

# *The first Part of Henry the Sixt by William Shakespeare*

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Scanner's Notes: What this is and isn't. This was taken from a copy of Shakespeare's first folio and it is as close as I can come in ASCII to the printed text.

The elongated S's have been changed to small s's and the conjoined ae have been changed to ae. I have left the spelling, punctuation, capitalization as close as possible to the printed text. I have corrected some spelling mistakes (I have put together a spelling dictionary devised from the spellings of the Geneva Bible and Shakespeare's First Folio and have unified spellings according to this template), typo's and expanded abbreviations as I have come across them. Everything within brackets [] is what I have added. So if you don't like that you can delete everything within the brackets if you want a purer Shakespeare.

Another thing that you should be aware of is that there are textual

differences between various copies of the first folio. So there may be differences (other than what I have mentioned above) between this and other first folio editions. This is due to the printer's habit of setting the type and running off a number of copies and then proofing the printed copy and correcting the type and then continuing the printing run. The proof run wasn't thrown away but incorporated into the printed copies. This is just the way it is. The text I have used was a composite of more than 30 different First Folio editions' best pages.

If you find any scanning errors, out and out typos, punctuation errors, or if you disagree with my spelling choices please feel free to email me those errors. I wish to make this the best etext possible. My email address for right now are haradda@aol.com and davidr@inconnect.com. I hope that you enjoy this.

David Reed

The first Part of Henry the Sixth

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fift, attended on by the Duke

of

Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloster, Protector; the

Duke of

Exeter Warwicke, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of

Somerset.

Bedford. Hung be y heauens with black, yield day to night;

Comets importing change of Times and States,

Brandish your crystall Tresses in the Skie,

And with them scourge the bad reuolting Stars,

That haue consented vnto Henries death:

King Henry the Fift, too famous to liue long,

England ne're lost a King of so much worth

Glost. England ne're had a King vntill his time:

Vertue he had, deseruing to command,

His brandisht Sword did blinde men with his beames,

His Armes spred wider then a Dragons Wings:

His sparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire,

More dazled and droue back his Enemies,

Then mid-day Sunne, fierce bent against their faces.

What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speech:

He ne're lift vp his Hand, but conquered

Exe. We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood?

Henry is dead, and neuer shall reuiue:

Vpon a Woodden Coffin we attend;  
And Deaths dishonourable Victorie,  
We with our stately presence glorifie,  
Like Captiuies bound to a Triumphant Carre.  
What? shall we curse the Planets of Mishap,  
That plotted thus our Glories ouerthrow?  
Or shall we thinke the subtile-witted French,  
Coniurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,  
By Magick Verses haue contriu'd his end

Winch. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.  
Vnto the French, the dreadfull Iudgement-Day  
So dreadfull will not be, as was his sight.  
The Battailes of the Lord of Hosts he fought:  
The Churches Prayers made him so prosperous

Glost. The Church? where is it?  
Had not Church-men pray'd,  
His thred of Life had not so soone decay'd.  
None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince,  
Whom like a Schoole-boy you may ouer-awe

Winch. Gloster, what ere we like, thou art Protector,  
And lookest to command the Prince and Realme.  
Thy Wife is prowd, she holdeth thee in awe,  
More then God or Religious Church-men may

Glost. Name not Religion, for thou lou'st the Flesh,  
And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'st,  
Except it be to pray against thy foes

Bed. Cease, cease these larres, & rest your minds in peace:

Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on vs;

In stead of Gold, wee'le offer vp our Armes,

Since Armes auayle not, now that Henry's dead,

Posteritie await for wretched yeeres,

When at their Mothers moistned eyes, Babes shall suck,

Our Ile be made a Nourish of salt Teares,

And none but Women left to wayle the dead.

Henry the Fift, thy Ghost I inuocate:

Prosper this Realme, keepe it from Ciuill Broyles,

Combat with aduerse Planets in the Heauens;

A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable Lords, health to you all:

Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,

Of losse, of slaughter, and discomfiture:

Guyen, Champaigne, Rheimes, Orleance,

Paris Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost

Bedf. What say'st thou man, before dead Henry's Coarse?

Speake softly, or the losse of those great Townes

Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from death

Glost. Is Paris lost? is Roan yeelded vp?

If Henry were recall'd to life againe,

These news would cause him once more yeeld the Ghost

Exe. How were they lost? what trecherie was vs'd?

Mess. No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.

Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered,

That here you maintaine seuerall Factions:

And whil'st a Field should be dispatcht and fought,

You are disputing of your Generals.

One would haue lingring Warres, with little cost;

Another would flye swift, but wanteth Wings:

A third thinkes, without expence at all,

By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtayn'd.

Awake, awake, English Nobilitie,

Let not slouth dimme your Honors, new begot;

Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes

Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away

Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,

These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides

Bedf. Me they concerne, Regent I am of France:

Giue me my steeled Coat, Ile fight for France.

Away with these disgracefull wayling Robes;

Wounds will I lend the French, in stead of Eyes,

To weepe their intermissiue Miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

Mess. Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance.

France is reuolted from the English quite,

Except some petty Townes, of no import.

The Dolphin Charles is crowned King in Rheimes:

The Bastard of Orleance with him is ioyn'd:

Reynold, Duke of Aniou, doth take his part,

The Duke of Alanson flyeth to his side.

Enter.

Exe. The Dolphin crown'd King? all flye to him?

O whither shall we flye from this reproach?

Glost. We will not flye, but to our enemies throats.

Bedford, if thou be slacke, Ile fight it out

Bed. Gloster, why doubtst thou of my forwardnesse?

An Army haue I muster'd in my thoughts,

Wherewith already France is ouer-run.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,  
Wherewith you now bedew King Henries hearse,  
I must informe you of a dismall fight,  
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot, and the French

Win. What? wherein Talbot ouercame, is't so?

3.Mes. O no: wherein Lord Talbot was o'rethrown:

The circumstance Ile tell you more at large.  
The tenth of August last, this dreadfull Lord,  
Retyring from the Siege of Orleance,  
Hauing full scarce six thousand in his troupe,  
By three and twentie thousand of the French  
Was round incompassed, and set vpon:  
No leysure had he to enranke his men.  
He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers:  
In stead whereof, sharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges  
They pitched in the ground confusedly,  
To keepe the Horsemen off, from breaking in.  
More then three houres the fight continued:  
Where valiant Talbot, aboue humane thought,  
Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.  
Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him:  
Here, there, and euery where enrag'd, he slew.  
The French exclaym'd, the Deuill was in Armes,  
All the whole Army stood agaz'd on him.  
His Souldiers spying his vndaunted Spirit,

A Talbot, a Talbot, cry'd out amaine,  
And rusht into the Bowels of the Battaile.  
Here had the Conquest fully been seal'd vp,  
If Sir Iohn Falstaffe had not play'd the Coward.  
He being in the Vauward, plac't behinde,  
With purpose to relieue and follow them,  
Cowardly fled, not hauing struck one stroake.  
Hence grew the generall wrack and massacre:  
Enclosed were they with their Enemies.  
A base Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace,  
Thrust Talbot with a Speare into the Back,  
Whom all France, with their chiefe assembled strength,  
Durst not presume to looke once in the face

Bedf. Is Talbot slaine then? I will slay my selfe,  
For liuing idly here, in pompe and ease,  
Whil'st such a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,  
Vnto his dastard foe-men is betray'd

3.Mess. O no, he liues, but is tooke Prisoner,  
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:  
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or tooke likewise

Bedf. His Ransome there is none but I shall pay.  
Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,  
His Crowne shall be the Ransome of my friend:

Foure of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.  
Farwell my Masters, to my Taske will I,  
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,  
To keepe our great Saint Georges Feast withall.  
Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take,  
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake

3.Mess. So you had need, for Orleance is besieg'd,  
The English Army is growne weake and faint:  
The Earle of Salisbury craueth supply,  
And hardly keepes his men from mutinie,  
Since they so few, watch such a multitude

Exe. Remember Lords your Oathes to Henry sworne:  
Eyther to quell the Dolphin vtterly,  
Or bring him in obedience to your yoake

Bedf. I doe remember it, and here take my leaue,  
To goe about my preparation.

Exit Bedford.

Glost. Ile to the Tower with all the hast I can,  
To view th' Artillerie and Munition,  
And then I will proclayme young Henry King.

Exit Gloster.

Exe. To Eltam will I, where the young King is,  
Being ordayn'd his speciall Gouvernor,  
And for his safetie there Ile best deuse.

Enter.

Winch. Each hath his Place and Function to attend:

I am left out; for me nothing remaines:

But long I will not be lack out of Office.

The King from Eltam I intend to send,

And sit at chiefest Sterne of publique Weale.

Enter.

Sound a Flourish.

Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reigneir, marching with Drum and  
Souldiers.

Charles. Mars his true mouing, euen as in the Heauens,

So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne.

Late did he shine vpon the English side:

Now we are Victors, vpon vs he smiles.

What Townes of any moment, but we haue?

At pleasure here we lye, neere Orleance:

Otherwhiles, the famisht English, like pale Ghosts,

Faintly besiege vs one houre in a moneth

Alan. They want their Porredge, & their fat Bul Beeues:

Eyther they must be dyeted like Mules,

And haue their Prouender ty'd to their mouthes,

Or pitteous they will looke, like drowned Mice

Reigneir. Let's rayse the Siege: why liue we idly here?

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to feare:

Remayneth none but mad-brayn'd Salisbury,

And he may well in fretting spend his gall,

Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre

Charles. Sound, sound Alarum, we will rush on them.

Now for the honour of the forlorne French:

Him I forgiue my death, that killeth me,

When he sees me goe back one foot, or flye.

Exeunt.

Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the English, with great

losse.

Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reigneir.

Charles. Who euer saw the like? what men haue I?

Dogges, Cowards, Dastards: I would ne're haue fled,

But that they left me 'midst my Enemies

Reigneir. Salisbury is a desperate Homicide,

He fighteth as one weary of his life:

The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode,

Doe rush vpon vs as their hungry prey

Alanson. Froysard, a Countreyman of ours, records,

England all Oliuers and Rowlands breed,

During the time Edward the third did raigne:

More truly now may this be verified;

For none but Samsons and Goliasses

It sendeth forth to skirmish: one to tenne?

Leane raw-bon'd Rascals, who would e'er suppose,

They had such courage and audacitie?

Charles. Let's leaue this Towe,

For they are hayre-brayn'd Slaues,

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:

Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth

The Walls they'le teare downe, then forsake the Siege

Reigneir. I thinke by some odde Gimmors or Deuice  
Their Armes are set, like Clocks, still to strike on;  
Else ne're could they hold out so as they doe:  
By my consent, wee'le euen let them alone

Alanson. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleance.

Bastard. Where's the Prince Dolphin? I haue newes  
for him

Dolph. Bastard of Orleance, thrice welcome to vs

Bast. Me thinks your looks are sad, your chear appal'd.

Hath the late ouerthrow wrought this offence?

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:

A holy Maid hither with me I bring,

Which by a Vision sent to her from Heauen,

Ordayned is to rayne this tedious Siege,

And driue the English forth the bounds of France:

The spirit of deepe Prophecie she hath,

Exceeding the nine Sibyls of old Rome:

What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.

Speake, shall I call her in? beleeeue my words,

For they are certaine, and vnfallible

Dolph. Goe call her in: but first, to try her skill,  
Reignier stand thou as Dolphin in my place;  
Question her prowdly, let thy Lookes be sterne,  
By this meanes shall we sound what skill she hath.  
Enter Ioane Puzel.

Reigneir. Faire Maid, is't thou wilt doe these wondrous  
feats?

Puzel. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?  
Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behinde,  
I know thee well, though neuer seene before.  
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me;  
In priuate will I talke with thee apart:  
Stand back you Lords, and giue vs leaue a while

Reigneir. She takes vpon her brauely at first dash

Puzel. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepherds Daughter,  
My wit vntrayn'd in any kind of Art:  
Heauen and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd  
To shine on my contemptible estate.  
Loe, whilst I wayted on my tender Lambes,  
And to Sunnes parching heat display'd my cheekes,  
Gods Mother deigned to appeare to me,  
And in a Vision full of Maiestie,

Will'd me to leaue my base Vocation,  
And free my Countrey from Calamitie:  
Her ayde she promis'd, and assur'd successe.  
In compleat Glory shee reueal'd her selfe:  
And whereas I was black and swart before,  
With those cleare Rayes, which shee infus'd on me,  
That beautie am I blest with, which you may see.  
Aske me what question thou canst possible,  
And I will answer vnpremeditated:  
My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar'st,  
And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex.  
Resolue on this, thou shalt be fortunate,  
If thou receiue me for thy Warlike Mate

Dolph. Thou hast astonisht me with thy high termes:  
Onely this prooffe Ile of thy Valour make,  
In single Combat thou shalt buckle with me;  
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true,  
Otherwise I renounce all confidence

Puzel. I am prepar'd: here is my keene-edg'd Sword,  
Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each side,  
The which at Touraine, in S[aint]. Katherines Church-yard,  
Out of a great deale of old Iron, I chose forth

Dolph. Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman

Puzel. And while I liue, Ile ne're flye from a man.

Here they fight, and loane de Puzel ouercomes.

Dolph. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an Amazon,  
And fightest with the Sword of Debora

Puzel. Christs Mother helpes me, else I were too  
weake

Dolph. Who e're helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:  
Impatiently I burne with thy desire,  
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.  
Excellent Puzel, if thy name be so,  
Let me thy seruant, and not Soueraigne be,  
'Tis the French Dolphin sueth to thee thus

Puzel. I must not yeeld to any rights of Loue,  
For my Profession's sacred from aboue:  
When I haue chased all thy Foes from hence,  
Then will I thinke vpon a recompence

Dolph. Meane time looke gracious on thy prostrate

Thrall

Reigneur. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke

Alans. Doubtlesse he shriues this woman to her smock,  
Else ne're could he so long protract his speech

Reigneur. Shall wee disturbe him, since hee keepes no  
meane?

Alan. He may meane more then we poor men do know,  
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues

Reigneur. My Lord, where are you? what devise you on?

Shall we giue o're Orleance, or no?

Puzel. Why no, I say: distrustfull Recreants,  
Fight till the last gaspe: Ile be your guard

Dolph. What shee sayes, Ile confirme: wee'le fight  
it out

Puzel. Assign'd am I to be the English Scourge.

This night the Siege assuredly Ile rayse:

Expect Saint Martins Summer, Halcyons dayes,

Since I haue entred into these Warres.

Glory is like a Circle in the Water,

Which neuer ceaseth to enlarge it selfe,  
Till by broad spreading, it disperse to naught.  
With Henries death, the English Circle ends,  
Dispersed are the glories it included:  
Now am I like that prowde insulting Ship,

Dolph. Was Mahomet inspired with a Doue?  
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.  
Helen, the Mother of Great Constantine,  
Nor yet S[aint]. Philips daughters were like thee.  
Bright Starre of Venus, falne downe on the Earth,  
How may I reuerently worship thee enough?  
Alanson. Leaue off delayes, and let vs rayse the  
Siege

Reigneir. Woman, do what thou canst to saue our honors,  
Driue them from Orleance, and be immortaliz'd

Dolph. Presently wee'le try: come, let's away about it,  
No Prophet will I trust, if shee proue false.

Exeunt.

Enter Gloster, with his Seruing-men.

Glost. I am come to suruey the Tower this day;  
Since Henries death, I feare there is Conueyance:  
Where be these Warders, that they wait not here?  
Open the Gates, 'tis Gloster that calls

1.Warder. Who's there, that knocks so imperiously?

Glost.1.Man. It is the Noble Duke of Gloster

2.Warder. Who ere he be, you may not be let in

1.Man. Villaines, answer you so the Lord Protector?

1.Warder. The Lord protect him, so we answer him,  
We doe no otherwise then wee are will'd

Glost. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?

There's none Protector of the Realme, but I:

Breake vp the Gates, Ile be your warrantize;

Shall I be flowted thus by dunghill Groomes?

Glosters men rush at the Tower Gates, and Wooduile the

Lieutenant speakes

within.

Wooduile. What noyse is this? what Traytors haue

wee here?

Glost. Lieutenant, is it you whose voyce I heare?

Open the Gates, here's Gloster that would enter

Wooduile. Haue patience Noble Duke, I may not open,

The Cardinall of Winchester forbids:

From him I haue expresse commandement,

That thou nor none of thine shall be let in

Glost. Faint-hearted Wooduile, prizest him 'fore me?

Arrogant Winchester, that haughtie Prelate,

Whom Henry our late Soueraigne ne're could brooke?

Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:

Open the Gates, or Ile shut thee out shortly

Seruimgmen. Open the Gates vnto the Lord Protector,

Or wee'le burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates, Winchester and his men

in

Tawney Coates.

Winchest. How now ambitious Vmpheir, what meanes

this?

Glost. Piel'd Priest, doo'st thou command me to be

shut out?

Winch. I doe, thou most vsurping Proditor,

And not Protector of the King or Realme

Glost. Stand back thou manifest Conspirator,  
Thou that contriued'st to murther our dead Lord,  
Thou that giu'st Whores Indulgences to sinne,  
Ile canuas thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat,  
If thou proceed in this thy insolence

Winch. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:  
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,  
To slay thy Brother Abel, if thou wilt

Glost. I will not slay thee, but Ile driue thee back:  
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,  
Ile vse, to carry thee out of this place

Winch. Doe what thou dar'st, I beard thee to thy  
face

Glost. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?  
Draw men, for all this priuiledged place,  
Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Priest, beware your Beard,  
I meane to tugge it, and to cuffe you soundly.  
Vnder my feet I stampe thy Cardinalls Hat:  
In spight of Pope, or dignities of Church,

Here by the Cheekes Ile drag thee vp and downe

Winch. Gloster, thou wilt answere this before the

Pope

Glost. Winchester Goose, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.

Now beat them hence, why doe you let them stay?

Thee Ile chase hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array.

Out Tawney-Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

Here Glosters men beat out the Cardinalls men, and enter in the

hurly-burly the Maior of London, and his Officers.

Maior. Fye Lords, that you being supreme Magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should breake the Peace

Glost. Peace Maior, thou know'st little of my wrongs:

Here's Beauford, that regards nor God nor King,

Hath here distrayn'd the Tower to his vse

Winch. Here's Gloster, a Foe to Citizens,

One that still motions Warre, and neuer Peace,

O're-charging your free Purses with large Fines;

That seekes to ouerthrow Religion,

Because he is Protector of the Realme;

And would haue Armour here out of the Tower,  
To Crowne himselfe King, and suppressse the Prince

Glost. I will not answer thee with words, but blowes.

Here they skirmish againe.

Maior. Naught rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,

But to make open Proclamation.

Come Officer, as lowd as e're thou canst, cry:

All manner of men, assembled here in Armes this day,  
against Gods Peace and the Kings, wee charge and command  
you, in his Highnesse Name, to repayre to your seuerall dwelling  
places, and not to weare, handle, or vse any Sword, Weapon,  
or Dagger hence-forward, vpon paine of death

Glost. Cardinall, Ile be no breaker of the Law:

But we shall meet, and breake our minds at large

Winch. Gloster, wee'le meet to thy cost, be sure:

Thy heart-blood I will haue for this dayes worke

Maior. Ile call for Clubs, if you will not away:

This Cardinall's more haughtie then the Deuill

Glost. Maior farewell: thou doo'st but what thou  
may'st

Winch. Abhominable Gloster, guard thy Head,  
For I intend to haue it ere long.

Exeunt.

Maior. See the Coast clear'd, and then we will depart.  
Good God, these Nobles should such stomacks beare,  
I my selfe fight not once in fortie yeere.

Exeunt.

Enter the Master Gunner of Orleance, and his Boy.

M.Gunner. Sirrha, thou know'st how Orleance is besieg'd,  
And how the English haue the Suburbs wonne

Boy. Father I know, and oft haue shot at them,  
How e're vnfortunate, I miss'd my ayme

M.Gunner. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:

Chiefe Master Gunner am I of this Towne,  
Something I must doe to procure me grace:  
The Princes espyals haue informed me,  
How the English, in the Suburbs close entrencht,  
Went through a secret Grate of Iron Barres,  
In yonder Tower, to ouer-peere the Citie,  
And thence discouer, how with most aduantage  
They may vex vs with Shot or with Assault.  
To intercept this inconuenience,  
A Peece of Ordnance 'gainst it I haue plac'd,  
And euen these three dayes haue I watcht,  
If I could see them. Now doe thou watch,  
For I can stay no longer.  
If thou spy'st any, runne and bring me word,  
And thou shalt finde me at the Gouvernors.  
Enter.

Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,  
Ile neuer trouble you, if I may spye them.  
Enter.

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets, with others.

Salisb. Talbot, my life, my ioy, againe return'd?  
How wert thou handled, being Prisoner?  
Or by what meanes got's thou to be releas'd?

Discourse I prethee on this Turrets top

Talbot. The Earle of Bedford had a Prisoner,  
Call'd the braue Lord Ponton de Santrayle,  
For him was I exchang'd, and ransom'd.  
But with a baser man of Armes by farre,  
Once in contempt they would haue barter'd me:  
Which I disdainig, scorn'd, and craued death,  
Rather then I would be so pil'd esteem'd:  
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.  
But O, the trecherous Falstaffe wounds my heart,  
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,  
If I now had him brought into my power

Salisb. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd

Tal. With scoffes and scornes, and contumelious taunts,  
In open Market-place produc't they me,  
To be a publique spectacle to all:  
Here, sayd they, is the Terror of the French,  
The Scar-Crow that affrights our Children so.  
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,  
And with my nayles digg'd stones out of the ground,  
To hurle at the beholders of my shame.  
My grisly countenance made others flye,  
None durst come neere, for feare of suddaine death.

In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure:  
So great feare of my Name 'mongst them were spread,  
That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of Steele,  
And spurne in pieces Posts of Adamant.  
Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had,  
That walkt about me euery Minute while:  
And if I did but stirre out of my Bed,  
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.  
Enter the Boy with a Linstock.

Salisb. I grieue to heare what torments you endur'd,  
But we will be reueng'd sufficiently.  
Now it is Supper time in Orleance:  
Here, through this Gate, I count each one,  
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:  
Let vs looke in, the sight will much delight thee:  
Sir Thomas Gargraue, and Sir William Glansdale,  
Let me haue your expresse opinions,  
Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?  
Gargraue. I thinke at the North Gate, for there stands  
Lords

Glansdale. And I heere, at the Bulwarke of the  
Bridge

Talb. For ought I see, this Citie must be famisht,

Or with light Skirmishes enfeebled.

Here they shot, and Salisbury falls downe.

Salisb. O Lord haue mercy on vs, wretched sinners

Gargraue. O Lord haue mercy on me, wofull man

Talb. What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost vs?

Speake Salisbury; at least, if thou canst, speake:

How far'st thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?

One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes side struck off?

Accursed Tower, accursed fatall Hand,

That hath contriu'd this wofull Tragedie.

In thirteene Battailes, Salisbury o'recame:

Henry the Fift he first trayn'd to the Warres.

Whil'st any Trumpe did sound, or Drum struck vp,

His Sword did ne're leaue striking in the field.

Yet liu'st thou Salisbury? though thy speech doth fayle,

One Eye thou hast to looke to Heauen for grace.

The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World.

Heauen be thou gracious to none aliue,

If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands.

Beare hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it.

Sir Thomas Gargraue, hast thou any life?

Speake vnto Talbot, nay, looke vp to him.

Salisbury cheare thy Spirit with this comfort,  
Thou shalt not dye whiles-  
He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:  
As who should say, When I am dead and gone,  
Remember to auenge me on the French.  
Plantaginet I will, and like thee,  
Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne:  
Wretched shall France be onely in my Name.

Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightens.

What stirre is this? what tumult's in the Heauens?  
Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyse?  
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord, the French haue gather'd head.  
The Dolphin, with one loane de Puzel ioyn'd,  
A holy Prophetesse, new risen vp,  
Is come with a great Power, to rayse the Siege.

Here Salisbury lifteth himselfe vp, and groanes.

Talb. Heare, heare, how dying Salisbury doth groane,  
It irkes his heart he cannot be reueng'd.  
Frenchmen, Ile be a Salisbury to you.

Puzel or Pussel, Dolphin or Dog-fish,  
Your hearts Ile stampe out with my Horses heeles,  
And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines.  
Conuey me Salisbury into his Tent,  
And then wee'lle try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

Alarum. Exeunt.

Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin, and  
driueth him:

Then enter Ioane de Puzel, driuing Englishmen before her. Then

enter

Talbot.

Talb. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?

Our English Troupes retyre, I cannot stay them,

A Woman clad in Armour chaseth them.

Enter Puzel.

Here, here shee comes. Ile haue a bowt with thee:

Deuill, or Deuils Dam, Ile coniure thee:

Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,

And straightway giue thy Soule to him thou seru'st

Puzel. Come, come, 'tis onely I that must disgrace

thee.

Here they fight.

Talb. Heuens, can you suffer Hell so to preuayle?

My brest Ile burst with straining of my courage,

And from my shoulders crack my Armes asunder,

But I will chastise this high-minded Strumpet.

They fight againe.

Puzel. Talbot farwell, thy houre is not yet come,

I must goe Victuall Orleance forthwith:

A short Alarum: then enter the Towne with Souldiers.

O're-take me if thou canst, I scorne thy strength.

Goe, goe, cheare vp thy hungry-starued men,

Helpe Salisbury to make his Testament,

This Day is ours, as many more shall be.

Enter.

Talb. My thoughts are whirled like a Potters Wheele,

I know not where I am, nor what I doe:

A Witch by feare, not force, like Hannibal,  
Driues back our troupes, and conquers as she lists:  
So Bees with smoake, and Doues with noysome stench,  
Are from their Hyues and Houses driuen away.  
They call'd vs, for our fiercenesse, English Dogges,  
Now like to Whelpes, we crying runne away.

A short Alarum.

Hearke Countreyemen, eyther renew the fight,  
Or teare the Lyons out of Englands Coat;  
Renounce your Soyle, giue Sheepe in Lyons stead:  
Sheepe run not halfe so trecherous from the Wolfe,  
Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard,  
As you flye from your oft-subdued slaues.

Alarum. Here another Skirmish.

It will not be, retyre into your Trenches:  
You all consented vnto Salisburies death,  
For none would strike a stroake in his reuenge.  
Puzel is entred into Orleance,  
In spight of vs, or ought that we could doe.  
O would I were to dye with Salisbury,  
The shame hereof, will make me hide my head.

Exit Talbot.

Alarum, Retreat, Flourish.

Enter on the Walls, Puzel, Dolphin, Reigneir, Alanson, and  
Souldiers.

Puzel. Aduance our wauing Colours on the Walls,  
Rescu'd is Orleance from the English.  
Thus loane de Puzel hath perform'd her word

Dolph. Diuine Creature, Astrea's Daughter,  
How shall I honour thee for this successe?  
Thy promises are like Adonis Garden,  
That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the next.  
France, triumph in thy glorious Prophetesse,  
Recouer'd is the Towne of Orleance,  
More blessed hap did ne're befall our State

Reigneir. Why ring not out the Bells alowd,  
Throughout the Towne?  
Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires,  
And feast and banquet in the open streets,  
To celebrate the ioy that God hath giuen vs

Alans. All France will be repleat with mirth and ioy,  
When they shall heare how we haue play'd the men

Dolph. 'Tis loane, not we, by whom the day is wonne:

For which, I will diuide my Crowne with her,  
And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realme,  
Shall in procession sing her endlesse prayse.

A statelyer Pyramis to her Ile reare,  
Then Rhodophe's or Memphis euer was.

In memorie of her, when she is dead,  
Her Ashes, in an Vrne more precious  
Then the rich-iewel'd Coffe of Darius,  
Transported, shall be at high Festiualls  
Before the Kings and Queenes of France.

No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,  
But loane de Puzel shall be France's Saint.

Come in, and let vs Banquet Royally,  
After this Golden Day of Victorie.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:

If any noyse or Souldier you perceiue

Neere to the walles, by some apparant signe

Let vs haue knowledge at the Court of Guard

Sent. Sergeant you shall. Thus are poore Seruitors

(When others sleepe vpon their quiet beds)

Constrain'd to watch in darknesse, raine, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling Ladders: Their

Drummes

beating a Dead March.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,

By whose approach, the Regions of Artoys,

Wallon, and Picardy, are friends to vs:

This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,

Hauing all day carows'd and banquetted,

Embrace we then this opportunitie,

As fitting best to quittance their deceite,

Contriu'd by Art, and balefull Sorcerie

Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,

Dispairing of his owne armes fortitude,

To ioyne with Witches, and the helpe of Hell

Bur. Traitors haue neuer other company.

But what's that Puzell whom they tearme so pure?

Tal. A Maid, they say

Bed. A Maid? And be so martiall?

Bur. Pray God she proue not masculine ere long:

If vnderneath the Standard of the French

She carry Armour, as she hath begun

Tal. Well, let them practise and conuerse with spirits.

God is our Fortresse, in whose conquering name

Let vs resolute to scale their flinty bulwarkes

Bed. Ascend braue Talbot, we will follow thee

Tal. Not altogether: Better farre I guesse,

That we do make our entrance seuerall wayes:

That if it chance the one of vs do faile,

The other yet may rise against their force

Bed. Agreed; Ile to yond corner

Bur. And I to this

Tal. And heere will Talbot mount, or make his graue.

Now Salisbury, for thee and for the right  
Of English Henry, shall this night appeare  
How much in duty, I am bound to both

Sent. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make assault.

Cry, S[aint]. George, A Talbot.

The French leape ore the walles in their shirts. Enter seuerall  
wayes,

Bastard, Alanson, Reignier, halfe ready, and halfe vnready.

Alan. How now my Lords? what all vnreadie so?

Bast. Vnready? I and glad we scap'd so well

Reig. 'Twas time (I trow) to wake and leaue our beds,

Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores

Alan. Of all exploits since first I follow'd Armes,

Nere heard I of a warlike enterprize

More venturous, or desperate then this

Bast. I thinke this Talbot be a Fiend of Hell

Reig. If not of Hell, the Heauens sure fauour him

Alans. Here commeth Charles, I maruell how he sped?

Enter Charles and loane.

Bast. Tut, holy loane was his defensiue Guard

Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter vs withall,

Make vs partakers of a little gayne,

That now our losse might be ten times so much?

loane. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

At all times will you haue my Power alike?

Sleeping or waking, must I still preuayle,

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?

Improuident Souldiors, had your Watch been good,

This sudden Mischiefe neuer could haue falne

Charl. Duke of Alanson, this was your default,

That being Captaine of the Watch to Night,

Did looke no better to that weightie Charge

Alans. Had all your Quarters been as safely kept,

As that whereof I had the gouernment,  
We had not beene thus shamefully surpriz'd

Bast. Mine was secure

Reig. And so was mine, my Lord

Charl. And for my selfe, most part of all this Night  
Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct,  
I was imploy'd in passing to and fro,  
About relieuing of the Centinels.  
Then how, or which way, should they first breake in?  
Ioane. Question (my Lords) no further of the case,  
How or which way; 'tis sure they found some place,  
But weakely guarded, where the breach was made:  
And now there rests no other shift but this,  
To gather our Souldiors, scatter'd and disperc't,  
And lay new Platformes to endamage them.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter a Souldier, crying, a Talbot, a Talbot: they flye,  
leauing  
their Clothes behind.

Sould. Ile be so bold to take what they haue left:

The Cry of Talbot serues me for a Sword,

For I haue loaden me with many Spoyles,

Vsing no other Weapon but his Name.

Enter.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie.

Bedf. The Day begins to breake, and Night is fled,

Whose pitchy Mantle ouer-vayl'd the Earth.

Here sound Retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

Retreat.

Talb. Bring forth the Body of old Salisbury,

And here aduance it in the Market-Place,

The middle Centure of this cursed Towne.

Now haue I pay'd my Vow vnto his Soule:

For euery drop of blood was drawne from him,

There hath at least fiue Frenchmen dyed to night.

And that hereafter Ages may behold

What ruine happened in reuenge of him,

Within their chiefest Temple Ile erect

A Tombe, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd:

Vpon the which, that euery one may reade,

Shall be engrau'd the sacke of Orleance,  
The trecherous manner of his mournfull death,  
And what a terror he had beene to France.  
But Lords, in all our bloody Massacre,  
I muse we met not with the Dolphins Grace,  
His new-come Champion, vertuous loane of Acre,  
Nor any of his false Confederates

Bedf. 'Tis thought Lord Talbot, when the fight began,  
Rows'd on the sudden from their drowsie Beds,  
They did amongst the troupes of armed men,  
Leape o're the Walls for refuge in the field

Burg. My selfe, as farre as I could well discern,  
For smoake, and duskie vapours of the night,  
Am sure I scar'd the Dolphin and his Trull,  
When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running,  
Like to a payre of louing Turtle-Doues,  
That could not liue asunder day or night.  
After that things are set in order here,  
Wee'le follow them with all the power we haue.  
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hayle, my Lords: which of this Princely trayne  
Call ye the Warlike Talbot, for his Acts  
So much applauded through the Realme of France?

Talb. Here is the Talbot, who would speak with him?

Mess. The vertuous Lady, Countesse of Ouergne,  
With modestie admiring thy Renowne,  
By me entreats (great Lord) thou would'st vouchsafe  
To visit her poore Castle where she lyes,  
That she may boast she hath beheld the man,  
Whose glory fills the World with lowd report

Burg. Is it euen so? Nay, then I see our Warres  
Will turne vnto a peacefull Comick sport,  
When Ladyes craue to be encountred with.  
You may not (my Lord) despise her gentle suit

Talb. Ne're trust me then: for when a World of men  
Could not preuayle with all their Oratorie,  
Yet hath a Womans kindnesse ouer-rul'd:  
And therefore tell her, I returne great thankses,  
And in submission will attend on her.  
Will not your Honors beare me company?

Bedf. No, truly, 'tis more then manners will:  
And I haue heard it sayd, Vnbidden Guests  
Are often welcommest when they are gone

Talb. Well then, alone (since there's no remedie)  
I meane to proue this Ladyes courtesie.  
Come hither Captaine, you perceiue my minde.

Whispers.

Capt. I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly.

Exeunt.

Enter Countesse.

Count. Porter, remember what I gaue in charge,  
And when you haue done so, bring the Keyes to me

Port. Madame, I will.

Enter.

Count. The Plot is layd, if all things fall out right,  
I shall as famous be by this exploit,  
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus death.  
Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight,  
And his atchieuements of no lesse account:  
Faine would mine eyes be witnessse with mine eares,  
To giue their censure of these rare reports.  
Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madame, according as your Ladyship desir'd,  
By Message crau'd, so is Lord Talbot come

Count. And he is welcome: what? is this the man?

Mess. Madame, it is

Count. Is this the Scourge of France?

Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad?

That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes?

I see Report is fabulous and false.

I thought I should haue seene some Hercules,

A second Hector, for his grim aspect,

And large proportion of his strong knit Limbes.

Alas, this is a Child, a silly Dwarfe:

It cannot be, this weake and writhled shrimpe

Should strike such terror to his Enemies

Talb. Madame, I haue beene bold to trouble you:

But since your Ladyship is not at leysure,

Ile sort some other time to visit you

Count. What meanes he now?

Goe aske him, whither he goes?

Mess. Stay my Lord Talbot, for my Lady craues,

To know the cause of your abrupt departure?

Talb. Marry, for that shee's in a wrong beleefe,

I goe to certifie her Talbot's here.

Enter Porter with Keyes.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou Prisoner

Talb. Prisoner? to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirstie Lord:

And for that cause I trayn'd thee to my House.

Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,

For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs:

But now the substance shall endure the like,

And I will chayne these Legges and Armes of thine,

That hast by Tyrannie these many yeeres

Wasted our Countrey, slaine our Citizens,

And sent our Sonnes and Husbands captiuat

Talb. Ha, ha, ha

Count. Laughest thou Wretch?

Thy mirth shall turne to moane

Talb. I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond,

To thinke, that you haue ought but Talbots shadow,

Whereon to practise your seueritie

Count. Why? art not thou the man?

Talb. I am indeede

Count. Then haue I substance too

Talb. No, no, I am but shadow of my selfe:

You are deceiu'd, my substance is not here;

For what you see, is but the smallest part,

And least proportion of Humanitie:

I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,

It is of such a spacious loftie pitch,

Your Roofe were not sufficient to contain't

Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,

He will be here, and yet he is not here:

How can these contrarities agree?

Talb. That will I shew you presently.

Winds his Horne, Drummes strike vp, a Peale of Ordenance: Enter

Souldiors.

How say you Madame? are you now perswaded,

That Talbot is but shadow of himselfe?

These are his substance, sinewes, armes, and strength,

With which he yoaketh your rebellious Neckes,  
Razeth your Cities, and subuerts your Townes,  
And in a moment makes them desolate

Count. Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse,  
I finde thou art no lesse then Fame hath bruided,  
And more then may be gathered by thy shape.  
Let my presumption not prouoke thy wrath,  
For I am sorry, that with reuerence  
I did not entertaine thee as thou art

Talb. Be not dismay'd, faire Lady, nor misconster  
The minde of Talbot, as you did mistake  
The outward composition of his body.  
What you haue done, hath not offended me:  
Nor other satisfaction doe I craue,  
But onely with your patience, that we may  
Taste of your Wine, and see what Cates you haue,  
For Souldiers stomacks alwayes serue them well

Count. With all my heart, and thinke me honored,  
To feast so great a Warrior in my House.

Exeunt.

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset, Poole, and others.

Yorke. Great Lords and Gentlemen,

What meanes this silence?

Dare no man answer in a Case of Truth?

Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd,

The Garden here is more conuenient

York. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the Truth:

Or else was wrangling Somerset in th' error?

Suff. Faith I haue beene a Truant in the Law,

And neuer yet could frame my will to it,

And therefore frame the Law vnto my will

Som. Iudge you, my Lord of Warwicke, then betweene

vs

War. Between two Hawks, which flyes the higher pitch,

Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,

Between two Blades, which beares the better temper,

Between two Horses, which doth beare him best,

Between two Girles, which hath the merriest eye,

I haue perhaps some shallow spirit of Iudgement:

But in these nice sharpe Quillets of the Law,

Good faith I am no wiser then a Daw

York. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:

The truth appeares so naked on my side,

That any purblind eye may find it out

Som. And on my side it is so well apparrell'd,

So cleare, so shining, and so eident,

That it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye

York. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speake,

In dumbe significant's proclayme your thoughts:

Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman,

And stands vpon the honor of his birth,

If he suppose that I haue pleaded truth,

From off this Bryer pluck a white Rose with me

Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,

But dare maintaine the partie of the truth,

Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorne with me

War. I loue no Colours: and without all colour

Of base insinuating flatterie,

I pluck this white Rose with Plantagenet

Suff. I pluck this red Rose, with young Somerset,

And say withall, I thinke he held the right

Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more  
Till you conclude, that he vpon whose side  
The fewest Roses are cropt from the Tree,  
Shall yeeld the other in the right opinion

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected:

If I haue fewest, I subscribe in silence

York. And I

Vernon. Then for the truth, and plainnesse of the Case,  
I pluck this pale and Maiden Blossome here,  
Giuing my Verdict on the white Rose side

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,  
Least bleeding, you doe paint the white Rose red,  
And fall on my side so against your will

Vernon. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,  
Opinion shall be Surgeon to my hurt,  
And keepe me on the side where still I am

Som. Well, well, come on, who else?

Lawyer. Vnlesse my Studie and my Bookes be false,

The argument you held, was wrong in you;

In signe whereof, I pluck a white Rose too

Yorke. Now Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that

Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red

York. Meane time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roses:

For pale they looke with feare, as witnessing

The truth on our side

Som. No Plantagenet:

Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes

Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our Roses,

And yet thy tongue will not confesse thy error

Yorke. Hath not thy Rose a Canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy Rose a Thorne, Plantagenet?

Yorke. I, sharpe and piercing to maintaine his truth,

Whiles thy consuming Canker eates his falsehood

Som. Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roses,

That shall maintaine what I haue said is true,

Where false Plantagenet dare not be seene

Yorke. Now by this Maiden Blossome in my hand,  
I scorne thee and thy fashion, peeuish Boy

Suff. Turne not thy scornes this way, Plantagenet

Yorke. Prowd Poole, I will, and scorne both him and  
thee

Suff. Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat

Som. Away, away, good William de la Poole,  
We grace the Yeoman, by conuersing with him

Warw. Now by Gods will thou wrong'st him, Somerset:

His Grandfather was Lyonel Duke of Clarence,

Third Sonne to the third Edward King of England:

Spring Crestlesse Yeomen from so deepe a Root?

Yorke. He beares him on the place's Priuiledge,

Or durst not for his crauen heart say thus

Som. By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words

On any Plot of Ground in Christendome.

Was not thy Father, Richard, Earle of Cambridge,  
For Treason executed in our late Kings dayes?  
And by his Treason, stand'st not thou attainted,  
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry?  
His Trespas yet liues guiltie in thy blood,  
And till thou be restor'd, thou art a Yeoman

Yorke. My Father was attached, not attainted,  
Condemn'd to dye for Treason, but no Traytor;  
And that Ile proue on better men then Somerset,  
Were growing time once ripened to my will.  
For your partaker Poole, and you your selfe,  
Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,  
To scourge you for this apprehension:  
Looke to it well, and say you are well warn'd

Som. Ah, thou shalt finde vs ready for thee still:  
And know vs by these Colours for thy Foes,  
For these, my friends in spight of thee shall weare

Yorke. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rose,  
As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,  
Will I for euer, and my Faction weare,  
Vntill it wither with me to my Graue,  
Or flourish to the height of my Degree

Suff. Goe forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:

And so farwell, vntill I meet thee next.

Enter.

Som. Hauē with thee Poole: Farwell ambitious Richard.

Enter.

Yorke. How I am brau'd, and must perforce endure  
it?

Warw. This blot that they object against your House,

Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament,

Call'd for the Truce of Winchester and Gloucester:

And if thou be not then created Yorke,

I will not liue to be accounted Warwicke.

Meane time, in signall of my loue to thee,

Against proude Somerset, and William Poole,

Will I vpon thy partie weare this Rose.

And here I prophecie: this brawle to day,

Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,

Shall send betweene the Red-Rose and the White,

A thousand Soules to Death and deadly Night

Yorke. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,

That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower

Ver. In your behalfe still will I weare the same

Lawyer. And so will I

Yorke. Thankes gentle.

Come, let vs foure to Dinner: I dare say,

This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day.

Exeunt.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre, and laylors.

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,

Let dying Mortimer here rest himselfe.

Euen like a man new haled from the Wrack,

So fare my Limbes with long Imprisonment:

And these gray Locks, the Pursuiuants of death,

Nestor-like aged, in an Age of Care,

Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.

These Eyes like Lampes, whose wasting Oyle is spent,

Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.

Weake Shoulders, ouer-borne with burthening Griefe,

And pyth-lesse Armes, like to a withered Vine,

That droupes his sappe-lesse Branches to the ground.

Yet are these Feet, whose strength-lesse stay is numme,

(Vnable to support this Lumpe of Clay)

Swift-winged with desire to get a Graue,

As witting I no other comfort haue.

But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?

Keeper. Richard Plantagenet, my Lord, will come:

We sent vnto the Temple, vnto his Chamber,

And answer was return'd, that he will come

Mort. Enough: my Soule shall then be satisfied.

Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.

Since Henry Monmouth first began to reigne,

Before whose Glory I was great in Armes,

This loathsome sequestration haue I had;

And euen since then, hath Richard beene obscur'd,

Depriu'd of Honor and Inheritance.

But now, the Arbitrator of Despaires,

Iust Death, kinde Vmpire of mens miseries,

With sweet enlargement doth dismisse me hence:

I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,

That so he might recouer what was lost.

Enter Richard.

Keeper. My Lord, your louing Nephew now is come

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

Rich. I, Noble Vnckle, thus ignobly vs'd,

Your Nephew, late despised Richard, comes

Mort. Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,

And in his Bosome spend my latter gaspe.

Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes,

That I may kindly giue one fainting Kisse.

And now declare sweet Stem from Yorkes great Stock,

Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd?

Rich. First, leane thine aged Back against mine Arme,

And in that ease, Ile tell thee my Disease.

This day in argument vpon a Case,

Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:

Among which tearmes, he vs'd his lauish tongue,

And did vpbrayd me with my Fathers death;

Which obloquie set barres before my tongue,

Else with the like I had requited him.

Therefore good Vnckle, for my Fathers sake,

In honor of a true Plantagenet,

And for Alliance sake, declare the cause

My Father, Earle of Cambridge, lost his Head

Mort. That cause (faire Nephew) that imprison'd me,

And hath detayn'd me all my flowring Youth,

Within a loathsome Dungeon, there to pyne,

Was cursed Instrument of his decease

Rich. Discover more at large what cause that was,  
For I am ignorant, and cannot guesse

Mort. I will, if that my fading breath permit,  
And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done.  
Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,  
Depos'd his Nephew Richard, Edwards Sonne,  
The first begotten, and the lawfull Heire  
Of Edward King, the Third of that Descent.  
During whose Reigne, the Percies of the North,  
Finding his Vsurpation most vniust,  
Endeuour'd my aduancement to the Throne.  
The reason mou'd these Warlike Lords to this,  
Was, for that (young Richard thus remou'd,  
Leauing no Heire begotten of his Body)  
I was the next by Birth and Parentage:  
For by my Mother, I deriued am  
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, third Sonne  
To King Edward the Third; whereas hee,  
From Iohn of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree,  
Being but fourth of that Heroick Lyne.  
But marke: as in this haughtie great attempt,  
They laboured, to plant the rightfull Heire,  
I lost my Libertie, and they their Liues.  
Long after this, when Henry the Fift  
(Succeeding his Father Bullingbrooke) did reigne;  
Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriu'd

From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of Yorke,  
Marrying my Sister, that thy Mother was;  
Againe, in pittie of my hard distresse,  
Leuied an Army, weening to redeeme,  
And haue install'd me in the Diademe:  
But as the rest, so fell that Noble Earle,  
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,  
In whom the Title rested, were suppress

Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the last

Mort. True; and thou seest, that I no Issue haue,  
And that my fainting words doe warrant death:  
Thou art my Heire; the rest, I wish thee gather:  
But yet be wary in thy studious care

Rich. Thy graue admonishments preuayle with me:  
But yet me thinkes, my Fathers execution  
Was nothing lesse then bloody Tyranny

Mort. With silence, Nephew, be thou pollitick,  
Strong fixed is the House of Lancaster,  
And like a Mountaine, not to be remou'd.  
But now thy Vnckle is remouing hence,  
As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd  
With long continuance in a settled place

Rich. O Vnckle, would some part of my young yeeres  
Might but redeeme the passage of your Age

Mort. Thou do'st then wrong me, as y slaughterer doth,  
Which giueth many Wounds, when one will kill.  
Mourne not, except thou sorrow for my good,  
Onely giue order for my Funerall.  
And so farewell, and faire be all thy hopes,  
And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre.

Dyes.

Rich. And Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule.  
In Prison hast thou spent a Pilgrimage,  
And like a Hermite ouer-past thy dayes.  
Well, I will locke his Councell in my Brest,  
And what I doe imagine, let that rest.  
Keepers conuey him hence, and I my selfe  
Will see his Buryall better then his Life.  
Enter.

Here dyes the duskie Torch of Mortimer,  
Choakt with Ambition of the meaner sort.  
And for those Wrongs, those bitter Iniuries,

Which Somerset hath offer'd to my House,  
I doubt not, but with Honor to redresse.  
And therefore haste I to the Parliament,  
Eyther to be restored to my Blood,  
Or make my will th' aduantage of my good.  
Enter.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, Gloster, Winchester, Warwick.

Somerset,

Suffolk, Richard Plantagenet. Gloster offers to put vp a Bill:

Winchester

snatches it, teares it.

Winch. Com'st thou with deepe premeditated Lines?

With written Pamphlets, studiously deuised?

Humfrey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,

Or ought intend'st to lay vnto my charge,

Doe it without inuention, suddenly,

As I with sudden, and extemporall speech,

Purpose to answer what thou canst object

Glo. Presumptuous Priest, this place commands my patience,

Or thou should'st finde thou hast dis-honor'd me.

Thinke not, although in Writing I preferr'd

The manner of thy vile outrageous Crymes,  
That therefore I haue forg'd, or am not able  
Verbatim to rehearse the Methode of my Penne.  
No Prelate, such is thy audacious wickednesse,  
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious prancks,  
As very Infants prattle of thy pride.  
Thou art a most pernicious Vsurer,  
Froward by nature, Enemie to Peace,  
Lasciuious, wanton, more then well beseemes  
A man of thy Profession, and Degree.  
And for thy Trecherie, what's more manifest?  
In that thou layd'st a Trap to take my Life,  
As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower.  
Beside, I feare me, if thy thoughts were sifted,  
The King, thy Soueraigne, is not quite exempt  
From enuious mallice of thy swelling heart

Winch. Gloster, I doe defie thee. Lords vouchsafe  
To giue me hearing what I shall reply.  
If I were couetous, ambitious, or peruerse,  
As he will haue me: how am I so poore?  
Or how haps it, I seeke not to aduance  
Or rayse my selfe? but keepe my wonted Calling.  
And for Dissention, who preferreth Peace  
More then I doe? except I be prouok'd.  
No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,  
It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke:

It is because no one should sway but hee,  
No one, but hee, should be about the King;  
And that engenders Thunder in his breast,  
And makes him rore these Accusations forth.  
But he shall know I am as good

Glost. As good?

Thou Bastard of my Grandfather

Winch. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,  
But one imperious in anothers Throne?

Glost. Am I not Protector, sawcie Priest?

Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?

Glost. Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keepes,  
And vseth it, to patronage his Theft

Winch. Vnreuerent Glocester

Glost. Thou art reuerent,

Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life

Winch. Rome shall remedie this

Warw. Roame thither then.

My Lord, it were your dutie to forbear

Som. I, see the Bishop be not ouer-borne:

Me thinkes my Lord should be Religious,

And know the Office that belongs to such

Warw. Me thinkes his Lordship should be humbler,

It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead

Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht so neere

Warw. State holy, or vnhallow'd, what of that?

Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

Rich. Plantagenet I see must hold his tongue,

Least it be said, Speake Sirrha when you should:

Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?

Else would I haue a fling at Winchester

King. Vnckles of Gloster, and of Winchester,

The speciall Watch-men of our English Weale,

I would preuayle, if Prayers might preuayle,

To ioyne your hearts in loue and amitie.

Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,

That two such Noble Peeres as ye should iarre?

Beleeue me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,

Ciuill dissention is a viperous Worme,

That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.

A noyse within, Downe with the Tawny-Coats.

King. What tumult's this?

Warw. An Vprore, I dare warrant,

Begun through malice of the Bishops men.

A noyse againe, Stones, Stones.

Enter Maior.

Maior. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous Henry,

Pitty the Citie of London, pitty vs:

The Bishop, and the Duke of Glosters men,

Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,

Haue fill'd their Pockets full of peeble stones;

And banding themselues in contrary parts,

Doe pelt so fast at one anothers Pate,

That many haue their giddy braynes knockt out:

Our Windowes are broke downe in euery Street,

And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.

Enter in skirmish with bloody Pates.

King. We charge you, on allegeance to our selfe,

To hold your slaughtering hands, and keepe the Peace:

Pray' Vnckle Gloster mittigate this strife

1.Seruing. Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'le fall  
to it with our Teeth

2.Seruing. Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute.

Skirmish againe.

Glost. You of my household, leaue this peeuish broyle,  
And set this vnaccustom'd fight aside

3.Seru. My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man  
Iust, and vpriht; and for your Royall Birth,  
Inferior to none, but to his Maiestie:  
And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,  
So kinde a Father of the Common-weale,  
To be disgraced by an Inke-horne Mate,  
Wee and our Wiues and Children all will fight,  
And haue our bodyes slaughtred by thy foes

1.Seru. I, and the very parings of our Nayles  
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

Begin againe.

Glost. Stay, stay, I say:

And if you loue me, as you say you doe,

Let me perswade you to forbear a while

King. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my Soule.

Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold

My sighes and teares, and will not once relent?

Who should be pittifull, if you be not?

Or who should study to preferre a Peace,

If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?

Warw. Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld Winchester,

Except you meane with obstinate repulse

To slay your Soueraigne, and destroy the Realme.

You see what Mischiefe, and what Murther too,

Hath beene enacted through your enmitie:

Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood

Winch. He shall submit, or I will neuer yeeld

Glost. Compassion on the King commands me stoupe,

Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest

Should euer get that priuiledge of me

Warw. Behold my Lord of Winchester, the Duke  
Hath banisht moodie discontented fury,  
As by his smoothed Browes it doth appeare:  
Why looke you still so sterne, and tragicall?  
Glost. Here Winchester, I offer thee my Hand

King. Fie Vnckle Beauford, I haue heard you preach,  
That Mallice was a great and grieuous sinne:  
And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?  
But proue a chiefe offendor in the same

Warw. Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:  
For shame my Lord of Winchester relent;  
What, shall a Child instruct you what to doe?  
Winch. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yeeld to thee  
Loue for thy Loue, and Hand for Hand I giue

Glost. I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart.  
See here my Friends and louing Countreymen,  
This token serueth for a Flagge of Truce,  
Betwixt our selues, and all our followers:  
So helpe me God, as I dissemble not

Winch. So helpe me God, as I intend it not

King. Oh louing Vnckle, kinde Duke of Gloster,  
How ioyfull am I made by this Contract.  
Away my Masters, trouble vs no more,  
But ioyne in friendship, as your Lords haue done

1.Seru. Content, Ile to the Surgeons

2.Seru. And so will I

3.Seru. And I will see what Physick the Tauerne affords.

Exeunt.

Warw. Accept this Scrowle, most gracious Soueraigne,  
Which in the Right of Richard Plantagenet,  
We doe exhibite to your Maiestie

Glo. Well vrg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for sweet Prince,  
And if your Grace marke euery circumstance,  
You haue great reason to doe Richard right,  
Especially for those occasions  
At Eltam Place I told your Maiestie

King. And those occasions, Vnckle, were of force:

Therefore my louing Lords, our pleasure is,

That Richard be restored to his Blood

Warw. Let Richard be restored to his Blood,

So shall his Fathers wrongs be recompenc't

Winch. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester

King. If Richard will be true, not that all alone,

But all the whole Inheritance I giue,

That doth belong vnto the House of Yorke,

From whence you spring, by Lineall Descent

Rich. Thy humble seruant vowes obedience,

And humble seruice, till the point of death

King. Stoope then, and set your Knee against my Foot,

And in reguerdon of that dutie done,

I gyrt thee with the valiant Sword of Yorke:

Rise Richard, like a true Plantagenet,

And rise created Princely Duke of Yorke

Rich. And so thriue Richard, as thy foes may fall,

And as my dutie springs, so perish they,

That grudge one thought against your Maiesty

All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of Yorke

Som. Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of Yorke

Glost. Now will it best auaile your Maiestie,  
To crosse the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France:  
The presence of a King engenders loue  
Amongst his Subjects, and his loyall Friends,  
As it dis-animates his Enemies

King. When Gloster sayes the word, King Henry goes,  
For friendly counsaile cuts off many Foes

Glost. Your Ships alreadie are in readinesse.

Senet. Flourish. Exeunt.

Manet Exeter.

Exet. I, we may march in England, or in France,  
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:  
This late dissention growne betwixt the Peeres,

Burnes vnder fained ashes of forg'd loue,  
And will at last breake out into a flame,  
As festred members rot but by degree,  
Till bones and flesh and sinewes fall away,  
So will this base and enuious discord breed.  
And now I feare that fatall Prophecie,  
Which in the time of Henry, nam'd the Fift,  
Was in the mouth of euery sucking Babe,  
That Henry borne at Monmouth should winne all,  
And Henry borne at Windsor, loose all:  
Which is so plaine, that Exeter doth wish,  
His dayes may finish, ere that haplesse time.  
Enter.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Pucell disguis'd, with foure Souldiors with Sacks vpon their  
backs.

Pucell. These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan,  
Through which our Pollicy must make a breach.  
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,  
Talke like the vulgar sort of Market men,  
That come to gather Money for their Corne.  
If we haue entrance, as I hope we shall,  
And that we finde the slouthfull Watch but weake,

Ile by a signe giue notice to our friends,  
That Charles the Dolphin may encounter them

Souldier. Our Sacks shall be a meane to sack the City,  
And we be Lords and Rulers ouer Roan,  
Therefore wee'le knock.

Knock.

Watch. Che la

Pucell. Peasauns la pouure gens de Fraunce,  
Poore Market folkes that come to sell their Corne

Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung

Pucell. Now Roan, Ile shake thy Bulwarkes to the  
ground.

Exeunt.

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson.

Charles. Saint Dennis blesse this happy Stratageme,  
And once againe wee'le sleepe secure in Roan

Bastard. Here entred Pucell, and her Practisants:  
Now she is there, how will she specifie?  
Here is the best and safest passage in

Reig. By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower,  
Which once discern'd, shewes that her meaning is,  
No way to that (for weaknesse) which she entred.  
Enter Pucell on the top, thrusting out a Torch burning.

Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,  
That ioyneth Roan vnto her Countreyemen,  
But burning fatall to the Talbonites

Bastard. See Noble Charles the Beacon of our friend,  
The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands

Charles. Now shine it like a Commet of Reuenge,  
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes

Reig. Deferre no time, delays haue dangerous ends,  
Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently,  
And then doe execution on the Watch.

Alarum.

An Alarum. Talbot in an Excursion.

Talb. France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy teares,

If Talbot but suruiue thy Trecherie.

Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorceresse,

Hath wrought this Hellish Mischiefe vnawares,

That hardly we escap't the Pride of France.

Enter.

An Alarum: Excursions. Bedford brought in sicke in a Chayre.

Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Pucell, Charles,

Bastard, and

Reigneir on the Walls.

Pucell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?

I thinke the Duke of Burgonie will fast,

Before hee'le buy againe at such a rate.

'Twas full of Darnell: doe you like the taste?

Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and shamelesse Curtizan,

I trust ere long to choake thee with thine owne,

And make thee curse the Haruest of that Corne

Charles. Your Grace may starue (perhaps) before that  
time

Bedf. Oh let no words, but deedes, reuenge this Treason

Pucell. What will you doe, good gray-beard?  
Breake a Launce, and runne a-Tilt at Death,  
Within a Chayre

Talb. Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all despight,  
Incompass'd with thy lustfull Paramours,  
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,  
And twit with Cowardise a man halfe dead?  
Damsell, Ile haue a bowt with you againe,  
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame

Pucell. Are ye so hot, Sir: yet Pucell hold thy peace,  
If Talbot doe but Thunder, Raine will follow.

They whisper together in counsell.

God speed the Parliament: who shall be the Speaker?

Talb. Dare yee come forth, and meet vs in the field?

Pucell. Belike your Lordship takes vs then for fooles,  
To try if that our owne be ours, or no

Talb. I speake not to that rayling Hecate,  
But vnto thee Alanson, and the rest.  
Will ye, like Souldiors, come and fight it out?  
Alans. Seignior no

Talb. Seignior hang: base Muleters of France,  
Like Pesant foot-Boyes doe they keepe the Walls,  
And dare not take vp Armes, like Gentlemen

Pucell. Away Captaines, let's get vs from the Walls,  
For Talbot meanes no goodnesse by his Lookes.  
God b'uy my Lord, we came but to tell you  
That wee are here.

Exeunt. from the Walls.

Talb. And there will we be too, ere it be long,  
Or else reproach be Talbots greatest fame.  
Vow Burgonie, by honor of thy House,  
Prickt on by publike Wrongs sustain'd in France,  
Either to get the Townte againe, or dye.  
And I, as sure as English Henry liues,

And as his Father here was Conqueror;  
As sure as in this late betrayed Towne,  
Great Cordelions Heart was buryed;  
So sure I sweare, to get the Towne, or dye

Burg. My Vowes are equall partners with thy  
Vowes

Talb. But ere we goe, regard this dying Prince,  
The valiant Duke of Bedford: Come my Lord,  
We will bestow you in some better place,  
Fitter for sicknesse, and for crasie age

Bedf. Lord Talbot, doe not so dishonour me:  
Here will I sit, before the Walls of Roan,  
And will be partner of your weale or woe

Burg. Couragious Bedford, let vs now perswade you

Bedf. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,  
That stout Pendragon, in his Litter sick,  
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.  
Me thinkes I should reuiue the Souldiors hearts,  
Because I euer found them as my selfe

Talb. Vndaunted spirit in a dying breast,  
Then be it so: Heauens keepe old Bedford safe.  
And now no more adoe, braue Burgonie,  
But gather we our Forces out of hand,  
And set vpon our boasting Enemie.  
Enter.

An Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and a Captaine.

Capt. Whither away Sir Iohn Falstaffe, in such haste?  
Falst. Whither away? to saue my selfe by flight,  
We are like to haue the ouerthrow againe  
Capt. What? will you flye, and leaue Lord Talbot?  
Falst. I, all the Talbots in the World, to saue my life.  
Enter.

Capt. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee.  
Enter.

Retreat. Excursions. Pucell, Alanson, and Charles flye.

Bedf. Now quiet Soule, depart when Heauen please,  
For I haue seene our Enemies ouerthrow.  
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?  
They that of late were daring with their scoffes,

Are glad and faine by flight to saue themselues.

Bedford dyes, and is carryed in by two in his Chaire.

An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and the rest.

Talb. Lost, and recouered in a day againe,

This is a double Honor, Burgonie:

Yet Heauens haue glory for this Victorie

Burg. Warlike and Martiall Talbot, Burgonie

Inshrines thee in his heart, and there erects

Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments

Talb. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is Pucel now?

I thinke her old Familiar is asleepe.

Now where's the Bastards braues, and Charles his glikes?

What all amort? Roan hangs her head for grieffe,

That such a valiant Company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the Towe,

Placing therein some expert Officers,

And then depart to Paris, to the King,

For there young Henry with his Nobles lye

Burg. What wills Lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgonie

Talb. But yet before we goe, let's not forget  
The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,  
But see his Exequies fulfill'd in Roan.  
A brauer Souldier neuer couched Launce,  
A gentler Heart did neuer sway in Court.  
But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,  
For that's the end of humane miserie.

Exeunt.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson, Pucell.

Pucell. Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,  
Nor grieue that Roan is so recouered:  
Care is no cure, but rather corrosiue,  
For things that are not to be remedy'd.  
Let frantike Talbot triumph for a while,  
And like a Peacock sweepe along his tayle,  
Wee'le pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,  
If Dolphin and the rest will be but rul'd

Charles. We haue been guided by thee hitherto,

And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,  
One sudden Foyle shall neuer breed distrust

Bastard. Search out thy wit for secret pollicies,  
And we will make thee famous through the World

Alans. Wee'le set thy Statue in some holy place,  
And haue thee reuerenc't like a blessed Saint.  
Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good

Pucell. Then thus it must be, this doth loane deuise:  
By faire perswasions, mixt with sugred words,  
We will entice the Duke of Burgonie  
To leaue the Talbot, and to follow vs

Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that,  
France were no place for Henryes Warriors,  
Nor should that Nation boast it so with vs,  
But be extirped from our Prouinces

Alans. For euer should they be expuls'd from France,  
And not haue Title of an Earledome here

Pucell. Your Honors shall perceiue how I will worke,  
To bring this matter to the wished end.

Drumme sounds a farre off.

Hearke, by the sound of Drumme you may perceiue

Their Powers are marching vnto Paris-ward.

Here sound an English March.

There goes the Talbot with his Colours spred,

And all the Troupes of English after him.

French March.

Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his:

Fortune in fauor makes him lagge behinde.

Summon a Parley, we will talke with him.

Trumpets sound a Parley.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie

Burg. Who craues a Parley with the Burgonie?

Pucell. The Princely Charles of France, thy Countreyman

Burg. What say'st thou Charles? for I am marching  
hence

Charles. Speake Pucell, and enchaunt him with thy  
words

Pucell. Braue Burgonie, vndoubted hope of France,  
Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid speake to thee

Burg. Speake on, but be not ouer-tedious

Pucell. Looke on thy Country, look on fertile France,  
And see the Cities and the Townes defac't,  
By wasting Ruine of the cruell Foe,  
As lookes the Mother on her lowly Babe,  
When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes.  
See, see the pining Maladie of France:  
Behold the Wounds, the most vnnaturall Wounds,  
Which thou thy selfe hast giuen her wofull Brest.  
Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,  
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe:  
One drop of Blood drawne from thy Countries Bosome,  
Should grieue thee more then streames of forraine gore.  
Returne thee therefore with a floud of Teares,

And wash away thy Countries stayned Spots

Burg. Either she hath bewicht me with her words,

Or Nature makes me suddenly relent

Pucell. Besides, all French and France exclames on thee,

Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie.

Who ioyn'st thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,

That will not trust thee, but for profits sake?

When Talbot hath set footing once in France,

And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill,

Who then, but English Henry, will be Lord,

And thou be thrust out, like a Fugitiue?

Call we to minde, and marke but this for proofe:

Was not the Duke of Orleance thy Foe?

And was he not in England Prisoner?

But when they heard he was thine Enemie,

They set him free, without his Ransome pay'd,

In spight of Burgonie and all his friends.

See then, thou fight'st against thy Countreymen,

And ioyn'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.

Come, come, returne; returne thou wandering Lord,

Charles and the rest will take thee in their armes

Burg. I am vanquished:

These haughtie wordes of hers

Haue batt' red me like roaring Cannon-shot,  
And made me almost yeeld vpon my knees.  
Forgiue me Countrey, and sweet Countreymen:  
And Lords accept this heartie kind embrace.  
My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.  
So farwell Talbot, Ile no longer trust thee

Pucell. Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne againe

Charles. Welcome braue Duke, thy friendship makes  
vs fresh

Bastard. And doth beget new Courage in our  
Breasts

Alans. Pucell hath brauely play'd her part in this,  
And doth deserue a Coronet of Gold

Charles. Now let vs on, my Lords,  
And ioyne our Powers,  
And seeke how we may preiudice the Foe.

Exeunt.

Scoena Quarta.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke,  
Somerset,  
Warwicke, Exeter: To them, with his Souldiors, Talbot.

Talb. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeres,  
Hearing of your arriuall in this Realme,  
I haue a while giuen Truce vnto my Warres,  
To doe my dutie to my Soueraigne.  
In signe whereof, this Arme, that hath reclaym'd  
To your obedience, fiftie Fortresses,  
Twelue Cities, and seuen walled Townes of strength,  
Beside fiue hundred Prisoners of esteeme;  
Lets fall his Sword before your Highnesse feet:  
And with submissiue loyaltie of heart  
Ascribes the Glory of his Conquest got,  
First to my God, and next vnto your Grace

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, Vnckle Gloucester,  
That hath so long beene resident in France?  
Glost. Yes, if it please your Maiestie, my Liege

King. Welcome braue Captaine, and victorious Lord.  
When I was young (as yet I am not old)  
I doe remember how my Father said,

A stouter Champion neuer handled Sword.  
Long since we were resolued of your truth,  
Your faithfull seruice, and your toyle in Warre:  
Yet neuer haue you tasted our Reward,  
Or beene reguerdon'd with so much as Thanks,  
Because till now, we neuer saw your face.  
Therefore stand vp, and for these good deserts,  
We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury,  
And in our Coronation take your place.

Senet. Flourish. Exeunt.

Manet Vernon and Basset.

Vern. Now Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,  
Disgracing of these Colours that I weare,  
In honor of my Noble Lord of Yorke  
Dar'st thou maintaine the former words thou spak'st?

Bass. Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage  
The enuious barking of your sawcie Tongue,  
Against my Lord the Duke of Somerset

Vern. Sirrha, thy Lord I honour as he is

Bass. Why, what is he? as good a man as Yorke

Vern. Hearke ye: not so: in witsnesse take ye that.

Strikes him.

Bass. Villaine, thou knowest

The Law of Armes is such,

That who so drawes a Sword, 'tis present death,

Or else this Blow should broach thy dearest Bloud.

But Ile vnto his Maiestie, and craue,

I may haue libertie to venge this Wrong,

When thou shalt see, Ile meet thee to thy cost

Vern. Well miscreant, Ile be there as soone as you,

And after meete you, sooner then you would.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Gloucester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke, Somerset,

Warwicke,

Talbot, and Gouvernor Exeter.

Glo. Lord Bishop set the Crowne vpon his head

Win. God saue King Henry of that name the sixt

Glo. Now Gouvernour of Paris take your oath,  
That you elect no other King but him;  
Esteeme none Friends, but such as are his Friends,  
And none your Foes, but such as shall pretend  
Malicious practises against his State:  
This shall ye do, so helpe you righteous God.  
Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. My gracious Soueraigne, as I rode from Calice,  
To haste vnto your Coronation:  
A Letter was deliuer'd to my hands,  
Writ to your Grace, from th' Duke of Burgundy

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee:  
I vow'd (base Knight) when I did meete the next,  
To teare the Garter from thy Crauens legge,  
Which I haue done, because (vnworthily)  
Thou was't installed in that High Degree.  
Pardon me Princely Henry, and the rest:  
This Dastard, at the battell of Poictiers,  
When (but in all) I was sixe thousand strong,

And that the French were almost ten to one,  
Before we met, or that a stroke was giuen,  
Like to a trustie Squire, did run away.  
In which assault, we lost twelue hundred men.  
My selfe, and diuers Gentlemen beside,  
Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.  
Then iudge (great Lords) if I haue done amisse:  
Or whether that such Cowards ought to weare  
This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?  
Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,  
And ill beseeming any common man;  
Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader

Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd my Lords,  
Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth;  
Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage,  
Such as were growne to credit by the warres:  
Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distresse,  
But alwayes resolute, in most extreames.  
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,  
Doth but vsurpe the Sacred name of Knight,  
Prophaning this most Honourable Order,  
And should (if I were worthy to be ludge)  
Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-borne Swaine,  
That doth presume to boast of Gentle blood

K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom:

Be packing therefore, thou that was't a knight:

Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death.

And now Lord Protector, view the Letter

Sent from our Vnckle Duke of Burgundy

Glo. What meanes his Grace, that he hath chaung'd

his Stile?

No more but plaine and bluntly? (To the King.)

Hath he forgot he is his Soueraigne?

Or doth this churlish Superscription

Pretend some alteration in good will?

What's heere? I haue vpon especiall cause,

Mou'd with compassion of my Countries wracke,

Together with the pittifull complaints

Of such as your oppression feedes vpon,

Forsaken your pernicious Faction,

And ioynd with Charles, the rightfull king of France.

O monstrous Treachery: Can this be so?

That in alliance, amity, and oathes,

There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What? doth my Vnckle Burgundy reuolt?

Glo. He doth my Lord, and is become your foe

King. Is that the worst this Letter doth containe?

Glo. It is the worst, and all (my Lord) he writes

King. Why then Lord Talbot there shal talk with him,  
And giue him chastisement for this abuse.

How say you (my Lord) are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes: But y I am preuented,  
I should haue begg'd I might haue bene employd

King. Then gather strength, and march vnto him  
straight:

Let him perceiue how ill we brooke his Treason,  
And what offence it is to flout his Friends

Tal. I go my Lord, in heart desiring still  
You may behold confusion of your foes.  
Enter Vernon and Bassit.

Ver. Grant me the Combate, gracious Soueraigne

Bas. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too

Yorke. This is my Seruant, heare him Noble Prince

Som. And this is mine (sweet Henry) fauour him

King. Be patient Lords, and giue them leaue to speak.

Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaime,  
And wherefore craue you Combate? Or with whom?  
Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong

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

King. What is that wrong, wherof you both complain  
First let me know, and then Ile answer you

Bas. Crossing the Sea, from England into France,  
This Fellow heere with enuious carping tongue,  
Vpbraided me about the Rose I weare,  
Saying, the sanguine colour of the Leaues  
Did represent my Masters blushing cheekes:  
When stubbornly he did repugne the truth,  
About a certaine question in the Law,  
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of Yorke, and him:  
With other vile and ignominious tearmes.  
In confutation of which rude reproach,  
And in defence of my Lords worthinesse,  
I craue the benefit of Law of Armes

Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord:)  
For though he seeme with forged queint conceite  
To set a glosse vpon his bold intent,  
Yet know (my Lord) I was prouok'd by him,

And he first tooke exceptions at this badge,  
Pronouncing that the palenesse of this Flower,  
Bewray'd the faintnesse of my Masters heart

Yorke. Will not this malice Somerset be left?

Som. Your priuate grudge my Lord of York, wil out,  
Though ne're so cunningly you smother it

King. Good Lord, what madnesse rules in brainesicke  
men,

When for so slight and friuolous a cause,

Such factious aemulations shall arise?

Good Cosins both of Yorke and Somerset,

Quiet your selues (I pray) and be at peace

Yorke. Let this dissention first be tried by fight,

And then your Highnesse shall command a Peace

Som. The quarrell toucheth none but vs alone,

Betwixt our selues let vs decide it then

Yorke. There is my pledge, accept it Somerset

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first

Bass. Confirme it so, mine honourable Lord

Glo. Confirme it so? Confounded be your strife,  
And perish ye with your audacious prate,  
Presumptuous vassals, are you not asham'd  
With this immodest clamorous outrage,  
To trouble and disturbe the King, and Vs?  
And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well  
To beare with their peruerse Obiections:  
Much lesse to take occasion from their mouthes,  
To raise a mutiny betwixt your selues.  
Let me perswade you take a better course

Exet. It greeues his Highnesse,  
Good my Lords, be Friends

King. Come hither you that would be Combatants:  
Henceforth I charge you, as you loue our fauour,  
Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the cause.  
And you my Lords: Remember where we are,  
In France, amongst a fickle wauering Nation:  
If they perceyue dissention in our lookes,  
And that within our selues we disagree;  
How will their grudging stomackes be prouok'd  
To wilfull Disobedience, and Rebell?

Beside, What infamy will there arise,  
When Forraigne Princes shall be certified,  
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,  
King Henries Peeres, and cheefe Nobility,  
Destroy'd themselues, and lost the Realme of France?  
Oh thinke vpon the Conquest of my Father,  
My tender yeares, and let vs not forgoe  
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.  
Let me be Vmper in this doubtfull strife:  
I see no reason if I weare this Rose,  
That any one should therefore be suspitious  
I more incline to Somerset, than Yorke:  
Both are my kinsmen, and I loue them both.  
As well they may vprayer'd me with my Crowne,  
Because (forsooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd.  
But your discretions better can perswade,  
Then I am able to instruct or teach:  
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,  
So let vs still continue peace, and loue.  
Cosin of Yorke, we institute your Grace  
To be our Regent in these parts of France:  
And good my Lord of Somerset, vnite  
Your Troopes of horsemen, with his Bands of foote,  
And like true Subjects, sonnes of your Progenitors,  
Go cheerefully together, and digest  
Your angry Choller on your Enemies.  
Our Selfe, my Lord Protector, and the rest,  
After some respite, will returne to Calice;

From thence to England, where I hope ere long  
To be presented by your Victories,  
With Charles, Alanson, and that Traiterous rout.

Exeunt. Manet Yorke, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon.

War. My Lord of Yorke, I promise you the King  
Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator

Yorke. And so he did, but yet I like it not,  
In that he weares the badge of Somerset

War. Tush, that was but his fancie, blame him not,  
I dare presume (sweet Prince) he thought no harme

York. And if I wish he did. But let it rest,  
Other affayres must now be managed.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Manet Exeter.

Exet. Well didst thou Richard to suppress thy voice:  
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,

I feare we should haue seene decipher'd there  
More rancorous spight, more furious raging broyles,  
Then yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd:  
But howsoere, no simple man that sees  
This iarring discord of Nobilitie,  
This shouldering of each other in the Court,  
This factious bandying of their Fauourites,  
But that it doth presage some ill euent.  
'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands:  
But more, when Enuy breeds vnkinde deuision,  
There comes the ruine, there begins confusion.  
Enter.

Enter Talbot with Trumpe and Drumme, before Burdeaux.

Talb. Go to the Gates of Burdeaux Trumpeter,  
Summon their Generall vnto the Wall.

Sounds.

Enter Generall aloft.

English Iohn Talbot (Captaines) call you forth,  
Seruant in Armes to Harry King of England,  
And thus he would. Open your Citie Gates,

Be humble to vs, call my Soueraigne yours,  
And do him homage as obedient Subiects,  
And Ile withdraw me, and my bloody power.  
But if you frowne vpon this proffer'd Peace,  
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,  
Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire,  
Who in a moment, eeuen with the earth,  
Shall lay your stately, and ayre-brauing Towers,  
If you forsake the offer of their loue

Cap. Thou ominous and fearefull Owle of death,  
Our Nations terror, and their bloody scourge,  
The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,  
On vs thou canst not enter but by death:  
For I protest we are well fortified,  
And strong enough to issue out and fight.  
If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,  
Stands with the snares of Warre to tangle thee.  
On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitcht,  
To wall thee from the liberty of Flight;  
And no way canst thou turne thee for redresse,  
But death doth front thee with apparant spoyle,  
And pale destruction meets thee in the face:  
Ten thousand French haue tane the Sacrament,  
To ryue their dangerous Artillerie  
Vpon no Christian soule but English Talbot:  
Loe, there thou standst a breathing valiant man

Of an inuincible vnconquer'd spirit:  
This is the latest Glorie of thy praise,  
That I thy enemy dew thee withall:  
For ere the Glasse that now begins to runne,  
Finish the processe of his sandy houre,  
These eyes that see thee now well coloured,  
Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

Drum a farre off.

Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,  
Sings heauy Musicke to thy timorous soule,  
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

Exit

Tal. He Fables not, I heare the enemie:  
Out some light Horsemen, and peruse their Wings.  
O negligent and heedlesse Discipline,  
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?  
A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere,  
Maz'd with a yelping kennell of French Currees.  
If we be English Deere, be then in blood,  
Not Rascall-like to fall downe with a pinch,  
But rather moodie mad: And desperate Stagges,  
Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,

And make the Cowards stand aloofe at bay:  
Sell euery man his life as deere as mine,  
And they shall finde deere Deere of vs my Friends.  
God, and S[aint]. George, Talbot and Englands right,  
Prosper our Colours in this dangerous fight.  
Enter a Messenger that meets Yorke. Enter Yorke with Trumpet,  
and many  
Soldiers.

Yorke. Are not the speedy scouts return'd againe,  
That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?  
Mess. They are return'd my Lord, and giue it out,  
That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power  
To fight with Talbot as he march'd along.  
By your espyals were discovered  
Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,  
Which ioynd with him, and made their march for Burdeaux  
Yorke. A plague vpon that Villaine Somerset,  
That thus delays my promised supply  
Of horsemen, that were leuied for this siege.  
Renowned Talbot doth expect my ayde,  
And I am lowted by a Traitor Villaine,  
And cannot helpe the noble Cheualier:  
God comfort him in this necessity:  
If he miscarry, farewell Warres in France.  
Enter another Messenger

2. Mes. Thou Princely Leader of our English strength,  
Neuer so needfull on the earth of France,  
Spurre to the rescue of the Noble Talbot,  
Who now is girdled with a waste of Iron,  
And hem'd about with grim destruction:  
To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux Yorke,  
Else farwell Talbot, France, and Englands honor

Yorke. O God, that Somerset who in proud heart  
Doth stop my Cornets, were in Talbots place,  
So should wee saue a valiant Gentleman,  
By forfeiting a Traitor, and a Coward:  
Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weepe,  
That thus we dye, while remisse Traitors sleepe

Mes. O send some succour to the distrest Lord

Yorke. He dies, we loose: I breake my warlike word:  
We mourne, France smiles: We loose, they dayly get,  
All long of this vile Traitor Somerset

Mes. Then God take mercy on braue Talbots soule,  
And on his Sonne yong Iohn, who two houres since,  
I met in trauaile toward his warlike Father;  
This seuen yeeres did not Talbot see his sonne,

And now they meete where both their liues are done

Yorke. Alas, what ioy shall noble Talbot haue,

To bid his yong sonne welcome to his Graue:

Away, vexation almost stoppes my breath,

That sundred friends greeete in the houre of death.

Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can,

But curse the cause I cannot ayde the man.

Maine, Bloys, Poytiers, and Toures, are wonne away,

Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

Exit

Mes. Thus while the Vulture of sedition,

Feedes in the bosome of such great Commanders,

Sleeping neglection doth betray to losse:

The Conquest of our scarce-cold Conqueror,

That euer-liuing man of Memorie,

Henrie the fift: Whiles they each other crosse,

Liues, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to losse.

Enter Somerset with his Armie.

Som. It is too late, I cannot send them now:

This expedition was by Yorke and Talbot,

Too rashly plotted. All our generall force,

Might with a sally of the very Towne

Be buckled with: the ouer-daring Talbot  
Hath sullied all his glosse of former Honor  
By this vnheedfull, desperate, wilde aduenture:  
Yorke set him on to fight, and dye in shame,  
That Talbot dead, great Yorke might beare the name

Cap. Heere is Sir William Lucie, who with me  
Set from our ore-matcht forces forth for ayde

Som. How now Sir William, whether were you sent?

Lu. Whether my Lord, from bought & sold L[ord]. Talbot,

Who ring'd about with bold aduersitie,

Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerset,

To beate assaying death from his weake Regions,

And whiles the honourable Captaine there

Drops bloody swet from his warre-wearied limbes,

And in aduantage lingring lookes for rescue,

You his false hopes, the trust of Englands honor,

Keepe off aloofe with worthlesse emulation:

Let not your priuate discord keepe away

The leuied succours that should lend him ayde,

While he renowned Noble Gentleman

Yeeld vp his life vnto a world of oddes.

Orleance the Bastard, Charles, Burgundie,

Alanson, Reignard, compasse him about,

And Talbot perisheth by your default

Som. Yorke set him on, Yorke should haue sent him  
ayde

Luc. And Yorke as fast vpon your Grace exclames,  
Swearing that you with-hold his leuied hoast,  
Collected for this expidition

Som. York lyes: He might haue sent, & had the Horse:  
I owe him little Dutie, and lesse Loue,  
And take foule scorne to fawne on him by sending

Lu. The fraud of England, not the force of France,  
Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded Talbot:  
Neuer to England shall he beare his life,  
But dies betraid to fortune by your strife

Som. Come go, I will dispatch the Horsemen strait:  
Within sixe houres, they will be at his ayde

Lu. Too late comes rescue, he is tane or slaine,  
For flye he could not, if he would haue fled:  
And flye would Talbot neuer though he might

Som. If he be dead, braue Talbot then adieu

Lu. His Fame liues in the world. His Shame in you.

Exeunt.

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Tal. O yong Iohn Talbot, I did send for thee  
To tutor thee in stratagemes of Warre,  
That Talbots name might be in thee reuiu'd,  
When saplesse Age, and weake vnable limbes  
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.  
But O malignant and ill-boading Starres,  
Now thou art come vnto a Feast of death,  
A terrible and vnauoyded danger:  
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my swiftest horse,  
And Ile direct thee how thou shalt escape  
By sodaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone

Iohn. Is my name Talbot? and am I your Sonne?  
And shall I flye? O, if you loue my Mother,  
Dishonor not her Honorable Name,  
To make a Bastard, and a Slaue of me:  
The World will say, he is not Talbots blood,  
That basely fled, when Noble Talbot stood

Talb. Flye, to reuenge my death, if I be slaine

Iohn. He that flyes so, will ne're returne againe

Talb. If we both stay, we both are sure to dye

Iohn. Then let me stay, and Father doe you flye:

Your losse is great, so your regard should be;

My worth vnknowne, no losse is knowne in me.

Vpon my death, the French can little boast;

In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.

Flight cannot stayne the Honor you haue wonne,

But mine it will, that no Exploit haue done.

You fled for Vantage, euery one will sweare:

But if I bow, they'le say it was for feare.

There is no hope that euer I will stay,

If the first howre I shrinke and run away:

Here on my knee I begge Mortalitie,

Rather then Life, preseru'd with Infamie

Talb. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?

Iohn. I, rather then Ile shame my Mothers Wombe

Talb. Vpon my Blessing I command thee goe

Iohn. To fight I will, but not to flye the Foe

Talb. Part of thy Father may be sau'd in thee

Iohn. No part of him, but will be shame in mee

Talb. Thou neuer hadst Renowne, nor canst not lose it

Iohn. Yes, your renowned Name: shall flight abuse it?

Talb. Thy Fathers charge shal cleare thee from y staine

Iohn. You cannot witsesse for me, being slaine.

If Death be so apparant, then both flye

Talb. And leaue my followers here to fight and dye?

My Age was neuer tainted with such shame

Iohn. And shall my Youth be guiltie of such blame?

No more can I be seuered from your side,

Then can your selfe, your selfe in twaine diuide:

Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I;

For liue I will not, if my Father dye

Talb. Then here I take my leaue of thee, faire Sonne,  
Borne to eclipse thy Life this afternoone:  
Come, side by side, together liue and dye,  
And Soule with Soule from France to Heauen flye.  
Enter.

Alarum: Excursions, wherein Talbots Sonne is hemm'd about, and  
Talbot  
rescues him.

Talb. Saint George, and Victory; fight Souldiers, fight:  
The Regent hath with Talbot broke his word,  
And left vs to the rage of France his Sword.  
Where is Iohn Talbot? pawse, and take thy breath,  
I gaue thee Life, and rescu'd thee from Death

Iohn. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne:  
The Life thou gau'st me first, was lost and done,  
Till with thy Warlike Sword, despight of Fate,  
To my determin'd time thou gau'st new date

Talb. When fro[m] the Dolphins Crest thy Sword struck fire,  
It warm'd thy Fathers heart with prowde desire  
Of bold-fac't Victorie. Then Leaden Age,  
Quicken'd with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage,

Beat downe Alanson, Orleance, Burgundie,  
And from the Pride of Gallia rescued thee.  
The irefull Bastard Orleance, that drew blood  
From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood  
Of thy first fight, I soone encountred,  
And interchanging blowes, I quickly shed  
Some of his Bastard blood, and in disgrace  
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,  
And mis-begotten blood, I spill of thine,  
Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,  
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my braue Boy.  
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,  
Came in strong rescue. Speake thy Fathers care:  
Art thou not wearie, Iohn? How do'st thou fare?  
Wilt thou yet leaue the Battaile, Boy, and flie,  
Now thou art seal'd the Sonne of Chivalrie?  
Flye, to reuenge my death when I am dead,  
The helpe of one stands me in little stead.  
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,  
To hazard all our liues in one small Boat.  
If I to day dye not with Frenchmens Rage,  
To morrow I shall dye with mickle Age.  
By me they nothing gaine, and if I stay,  
'Tis but the shortning of my Life one day.  
In thee thy Mother dyes, our Households Name,  
My Deaths Reuenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame:  
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;  
All these are sau'd, if thou wilt flye away

Iohn. The Sword of Orleance hath not made me smart,  
These words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart.  
On that aduantage, bought with such a shame,  
To saue a paltry Life, and slay bright Fame,  
Before young Talbot from old Talbot flye,  
The Coward Horse that beares me, fall and dye:  
And like me to the pesant Boyes of France,  
To be Shames scorne, and subiect of Mischance.  
Surely, by all the Glorie you haue wonne,  
And if I flye, I am not Talbots Sonne.  
Then talke no more of flight, it is no boot,  
If Sonne to Talbot, dye at Talbots foot

Talb. Then follow thou thy desp'rate Syre of Creet,  
Thou Icarus, thy Life to me is sweet:  
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers side,  
And commendable prou'd, let's dye in pride.  
Enter.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter old Talbot led.

Talb. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.  
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant Iohn?  
Triumphant Death, smear'd with Captiuitie,  
Young Talbots Valour makes me smile at thee.

When he perceiu'd me shrinke, and on my Knee,  
His bloodie Sword he brandisht ouer mee,  
And like a hungry Lyon did commence  
Rough deeds of Rage, and sterne Impatience:  
But when my angry Guardant stood alone,  
Tendring my ruine, and assayl'd of none,  
Dizzie-ey'd Furie, and great rage of Heart,  
Suddenly made him from my side to start  
Into the clustring Battaile of the French:  
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench  
His ouer-mounting Spirit; and there di'de  
My Icarus, my Blossome, in his pride.  
Enter with Iohn Talbot, borne.

Seru. O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne

Tal. Thou antique Death, which laugh'st vs here to scorn,  
Anon from thy insulting Tyrannie,  
Coupled in bonds of perpetuitie,  
Two Talbots winged through the lither Skie,  
In thy despight shall scape Mortalitie.  
O thou whose wounds become hard fauoured death,  
Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath,  
Braue death by speaking, whither he will or no:  
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe.  
Poore Boy, he smiles, me thinkes, as who should say,  
Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.

Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,  
My spirit can no longer beare these harmes.  
Souldiers adieu: I haue what I would haue,  
Now my old armes are yong Iohn Talbots graue.

Dyes

Enter Charles, Alanson, Burgundie, Bastard, and Pucell.

Char. Had Yorke and Somerset brought rescue in,  
We should haue found a bloody day of this

Bast. How the yong whelpe of Talbots raging wood,  
Did flesh his punie-sword in Frenchmens blood

Puc. Once I encountred him, and thus I said:  
Thou Maiden youth, be vanquisht by a Maide.  
But with a proud Maiesticall high scorne  
He answer'd thus: Yong Talbot was not borne  
To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench:  
So rushing in the bowels of the French,  
He left me proudly, as vnworthy fight

Bur. Doubtlesse he would haue made a noble Knight:  
See where he lyes inherced in the armes

Of the most bloody Nursser of his harmes

Bast. Hew them to peeces, hack their bones assunder,  
Whose life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder

Char. Oh no forbear: For that which we haue fled  
During the life, let vs not wrong it dead.  
Enter Lucie.

Lu. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,  
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day

Char. On what submissiue message art thou sent?  
Lucy. Submission Dolphin? Tis a meere French word:  
We English Warriours wot not what it meanes.  
I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,  
And to suruey the bodies of the dead

Char. For prisoners askst thou? Hell our prison is.  
But tell me whom thou seek'st?

Luc. But where's the great Alcides of the field,  
Valiant Lord Talbot Earle of Shrewsbury?  
Created for his rare successe in Armes,  
Great Earle of Washford, Waterford, and Valence,  
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Vrchinfield,

Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdon of Alton,  
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furniual of Sheffield,  
The thrice victorious Lord of Falconbridge,  
Knight of the Noble Order of S[aint]. George,  
Worthy S[aint]. Michael, and the Golden Fleece,  
Great Marshall to Henry the sixt,  
Of all his Warres within the Realme of France

Puc. Heere's a silly stately stile indeede:

The Turke that two and fiftie Kingdomes hath,  
Writes not so tedious a Stile as this.  
Him that thou magnifi'st with all these Titles,  
Stinking and fly-blowne lyes heere at our feete

Lucy. Is Talbot slaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge,  
Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke Nemesis?  
Oh were mine eye-balles into Bullets turn'd,  
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.  
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,  
It were enough to fright the Realme of France.  
Were but his Picture left amongst you here,  
It would amaze the prowdest of you all.  
Giue me their Bodyes, that I may beare them hence,  
And giue them Buriall, as beseemes their worth

Pucel. I thinke this vpstart is old Talbots Ghost,

He speakes with such a proud commanding spirit:

For Gods sake let him haue him, to keepe them here,

They would but stinke, and putrifie the ayre

Char. Go take their bodies hence

Lucy. Ile beare them hence: but from their ashes shal

be reard

A Phoenix that shall make all France affear'd

Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what y wilt.

And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,

All will be ours, now bloody Talbots slaine.

Enter.

Scena secunda.

SENNET.

Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Haue you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,

The Emperor, and the Earle of Arminack?

Glo. I haue my Lord, and their intent is this,

They humbly sue vnto your Excellence,  
To haue a godly peace concluded of,  
Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France

King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only meanes  
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,  
And stablish quietnesse on euery side

King. I marry Vnckle, for I alwayes thought  
It was both impious and vnnaturall,  
That such immanity and bloody strife  
Should reigne among Professors of one Faith

Glo. Beside my Lord, the sooner to effect,  
And surer binde this knot of amitie,  
The Earle of Arminacke neere knit to Charles,  
A man of great Authoritie in France,  
Proffers his onely daughter to your Grace,  
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowrie

King. Marriage Vnckle? Alas my yeares are yong:  
And fitter is my studie, and my Bookes,  
Then wanton dalliance with a Paramour.  
Yet call th' Embassadors, and as you please,  
So let them haue their answeres euery one:

I shall be well content with any choyce  
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.  
Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.

Exet. What, is my Lord of Winchester install'd,  
And call'd vnto a Cardinals degree?  
Then I perceiue, that will be verified  
Henry the Fift did sometime prophesie.  
If once he come to be a Cardinall,  
Hee'l make his cap coequall with the Crowne

King. My Lords Ambassadors, your seuerall suites  
Haue bin consider'd and debated on,  
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:  
And therefore are we certainly resolu'd,  
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,  
Which by my Lord of Winchester we meane  
Shall be transported presently to France

Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Master,  
I haue inform'd his Highnesse so at large,  
As liking of the Ladies vertuous gifts,  
Her Beauty, and the valew of her Dower,  
He doth intend she shall be Englands Queene

King. In argument and prooffe of which contract,

Beare her this lewell, pledge of my affection.  
And so my Lord Protector see them guarded,  
And safely brought to Douer, wherein ship'd  
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

Exeunt.

Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receiue  
The summe of money which I promised  
Should be deliuered to his Holinesse,  
For cloathing me in these graue Ornaments

Legat. I will attend vpon your Lordships leysure

Win. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,  
Or be inferiour to the proudest Peere;  
Humfrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceiue,  
That neither in birth, or for authoritie,  
The Bishop will be ouer-borne by thee:  
Ile either make thee stoope, and bend thy knee,  
Or sacke this Country with a mutiny.

Exeunt.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanson, Bastard, Reignier, and Ione.

Char. These newes (my Lords) may cheere our drooping  
spirits:

'Tis said, the stout Parisians do reuolt,  
And turne againe vnto the warlike French

Alan. Then march to Paris Royall Charles of France,  
And keepe not backe your powers in dalliance

Pucel. Peace be amongst them if they turne to vs,  
Else ruine combate with their Pallaces.

Enter Scout.

Scout. Successe vnto our valiant Generall,  
And happinesse to his accomplices

Char. What tidings send our Scouts? I prethee speak

Scout. The English Army that diuided was  
Into two parties, is now conioyn'd in one,  
And meanes to giue you battell presently

Char. Somewhat too sodaine Sirs, the warning is,  
But we will presently prouide for them

Bur. I trust the Ghost of Talbot is not there:  
Now he is gone my Lord, you neede not feare

Pucel. Of all base passions, Feare is most accurst.  
Command the Conquest Charles, it shall be thine:  
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine

Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.

Exeunt. Alarum. Excursions.

Enter Ione de Pucell.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye.  
Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapts,  
And ye choise spirits that admonish me,  
And giue me signes of future accidents.

Thunder.

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes  
Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North,  
Appeare, and ayde me in this enterprize.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quicke appearance argues prooffe  
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.  
Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are cull'd  
Out of the powerfull Regions vnder earth,  
Helpe me this once, that France may get the field.

They walke, and speake not.

Oh hold me not with silence ouer-long:  
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,  
Ile lop a member off, and giue it you,  
In earnest of a further benefit:  
So you do condescend to helpe me now.

They hang their heads.

No hope to haue redresse? My body shall  
Pay recompence, if you will graunt my suite.

They shake their heads.

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,  
Intreate you to your wonted furtherance?  
Then take my soule; my body, soule, and all,  
Before that England giue the French the foyle.

They depart.

See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,  
That France must vale her lofty plumed Crest,  
And let her head fall into Englands lappe.  
My ancient Incantations are too weake,  
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:  
Now France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.  
Enter.

Excursions. Burgundie and Yorke fight hand to hand. French flye.

Yorke. Damsell of France, I thinke I haue you fast,  
Vnchaine your spirits now with spelling Charmes,  
And try if they can gaine your liberty.  
A goodly prize, fit for the diuels grace.  
See how the vgly Witch doth bend her browes,

As if with Circe, she would change my shape

Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be:

Yor. Oh, Charles the Dolphin is a proper man,

No shape but his can please your dainty eye

Puc. A plaguing mischeefe light on Charles, and thee,

And may ye both be sodainly surpriz'd

By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds

Yorke. Fell banning Hagge, Inchantresse hold thy

tongue

Puc. I prethee giue me leaue to curse awhile

Yorke. Curse Miscreant, when thou comst to the stake

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Suffolke with Margaret in his hand.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

Gazes on her.

Oh Fairest Beautie, do not feare, nor flye:  
For I will touch thee but with reuerend hands,  
I kisse these fingers for eternall peace,  
And lay them gently on thy tender side.  
Who art thou, say? that I may honor thee

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a King,  
The King of Naples, who so ere thou art

Suff. An Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call'd.  
Be not offended Natures myracle,  
Thou art allotted to be tane by me:  
So doth the Swan her downie Signets saue,  
Keeping them prisoner vnderneath his wings:  
Yet if this seruile vsage once offend,  
Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend.

She is going

Oh stay: I haue no power to let her passe,  
My hand would free her, but my heart sayes no.  
As playes the Sunne vpon the glassie streames,  
Twinkling another counterfitted beame,

So seemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.  
Faine would I woe her, yet I dare not speake:  
Ile call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:  
Fye De la Pole, disable not thy selfe:  
Hast not a Tongue? Is she not heere?  
Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans sight?  
I: Beauties Princely Maiesty is such,  
'Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough

Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be so,  
What ransome must I pay before I passe?  
For I perceiue I am thy prisoner

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suite,  
Before thou make a triall of her loue?

M. Why speak'st thou not? What ransom must I pay?

Suf. She's beautifull; and therefore to be Wooed:  
She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne

Mar, Wilt thou accept of ransome, yea or no?

Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,  
Then how can Margaret be thy Paramour?

Mar. I were best to leaue him, for he will not heare

Suf. There all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card

Mar. He talkes at randon: sure the man is mad

Suf. And yet a dispensation may bee had

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me

Suf. Ile win this Lady Margaret. For whom?

Why for my King: Tush, that's a wooden thing

Mar. He talkes of wood: It is some Carpenter

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,

And peace established betweene these Realmes.

But there remains a scruple in that too:

For though her Father be the King of Naples,

Duke of Aniou and Mayne, yet is he poore,

And our Nobility will scorne the match

Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leysure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne're so much:

Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.

Madam, I haue a secret to reueale

Mar. What though I be inthral'd, he seems a knight  
And will not any way dishonor me

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say

Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French,  
And then I need not craue his curtesie

Suf. Sweet Madam, giue me hearing in a cause

Mar. Tush, women haue bene captiuuate ere now

Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but Quid for Quo

Suf. Say gentle Princesse, would you not suppose  
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?

Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,  
Than is a slaue, in base seruility:  
For Princes should be free

Suf. And so shall you,  
If happy Englands Royall King be free

Mar. Why what concernes his freedome vnto mee?

Suf. Ile vndertake to make thee Henries Queene,  
To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,  
And set a precious Crowne vpon thy head,  
If thou wilt condescend to be my-

Mar. What?

Suf. His loue

Mar. I am vnworthy to be Henries wife

Suf. No gentle Madam, I vnworthy am  
To woe so faire a Dame to be his wife,  
And haue no portion in the choice my selfe.  
How say you Madam, are ye so content?

Mar. And if my Father please, I am content

Suf. Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth,  
And Madam, at your Fathers Castle walles,  
Wee'l craue a parley, to conferre with him.

Sound. Enter Reignier on the Walles.

See Reignier see, thy daughter prisoner

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me

Reig. Suffolke, what remedy?

I am a Souldier, and vnapt to weepe,  
Or to exclaime on Fortunes ficklenesse

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,  
Consent, and for thy Honor giue consent,  
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King,  
Whom I with paine haue wooed and wonne thereto:  
And this her easie held imprisonment,  
Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie

Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinkes?

Suf. Faire Margaret knowes,  
That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faine

Reig. Vpon thy Princely warrant, I descend,  
To giue thee answer of thy iust demand

Suf. And heere I will expect thy comming.

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier.

Reig. Welcome braue Earle into our Territories,  
Command in Aniou what your Honor pleases

Suf. Thankes Reignier, happy for so sweet a Childe,  
Fit to be made companion with a King:  
What answer makes your Grace vnto my suite?

Reig. Since thou dost daigne to woe her little worth,  
To be the Princely Bride of such a Lord:  
Vpon condition I may quietly  
Enioy mine owne, the Country Maine and Aniou,  
Free from oppression, or the stroke of Warre,  
My daughter shall be Henries, if he please

Suf. That is her ransome, I deliuer her,  
And those two Counties I will vndertake  
Your Grace shall well and quietly enioy

Reig. And I againe in Henries Royall name,  
As Deputy vnto that gracious King,  
Giue thee her hand for signe of plighted faith

Suf. Reignier of France, I giue thee Kingly thankes,  
Because this is in Trafficke of a King.  
And yet me thinkes I could be well content  
To be mine owne Attorney in this case.

Ile ouer then to England with this newes.

And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:

So farewell Reignier, set this Diamond safe

In Golden Pallaces as it becomes

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace

The Christian Prince King Henrie were he heere

Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wishes, praise, & praiera,

Shall Suffolke euer haue of Margaret.

Shée is going.

Suf. Farwell sweet Madam: but hearke you Margaret,

No Princely commendations to my King?

Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide,

A Virgin, and his Seruant, say to him

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestie directed,

But Madame, I must trouble you againe,

No louing Token to his Maiestie?

Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnspotted heart,

Neuer yet taint with loue, I send the King

Suf. And this withall.

Kisse her.

Mar. That for thy selfe, I will not so presume,  
To send such peeuish tokens to a King

Suf. Oh wert thou for my selfe: but Suffolke stay,  
Thou mayest not wander in that Labyrinth,  
There Minotaurs and vgly Treasons lurke,  
Solicite Henry with her wonderous praise.  
Bethinke thee on her Vertues that surmount,  
Mad naturall Graces that extinguish Art,  
Repeate their semblance often on the Seas,  
That when thou com'st to kneele at Henries feete,  
Thou mayest bereaue him of his wits with wonder.

Exit

Enter Yorke, Warwicke, Shepheard, Pucell.

Yor. Bring forth that Sorceresse condemn'd to burne

Shep. Ah lone, this kills thy Fathers heart out-right,  
Haue I sought euery Country farre and neere,

And now it is my chance to finde thee out,  
Must I behold thy timelesse cruell death:  
Ah lone, sweet daughter lone, Ile die with thee

Pucel. Deceperit Miser, base ignoble Wretch,  
I am descended of a gentler blood.  
Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine

Shep. Out, out: My Lords, and please you, 'tis not so  
I did beget her, all the Parish knowes:  
Her Mother liueth yet, can testifie  
She was the first fruite of my Bach'ler-ship

War. Gracelesse, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?  
Yorke. This argues what her kinde of life hath beene,  
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes

Shep. Fye lone, that thou wilt be so obstacle:  
God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh,  
And for thy sake haue I shed many a teare:  
Deny me not, I prythee, gentle lone

Pucell. Pezant auant. You haue suborn'd this man  
Of purpose, to obscure my Noble birth

Shep. 'Tis true, I gaue a Noble to the Priest,  
The morne that I was wedded to her mother.  
Kneelee downe and take my blessing, good my Gyrle.  
Wilt thou not stoope? Now cursed be the time  
Of thy natiuitie: I would the Milke  
Thy mother gaue thee when thou suck'st her brest,  
Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy sake.  
Or else, when thou didst keepe my Lambes a-field,  
I wish some rauenous Wolfe had eaten thee.  
Doest thou deny thy Father, cursed Drab?  
O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good.  
Enter.

Yorke. Take her away, for she hath liu'd too long,  
To fill the world with vicious qualities

Puc. First let me tell you whom you haue condemn'd;  
Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swaine,  
But issued from the Progeny of Kings.  
Vertuous and Holy, chosen from aboue,  
By inspiration of Celestiall Grace,  
To worke exceeding myracles on earth.  
I neuer had to do with wicked Spirits.  
But you that are polluted with your lustes,  
Stain'd with the guiltlesse blood of Innocents,  
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:

Because you want the grace that others haue,  
You iudge it straight a thing impossible  
To compasse Wonders, but by helpe of diuels.  
No misconceyued, lone of Aire hath beene  
A Virgin from her tender infancie,  
Chaste, and immaculate in very thought,  
Whose Maiden-blood thus rigorously effus'd,  
Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heauen

Yorke. I, I: away with her to execution

War. And hearke ye sirs: because she is a Maide,  
Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:  
Place barrells of pitch vpon the fatall stake,  
That so her torture may be shortned

Puc. Will nothing turne your vnrelenting hearts?  
Then lone discover thine infirmity,  
That warranteth by Law, to be thy priuiledge.  
I am with childe ye bloody Homicides:  
Murther not then the Fruite within my Wombe,  
Although ye hale me to a violent death

Yor. Now heauen forfend, the holy Maid with child?

War. The greatest miracle that ere ye wrought.  
Is all your strict precisenesse come to this?

Yorke. She and the Dolphin haue bin iugling,  
I did imagine what would be her refuge

War. Well go too, we'll haue no Bastards liue,  
Especially since Charles must Father it

Puc. You are deceyu'd, my childe is none of his,  
It was Alanson that inioy'd my loue

Yorke. Alanson that notorious Macheuile?  
It dyes, and if it had a thousand liues

Puc. Oh giue me leaue, I haue deluded you,  
'Twas neyther Charles, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,  
But Reignier King of Naples that preuayl'd

War. A married man, that's most intollerable

Yor. Why here's a Gyrl: I think she knowes not wel  
(There were so many) whom she may accuse

War. It's signe she hath beene liberall and free

Yor. And yet forsooth she is a Virgin pure.

Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee.

Vse no intreaty, for it is in vaine

Pu. Then lead me hence: with whom I leaue my curse.

May neuer glorious Sunne reflex his beames

Vpon the Countrey where you make abode:

But darknesse, and the gloomy shade of death

Inuiron you, till Mischeefe and Dispaire,

Drue you to break your necks, or hang your selues.

Exit

Enter Cardinall.

Yorke. Breake thou in peeces, and consume to ashes,

Thou fowle accursed minister of Hell

Car. Lord Regent, I do greete your Excellence

With Letters of Commission from the King.

For know my Lords, the States of Christendome,

Mou'd with remorse of these out-ragious broyles,

Haue earnestly implor'd a generall peace,

Betwixt our Nation, and the aspyring French;

And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Traine

Approacheth, to conferre about some matter

Yorke. Is all our trauell turn'd to this effect,  
After the slaughter of so many Peeres,  
So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,  
That in this quarrell haue beene ouerthrowne,  
And sold their bodyes for their Countryes benefit,  
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?  
Haue we not lost most part of all the Townes,  
By Treason, Falshood, and by Treacherie,  
Our great Progenitors had conquered:  
Oh Warwicke, Warwicke, I foresee with greefe  
The vtter losse of all the Realme of France

War. Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace  
It shall be with such strict and seure Couenants,  
As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.  
Enter Charles, Alanson, Bastard, Reignier.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,  
That peacefull truce shall be proclaim'd in France,  
We come to be informed by your selues,  
What the conditions of that league must be

Yorke. Speake Winchester, for boyling choller chokes  
The hollow passage of my poyson'd voyce,  
By sight of these our balefull enemies

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:

That in regard King Henry giues consent,  
Of meere compassion, and of lenity,  
To ease your Countrie of distressefull Warre,  
And suffer you to breath in fruitfull peace,  
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.  
And Charles, vpon condition thou wilt sweare  
To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe,  
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy vnder him,  
And still enioy thy Regall dignity

Alan. Must he be then as shadow of himselfe?

Adorne his Temples with a Coronet,  
And yet in substance and authority,  
Retaine but priuiledge of a priuate man?  
This proffer is absurd, and reasonlesse

Char. 'Tis knowne already that I am possest  
With more then halfe the Gallian Territories,  
And therein reuerenc'd for their lawfull King.  
Shall I for lucre of the rest vn-vanquisht,  
Detract so much from that prerogatiue,  
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?  
No Lord Ambassador, Ile rather keepe  
That which I haue, than coueting for more

Be cast from possibility of all

Yorke. Insulting Charles, hast thou by secret meanes

Vs'd intercession to obtaine a league,

And now the matter growes to compremize,

Stand'st thou aloofe vpon Comparison.

Either accept the Title thou vsurp'st,

Of benefit proceeding from our King,

And not of any challenge of Desert,

Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres

Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy,

To cauill in the course of this Contract:

If once it be neglected, ten to one

We shall not finde like opportunity

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policie,

To saue your Subjects from such massacre

And ruthlesse slaughters as are dayly seene

By our proceeding in Hostility,

And therefore take this compact of a Truce,

Although you breake it, when your pleasure serues

War. How sayst thou Charles?

Shall our Condition stand?

Char. It Shall:

Onely reseru'd, you claime no interest

In any of our Townes of Garrison

Yor. Then sweare Allegeance to his Maiesty,

As thou art Knight, neuer to disobey,

Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,

Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.

So, now dismisse your Army when ye please:

Hang vp your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still,

For heere we entertaine a solemne peace.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Suffolke in conference with the King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earle)

Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:

Her vertues graced with externall gifts,

Do breed Loues settled passions in my heart,

And like as rigour of tempestuous gustes

Prouokes the mightiest Hulke against the tide,

So am I driuen by breath of her Renowne,

Either to suffer Shipwracke, or arriue

Where I may haue fruition of her Loue

Suf. Tush my good Lord, this superficiall tale,

Is but a preface of her worthy praise:

The cheefe perfections of that louely Dame,

(Had I sufficient skill to vtter them)

Would make a volume of inticing lines,

Able to rauish any dull conceit.

And which is more, she is not so Diuine,

So full replete with choice of all delights,

But with as humble lowlinesse of minde,

She is content to be at your command:

Command I meane, of Vertuous chaste intents,

To Loue, and Honor Henry as her Lord

King. And otherwise, will Henry ne're presume:

Therefore my Lord Protector, giue consent,

That Marg'ret may be Englands Royall Queene

Glo. So should I giue consent to flatter sinne,

You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroath'd

Vnto another Lady of esteeme,

How shall we then dispense with that contract,

And not deface your Honor with reproach?

Suf. As doth a Ruler with vnlawfull Oathes,

Or one that at a Triumph, hauing vow'd

To try his strength, forsaketh yet the Listes  
By reason of his Aduersaries oddes.  
A poore Earles daughter is vnequall oddes,  
And therefore may be broke without offence

Gloucester. Why what (I pray) is Margaret more  
then that?

Her Father is no better than an Earle,  
Although in glorious Titles he excell

Suf. Yes my Lord, her Father is a King,  
The King of Naples, and Ierusalem,  
And of such great Authoritie in France,  
As his alliance will confirme our peace,  
And keepe the Frenchmen in Allegeance

Glo. And so the Earle of Arminacke may doe,  
Because he is neere Kinsman vnto Charles

Exet. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,  
Where Reignier sooner will receyue, than giue

Suf. A Dowre my Lords? Disgrace not so your King,  
That he should be so abiect, base, and poore,  
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Loue.

Henry is able to enrich his Queene,  
And not to seeke a Queene to make him rich,  
So worthlesse Pezants bargaine for their Wiues,  
As Market men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horse.  
Marriage is a matter of more worth,  
Then to be dealt in by Atturney-ship:  
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,  
Must be companion of his Nuptiall bed.  
And therefore Lords, since he affects her most,  
Most of all these reasons bindeth vs,  
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.  
For what is wedlocke forced? but a Hell,  
An Age of discord and continuall strife,  
Whereas the contrarie bringeth blisse,  
And is a patterne of Celestiall peace.  
Whom should we match with Henry being a King,  
But Margaret, that is daughter to a King:  
Her peerelesse feature, ioyned with her birth,  
Approues her fit for none, but for a King.  
Her valiant courage, and vndaunted spirit,  
(More then in women commonly is seene)  
Will answer our hope in issue of a King.  
For Henry, sonne vnto a Conqueror,  
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,  
If with a Lady of so high resolute,  
(As is faire Margaret) he be link'd in loue.  
Then yeeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee,  
That Margaret shall be Queene, and none but shee

King. Whether it be through force of your report,  
My Noble Lord of Suffolke: Or for that  
My tender youth was neuer yet attaint  
With any passion of inflaming Loue,  
I cannot tell: but this I am assur'd,  
I feele such sharpe dissention in my breast,  
Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare,  
As I am sicke with working of my thoughts.  
Take therefore shipping, poste my Lord to France,  
Agree to any couenants, and procure  
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come  
To crosse the Seas to England, and be crown'd  
King Henries faithfull and annoited Queene.  
For your expences and sufficient charge,  
Among the people gather vp a tenth.  
Be gone I say, for till you do returne,  
I rest perplexed with a thousand Cares.  
And you (good Vnckle) banish all offence:  
If you do censure me, by what you were,  
Not what you are, I know it will excuse  
This sodaine execution of my will.  
And so conduct me, where from company,  
I may reuolue and ruminare my greefe.  
Enter.

Glo. I greefe I feare me, both at first and last.

Exit Gloucester.

Suf. Thus Suffolke hath preuail'd, and thus he goes

As did the youthfull Paris once to Greece,

With hope to finde the like euent in loue,

But prosper better than the Troian did:

Margaret shall now be Queene, and rule the King:

But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme.

Exit

FINIS. The first Part of Henry the Sixt.