overborne.	
FTLN 1158	Methinks my lord should be religious,	
FTLN 1159	And know the office that belongs to such.	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 1160	Methinks his Lordship should be humbler.	60
FTLN 1161	It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.	
	SOMERSET	
FTLN 1162	Yes, when his holy state is touched so near.	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 1163	State holy, or unhallowed, what of that?	
FTLN 1164	Is not his Grace Protector to the King?	
	PLANTAGENET, 「aside」	
FTLN 1165	Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue,	65
FTLN 1166	Lest it be said “Speak, sirrah, when you should;	
FTLN 1167	Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?”	
FTLN 1168	Else would I have a fling at Winchester.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 1169	Uncles of Gloucester and of Winchester,	
FTLN 1170	The special watchmen of our English weal,	70
FTLN 1171	I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,	
FTLN 1172	To join your hearts in love and amity.	
FTLN 1173	O, what a scandal is it to our crown	
FTLN 1174	That two such noble peers as you should jar!	
FTLN 1175	Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell	75
FTLN 1176	Civil dissension is a viperous worm	
FTLN 1177	That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.	

A noise within: "Down with the tawny coats!"

FTLN 1178

What tumult 's this?

FTLN 1179

WARWICK An uproar, I dare warrant,

FTLN 1180

Begun through malice of the Bishop's men.

80

A noise again: "Stones! Stones!"

Enter Mayor.

MAYOR

FTLN 1181

O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,

FTLN 1182

Pity the city of London, pity us!

FTLN 1183

The Bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's men,

FTLN 1184

Forbidden late to carry any weapon,

FTLN 1185

Have filled their pockets full of pebble stones

85

FTLN 1186

And, banding themselves in contrary parts,

FTLN 1187

Do pelt so fast at one another's pate

FTLN 1188

That many have their giddy brains knocked out;

FTLN 1189

Our windows are broke down in every street,

FTLN 1190

And we, for fear, compelled to shut our shops.

90

Enter [Servingmen] in skirmish with bloody pates.

KING HENRY

FTLN 1191

We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,

FTLN 1192

To hold your slaught'ring hands and keep the peace.—

FTLN 1193

Pray, Uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife.

FTLN 1194

FIRST SERVINGMAN Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll

FTLN 1195

fall to it with our teeth.

95

SECOND SERVINGMAN

FTLN 1196

Do what you dare, we are as

FTLN 1197

resolute.

Skirmish again.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1198

You of my household, leave this peevish broil,

FTLN 1199

And set this unaccustomed fight aside.

THIRD SERVINGMAN

FTLN 1200

My lord, we know your Grace to be a man

100

FTLN 1201

Just and upright, and, for your royal birth,

FTLN 1202	Inferior to none but to his Majesty;	
FTLN 1203	And ere that we will suffer such a prince,	
FTLN 1204	So kind a father of the commonweal,	
FTLN 1205	To be disgracèd by an inkhorn mate,	105
FTLN 1206	We and our wives and children all will fight	
FTLN 1207	And have our bodies slaughtered by thy foes.	
	FIRST SERVINGMAN	
FTLN 1208	Ay, and the very parings of our nails	
FTLN 1209	Shall pitch a field when we are dead.	
	<i>Begin again.</i>	
FTLN 1210	GLOUCESTER Stay, stay, I say!	110
FTLN 1211	And if you love me, as you say you do,	
FTLN 1212	Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 1213	O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!	
FTLN 1214	Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold	
FTLN 1215	My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?	115
FTLN 1216	Who should be pitiful if you be not?	
FTLN 1217	Or who should study to prefer a peace	
FTLN 1218	If holy churchmen take delight in broils?	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 1219	Yield, my Lord Protector—yield, Winchester—	
FTLN 1220	Except you mean with obstinate repulse	120
FTLN 1221	To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.	
FTLN 1222	You see what mischief, and what murder too,	
FTLN 1223	Hath been enacted through your enmity.	
FTLN 1224	Then be at peace, except you thirst for blood.	
	WINCHESTER	
FTLN 1225	He shall submit, or I will never yield.	125
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 1226	Compassion on the King commands me stoop,	
FTLN 1227	Or I would see his heart out ere the priest	
FTLN 1228	Should ever get that privilege of me.	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 1229	Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the Duke	
FTLN 1230	Hath banished moody discontented fury,	130

FTLN 1231	As by his smoothèd brows it doth appear.	
FTLN 1232	Why look you still so stern and tragical?	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 1233	Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.	
	<i>«Winchester refuses Gloucester's hand.»</i>	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 1234	Fie, Uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach	
FTLN 1235	That malice was a great and grievous sin;	135
FTLN 1236	And will not you maintain the thing you teach,	
FTLN 1237	But prove a chief offender in the same?	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 1238	Sweet king! The Bishop hath a kindly gird.—	
FTLN 1239	For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent;	
FTLN 1240	What, shall a child instruct you what to do?	140
	WINCHESTER	
FTLN 1241	Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield to thee;	
FTLN 1242	Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.	
	<i>«They take each other's hand.»</i>	
	GLOUCESTER, <i>«aside»</i>	
FTLN 1243	Ay, but I fear me with a hollow heart.—	
FTLN 1244	See here, my friends and loving countrymen,	
FTLN 1245	This token serveth for a flag of truce	145
FTLN 1246	Betwixt ourselves and all our followers,	
FTLN 1247	So help me God, as I dissemble not.	
	WINCHESTER, <i>«aside»</i>	
FTLN 1248	So help me God, as I intend it not.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 1249	O, loving uncle—kind Duke of Gloucester—	
FTLN 1250	How joyful am I made by this contract.	150
FTLN 1251	<i>«To the Servingmen.»</i> Away, my masters, trouble us	
FTLN 1252	no more,	
FTLN 1253	But join in friendship as your lords have done.	
FTLN 1254	FIRST SERVINGMAN Content. I'll to the surgeon's.	
FTLN 1255	SECOND SERVINGMAN And so will I.	155

FTLN 1256	THIRD SERVINGMAN	And I will see what physic the tavern	
FTLN 1257		affords.	
		<i>They exit</i> [with Mayor and Others.]	
	WARWICK,	[presenting a scroll]	
FTLN 1258		Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,	
FTLN 1259		Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet	
FTLN 1260		We do exhibit to your Majesty.	160
	GLOUCESTER		
FTLN 1261		Well urged, my Lord of Warwick.—For, sweet prince,	
FTLN 1262		An if your Grace mark every circumstance,	
FTLN 1263		You have great reason to do Richard right,	
FTLN 1264		Especially for those occasions	
FTLN 1265		At Eltham Place I told your Majesty.	165
	KING HENRY		
FTLN 1266		And those occasions, uncle, were of force.—	
FTLN 1267		Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is	
FTLN 1268		That Richard be restored to his blood.	
	WARWICK		
FTLN 1269		Let Richard be restored to his blood;	
FTLN 1270		So shall his father's wrongs be recompensed.	170
	WINCHESTER		
FTLN 1271		As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.	
	KING HENRY		
FTLN 1272		If Richard will be true, not that alone	
FTLN 1273		But all the whole inheritance I give	
FTLN 1274		That doth belong unto the house of York,	
FTLN 1275		From whence you spring by lineal descent.	175
	PLANTAGENET		
FTLN 1276		Thy humble servant vows obedience	
FTLN 1277		And humble service till the point of death.	
	KING HENRY		
FTLN 1278		Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot;	
		<i>Plantagenet kneels.</i>	
FTLN 1279		And in reguerdon of that duty done	
FTLN 1280		I girt thee with the valiant sword of York.	180

FTLN 1281	Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,	
FTLN 1282	And rise created princely Duke of York.	
	YORK, <i>「formerly PLANTAGENET, standing」</i>	
FTLN 1283	And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!	
FTLN 1284	And as my duty springs, so perish they	
FTLN 1285	That grudge one thought against your Majesty.	185
	ALL	
FTLN 1286	Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York.	
	SOMERSET, <i>「aside」</i>	
FTLN 1287	Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of York.	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 1288	Now will it best avail your Majesty	
FTLN 1289	To cross the seas and to be crowned in France.	
FTLN 1290	The presence of a king engenders love	190
FTLN 1291	Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,	
FTLN 1292	As it disanimates his enemies.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 1293	When Gloucester says the word, King Henry goes,	
FTLN 1294	For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 1295	Your ships already are in readiness.	195
	<i>Sennet. Flourish. All but Exeter exit.</i>	
	EXETER	
FTLN 1296	Ay, we may march in England or in France,	
FTLN 1297	Not seeing what is likely to ensue.	
FTLN 1298	This late dissension grown betwixt the peers	
FTLN 1299	Burns under feignèd ashes of forged love	
FTLN 1300	And will at last break out into a flame.	200
FTLN 1301	As festered members rot but by degree	
FTLN 1302	Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,	
FTLN 1303	So will this base and envious discord breed.	
FTLN 1304	And now I fear that fatal prophecy	
FTLN 1305	Which in the time of Henry named the Fifth	205
FTLN 1306	Was in the mouth of every sucking babe:	
FTLN 1307	That Henry born at Monmouth should win all,	

FTLN 1308 And Henry born at Windsor ^{「should」} lose all,
 FTLN 1309 Which is so plain that Exeter doth wish
 FTLN 1310 His days may finish ere that hapless time. 210

He exits.

Scene 2

*Enter Pucelle disguised, with four Soldiers with sacks
 upon their backs.*

PUCELLE

FTLN 1311 These are the city gates, the gates of Roan,
 FTLN 1312 Through which our policy must make a breach.
 FTLN 1313 Take heed. Be wary how you place your words;
 FTLN 1314 Talk like the vulgar sort of market men
 FTLN 1315 That come to gather money for their corn. 5
 FTLN 1316 If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
 FTLN 1317 And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
 FTLN 1318 I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
 FTLN 1319 That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

SOLDIER

FTLN 1320 Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city, 10
 FTLN 1321 And we be lords and rulers over Roan;
 FTLN 1322 Therefore we'll knock.

Knock.

WATCH, ^{「within」}

FTLN 1323 *Qui là?*

FTLN 1324 PUCELLE *Paysans la pauvre gens de France:*
 FTLN 1325 Poor market folks that come to sell their corn. 15

WATCH

FTLN 1326 Enter, go in. The market bell is rung.

PUCELLE, ^{「aside」}

FTLN 1327 Now, Roan, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.
They exit.

*Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson, Reignier,
and Soldiers.* ¶

CHARLES

FTLN 1328 Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem
FTLN 1329 And once again we'll sleep secure in Roan.

BASTARD

FTLN 1330 Here entered Pucelle and her practisants. 20
FTLN 1331 Now she is there, how will she specify
FTLN 1332 "Here is the best and safest passage in"?

REIGNIER

FTLN 1333 By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower,
FTLN 1334 Which, once discerned, shows that her meaning is:
FTLN 1335 No way to that, for weakness, which she entered. 25

Enter Pucelle on the top, thrusting out a torch burning.

PUCELLE

FTLN 1336 Behold, this is the happy wedding torch
FTLN 1337 That joineth Roan unto her countrymen,
FTLN 1338 But burning fatal to the Talbonites.

BASTARD

FTLN 1339 See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;
FTLN 1340 The burning torch, in yonder turret stands. 30

CHARLES

FTLN 1341 Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
FTLN 1342 A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

REIGNIER

FTLN 1343 Defer no time; delays have dangerous ends.
FTLN 1344 Enter and cry "The Dauphin!" presently,
FTLN 1345 And then do execution on the watch. 35

Alarum. They exit. ¶

An Alarum. Enter Talbot in an excursion.

TALBOT

FTLN 1346 France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
FTLN 1347 If Talbot but survive thy treachery.

FTLN 1348 Pucelle, that witch, that damnèd sorceress,
 FTLN 1349 Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
 FTLN 1350 That hardly we escaped the pride of France. 40

He exits.

An alarum. Excursions. Bedford brought in sick in a chair, [carried by two Attendants.] Enter Talbot and Burgundy without; within, Pucelle [with a sack of grain,] Charles, Bastard, [Alanson,] and Reignier on the walls.

PUCELLE, [to those below]

FTLN 1351 Good morrow, gallants. Want you corn for bread?
 [*She scatters grain on those below.*]

FTLN 1352 I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
 FTLN 1353 Before he'll buy again at such a rate.
 FTLN 1354 'Twas full of darnel. Do you like the taste?

BURGUNDY

FTLN 1355 Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtesan! 45
 FTLN 1356 I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,
 FTLN 1357 And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

CHARLES

FTLN 1358 Your Grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

BEDFORD

FTLN 1359 O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason.

PUCELLE

FTLN 1360 What will you do, good graybeard? Break a lance 50
 FTLN 1361 And run a-tilt at Death within a chair?

TALBOT

FTLN 1362 Foul fiend of France and hag of all despite,
 FTLN 1363 Encompassed with thy lustful paramours,
 FTLN 1364 Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age
 FTLN 1365 And twit with cowardice a man half dead? 55
 FTLN 1366 Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
 FTLN 1367 Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

PUCELLE

FTLN 1368 Are you so hot, sir? Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace,
FTLN 1369 If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

〔Those below〕 whisper together in council.

FTLN 1370 God speed the Parliament! Who shall be the Speaker? 60

TALBOT

FTLN 1371 Dare you come forth and meet us in the field?

PUCELLE

FTLN 1372 Belike your Lordship takes us then for fools,
FTLN 1373 To try if that our own be ours or no.

TALBOT

FTLN 1374 I speak not to that railing Hecate,
FTLN 1375 But unto thee, Alanson, and the rest. 65

FTLN 1376 Will you, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

FTLN 1377 ALANSON Seigneur, no.

TALBOT

FTLN 1378 Seigneur, hang! Base muleteers of France,
FTLN 1379 Like peasant footboys do they keep the walls
FTLN 1380 And dare not take up arms like gentlemen. 70

PUCELLE

FTLN 1381 Away, captains. Let's get us from the walls,
FTLN 1382 For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.—
FTLN 1383 Goodbye, my lord. We came but to tell you
FTLN 1384 That we are here. *They exit from the walls.*

TALBOT

FTLN 1385 And there will we be too, ere it be long, 75

FTLN 1386 Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame.—

FTLN 1387 Vow, Burgundy, by honor of thy house,

FTLN 1388 Pricked on by public wrongs sustained in France,

FTLN 1389 Either to get the town again or die.

FTLN 1390 And I, as sure as English Henry lives, 80

FTLN 1391 And as his father here was conqueror,

FTLN 1392 As sure as in this late-betrayèd town

FTLN 1393 Great Coeur-de-lion's heart was burièd,

FTLN 1394 So sure I swear to get the town or die.

BURGUNDY

FTLN 1395 My vows are equal partners with thy vows. 85

TALBOT

FTLN 1396 But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
FTLN 1397 The valiant Duke of Bedford.—Come, my lord,
FTLN 1398 We will bestow you in some better place,
FTLN 1399 Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

BEDFORD

FTLN 1400 Lord Talbot, do not so dishonor me. 90
FTLN 1401 Here will I sit, before the walls of Roan,
FTLN 1402 And will be partner of your weal or woe.

BURGUNDY

FTLN 1403 Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you—

BEDFORD

FTLN 1404 Not to be gone from hence, for once I read
FTLN 1405 That stout Pendragon, in his litter sick, 95
FTLN 1406 Came to the field and vanquishèd his foes.
FTLN 1407 Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts
FTLN 1408 Because I ever found them as myself.

TALBOT

FTLN 1409 Undaunted spirit in a dying breast,
FTLN 1410 Then be it so. Heavens keep old Bedford safe!— 100
FTLN 1411 And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
FTLN 1412 But gather we our forces out of hand
FTLN 1413 And set upon our boasting enemy.

He exits 「with Burgundy.」

「Bedford and Attendants remain.」

*An alarum. Excursions. Enter Sir John Fastolf
and a Captain.*

CAPTAIN

FTLN 1414 Whither away, Sir John Fastolf, in such haste?

FASTOLF

FTLN 1415 Whither away? To save myself by flight. 105
FTLN 1416 We are like to have the overthrow again.

CAPTAIN

FTLN 1417 What, will you fly and leave Lord Talbot?

FTLN 1418 FASTOLF Ay,

FTLN 1419 All the Talbots in the world, to save my life.

He exits.

CAPTAIN

FTLN 1420 Cowardly knight, ill fortune follow thee.

110

He exits.

*Retreat. Excursions. Pucelle, Alanson, and Charles
 〔enter, pursued by English Soldiers, and〕 fly.*

BEDFORD

FTLN 1421 Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,

FTLN 1422 For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.

FTLN 1423 What is the trust or strength of foolish man?

FTLN 1424 They that of late were daring with their scoffs

FTLN 1425 Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

115

*Bedford dies, and is carried
 in by two in his chair.*

An alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgundy, and the rest.

TALBOT

FTLN 1426 Lost and recovered in a day again!

FTLN 1427 This is a double honor, Burgundy.

FTLN 1428 Yet heavens have glory for this victory.

BURGUNDY

FTLN 1429 Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy

FTLN 1430 Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects

FTLN 1431 Thy noble deeds as valor's monuments.

120

TALBOT

FTLN 1432 Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?

FTLN 1433 I think her old familiar is asleep.

FTLN 1434 Now where's the Bastard's braves and Charles his
FTLN 1435 gleeks?

125

FTLN 1436 What, all amort? Roan hangs her head for grief

FTLN 1437 That such a valiant company are fled.
 FTLN 1438 Now will we take some order in the town,
 FTLN 1439 Placing therein some expert officers,
 FTLN 1440 And then depart to Paris to the King, 130
 FTLN 1441 For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

BURGUNDY

FTLN 1442 What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

TALBOT

FTLN 1443 But yet, before we go, let's not forget
 FTLN 1444 The noble Duke of Bedford late-deceased,
 FTLN 1445 But see his exequies fulfilled in Roan. 135
 FTLN 1446 A braver soldier never couchèd lance,
 FTLN 1447 A gentler heart did never sway in court.
 FTLN 1448 But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
 FTLN 1449 For that's the end of human misery.

They exit.

Scene 3

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson, Pucelle, [and Soldiers.]

PUCELLE

FTLN 1450 Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
 FTLN 1451 Nor grieve that Roan is so recoverèd.
 FTLN 1452 Care is no cure, but rather corrosive
 FTLN 1453 For things that are not to be remedied.
 FTLN 1454 Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while, 5
 FTLN 1455 And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
 FTLN 1456 We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
 FTLN 1457 If dauphin and the rest will be but ruled.

CHARLES

FTLN 1458 We have been guided by thee hitherto,
 FTLN 1459 And of thy cunning had no diffidence. 10
 FTLN 1460 One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

BASTARD, 「to Pucelle」

FTLN 1461 Search out thy wit for secret policies,
FTLN 1462 And we will make thee famous through the world.

ALANSON, 「to Pucelle」

FTLN 1463 We'll set thy statue in some holy place
FTLN 1464 And have thee revered like a blessed saint. 15
FTLN 1465 Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

PUCELLE

FTLN 1466 Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
FTLN 1467 By fair persuasions mixed with sugared words
FTLN 1468 We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
FTLN 1469 To leave the Talbot and to follow us. 20

CHARLES

FTLN 1470 Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
FTLN 1471 France were no place for Henry's warriors,
FTLN 1472 Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
FTLN 1473 But be extirped from our provinces.

ALANSON

FTLN 1474 Forever should they be expelled from France, 25
FTLN 1475 And not have title of an earldom here.

PUCELLE

FTLN 1476 Your honors shall perceive how I will work
FTLN 1477 To bring this matter to the wished end.
Drum sounds afar off.

FTLN 1478 Hark! By the sound of drum you may perceive
FTLN 1479 Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward. 30
Here sound an English march.

FTLN 1480 There goes the Talbot with his colors spread,
FTLN 1481 And all the troops of English after him.
French march.

FTLN 1482 Now in the rearward comes the Duke and his.
FTLN 1483 Fortune in favor makes him lag behind.
FTLN 1484 Summon a parley; we will talk with him. 35
Trumpets sound a parley.

CHARLES

FTLN 1485 A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!

「*Enter Burgundy.*」

BURGUNDY

FTLN 1486 Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

PUCELLE

FTLN 1487 The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

BURGUNDY

FTLN 1488 What say'st thou, Charles?—for I am marching hence.

CHARLES, 「*aside to Pucelle*」

FTLN 1489 Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words. 40

PUCELLE

FTLN 1490 Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France,
FTLN 1491 Stay; let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

BURGUNDY

FTLN 1492 Speak on, but be not over-tedious.

PUCELLE

FTLN 1493 Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
FTLN 1494 And see the cities and the towns defaced 45
FTLN 1495 By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.

FTLN 1496 As looks the mother on her lowly babe
FTLN 1497 When death doth close his tender-dying eyes,
FTLN 1498 See, see the pining malady of France:

FTLN 1499 Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds, 50
FTLN 1500 Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast.

FTLN 1501 O, turn thy edgèd sword another way;
FTLN 1502 Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
FTLN 1503 One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
FTLN 1504 Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore. 55

FTLN 1505 Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
FTLN 1506 And wash away thy country's stainèd spots.

BURGUNDY, 「*aside*」

FTLN 1507 Either she hath bewitched me with her words,
FTLN 1508 Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

PUCELLE

FTLN 1509 Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee, 60
 FTLN 1510 Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
 FTLN 1511 Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation
 FTLN 1512 That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
 FTLN 1513 When Talbot hath set footing once in France
 FTLN 1514 And fashioned thee that instrument of ill, 65
 FTLN 1515 Who then but English Henry will be lord,
 FTLN 1516 And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
 FTLN 1517 Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof:
 FTLN 1518 Was not the Duke of Orleance thy foe?
 FTLN 1519 And was he not in England prisoner? 70
 FTLN 1520 But when they heard he was thine enemy,
 FTLN 1521 They set him free, without his ransom paid,
 FTLN 1522 In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
 FTLN 1523 See then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
 FTLN 1524 And join'st with them will be thy slaughtermen. 75
 FTLN 1525 Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord.
 FTLN 1526 Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

BURGUNDY, 「*aside*」

FTLN 1527 I am vanquishèd. These haughty words of hers
 FTLN 1528 Have battered me like roaring cannon-shot,
 FTLN 1529 And made me almost yield upon my knees.— 80
 FTLN 1530 Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen;
 FTLN 1531 And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace.

「*He embraces Charles, Bastard, and Alanson.*」

FTLN 1532 My forces and my power of men are yours.
 FTLN 1533 So, farewell, Talbot. I'll no longer trust thee.

PUCELLE, 「*aside*」

FTLN 1534 Done like a Frenchman: turn and turn again. 85

CHARLES

FTLN 1535 Welcome, brave duke. Thy friendship makes us fresh.

BASTARD

FTLN 1536 And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

ALANSON

FTLN 1537 Pucelle hath bravely played her part in this
 FTLN 1538 And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

CHARLES

FTLN 1539 Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers, 90
 FTLN 1540 And seek how we may prejudice the foe.

They exit.

Scene 4

*〔Flourish.〕 Enter the King, Gloucester, Winchester,
 Exeter; York, Warwick, 〔and Vernon, with white roses;〕
 Somerset, Suffolk, 〔and Basset, with red roses.〕
 To them, with his Soldiers, Talbot.*

TALBOT

FTLN 1541 My gracious prince and honorable peers,
 FTLN 1542 Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
 FTLN 1543 I have awhile given truce unto my wars
 FTLN 1544 To do my duty to my sovereign;
 FTLN 1545 In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaimed 5
 FTLN 1546 To your obedience fifty fortresses,
 FTLN 1547 Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
 FTLN 1548 Besides five hundred prisoners of esteem,
 FTLN 1549 Lets fall his sword before your Highness' feet,
 FTLN 1550 And with submissive loyalty of heart 10
 FTLN 1551 Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
 FTLN 1552 First to my God, and next unto your Grace.

〔He kneels.〕

KING HENRY

FTLN 1553 Is this the Lord Talbot, Uncle Gloucester,
 FTLN 1554 That hath so long been resident in France?

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1555 Yes, if it please your Majesty, my liege. 15

KING HENRY

FTLN 1556 Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord.
 FTLN 1557 When I was young—as yet I am not old—
 FTLN 1558 I do remember how my father said
 FTLN 1559 A stouter champion never handled sword.
 FTLN 1560 Long since we were resolvèd of your truth, 20
 FTLN 1561 Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
 FTLN 1562 Yet never have you tasted our reward
 FTLN 1563 Or been reguerdoned with so much as thanks,
 FTLN 1564 Because till now we never saw your face.
 FTLN 1565 Therefore stand up; and for these good deserts 25
 FTLN 1566 We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;
 FTLN 1567 And in our coronation take your place. *〔Talbot rises.〕*

*Sennet. Flourish. All except
 Vernon and Basset exit.*

VERNON

FTLN 1568 Now, sir, to you that were so hot at sea,
 FTLN 1569 Disgracing of these colors that I wear
 FTLN 1570 In honor of my noble Lord of York, 30
 FTLN 1571 Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

BASSET

FTLN 1572 Yes, sir, as well as you dare patronage
 FTLN 1573 The envious barking of your saucy tongue
 FTLN 1574 Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

VERNON

FTLN 1575 Sirrah, thy lord I honor as he is. 35

BASSET

FTLN 1576 Why, what is he? As good a man as York.

VERNON

FTLN 1577 Hark you, not so; in witness, take you that.
Strikes him.

BASSET

FTLN 1578 Villain, thou knowest the law of arms is such
 FTLN 1579 That whoso draws a sword 'tis present death,
 FTLN 1580 Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood. 40

FTLN 1581

But I'll unto his Majesty, and crave

FTLN 1582

I may have liberty to venge this wrong,

FTLN 1583

When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

「He exits.」

VERNON

FTLN 1584

Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you,

FTLN 1585

And after meet you sooner than you would.

45

He exits.

ACT 4

Scene 1

Flourish. Enter King, Gloucester, Winchester, Talbot,
Exeter; York and Warwick, with white roses; Suffolk
and Somerset, with red roses; Governor of Paris,
and Others.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1586 Lord Bishop, set the crown upon his head.

WINCHESTER, *crowning King Henry*

FTLN 1587 God save King Henry, of that name the Sixth!

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1588 Now, Governor of Paris, take your oath.

Governor kneels.

FTLN 1589 That you elect no other king but him;

FTLN 1590 Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,

5

FTLN 1591 And none your foes but such as shall pretend

FTLN 1592 Malicious practices against his state:

FTLN 1593 This shall you do, so help you righteous God.

Governor rises.

Enter Fastolf.

FASTOLF

FTLN 1594 My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Callice

FTLN 1595 To haste unto your coronation,

10

FTLN 1596 A letter was delivered to my hands,

FTLN 1597 Writ to your Grace from th' Duke of Burgundy.

He hands the King a paper.

TALBOT

FTLN 1598 Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!

FTLN 1599	I vowed, base knight, when I did meet thee next,	
FTLN 1600	To tear the Garter from thy craven's leg,	15
	(「tearing it off」)	
FTLN 1601	Which I have done, because unworthily	
FTLN 1602	Thou wast installèd in that high degree.—	
FTLN 1603	Pardon me, princely Henry and the rest.	
FTLN 1604	This dastard, at the battle of 「Patay,」	
FTLN 1605	When but in all I was six thousand strong	20
FTLN 1606	And that the French were almost ten to one,	
FTLN 1607	Before we met or that a stroke was given,	
FTLN 1608	Like to a trusty squire did run away;	
FTLN 1609	In which assault we lost twelve hundred men.	
FTLN 1610	Myself and divers gentlemen besides	25
FTLN 1611	Were there surprised and taken prisoners.	
FTLN 1612	Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss,	
FTLN 1613	Or whether that such cowards ought to wear	
FTLN 1614	This ornament of knighthood—yea or no?	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 1615	To say the truth, this fact was infamous	30
FTLN 1616	And ill beseeming any common man,	
FTLN 1617	Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.	
	TALBOT	
FTLN 1618	When first this Order was ordained, my lords,	
FTLN 1619	Knights of the Garter were of noble birth,	
FTLN 1620	Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,	35
FTLN 1621	Such as were grown to credit by the wars;	
FTLN 1622	Not fearing death nor shrinking for distress,	
FTLN 1623	But always resolute in most extremes.	
FTLN 1624	He then that is not furnished in this sort	
FTLN 1625	Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,	40
FTLN 1626	Profaning this most honorable Order,	
FTLN 1627	And should, if I were worthy to be judge,	
FTLN 1628	Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain	
FTLN 1629	That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.	
	KING HENRY, 「to Fastolf」	
FTLN 1630	Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom.	45

FTLN 1631	Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight.	
FTLN 1632	Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.	
	「Fastolf exits.」	
FTLN 1633	And now, 「my」 lord protector, view the letter	
FTLN 1634	Sent from our uncle, Duke of Burgundy.	
	「He hands the paper to Gloucester.」	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 1635	What means his Grace that he hath changed his style?	50
FTLN 1636	No more but, plain and bluntly, “ <i>To the King</i> ”!	
FTLN 1637	Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?	
FTLN 1638	Or doth this churlish superscription	
FTLN 1639	Pretend some alteration in good will?	
FTLN 1640	What’s here? (「Reads.」)	55
FTLN 1641	<i>I have upon especial cause,</i>	
FTLN 1642	<i>Moved with compassion of my country’s wrack,</i>	
FTLN 1643	<i>Together with the pitiful complaints</i>	
FTLN 1644	<i>Of such as your oppression feeds upon,</i>	
FTLN 1645	<i>Forsaken your pernicious faction</i>	60
FTLN 1646	<i>And joined with Charles, the rightful king of France.</i>	
FTLN 1647	O monstrous treachery! Can this be so?	
FTLN 1648	That in alliance, amity, and oaths	
FTLN 1649	There should be found such false dissembling guile?	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 1650	What? Doth my Uncle Burgundy revolt?	65
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 1651	He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 1652	Is that the worst this letter doth contain?	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 1653	It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 1654	Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with him	
FTLN 1655	And give him chastisement for this abuse.—	70
FTLN 1656	How say you, my lord, are you not content?	

TALBOT

FTLN 1657 Content, my liege? Yes. But that I am prevented,
FTLN 1658 I should have begged I might have been employed.

KING HENRY

FTLN 1659 Then gather strength and march unto him straight;
FTLN 1660 Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason 75
FTLN 1661 And what offense it is to flout his friends.

TALBOT

FTLN 1662 I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
FTLN 1663 You may behold confusion of your foes. *「He exits.」*

*Enter Vernon, 「with a white rose,」 and Basset,
「with a red rose.」*

VERNON

FTLN 1664 Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign.

BASSET

FTLN 1665 And me, my lord, grant me the combat too. 80

YORK, *「indicating Vernon」*

FTLN 1666 This is my servant; hear him, noble prince.

SOMERSET, *「indicating Basset」*

FTLN 1667 And this is mine, sweet Henry; favor him.

KING HENRY

FTLN 1668 Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.—
FTLN 1669 Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim,
FTLN 1670 And wherefore crave you combat, or with whom? 85

VERNON

FTLN 1671 With him, my lord, for he hath done me wrong.

BASSET

FTLN 1672 And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

KING HENRY

FTLN 1673 What is that wrong whereof you both complain?

FTLN 1674 First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

BASSET

FTLN 1675 Crossing the sea from England into France, 90
FTLN 1676 This fellow here with envious carping tongue
FTLN 1677 Upbraided me about the rose I wear,

FTLN 1678	Saying the sanguine color of the leaves	
FTLN 1679	Did represent my master's blushing cheeks	
FTLN 1680	When stubbornly he did repugn the truth	95
FTLN 1681	About a certain question in the law	
FTLN 1682	Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him,	
FTLN 1683	With other vile and ignominious terms.	
FTLN 1684	In confutation of which rude reproach,	
FTLN 1685	And in defense of my lord's worthiness,	100
FTLN 1686	I crave the benefit of law of arms.	
	VERNON	
FTLN 1687	And that is my petition, noble lord;	
FTLN 1688	For though he seem with forgèd quaint conceit	
FTLN 1689	To set a gloss upon his bold intent,	
FTLN 1690	Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him,	105
FTLN 1691	And he first took exceptions at this badge,	
FTLN 1692	Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower	
FTLN 1693	Betrayed the faintness of my master's heart.	
	YORK	
FTLN 1694	Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?	
	SOMERSET	
FTLN 1695	Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,	110
FTLN 1696	Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 1697	Good Lord, what madness rules in brainsick men	
FTLN 1698	When for so slight and frivolous a cause	
FTLN 1699	Such factious emulations shall arise!	
FTLN 1700	Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,	115
FTLN 1701	Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.	
	YORK	
FTLN 1702	Let this dissension first be tried by fight,	
FTLN 1703	And then your Highness shall command a peace.	
	SOMERSET	
FTLN 1704	The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;	
FTLN 1705	Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.	120
	YORK, <i>「throwing down a gage」</i>	
FTLN 1706	There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.	

VERNON, *['to Somerset']*

FTLN 1707 Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

BASSET, *['to Somerset']*

FTLN 1708 Confirm it so, mine honorable lord.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1709 Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife,

FTLN 1710 And perish you with your audacious prate! 125

FTLN 1711 Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed

FTLN 1712 With this immodest clamorous outrage

FTLN 1713 To trouble and disturb the King and us?—

FTLN 1714 And you, my lords, methinks you do not well

FTLN 1715 To bear with their perverse objections, 130

FTLN 1716 Much less to take occasion from their mouths

FTLN 1717 To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves.

FTLN 1718 Let me persuade you take a better course.

EXETER

FTLN 1719 It grieves his Highness. Good my lords, be friends.

KING HENRY

FTLN 1720 Come hither, you that would be combatants: 135

FTLN 1721 Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favor,

FTLN 1722 Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.—

FTLN 1723 And you, my lords, remember where we are:

FTLN 1724 In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation.

FTLN 1725 If they perceive dissension in our looks, 140

FTLN 1726 And that within ourselves we disagree,

FTLN 1727 How will their grudging stomachs be provoked

FTLN 1728 To willful disobedience and rebel!

FTLN 1729 Besides, what infamy will there arise

FTLN 1730 When foreign princes shall be certified 145

FTLN 1731 That for a toy, a thing of no regard,

FTLN 1732 King Henry's peers and chief nobility

FTLN 1733 Destroyed themselves and lost the realm of France!

FTLN 1734 O, think upon the conquest of my father,

FTLN 1735 My tender years, and let us not forgo 150

FTLN 1736 That for a trifle that was bought with blood.

FTLN 1737 Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.

FTLN 1738	I see no reason if I wear this rose	
FTLN 1739	That anyone should therefore be suspicious	
FTLN 1740	I more incline to Somerset than York.	155
	<i>〔He puts on a red rose.〕</i>	
FTLN 1741	Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.	
FTLN 1742	As well they may upbraid me with my crown	
FTLN 1743	Because, forsooth, the King of Scots is crowned.	
FTLN 1744	But your discretions better can persuade	
FTLN 1745	Than I am able to instruct or teach;	160
FTLN 1746	And therefore, as we hither came in peace,	
FTLN 1747	So let us still continue peace and love.	
FTLN 1748	Cousin of York, we institute your Grace	
FTLN 1749	To be our regent in these parts of France;—	
FTLN 1750	And good my Lord of Somerset, unite	165
FTLN 1751	Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;	
FTLN 1752	And like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,	
FTLN 1753	Go cheerfully together and digest	
FTLN 1754	Your angry choler on your enemies.	
FTLN 1755	Ourselves, my lord protector, and the rest,	170
FTLN 1756	After some respite, will return to Callice;	
FTLN 1757	From thence to England, where I hope ere long	
FTLN 1758	To be presented, by your victories,	
FTLN 1759	With Charles, Alanson, and that traitorous rout.	
	<i>Flourish. All but York, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon exit.</i>	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 1760	My Lord of York, I promise you the King	175
FTLN 1761	Prettily, methought, did play the orator.	
	YORK	
FTLN 1762	And so he did, but yet I like it not	
FTLN 1763	In that he wears the badge of Somerset.	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 1764	Tush, that was but his fancy; blame him not.	
FTLN 1765	I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.	180
	YORK	
FTLN 1766	And if <i>〔iwis〕</i> he did—but let it rest.	
FTLN 1767	Other affairs must now be managèd.	

*York, Warwick and Vernon exit.
Exeter remains.*

EXETER

FTLN 1768	Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice,	
FTLN 1769	For had the passions of thy heart burst out,	
FTLN 1770	I fear we should have seen deciphered there	185
FTLN 1771	More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,	
FTLN 1772	Than yet can be imagined or supposed.	
FTLN 1773	But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees	
FTLN 1774	This jarring discord of nobility,	
FTLN 1775	This shouldering of each other in the court,	190
FTLN 1776	This factious bandying of their favorites,	
FTLN 1777	But <i>sees</i> it doth presage some ill event.	
FTLN 1778	'Tis much when scepters are in children's hands,	
FTLN 1779	But more when envy breeds unkind division:	
FTLN 1780	There comes the ruin; there begins confusion.	195
	<i>He exits.</i>	

Scene 2

*Enter Talbot with Soldiers and Trump and Drum
before Bordeaux.*

TALBOT

FTLN 1781	Go to the gates of Bordeaux, trumpeter.	
FTLN 1782	Summon their general unto the wall.	
	<i>Trumpet sounds. Enter General and Others aloft.</i>	
FTLN 1783	English John Talbot, captains, <i>calls</i> you forth,	
FTLN 1784	Servant-in-arms to Harry, King of England,	
FTLN 1785	And thus he would: open your city gates,	5
FTLN 1786	Be humble to us, call my sovereign yours,	
FTLN 1787	And do him homage as obedient subjects,	
FTLN 1788	And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power.	
FTLN 1789	But if you frown upon this proffered peace,	
FTLN 1790	You tempt the fury of my three attendants,	10

FTLN 1791	Lean Famine, quartering Steel, and climbing Fire,	
FTLN 1792	Who, in a moment, even with the earth	
FTLN 1793	Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,	
FTLN 1794	If you forsake the offer of their love.	
	〔GENERAL〕	
FTLN 1795	Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,	15
FTLN 1796	Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge,	
FTLN 1797	The period of thy tyranny approacheth.	
FTLN 1798	On us thou canst not enter but by death;	
FTLN 1799	For I protest we are well fortified	
FTLN 1800	And strong enough to issue out and fight.	20
FTLN 1801	If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,	
FTLN 1802	Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.	
FTLN 1803	On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitched	
FTLN 1804	To wall thee from the liberty of flight;	
FTLN 1805	And no way canst thou turn thee for redress	25
FTLN 1806	But Death doth front thee with apparent spoil,	
FTLN 1807	And pale Destruction meets thee in the face.	
FTLN 1808	Ten thousand French have ta'en the Sacrament	
FTLN 1809	To rive their dangerous artillery	
FTLN 1810	Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.	30
FTLN 1811	Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man	
FTLN 1812	Of an invincible unconquered spirit.	
FTLN 1813	This is the latest glory of thy praise	
FTLN 1814	That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;	
FTLN 1815	For ere the glass that now begins to run	35
FTLN 1816	Finish the process of his sandy hour,	
FTLN 1817	These eyes, that see thee now well-colorèd,	
FTLN 1818	Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.	
	<i>Drum afar off.</i>	
FTLN 1819	Hark, hark, the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,	
FTLN 1820	Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul,	40
FTLN 1821	And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.	
	<i>He exits, 〔aloft, with Others.〕</i>	

TALBOT

FTLN 1822

He fables not; I hear the enemy.

FTLN 1823

Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.

〔Some Soldiers exit.〕

FTLN 1824

O, negligent and heedless discipline,

FTLN 1825

How are we parked and bounded in a pale,

45

FTLN 1826

A little herd of England's timorous deer

FTLN 1827

Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs.

FTLN 1828

If we be English deer, be then in blood,

FTLN 1829

Not rascal-like to fall down with a pinch,

FTLN 1830

But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,

50

FTLN 1831

Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel

FTLN 1832

And make the cowards stand aloof at bay.

FTLN 1833

Sell every man his life as dear as mine

FTLN 1834

And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.

FTLN 1835

God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,

55

FTLN 1836

Prosper our colors in this dangerous fight!

*〔He exits with Soldiers, Drum and Trumpet.〕**〔Scene 3〕**Enter a Messenger that meets York. Enter York
with Trumpet and many Soldiers.*

YORK

FTLN 1837

Are not the speedy scouts returned again

FTLN 1838

That dogged the mighty army of the Dauphin?

MESSENGER

FTLN 1839

They are returned, my lord, and give it out

FTLN 1840

That he is marched to Bordeaux with his power

FTLN 1841

To fight with Talbot. As he marched along,

5

FTLN 1842

By your espials were discoverèd

FTLN 1843

Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,

FTLN 1844

Which joined with him and made their march for

FTLN 1845

Bordeaux.

〔He exits.〕

YORK

FTLN 1846	A plague upon that villain Somerset	10
FTLN 1847	That thus delays my promised supply	
FTLN 1848	Of horsemen that were levied for this siege!	
FTLN 1849	Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,	
FTLN 1850	And I am louted by a traitor villain	
FTLN 1851	And cannot help the noble chevalier.	15
FTLN 1852	God comfort him in this necessity.	
FTLN 1853	If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.	

Enter 「Sir William Lucy」

「LUCY」

FTLN 1854	Thou princely leader of our English strength,	
FTLN 1855	Never so needful on the earth of France,	
FTLN 1856	Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,	20
FTLN 1857	Who now is girdled with a waist of iron	
FTLN 1858	And hemmed about with grim destruction.	
FTLN 1859	To Bordeaux, warlike duke! To Bordeaux, York!	
FTLN 1860	Else farewell Talbot, France, and England's honor.	

YORK

FTLN 1861	O God, that Somerset, who in proud heart	25
FTLN 1862	Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!	
FTLN 1863	So should we save a valiant gentleman	
FTLN 1864	By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.	
FTLN 1865	Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep	
FTLN 1866	That thus we die while remiss traitors sleep.	30

「LUCY」

FTLN 1867 O, send some succor to the distressed lord!

YORK

FTLN 1868	He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;	
FTLN 1869	We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get,	
FTLN 1870	All long of this vile traitor Somerset.	

「LUCY」

FTLN 1871	Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul,	35
FTLN 1872	And on his son, young John, who two hours since	
FTLN 1873	I met in travel toward his warlike father.	

FTLN 1874 This seven years did not Talbot see his son,
FTLN 1875 And now they meet where both their lives are done.

YORK

FTLN 1876 Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have 40
FTLN 1877 To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
FTLN 1878 Away! Vexation almost stops my breath,
FTLN 1879 That sundered friends greet in the hour of death.
FTLN 1880 Lucy, farewell. No more my fortune can
FTLN 1881 But curse the cause I cannot aid the man. 45
FTLN 1882 Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours are won away,
FTLN 1883 Long all of Somerset and his delay.

YORK and his Soldiers exit.

YORK

FTLN 1884 Thus while the vulture of sedition
FTLN 1885 Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
FTLN 1886 Sleeping neglectation doth betray to loss 50
FTLN 1887 The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
FTLN 1888 That ever-living man of memory,
FTLN 1889 Henry the Fifth. Whiles they each other cross,
FTLN 1890 Lives, honors, lands, and all hurry to loss.

He exits.

YORK

*Enter Somerset with his army and a Captain
from Talbot's army.*

SOMERSET

FTLN 1891 It is too late; I cannot send them now.
FTLN 1892 This expedition was by York and Talbot
FTLN 1893 Too rashly plotted. All our general force
FTLN 1894 Might with a sally of the very town
FTLN 1895 Be buckled with. The over daring Talbot 5
FTLN 1896 Hath sullied all his gloss of former honor
FTLN 1897 By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure.

FTLN 1898 York set him on to fight and die in shame
 FTLN 1899 That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

CAPTAIN

FTLN 1900 Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me 10
 FTLN 1901 Set from our o'er-matched forces forth for aid.

SOMERSET

FTLN 1902 How now, Sir William, whither were you sent?

LUCY

FTLN 1903 Whither, my lord? From bought and sold Lord Talbot,
 FTLN 1904 Who, ringed about with bold adversity,
 FTLN 1905 Cries out for noble York and Somerset 15
 FTLN 1906 To beat assailing Death from his weak regions;
 FTLN 1907 And whiles the honorable captain there
 FTLN 1908 Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs
 FTLN 1909 And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue,
 FTLN 1910 You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honor, 20
 FTLN 1911 Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
 FTLN 1912 Let not your private discord keep away
 FTLN 1913 The levied succors that should lend him aid,
 FTLN 1914 While he, renownèd noble gentleman,
 FTLN 1915 Yield up his life unto a world of odds. 25
 FTLN 1916 Orleance the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
 FTLN 1917 Alanson, Reignier compass him about,
 FTLN 1918 And Talbot perisheth by your default.

SOMERSET

FTLN 1919 York set him on; York should have sent him aid.

LUCY

FTLN 1920 And York as fast upon your Grace exclaims, 30
 FTLN 1921 Swearing that you withhold his levied host
 FTLN 1922 Collected for this expedition.

SOMERSET

FTLN 1923 York lies. He might have sent and had the horse.
 FTLN 1924 I owe him little duty and less love,
 FTLN 1925 And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending. 35

LUCY

FTLN 1926 The fraud of England, not the force of France,
 FTLN 1927 Hath now entrapped the noble-minded Talbot.
 FTLN 1928 Never to England shall he bear his life,
 FTLN 1929 But dies betrayed to fortune by your strife.

SOMERSET

FTLN 1930 Come, go. I will dispatch the horsemen straight. 40
 FTLN 1931 Within six hours they will be at his aid.

LUCY

FTLN 1932 Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en or slain,
 FTLN 1933 For fly he could not if he would have fled;
 FTLN 1934 And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

SOMERSET

FTLN 1935 If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu. 45

LUCY

FTLN 1936 His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

They exit.

[Scene 5]

Enter Talbot and [John Talbot,] his son.

TALBOT

FTLN 1937 O young John Talbot, I did send for thee
 FTLN 1938 To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
 FTLN 1939 That Talbot's name might be in thee revived
 FTLN 1940 When sapless age and weak unable limbs
 FTLN 1941 Should bring thy father to his drooping chair. 5
 FTLN 1942 But—O, malignant and ill-boding stars!—
 FTLN 1943 Now thou art come unto a feast of Death,
 FTLN 1944 A terrible and unavoyded danger.
 FTLN 1945 Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
 FTLN 1946 And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape 10
 FTLN 1947 By sudden flight. Come, dally not, be gone.

JOHN TALBOT

FTLN 1948 Is my name Talbot? And am I your son?
 FTLN 1949 And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
 FTLN 1950 Dishonor not her honorable name
 FTLN 1951 To make a bastard and a slave of me! 15
 FTLN 1952 The world will say "He is not Talbot's blood,
 FTLN 1953 That basely fled when noble Talbot stood."

TALBOT

FTLN 1954 Fly, to revenge my death if I be slain.

JOHN TALBOT

FTLN 1955 He that flies so will ne'er return again.

TALBOT

FTLN 1956 If we both stay, we both are sure to die. 20

JOHN TALBOT

FTLN 1957 Then let me stay and, father, do you fly.
 FTLN 1958 Your loss is great; so your regard should be.
 FTLN 1959 My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
 FTLN 1960 Upon my death, the French can little boast;
 FTLN 1961 In yours they will; in you all hopes are lost. 25
 FTLN 1962 Flight cannot stain the honor you have won,
 FTLN 1963 But mine it will, that no exploit have done.
 FTLN 1964 You fled for vantage, everyone will swear;
 FTLN 1965 But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
 FTLN 1966 There is no hope that ever I will stay 30
 FTLN 1967 If the first hour I shrink and run away. *〔He kneels.〕*
 FTLN 1968 Here on my knee I beg mortality,
 FTLN 1969 Rather than life preserved with infamy.

TALBOT

FTLN 1970 Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

JOHN TALBOT

FTLN 1971 Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb. 35

TALBOT

FTLN 1972 Upon my blessing I command thee go.

JOHN TALBOT

FTLN 1973 To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

	TALBOT	
FTLN 1974	Part of thy father may be saved in thee.	
	JOHN TALBOT	
FTLN 1975	No part of him but will be shame in me.	
	TALBOT	
FTLN 1976	Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.	40
	JOHN TALBOT	
FTLN 1977	Yes, your renownèd name; shall flight abuse it?	
	TALBOT	
FTLN 1978	Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.	
	JOHN TALBOT	
FTLN 1979	You cannot witness for me, being slain.	
FTLN 1980	If death be so apparent, then both fly.	
	TALBOT	
FTLN 1981	And leave my followers here to fight and die?	45
FTLN 1982	My age was never tainted with such shame.	
	JOHN TALBOT	
FTLN 1983	And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?	
		<i>「He rises.」</i>
FTLN 1984	No more can I be severed from your side	
FTLN 1985	Than can yourself yourself in twain divide.	
FTLN 1986	Stay, go, do what you will; the like do I,	50
FTLN 1987	For live I will not, if my father die.	
	TALBOT	
FTLN 1988	Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,	
FTLN 1989	Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.	
FTLN 1990	Come, side by side, together live and die,	
FTLN 1991	And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.	55
		<i>「They」 exit.</i>

[Scene 6]

*Alarum. Excursions, wherein Talbot's son [John]
is hemmed about, and Talbot rescues him.*

TALBOT

FTLN 1992 Saint George, and victory! Fight, soldiers, fight!
FTLN 1993 The Regent hath with Talbot broke his word
FTLN 1994 And left us to the rage of France his sword.
FTLN 1995 Where is John Talbot?—Pause, and take thy breath;
FTLN 1996 I gave thee life and rescued thee from death. 5

JOHN TALBOT

FTLN 1997 O, twice my father, twice am I thy son!
FTLN 1998 The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done
FTLN 1999 Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
FTLN 2000 To my determined time thou gav'st new date.

TALBOT

FTLN 2001 When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire, 10
FTLN 2002 It warmed thy father's heart with proud desire
FTLN 2003 Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,
FTLN 2004 Quickened with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
FTLN 2005 Beat down Alanson, Orleance, Burgundy,
FTLN 2006 And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee. 15
FTLN 2007 The ireful Bastard Orleance, that drew blood
FTLN 2008 From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
FTLN 2009 Of thy first fight, I soon encounterèd,
FTLN 2010 And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
FTLN 2011 Some of his bastard blood, and in disgrace 20
FTLN 2012 Bespoke him thus: "Contaminated, base,
FTLN 2013 And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
FTLN 2014 Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine
FTLN 2015 Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy."
FTLN 2016 Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy, 25
FTLN 2017 Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care:
FTLN 2018 Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?

FTLN 2019	Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,	
FTLN 2020	Now thou art sealed the son of chivalry?	
FTLN 2021	Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead;	30
FTLN 2022	The help of one stands me in little stead.	
FTLN 2023	O, too much folly is it, well I wot,	
FTLN 2024	To hazard all our lives in one small boat.	
FTLN 2025	If I today die not with Frenchmen's rage,	
FTLN 2026	Tomorrow I shall die with mickle age.	35
FTLN 2027	By me they nothing gain, and, if I stay,	
FTLN 2028	'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day.	
FTLN 2029	In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,	
FTLN 2030	My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame.	
FTLN 2031	All these and more we hazard by thy stay;	40
FTLN 2032	All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.	
	JOHN TALBOT	
FTLN 2033	The sword of Orleance hath not made me smart;	
FTLN 2034	These words of yours draw lifeblood from my heart.	
FTLN 2035	On that advantage, bought with such a shame,	
FTLN 2036	To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,	45
FTLN 2037	Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,	
FTLN 2038	The coward horse that bears me fall and die!	
FTLN 2039	And like me to the peasant boys of France,	
FTLN 2040	To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!	
FTLN 2041	Surely, by all the glory you have won,	50
FTLN 2042	An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son.	
FTLN 2043	Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;	
FTLN 2044	If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.	
	TALBOT	
FTLN 2045	Then follow thou thy desp'rate sire of Crete,	
FTLN 2046	Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet.	55
FTLN 2047	If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,	
FTLN 2048	And commendable proved, let's die in pride.	

They exit.

[Scene 7]

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter old Talbot
led [by a Servant.]*

TALBOT

FTLN 2049 Where is my other life? Mine own is gone.
 FTLN 2050 O, where's young Talbot? Where is valiant John?
 FTLN 2051 Triumphant Death, smeared with captivity,
 FTLN 2052 Young Talbot's valor makes me smile at thee.
 FTLN 2053 When he perceived me shrink and on my knee, 5
 FTLN 2054 His bloody sword he brandished over me,
 FTLN 2055 And like a hungry lion did commence
 FTLN 2056 Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
 FTLN 2057 But when my angry guardant stood alone,
 FTLN 2058 Tend'ring my ruin and assailed of none, 10
 FTLN 2059 Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart
 FTLN 2060 Suddenly made him from my side to start
 FTLN 2061 Into the clust'ring battle of the French;
 FTLN 2062 And in that sea of blood, my boy did drench
 FTLN 2063 His over-mounting spirit; and there died 15
 FTLN 2064 My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter [Soldiers] with John Talbot, borne.

SERVINGMAN

FTLN 2065 O, my dear lord, lo where your son is borne!

TALBOT

FTLN 2066 Thou antic Death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
 FTLN 2067 Anon from thy insulting tyranny,
 FTLN 2068 Coupled in bonds of perpetuity, 20
 FTLN 2069 Two Talbots, wingèd through the lither sky,
 FTLN 2070 In thy despite shall scape mortality.—
 FTLN 2071 O, thou whose wounds become hard-favored Death,
 FTLN 2072 Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!
 FTLN 2073 Brave Death by speaking, whither he will or no. 25
 FTLN 2074 Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.—

FTLN 2075	Poor boy, he smiles, methinks, as who should say	
FTLN 2076	“Had Death been French, then Death had died	
FTLN 2077	today.”—	
FTLN 2078	Come, come, and lay him in his father’s arms;	30
FTLN 2079	My spirit can no longer bear these harms.	
FTLN 2080	Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,	
FTLN 2081	Now my old arms are young John Talbot’s grave.	
	<i>Dies.</i>	
	⌈ <i>Alarums. Soldiers exit.</i> ⌋	
	<i>Enter Charles, Alanson, Burgundy, Bastard,</i> <i>and Pucelle, ⌈with Forces.⌋</i>	
	CHARLES	
FTLN 2082	Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,	
FTLN 2083	We should have found a bloody day of this.	35
	BASTARD	
FTLN 2084	How the young whelp of Talbot’s, raging wood,	
FTLN 2085	Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen’s blood!	
	PUCELLE	
FTLN 2086	Once I encountered him, and thus I said:	
FTLN 2087	“Thou maiden youth, be vanquished by a maid.”	
FTLN 2088	But with a proud majestic high scorn	40
FTLN 2089	He answered thus: “Young Talbot was not born	
FTLN 2090	To be the pillage of a giglot wench.”	
FTLN 2091	So, rushing in the bowels of the French,	
FTLN 2092	He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.	
	BURGUNDY	
FTLN 2093	Doubtless he would have made a noble knight.	45
FTLN 2094	See where he lies inhearsèd in the arms	
FTLN 2095	Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.	
	BASTARD	
FTLN 2096	Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,	
FTLN 2097	Whose life was England’s glory, Gallia’s wonder.	
	CHARLES	
FTLN 2098	O, no, forbear! For that which we have fled	50
FTLN 2099	During the life, let us not wrong it dead.	

Enter Lucy †*with Attendants and a French Herald.* †

LUCY

FTLN 2100 Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
FTLN 2101 To know who hath obtained the glory of the day.

CHARLES

FTLN 2102 On what submissive message art thou sent?

LUCY

FTLN 2103 Submission, dauphin? 'Tis a mere French word. 55
FTLN 2104 We English warriors wot not what it means.
FTLN 2105 I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
FTLN 2106 And to survey the bodies of the dead.

CHARLES

FTLN 2107 For prisoners askst thou? Hell our prison is.
FTLN 2108 But tell me whom thou seek'st. 60

LUCY

FTLN 2109 But where's the great Alcides of the field,
FTLN 2110 Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
FTLN 2111 Created for his rare success in arms
FTLN 2112 Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence,
FTLN 2113 Lord Talbot of Goodrich and Urchinfield, 65
FTLN 2114 Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdon of Alton,
FTLN 2115 Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of
FTLN 2116 Sheffield,
FTLN 2117 The thrice victorious Lord of Falconbridge,
FTLN 2118 Knight of the noble Order of Saint George, 70
FTLN 2119 Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece,
FTLN 2120 Great Marshal to Henry the Sixth
FTLN 2121 Of all his wars within the realm of France?

PUCELLE

FTLN 2122 Here's a silly stately style indeed.
FTLN 2123 The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath, 75
FTLN 2124 Writes not so tedious a style as this.
FTLN 2125 Him that thou magnifi'st with all these titles
FTLN 2126 Stinking and flyblown lies here at our feet.

LUCY

FTLN 2127 Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only scourge,
 FTLN 2128 Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis? 80
 FTLN 2129 O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turned
 FTLN 2130 That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
 FTLN 2131 O, that I could but call these dead to life,
 FTLN 2132 It were enough to fright the realm of France.
 FTLN 2133 Were but his picture left amongst you here, 85
 FTLN 2134 It would amaze the proudest of you all.
 FTLN 2135 Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence
 FTLN 2136 And give them burial as beseems their worth.

PUCELLE

FTLN 2137 I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
 FTLN 2138 He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit. 90
 FTLN 2139 For God's sake, let him have him. To keep them here,
 FTLN 2140 They would but stink and putrefy the air.

CHARLES

FTLN 2141 Go, take their bodies hence.

LUCY I'll bear them hence.

FTLN 2142 But from their ashes shall be reared 95
 FTLN 2143 A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.
 FTLN 2144

CHARLES

FTLN 2145 So we be rid of them, do with him what thou wilt.
 [*Lucy, Servant, and Attendants exit,*
 bearing the bodies.]

FTLN 2146 And now to Paris in this conquering vein.
 FTLN 2147 All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[*They*] *exit.*

「ACT 5」

「Scene 1」

*Sennet. Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter,
「with Attendants.」*

KING HENRY, 「*to Gloucester*」

FTLN 2148 Have you perused the letters from the Pope,
FTLN 2149 The Emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 2150 I have, my lord, and their intent is this:
FTLN 2151 They humbly sue unto your Excellence
FTLN 2152 To have a godly peace concluded of 5
FTLN 2153 Between the realms of England and of France.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2154 How doth your Grace affect their motion?

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 2155 Well, my good lord, and as the only means
FTLN 2156 To stop effusion of our Christian blood
FTLN 2157 And stablish quietness on every side. 10

KING HENRY

FTLN 2158 Ay, marry, uncle, for I always thought
FTLN 2159 It was both impious and unnatural
FTLN 2160 That such immanity and bloody strife
FTLN 2161 Should reign among professors of one faith.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 2162 Besides, my lord, the sooner to effect 15
FTLN 2163 And surer bind this knot of amity,
FTLN 2164 The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,
FTLN 2165 A man of great authority in France,
FTLN 2166 Proffers his only daughter to your Grace
FTLN 2167 In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry. 20

KING HENRY

FTLN 2168 Marriage, uncle? Alas, my years are young;
 FTLN 2169 And fitter is my study and my books
 FTLN 2170 Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
 FTLN 2171 Yet call th' Ambassadors and, as you please,
 FTLN 2172 So let them have their answers every one. 25

[*An Attendant exits.*]

FTLN 2173 I shall be well content with any choice
 FTLN 2174 Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

*Enter Winchester, [dressed in cardinal's robes,]
 and [the Ambassador of Armagnac, a Papal Legate,
 and another Ambassador.]*

EXETER, [*aside*]

FTLN 2175 What, is my Lord of Winchester installed
 FTLN 2176 And called unto a cardinal's degree?
 FTLN 2177 Then I perceive that will be verified 30
 FTLN 2178 Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy:
 FTLN 2179 "If once he come to be a cardinal,
 FTLN 2180 He'll make his cap coequal with the crown."

KING HENRY

FTLN 2181 My Lords Ambassadors, your several suits
 FTLN 2182 Have been considered and debated on; 35
 FTLN 2183 Your purpose is both good and reasonable,
 FTLN 2184 And therefore are we certainly resolved
 FTLN 2185 To draw conditions of a friendly peace,
 FTLN 2186 Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
 FTLN 2187 Shall be transported presently to France. 40

GLOUCESTER, [*to the Ambassador of Armagnac*]

FTLN 2188 And for the proffer of my lord your master,
 FTLN 2189 I have informed his Highness so at large
 FTLN 2190 As, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
 FTLN 2191 Her beauty, and the value of her dower,
 FTLN 2192 He doth intend she shall be England's queen. 45

KING HENRY, *handing a jewel to the Ambassador*

FTLN 2193 In argument and proof of which contract,
 FTLN 2194 Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.—
 FTLN 2195 And so, my Lord Protector, see them guarded
 FTLN 2196 And safely brought to Dover, *where, inshipped,*
 FTLN 2197 Commit them to the fortune of the sea. 50

All except Winchester and Legate exit.

WINCHESTER

FTLN 2198 Stay, my Lord Legate; you shall first receive
 FTLN 2199 The sum of money which I promised
 FTLN 2200 Should be delivered to his Holiness
 FTLN 2201 For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

LEGATE

FTLN 2202 I will attend upon your Lordship's leisure. *He exits.* 55

WINCHESTER

FTLN 2203 Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
 FTLN 2204 Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
 FTLN 2205 Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive
 FTLN 2206 That neither in birth or for authority
 FTLN 2207 The Bishop will be overborne by thee. 60
 FTLN 2208 I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
 FTLN 2209 Or sack this country with a mutiny.

He exits.

Scene 2

*Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanson, Bastard,
 Reignier, and Joan la Pucelle, with Soldiers.*

CHARLES

FTLN 2210 These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
 FTLN 2211 'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt
 FTLN 2212 And turn again unto the warlike French.

ALANSON

FTLN 2213 Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
 FTLN 2214 And keep not back your powers in dalliance. 5

PUCELLE

FTLN 2215 Peace be amongst them if they turn to us;
FTLN 2216 Else ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter Scout.

SCOUT

FTLN 2217 Success unto our valiant general,
FTLN 2218 And happiness to his accomplices.

CHARLES

FTLN 2219 What tidings send our scouts? I prithee speak. 10

SCOUT

FTLN 2220 The English army that divided was
FTLN 2221 Into two parties is now conjoined in one,
FTLN 2222 And means to give you battle presently.

CHARLES

FTLN 2223 Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is,
FTLN 2224 But we will presently provide for them. 15

BURGUNDY

FTLN 2225 I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there.
FTLN 2226 Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

PUCELLE

FTLN 2227 Of all base passions, fear is most accursed.
FTLN 2228 Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
FTLN 2229 Let Henry fret and all the world repine. 20

CHARLES

FTLN 2230 Then on, my lords, and France be fortunate!

They exit.

[Scene 3]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Joan [la] Pucelle.

PUCELLE

FTLN 2231 The Regent conquers and the Frenchmen fly.
FTLN 2232 Now help, you charming spells and periapts,
FTLN 2233 And you choice spirits that admonish me,

FTLN 2234	And give me signs of future accidents.	<i>Thunder.</i>	
FTLN 2235	You speedy helpers, that are substitutes		5
FTLN 2236	Under the lordly monarch of the north,		
FTLN 2237	Appear, and aid me in this enterprise.		
	<i>Enter Fiends.</i>		
FTLN 2238	This [⌈] speed [⌋] and quick appearance argues proof		
FTLN 2239	Of your accustomed diligence to me.		
FTLN 2240	Now, you familiar spirits that are culled		10
FTLN 2241	Out of the powerful regions under earth,		
FTLN 2242	Help me this once, that France may get the field.		
	<i>They walk, and speak not.</i>		
FTLN 2243	O, hold me not with silence overlong!		
FTLN 2244	Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,		
FTLN 2245	I'll lop a member off and give it you		15
FTLN 2246	In earnest of a further benefit,		
FTLN 2247	So you do condescend to help me now.		
	<i>They hang their heads.</i>		
FTLN 2248	No hope to have redress? My body shall		
FTLN 2249	Pay recompense if you will grant my suit.		
	<i>They shake their heads.</i>		
FTLN 2250	Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice		20
FTLN 2251	Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?		
FTLN 2252	Then take my soul—my body, soul, and all—		
FTLN 2253	Before that England give the French the foil.		
	<i>They depart.</i>		
FTLN 2254	See, they forsake me. Now the time is come		
FTLN 2255	That France must vail her lofty-plumèd crest		25
FTLN 2256	And let her head fall into England's lap.		
FTLN 2257	My ancient incantations are too weak,		
FTLN 2258	And hell too strong for me to buckle with.		
FTLN 2259	Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.		
	[⌈] <i>She exits.</i> [⌋]		

*Excursions. Burgundy and York fight hand to hand.
 [Burgundy and the] French fly [as York and English
 soldiers capture Joan la Pucelle.]*

YORK

FTLN 2260 Damsel of France, I think I have you fast. 30
 FTLN 2261 Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
 FTLN 2262 And try if they can gain your liberty.
 FTLN 2263 A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
 FTLN 2264 See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows
 FTLN 2265 As if with Circe she would change my shape. 35

PUCELLE

FTLN 2266 Changed to a worser shape thou canst not be.

YORK

FTLN 2267 O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
 FTLN 2268 No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

PUCELLE

FTLN 2269 A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee,
 FTLN 2270 And may you both be suddenly surprised 40
 FTLN 2271 By bloody hands in sleeping on your beds!

YORK

FTLN 2272 Fell banning hag! Enchantress, hold thy tongue.

PUCELLE

FTLN 2273 I prithee give me leave to curse awhile.

YORK

FTLN 2274 Curse, miscreant, when thou com'st to the stake.

They exit.

Alarum. Enter Suffolk with Margaret in his hand.

SUFFOLK

FTLN 2275 Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. 45

Gazes on her.

FTLN 2276 O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly,
 FTLN 2277 For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.
 FTLN 2278 I kiss these fingers for eternal peace

FTLN 2279	And lay them gently on thy tender side.	
FTLN 2280	Who art thou? Say, that I may honor thee.	50
	MARGARET	
FTLN 2281	Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,	
FTLN 2282	The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.	
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 2283	An earl I am, and Suffolk am I called.	
FTLN 2284	Be not offended, nature's miracle;	
FTLN 2285	Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me.	55
FTLN 2286	So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,	
FTLN 2287	Keeping them prisoner underneath ^{her} wings.	
FTLN 2288	Yet if this servile usage once offend,	
FTLN 2289	Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend.	
	<i>She is going.</i>	
FTLN 2290	O, stay! (^{Aside.}) I have no power to let her pass.	60
FTLN 2291	My hand would free her, but my heart says no.	
FTLN 2292	As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,	
FTLN 2293	Twinkling another counterfeited beam,	
FTLN 2294	So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.	
FTLN 2295	Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak.	65
FTLN 2296	I'll call for pen and ink and write my mind.	
FTLN 2297	Fie, de la Pole, disable not thyself!	
FTLN 2298	Hast not a tongue? Is she not here?	
FTLN 2299	Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?	
FTLN 2300	Ay. Beauty's princely majesty is such	70
FTLN 2301	Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.	
	MARGARET	
FTLN 2302	Say, Earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so,	
FTLN 2303	What ransom must I pay before I pass?	
FTLN 2304	For I perceive I am thy prisoner.	
	SUFFOLK, ^{aside}	
FTLN 2305	How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit	75
FTLN 2306	Before thou make a trial of her love?	
	MARGARET	
FTLN 2307	Why speak'st thou not? What ransom must I pay?	

	SUFFOLK, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 2308	She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed;	
FTLN 2309	She is a woman, therefore to be won.	
	MARGARET	
FTLN 2310	Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea or no?	80
	SUFFOLK, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 2311	Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;	
FTLN 2312	Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?	
	MARGARET, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 2313	I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.	
	SUFFOLK, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 2314	There all is marred; there lies a cooling card.	
	MARGARET, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 2315	He talks at random; sure the man is mad.	85
	SUFFOLK, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 2316	And yet a dispensation may be had.	
	MARGARET	
FTLN 2317	And yet I would that you would answer me.	
	SUFFOLK, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 2318	I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?	
FTLN 2319	Why, for my king. Tush, that's a wooden thing!	
	MARGARET, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 2320	He talks of wood. It is some carpenter.	90
	SUFFOLK, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 2321	Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,	
FTLN 2322	And peace establishèd between these realms.	
FTLN 2323	But there remains a scruple in that, too;	
FTLN 2324	For though her father be the King of Naples,	
FTLN 2325	Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,	95
FTLN 2326	And our nobility will scorn the match.	
	MARGARET	
FTLN 2327	Hear you, captain? Are you not at leisure?	
	SUFFOLK, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 2328	It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much.	
FTLN 2329	Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—	
FTLN 2330	Madam, I have a secret to reveal.	100

	MARGARET, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 2331	What though I be enthralled, he seems a knight,	
FTLN 2332	And will not any way dishonor me.	
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 2333	Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.	
	MARGARET, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 2334	Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French,	
FTLN 2335	And then I need not crave his courtesy.	105
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 2336	Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause.	
	MARGARET, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 2337	Tush, women have been captivate ere now.	
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 2338	Lady, wherefore talk you so?	
	MARGARET	
FTLN 2339	I cry you mercy, 'tis but <i>quid</i> for <i>quo</i> .	
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 2340	Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose	110
FTLN 2341	Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?	
	MARGARET	
FTLN 2342	To be a queen in bondage is more vile	
FTLN 2343	Than is a slave in base servility,	
FTLN 2344	For princes should be free.	
FTLN 2345	SUFFOLK	And so shall you,
FTLN 2346	If happy England's royal king be free.	115
	MARGARET	
FTLN 2347	Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?	
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 2348	I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,	
FTLN 2349	To put a golden scepter in thy hand	
FTLN 2350	And set a precious crown upon thy head,	120
FTLN 2351	If thou wilt condescend to be my—	
FTLN 2352	MARGARET	What?
FTLN 2353	SUFFOLK	His love.

MARGARET

FTLN 2354 I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

SUFFOLK

FTLN 2355 No, gentle madam, I unworthy am 125
 FTLN 2356 To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
 FTLN 2357 And have no portion in the choice myself.
 FTLN 2358 How say you, madam? Are you so content?

MARGARET

FTLN 2359 An if my father please, I am content.

SUFFOLK

FTLN 2360 Then call our captains and our colors forth! 130
[A Soldier exits.]

FTLN 2361 And, madam, at your father's castle walls
 FTLN 2362 We'll crave a parley to confer with him.

[Enter Captains and Trumpets.] Sound [a parley.]
 Enter Reignier on the walls.

FTLN 2363 See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner!

REIGNIER

FTLN 2364 To whom?

FTLN 2365 SUFFOLK To me. 135

FTLN 2366 REIGNIER Suffolk, what remedy?

FTLN 2367 I am a soldier and unapt to weep
 FTLN 2368 Or to exclaim on Fortune's fickleness.

SUFFOLK

FTLN 2369 Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
 FTLN 2370 Consent, and, for thy Honor give consent, 140
 FTLN 2371 Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king,
 FTLN 2372 Whom I with pain have wooed and won thereto;
 FTLN 2373 And this her easy-held imprisonment
 FTLN 2374 Hath gained thy daughter princely liberty.

REIGNIER

FTLN 2375 Speaks Suffolk as he thinks? 145

FTLN 2376 SUFFOLK Fair Margaret knows
 FTLN 2377 That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

REIGNIER

FTLN 2378 Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
 FTLN 2379 To give thee answer of thy just demand.

「He exits from the walls.」

SUFFOLK

FTLN 2380 And here I will expect thy coming. 150

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier, 「below.」

REIGNIER

FTLN 2381 Welcome, brave earl, into our territories.
 FTLN 2382 Command in Anjou what your Honor pleases.

SUFFOLK

FTLN 2383 Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
 FTLN 2384 Fit to be made companion with a king.
 FTLN 2385 What answer makes your Grace unto my suit? 155

REIGNIER

FTLN 2386 Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth
 FTLN 2387 To be the princely bride of such a lord,
 FTLN 2388 Upon condition I may quietly
 FTLN 2389 Enjoy mine own, the country Maine and Anjou,
 FTLN 2390 Free from oppression or the stroke of war, 160
 FTLN 2391 My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

SUFFOLK

FTLN 2392 That is her ransom; I deliver her,
 FTLN 2393 And those two counties I will undertake
 FTLN 2394 Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

REIGNIER

FTLN 2395 And I, again in Henry's royal name 165
 FTLN 2396 As deputy unto that gracious king,
 FTLN 2397 Give thee her hand for sign of plighted faith.

SUFFOLK

FTLN 2398 Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks
 FTLN 2399 Because this is in traffic of a king.
 FTLN 2400 *「Aside.」* And yet methinks I could be well content 170
 FTLN 2401 To be mine own attorney in this case.—

FTLN 2402	I'll over then to England with this news,	
FTLN 2403	And make this marriage to be solemnized.	
FTLN 2404	So farewell, Reignier; set this diamond safe	
FTLN 2405	In golden palaces, as it becomes.	175
	REIGNIER, <i>「embracing Suffolk」</i>	
FTLN 2406	I do embrace thee, as I would embrace	
FTLN 2407	The Christian prince King Henry, were he here.	
	MARGARET, <i>「to Suffolk」</i>	
FTLN 2408	Farewell, my lord; good wishes, praise, and prayers	
FTLN 2409	Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret.	
	<i>She is going, 「as Reignier exits.」</i>	
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 2410	Farewell, sweet madam. But, hark you, Margaret,	180
FTLN 2411	No princely commendations to my king?	
	MARGARET	
FTLN 2412	Such commendations as becomes a maid,	
FTLN 2413	A virgin, and his servant, say to him.	
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 2414	Words sweetly placed and <i>「modestly」</i> directed.	
FTLN 2415	But, madam, I must trouble you again:	185
FTLN 2416	No loving token to his Majesty?	
	MARGARET	
FTLN 2417	Yes, my good lord: a pure unspotted heart,	
FTLN 2418	Never yet taint with love, I send the King.	
FTLN 2419	SUFFOLK And this withal.	<i>Kiss her.</i>
	MARGARET	
FTLN 2420	That for thyself. I will not so presume	190
FTLN 2421	To send such peevish tokens to a king.	<i>「She exits.」</i>
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 2422	O, wert thou for myself! But, Suffolk, stay.	
FTLN 2423	Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth.	
FTLN 2424	There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.	
FTLN 2425	Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise;	195
FTLN 2426	Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount	

FTLN 2427 「And」 natural graces that extinguish art;
FTLN 2428 Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
FTLN 2429 That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
FTLN 2430 Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder. 200
He exits.

「Scene 4」

Enter York, Warwick, Shepherd,
「and」 Pucelle, 「guarded.」

YORK

FTLN 2431 Bring forth that sorceress condemned to burn.

SHEPHERD

FTLN 2432 Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright.
FTLN 2433 Have I sought every country far and near,
FTLN 2434 And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
FTLN 2435 Must I behold thy timeless cruel death? 5
FTLN 2436 Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee.

PUCELLE

FTLN 2437 Decrepit miser, base ignoble wretch!
FTLN 2438 I am descended of a gentler blood.
FTLN 2439 Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

SHEPHERD

FTLN 2440 Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis not so! 10
FTLN 2441 I did beget her, all the parish knows;
FTLN 2442 Her mother liveth yet, can testify
FTLN 2443 She was the first fruit of my bach'lorship.

WARWICK

FTLN 2444 Graceless, wilt thou deny thy parentage?

YORK

FTLN 2445 This argues what her kind of life hath been, 15
FTLN 2446 Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

SHEPHERD

FTLN 2447 Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!

FTLN 2448	God knows thou art a collop of my flesh,	
FTLN 2449	And for thy sake have I shed many a tear.	
FTLN 2450	Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.	20
	PUCELLE	
FTLN 2451	Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborned this man	
FTLN 2452	Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.	
	SHEPHERD	
FTLN 2453	'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest	
FTLN 2454	The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—	
FTLN 2455	Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.	25
FTLN 2456	Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursèd be the time	
FTLN 2457	Of thy nativity! I would the milk	
FTLN 2458	Thy mother gave thee when thou ¹ suck'dst ¹ her	
FTLN 2459	breast	
FTLN 2460	Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!	30
FTLN 2461	Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs afield,	
FTLN 2462	I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!	
FTLN 2463	Dost thou deny thy father, cursèd drab?	
FTLN 2464	O burn her, burn her! Hanging is too good. <i>He exits.</i>	
	YORK	
FTLN 2465	Take her away, for she hath lived too long	35
FTLN 2466	To fill the world with vicious qualities.	
	PUCELLE	
FTLN 2467	First, let me tell you whom you have condemned:	
FTLN 2468	Not ¹ one ¹ begotten of a shepherd swain,	
FTLN 2469	But issued from the progeny of kings,	
FTLN 2470	Virtuous and holy, chosen from above	40
FTLN 2471	By inspiration of celestial grace	
FTLN 2472	To work exceeding miracles on earth.	
FTLN 2473	I never had to do with wicked spirits.	
FTLN 2474	But you, that are polluted with your lusts,	
FTLN 2475	Stained with the guiltless blood of innocents,	45
FTLN 2476	Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,	
FTLN 2477	Because you want the grace that others have,	
FTLN 2478	You judge it straight a thing impossible	

FTLN 2479	To compass wonders but by help of devils.	
FTLN 2480	No, misconceivèd! Joan of 「Arc」 hath been	50
FTLN 2481	A virgin from her tender infancy,	
FTLN 2482	Chaste and immaculate in very thought,	
FTLN 2483	Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,	
FTLN 2484	Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.	
	YORK	
FTLN 2485	Ay, ay.—Away with her to execution.	55
	WARWICK	
FTLN 2486	And hark you, sirs: because she is a maid,	
FTLN 2487	Spare for no faggots; let there be enow.	
FTLN 2488	Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake	
FTLN 2489	That so her torture may be shortenèd.	
	PUCELLE	
FTLN 2490	Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?	60
FTLN 2491	Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,	
FTLN 2492	That warranteth by law to be thy privilege:	
FTLN 2493	I am with child, you bloody homicides.	
FTLN 2494	Murder not then the fruit within my womb,	
FTLN 2495	Although you hale me to a violent death.	65
	YORK	
FTLN 2496	Now heaven forfend, the holy maid with child?	
	WARWICK, 「to Pucelle」	
FTLN 2497	The greatest miracle that e'er you wrought!	
FTLN 2498	Is all your strict preciseness come to this?	
	YORK	
FTLN 2499	She and the Dauphin have been juggling.	
FTLN 2500	I did imagine what would be her refuge.	70
	WARWICK	
FTLN 2501	Well, go to, we'll have no bastards live,	
FTLN 2502	Especially since Charles must father it.	
	PUCELLE	
FTLN 2503	You are deceived; my child is none of his.	
FTLN 2504	It was Alanson that enjoyed my love.	

	YORK	
FTLN 2505	Alanson, that notorious Machiavel?	75
FTLN 2506	It dies an if it had a thousand lives!	
	PUCELLE	
FTLN 2507	O, give me leave! I have deluded you.	
FTLN 2508	'Twas neither Charles nor yet the Duke I named,	
FTLN 2509	But Reignier, King of Naples, that prevailed.	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 2510	A married man? That's most intolerable.	80
	YORK	
FTLN 2511	Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well—	
FTLN 2512	There were so many—whom she may accuse.	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 2513	It's sign she hath been liberal and free.	
	YORK	
FTLN 2514	And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure!—	
FTLN 2515	Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee.	85
FTLN 2516	Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.	
	PUCELLE	
FTLN 2517	Then lead me hence, with whom I leave my curse:	
FTLN 2518	May never glorious sun reflex his beams	
FTLN 2519	Upon the country where you make abode,	
FTLN 2520	But darkness and the gloomy shade of death	90
FTLN 2521	Environ you, till mischief and despair	
FTLN 2522	Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves.	
	<i>She exits, [led by Guards.]</i>	
	YORK	
FTLN 2523	Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,	
FTLN 2524	Thou foul accursèd minister of hell!	
	<i>Enter [Winchester, as] Cardinal.</i>	
	WINCHESTER	
FTLN 2525	Lord Regent, I do greet your Excellence	95
FTLN 2526	With letters of commission from the King.	
FTLN 2527	For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,	

FTLN 2528 Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils,
 FTLN 2529 Have earnestly implored a general peace
 FTLN 2530 Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French; 100
 FTLN 2531 And here at hand the Dauphin and his train
 FTLN 2532 Approacheth to confer about some matter.

YORK

FTLN 2533 Is all our travail turned to this effect?
 FTLN 2534 After the slaughter of so many peers,
 FTLN 2535 So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers 105
 FTLN 2536 That in this quarrel have been overthrown
 FTLN 2537 And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
 FTLN 2538 Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
 FTLN 2539 Have we not lost most part of all the towns—
 FTLN 2540 By treason, falsehood, and by treachery— 110
 FTLN 2541 Our great progenitors had conquerèd?
 FTLN 2542 O, Warwick, Warwick, I foresee with grief
 FTLN 2543 The utter loss of all the realm of France!

WARWICK

FTLN 2544 Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace
 FTLN 2545 It shall be with such strict and severe covenants 115
 FTLN 2546 As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

*Enter Charles, Alanson, Bastard,
 Reignier, [with Attendants.]*

CHARLES

FTLN 2547 Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed
 FTLN 2548 That peaceful truce shall be proclaimed in France,
 FTLN 2549 We come to be informèd by yourselves
 FTLN 2550 What the conditions of that league must be. 120

YORK

FTLN 2551 Speak, Winchester, for boiling choler chokes
 FTLN 2552 The hollow passage of my poisoned voice
 FTLN 2553 By sight of these our baleful enemies.

WINCHESTER

FTLN 2554 Charles and the rest, it is enacted thus:

FTLN 2555	That, in regard King Henry gives consent,	125
FTLN 2556	Of mere compassion and of lenity,	
FTLN 2557	To ease your country of distressful war	
FTLN 2558	And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,	
FTLN 2559	You shall become true liegemen to his crown.	
FTLN 2560	And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear	130
FTLN 2561	To pay him tribute and submit thyself,	
FTLN 2562	Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him,	
FTLN 2563	And still enjoy thy regal dignity.	
	ALANSON	
FTLN 2564	Must he be then as shadow of himself—	
FTLN 2565	Adorn his temples with a coronet,	135
FTLN 2566	And yet, in substance and authority,	
FTLN 2567	Retain but privilege of a private man?	
FTLN 2568	This proffer is absurd and reasonless.	
	CHARLES	
FTLN 2569	'Tis known already that I am possessed	
FTLN 2570	With more than half the Gallian territories,	140
FTLN 2571	And therein revered for their lawful king.	
FTLN 2572	Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquished,	
FTLN 2573	Detract so much from that prerogative	
FTLN 2574	As to be called but viceroy of the whole?	
FTLN 2575	No, lord ambassador, I'll rather keep	145
FTLN 2576	That which I have than, coveting for more,	
FTLN 2577	Be cast from possibility of all.	
	YORK	
FTLN 2578	Insulting Charles, hast thou by secret means	
FTLN 2579	Used intercession to obtain a league	
FTLN 2580	And, now the matter grows to compromise,	150
FTLN 2581	Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?	
FTLN 2582	Either accept the title thou usurp'st,	
FTLN 2583	Of benefit proceeding from our king	
FTLN 2584	And not of any challenge of desert,	
FTLN 2585	Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.	155
	REIGNIER, <i>aside to Charles</i>	
FTLN 2586	My lord, you do not well in obstinacy	

FTLN 2587	To cavil in the course of this contract.	
FTLN 2588	If once it be neglected, ten to one	
FTLN 2589	We shall not find like opportunity.	
	ALANSON, <i>「aside to Charles」</i>	
FTLN 2590	To say the truth, it is your policy	160
FTLN 2591	To save your subjects from such massacre	
FTLN 2592	And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen	
FTLN 2593	By our proceeding in hostility;	
FTLN 2594	And therefore take this compact of a truce	
FTLN 2595	Although you break it when your pleasure serves.	165
	WARWICK	
FTLN 2596	How say'st thou, Charles? Shall our condition stand?	
	CHARLES	
FTLN 2597	It shall—only reserved you claim no interest	
FTLN 2598	In any of our towns of garrison.	
	YORK	
FTLN 2599	Then swear allegiance to his Majesty,	
FTLN 2600	As thou art knight, never to disobey	170
FTLN 2601	Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,	
FTLN 2602	Thou nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.	
	<i>「Charles, Alanson, Bastard, and Reignier swear allegiance to Henry.」</i>	
FTLN 2603	So, now dismiss your army when you please;	
FTLN 2604	Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,	
FTLN 2605	For here we entertain a solemn peace.	175
	<i>They exit.</i>	

「Scene 5」

*Enter Suffolk in conference with the King,
Gloucester, and Exeter, 「with Attendants.」*

KING HENRY

FTLN 2606	Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
FTLN 2607	Of beauteous Margaret hath astonished me.

FTLN 2608	Her virtues gracèd with external gifts	
FTLN 2609	Do breed love's settled passions in my heart,	
FTLN 2610	And like as rigor of tempestuous gusts	5
FTLN 2611	Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,	
FTLN 2612	So am I driven by breath of her renown	
FTLN 2613	Either to suffer shipwrack, or arrive	
FTLN 2614	Where I may have fruition of her love.	
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 2615	Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale	10
FTLN 2616	Is but a preface of her worthy praise.	
FTLN 2617	The chief perfections of that lovely dame,	
FTLN 2618	Had I sufficient skill to utter them,	
FTLN 2619	Would make a volume of enticing lines	
FTLN 2620	Able to ravish any dull conceit;	15
FTLN 2621	And, which is more, she is not so divine,	
FTLN 2622	So full replete with choice of all delights,	
FTLN 2623	But with as humble lowliness of mind	
FTLN 2624	She is content to be at your command—	
FTLN 2625	Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents—	20
FTLN 2626	To love and honor Henry as her lord.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 2627	And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.—	
FTLN 2628	Therefore, my Lord Protector, give consent	
FTLN 2629	That Margaret may be England's royal queen.	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 2630	So should I give consent to flatter sin.	25
FTLN 2631	You know, my lord, your Highness is betrothed	
FTLN 2632	Unto another lady of esteem.	
FTLN 2633	How shall we then dispense with that contract	
FTLN 2634	And not deface your honor with reproach?	
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 2635	As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;	30
FTLN 2636	Or one that, at a triumph having vowed	
FTLN 2637	To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists	
FTLN 2638	By reason of his adversary's odds.	

FTLN 2639	A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,	
FTLN 2640	And therefore may be broke without offense.	35
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 2641	Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?	
FTLN 2642	Her father is no better than an earl,	
FTLN 2643	Although in glorious titles he excel.	
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 2644	Yes, my lord, her father is a king,	
FTLN 2645	The King of Naples and Jerusalem,	40
FTLN 2646	And of such great authority in France	
FTLN 2647	As his alliance will confirm our peace,	
FTLN 2648	And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 2649	And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,	
FTLN 2650	Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.	45
	EXETER	
FTLN 2651	Besides, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,	
FTLN 2652	Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.	
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 2653	A dower, my lords? Disgrace not so your king	
FTLN 2654	That he should be so abject, base, and poor,	
FTLN 2655	To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.	50
FTLN 2656	Henry is able to enrich his queen,	
FTLN 2657	And not to seek a queen to make him rich;	
FTLN 2658	So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,	
FTLN 2659	As market men for oxen, sheep, or horse.	
FTLN 2660	Marriage is a matter of more worth	55
FTLN 2661	Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.	
FTLN 2662	Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,	
FTLN 2663	Must be companion of his nuptial bed.	
FTLN 2664	And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,	
FTLN 2665	Most of all these reasons bindeth us	60
FTLN 2666	In our opinions she should be preferred.	
FTLN 2667	For what is wedlock forcèd but a hell,	
FTLN 2668	An age of discord and continual strife?	

FTLN 2669	Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss	
FTLN 2670	And is a pattern of celestial peace.	65
FTLN 2671	Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,	
FTLN 2672	But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?	
FTLN 2673	Her peerless feature, joinèd with her birth,	
FTLN 2674	Approves her fit for none but for a king.	
FTLN 2675	Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit,	70
FTLN 2676	More than in women commonly is seen,	
FTLN 2677	Will answer our hope in issue of a king.	
FTLN 2678	For Henry, son unto a conqueror,	
FTLN 2679	Is likely to beget more conquerors,	
FTLN 2680	If with a lady of so high resolve	75
FTLN 2681	As is fair Margaret he be linked in love.	
FTLN 2682	Then yield, my lords, and here conclude with me	
FTLN 2683	That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 2684	Whether it be through force of your report,	
FTLN 2685	My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that	80
FTLN 2686	My tender youth was never yet attaind	
FTLN 2687	With any passion of inflaming love,	
FTLN 2688	I cannot tell; but this I am assured:	
FTLN 2689	I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,	
FTLN 2690	Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,	85
FTLN 2691	As I am sick with working of my thoughts.	
FTLN 2692	Take therefore shipping; post, my lord, to France;	
FTLN 2693	Agree to any covenants, and procure	
FTLN 2694	That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come	
FTLN 2695	To cross the seas to England and be crowned	90
FTLN 2696	King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.	
FTLN 2697	For your expenses and sufficient charge,	
FTLN 2698	Among the people gather up a tenth.	
FTLN 2699	Be gone, I say, for till you do return,	
FTLN 2700	I rest perplexèd with a thousand cares.—	95
FTLN 2701	And you, good uncle, banish all offense.	
FTLN 2702	If you do censure me by what you were,	

FTLN 2703 Not what you are, I know it will excuse
FTLN 2704 This sudden execution of my will.
FTLN 2705 And so conduct me where, from company, 100
FTLN 2706 I may revolve and ruminare my grief.
He exits 「with Attendants.」

GLOUCESTER
FTLN 2707 Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
Gloucester exits 「with Exeter.」

SUFFOLK
FTLN 2708 Thus Suffolk hath prevailed, and thus he goes
FTLN 2709 As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
FTLN 2710 With hope to find the like event in love, 105
FTLN 2711 But prosper better than the Trojan did.
FTLN 2712 Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the King,
FTLN 2713 But I will rule both her, the King, and realm.
He exits.
