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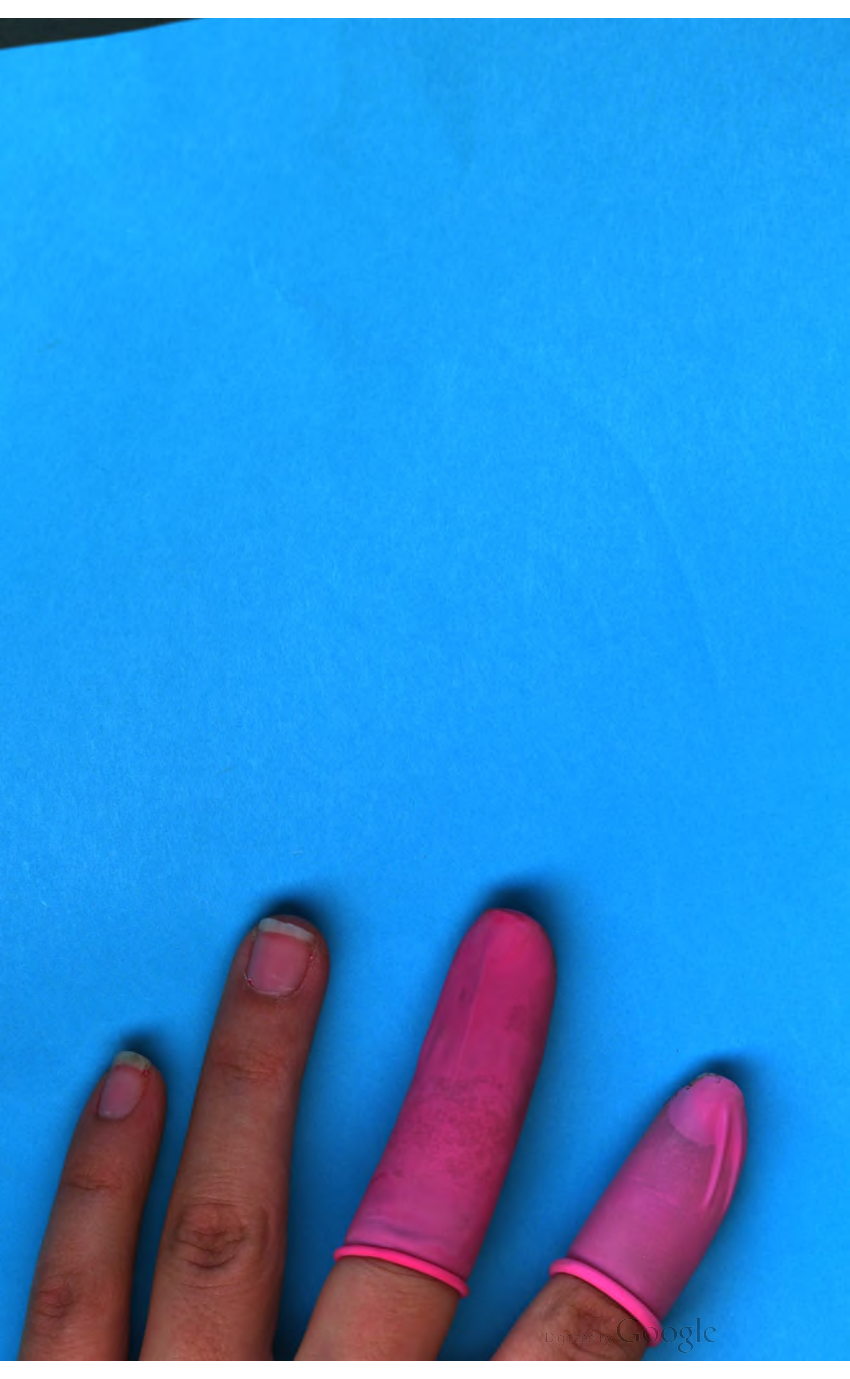
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**PSEUDO-
SHAKSPERE'SCHE
DRAMEN.**

HERAUSGEGEBEN

VON

DR. NICOLAUS DELIUS.

**ERSTES HEFT:
EDWARD III.**

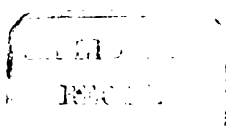
ELBERFELD, 1854.

VERLAG VON R. L. FRIDERICH'S.

Man bittet, die Rückseite des Umschlags nicht zu übersehen.

1800

Vol. 100, 300



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EIN

SHAKSPEARE

ZUGESCHRIEBENES

DRAMA.

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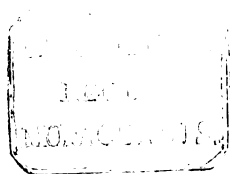
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VORREDE.

Aus dem unermesslich reichen Schatze des Englischen Dramas ist den Deutschen vorzugsweise Alles, was Shakspeare's grossen Namen, wenn auch nur mit Unrecht, an der Stirne trägt, in Uebersetzung und kritischer Besprechung zugeführt worden. Jenes lebendige Interesse eingehender Betrachtung, welches sich bei uns den ächten Werken des grossen Dichters so unermüdlich und vielseitig zuwendet, hat sich dann auch an die Schauspiele geheftet, denen eine frühe, aber unsichere Ueberlieferung, eine fälschende Buchhändlernotiz, oder die Meinung und Grille eines späteren Literarhistorikers Shakspeare'schen Ursprung zuschreiben mochte. Eine ganze, ziemlich lange Reihe solcher Dramen hat Tieck in drei verschiedenen Werken (Alt-Englisches Theater. 2 Bände. 1811. — Shakspeare's Vorschule. 2 Bände. 1823 u. 1829. — Vier Schauspiele von Shakspeare. 1. Band. 1836.) in deutscher Uebersetzung herausgegeben und mit Bezugnahme auf die Autorschaft des Dichters in ausführlichen Vorreden näher besprochen. Auch andere deutsche Kritiker — ich nenne nur A. W. v. Schlegel, Ulrici, Gervinus — lenkten in ihren Vorlesungen oder Schriften über Shakspeare die Aufmerksamkeit ihrer Landsleute auf jene Schauspiele hin, und so wenig die Resultate ihrer Untersuchungen

über die anonymen Verfasser derselben auch übereinstimmen mögen, so bleiben die Dramen selbst, mag sie geschrieben haben, wer da will, und mag der ästhetische Werth der einzelnen auch noch so verschieden sein, doch sammt und sonders einer nicht bloss flüchtigen Notiznahme schon deshalb würdig, weil sie, mit grösserer oder geringerer Wahrscheinlichkeit, überhaupt einmal mit Shakspeare in Verbindung gebracht worden sind.

Da mag es denn wohl auffallend erscheinen, dass in Deutschland von diesen vielbesprochenen Pseudo-Shakspeare'schen Arbeiten zwar Uebersetzungen und Abhandlungen vorhanden, die Originale indess, auf deren Kenntniss doch vorzugsweise jede literarische und kritische Erörterung beruhen muss, so äusserst selten sind. Indess wird diese Erscheinung weniger auffallend, wenn wir sehen, dass selbst in England diese Dramen zweifelhaften Ursprungs bei Weitem nicht die Verbreitung gefunden haben, die ihnen zukommt, und in dieser Hinsicht von jeher nicht nur, wie leicht erklärlich, gegen Shakspeare's ächte Werke, sondern auch fast gegen die ganze dramatische Literatur, so weit sie sich gedruckt erhalten hat, zurückstehen mussten. Während die Werke der namhaften Zeitgenossen Shakspeare's in wiederholten und verbesserten Ausgaben immer erneuert dem Englischen Publikum dargeboten werden, fehlen in den umfangreichen Sammlungen älterer Schauspiele, z. B. in der zwölfbändigen von Dodsley, in deren sechsbändiger Fortsetzung (*Old Plays* und *Old Plays Continued*), in der dreibändigen von Hawkins u. A. grösstentheils alle diejenigen, welche als Shakspeare'sche oder Pseudo-Shakspeare'sche vor allen andern bekannt zu werden verdienten. Von sieben solchen Dramen, welche, als unserm Dichter zugeschrieben, die dritte Folioaus-

gabe vom Jahre 1663 den ächten Dramen Shakspeare's beigefügt und die vierte vom Jahre 1685 beibehalten hat, wusste nur Eines, nämlich *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, in den späteren Ausgaben seinen Platz zu behaupten; die übrigen sechs, nämlich *Lochrine*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *The Life and Death of Thomas Lord Cromwell*, *The London Prodigal*, *The Puritan*, *A Yorkshire Tragedy* geriethen bald in eine unverdiente Vergessenheit, welcher die von Malone in seinen *Supplements* im Jahre 1778 veranstaltete Ausgabe — sein erster und wenig verbreteter Versuch als Herausgeber und Commentator Shakspeare's — sie kaum und nur vorübergehend zu entreissen vermochte. Zwar hat neuerdings auch Hazlitt seiner Ausgabe Shakspeare's auch diese sieben *doubtful plays*, wie sie bei den Engländern heissen, einverleibt, aber die übrigen Dramen derselben Kategorie, die uns, in deutscher Uebersetzung wenigstens, aus Tieck's oben erwähnten Büchern zugänglich geworden, existiren in England selbst, wo sie aus dem Buchhandel ganz verschwunden, nur in einzelnen und seltenen Exemplaren, die wohl als Eigenthum der Bibliophilen oder der Bibliotheken vorhanden, keinesweges aber im Bereiche des gebildeten, grösseren Publikums liegen, das in weiten Kreisen eine lebendige Theilnahme an der dramatischen Blüthezeit des Vaterlandes hegt.

Unter solchen Umständen ist der Versuch, zunächst die selteneren und poetisch interessanten Pseudo-Shakspeare'schen Dramen in der Urschrift bekannter zu machen, vielleicht selbst für Deutschland, wo die Uebersetzungen ja den Originalen bereits den Weg gebahnt haben, kein allzu gewagter. Wir eröffnen die Reihe mit einem Werke, das Tieck in seinen „Vier Schauspielen von Shakspeare“ unter dem Namen „König Eduard der

Dritte“ übersetzt und das auch Ulrici in seinem Werke über unseren Dichter demselben unbedenklich zugeschrieben hat. Das Drama erschien zuerst im Jahre 1596 unter folgendem Titel:

The Raigne of King Edward the third: As it hath bin sundrie times plaied about the Citie of London. London, Printed for Cuthbert Burby. 1596. Die Ausgabe ist in Quarto.

Eine zweite Auflage erschien im Jahre 1599 in demselben Verlage. Nach Eintragungen in die Register der Buchhändlergilde scheint das Drama auch in den Jahren 1609, 1617 und 1625 neu aufgelegt zu sein. Der Erste, welcher die allgemeine Aufmerksamkeit auf dasselbe als auf ein muthmasslich Shakspeare'sches Werk zu lenken suchte, war Capell der es im Jahre 1760 in einem Bande, betitelt: *Prolusions, or Select Pieces of Ancient Poetry* als „*A play thought to be writ by Shakspeare*“ herausgab. Er bemerkt dazu in der Vorrede: *That it was indeed written by Shakspeare, it cannot be said with candour that there is any external evidence at all: something of proof arises from resemblance between the style of his earlier performances and the work in question; and a more conclusive one yet from consideration of the time it appeared in, in which there was no known writer equal to such a play: the fable of it too is taken from the same books which that author is known to have followed in some other plays, to wit, Holinshed's Chronicle and a book of novels called The Palace of Pleasure. But, after all, it must be confessed that its being his work must be conjecture only, and matter of opinion; and the reader must form one of his own, guided by what is now before him, and by what he shall meet with in perusal of the play itself.*

In diesen Worten hat Capell das Sachverhältniss, wenn auch nicht erschöpfend, doch richtig dargestellt. Shakspeare's Autorschaft wird durch kein äusseres Zeugniß bewiesen: die alten Ausgaben von *Edward III.* nennen seinen Namen nicht auf dem Titelblatt, wie dieser Name freilich auch auf manchem Titelblatt zu den alten Ausgaben unzweifelhaft ächter Shakspeare'scher Dramen fehlt, und umgekehrt auf anderen Dramen, die unserm Dichter entschieden abgesprochen werden müssen, in betrügerischer Absicht angegeben ist. Capell's zweites Argument ist die Aehnlichkeit des Styls zwischen ächten Werken Shakspeare's und diesem Drama, und diese Aehnlichkeit besteht allerdings in einem höheren Grade und weiterem Umfange, als sie sich zwischen jenen und irgend einem anderen Werke gleichzeitiger Dichter nachweisen lässt. Bestände sie nur, wie Capell annimmt, mit denjenigen Dramen Shakspeare's, welche vor 1595, dem Jahre, in welchem *Edward III.* in die Buchhändlerregister eingetragen wurde, erschienen sind, so wäre immerhin an eine, wenn auch äusserst vollendete und von keinem bekannten Dichter der Zeit in gleichem Masse erreichte Nachahmung zu denken, aber die theilweise Selbstständigkeit des Dichters von *Edward III.* und damit die Bedeutung des Werkes wird dadurch gewahrt, dass auch mit den späteren Werken Shakspeare's, die unzweifelhaft nach *Edward III.* geschrieben sind, dieselbe Uebereinstimmung im Styl, Phraseologie und Metapher sich jedem mit Shakspeare vertrauten Leser gleichsam von selbst aufdrängt. Zwischen Shakspeare's sämtlichen historischen Dramen (mit Ausnahme des spätern *King Henry VIII.*) einerseits, und *Edward III.* andererseits, herrscht in diesen formellen Eigenthümlichkeiten eine Verwandtschaft, deren Räthsel durch die Hypothese von einer

Nachahmung des grossen Dichters von Seiten des anonymen nicht zu lösen ist. Auch darin unterscheidet sich *Edward III.* von fast jedem andern Drama der Zeit, dass wie im Jahre 1595 kein anderer bekannter Dichter so ganz und gar an die Shakspeare'sche Form, mit Verleugnung seiner eigenen bei jedem Zeitgenossen sonst so scharf hervortretenden Art, sich eng anschloss, auch damals, wie Capell richtig bemerkt, kein anderer bekannter Dichter einem solchen Drama gewachsen war. In jener Periode des Englischen Dramas, bis zum Jahre 1595, findet sich die Masshaltung des Ausdrucks, die Anmuth der Sprache, die Verständlichkeit der Charakteristik, die wir in *Edward III.* anzuerkennen haben, ausser bei ihm eben nur bei Shakspeare, und sonst bei keinem Dichter jener Zeit.

Und doch eben so entschieden, wie die angegebenen Aeusserlichkeiten in *Edward III.* auf Shakspeare, wenn auch nicht auf den ganzen Shakspeare, hinweisen, eben so entschieden spricht gegen dessen Autorschaft die Anlage des Dramas, das nicht, wie jedes Shakspeare'sche, eine Einheit bildet, sondern in zwei unkünstlerisch ohne innern Zusammenhang an einander gereihte Theile zerfällt. Die beiden ersten Akte sind auf eine Novelle in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure* gegründet, und zeigen uns in ihrer Handlung eine Liebesgeschichte, in ihrem Helden einen Romanhelden, der nur dadurch mit dem zweiten Theile, den drei letzten Akten, die Verbindung bildet, dass er ebenfalls darin auftritt, aber in ganz veränderter Gestalt, als Feldherr und König, wie die Quelle des Dichters für diese zweite Hälfte des Dramas, Holinshed's Chronik nach Froissart's Darstellung ihn schildert. Jeder von beiden Theilen ist mit Geschick als ein für sich abgeschlossenes Ganze behandelt, aber

keiner passt zum andern; und die Zusammenfügung der beiden, zu gegenseitiger Beeinträchtigung, geschieht in einer Weise, welche der Shakspeare'schen, selbst in ihrer frühesten Periode, schnurstracks zuwiderläuft. Dieser Mangel an künstlerischer Umbildung des vorliegenden halb novellistischen und halb historischen Stoffes zu einem organischen Ganzen macht die von Capell, Tieck und Ulrici vermuthete Autorschaft unseres Dichters mehr als zweifelhaft, und wenn es schwierig erscheint, auf einen andern Verfasser des Dramas zu schliessen, als Shakspeare, so ist es nicht weniger schwierig, Shakspeare für den Verfasser zu halten. Wir können in solcher Ungewissheit nur auf den Schluss der oben angeführten Worte Capell's zurückkommen.

Capell hat zu seiner Ausgabe in den *Prologues* die beiden ältesten Quartausgaben von 1596 und 1599 collationirt und die übrigens nur wenig unter einander abweichenden Varianten, so weit er sie nicht in den Text aufnahm, genau angegeben. Auf Capell's Collation ist auch meine Ausgabe gegründet, doch so, dass ich manche von ihm aus dem Text in die Noten verwiesene Lesart der ersten oder der zweiten Quarto wieder restituirte, manche andere, die einer Conjectur meines Vorgängers, wie mir schien, mit Unrecht, hatte weichen müssen, wieder in den Text aufnahm. Auch einige eigne Conjecturen habe ich mir nicht ersparen können, wo die alten Lesarten mir nicht genügten. Indess sind alle diese Abweichungen und Aenderungen meistens so geringfügiger Natur, dass ich schliesslich nur die bedeutenderen anzuführen brauche, diejenigen namentlich, wo ich nicht nur von Capell, sondern auch von der ersten und zweiten Quarto abgegangen bin.

A. 1. Sc. 1. [p. 6.] *Degenerate traitor, viper to the place.* — Capell und die Qs. haben *Regenerate*.

A. 1. Sc. 2. [p. 12.] *Even she, my liege, whose beauty tyrant fear.* — C. u. die Qs. haben *tyrant's fear*.

Ibid. [p. 14.] *From weather's waste, the undergarnish'd pride.* — C. und die Qs. haben *west*.

A. 2. Sc. 1. [p. 17.] *Through which the queen of beauty's queens shall see.* — C. u. Qs. haben *queen*.

Ibid. [p. 21.] *But, soft, here comes the treasurer of my spirit.* — So die Q. I. — C. u. Q. 2. haben *treasure*.

Ibid. [p. 28.] *And to be ten times worse inwird by friends.* — C. u. Qs. *inwird*.

A. 2. Sc. 2. [p. 31.] *Thus from the heart's abundance speaks the tongue.* — C. u. Qs. *abundant*.

Ibid. [p. 32.] *Shall serve me as the ventage of the wind.* — C. u. Qs. *vantage*.

Ibid. [p. 33.] *Let's with our colours beat the air of France.* — Die Qs. *sweate*; C's. *Conjectur sweep*.

Ibid. [p. 34.] *The register of all varieties.* — C. u. die Qs. *varieties*.

Ibid. [p. 34.] *To my subjection in thy beauteous love.* — C. u. die Qs. *objection*.

A. 3. Sc. 1. [p. 43.] *We lively pictur'd; how the one for fame.* — So die Qs.; C. liest *Were*.

A. 3. Sc. 2. [p. 44.] *When enemy and destruction is so nigh.* — So die Qs.; C. *envy*.

A. 3. Sc. 5. [p. 56.] *To season his courage with those grievous thoughts.* — So die Qs.; C. ändert ohne Grund: *To season his green courage with those thoughts.*

A. 4. Sc. 1. [p. 60.] *This once I mean to try a Frenchman's faith.* — So die Qs.; C. liest *Thus, once*.

A. 4. Sc. 2. [p. 62.] *And Edward's sword must flesh itself in such.* — Die Qs. u. C. lesen *fresh*.

A. 4. Sc. 4. [p. 67.] *Chok'd up those French moths and dissever'd them.* — C. u. die Qs. *mouths*.

Ibid. [p. 68.] *These quarters, squadrons, and these regiments.* — So die Qs.; C. liest *quarter'd squadrons*.

Ibid. [p. 70.] *Now, Audley, sound those silver strings of thine.* — C. u. die Qs. haben *wings*.

A. 4. Sc. 5. [p. 72.] *The leaves move not, the wood is hush'd and still.* — So die Qs.; C. liest *world*.

A. 5. [p. 82.] *But I required the chiefest citizens.* — So die Qs.; — C. *require*.

Ibid. [p. 82.] *Or may our portion be with damned fiends.* — C. u. die Qs. haben *friends*.

Ibid. [p. 86.] *The pillars of his herse shall be the their bones.* — C. u. die Qs. haben *his bones*, und in der nächsten Zeile *city ashes* für *cities' ashes*.



EDWARD III.

AN HISTORICAL PLAY.

Persons represented.

EDWARD III., King of England:

EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his Son.

Earl of WARWICK; Earl of DERBY; Earl of SALISBURY;

Lord AUDLEY; Lord PERCY; LODOWICK, Edward's Con-

Sir WILLIAM MOUNTAGUE; Sir JOHN COPLAND; [fident;

Two Esquires, and a Herald, English.

ROBERT, stiling himself Earl, of ARTOIS;

Earl of MONTFORT; and GOBIN DE GREY.

JOHN, King of France:

CHARLES, and PHILIP, his Sons.

Duke of LORRAIN. — VILLIERS, a French Lord.

King of Bohemia, and } Aids to King JOHN.
A Polish Captain, }

Two Citizens of Calais.

A Captain, and a poor Inhabitant, of the same.

Another Captain; a Mariner;

Three Heralds; and four other Frenchmen.

DAVID, King of Scotland.

Earl DOUGLAS; and two Messengers, Scotch.

PHILIPPA, EDWARD'S Queen.

Countess of SALISBURY.

A French Woman.

Lords, and divers other Attendants;

Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Scene, dispers'd; in England, Flanders, and France.

EDWARD III.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

London. A Room of State in the Palace. Flourish.

Enter King EDWARD, *attended*; PRINCE OF WALES,
WARWICK, DERBY, AUDLEY, ARTOIS, *and* Others.

Edw. Robert of Artois, banish'd though thou be
From France, thy native country, yet with us
Thou shalt retain as great a signiory;
For we create thee Earl of Richmond here.
And now go forwards with our pedigree;
Who next succeeded Philip le beau?

Art. Three sons of his; which all, successively,
Did sit upon their father's regal throne;
Yet dy'd, and left no issue of their loins.

Edw. But was my mother sister unto those?

Art. She was, my lord; and only Isabelle
Was all the daughters that this Philip had:
Whom afterward your father took to wife;
And, from the fragrant garden of her womb,
Your gracious self, the flower of Europe's hope,
Derived is inheritor to France.

But note the rancour of rebellious minds.
When thus the lineage of le beau was out,
The French obscur'd your mother's priviledge;
And, though she were the next of blood, proclaim'd
John, of the house of Valois, now their king:
The reason was, They say, the realm of France,
Replete with princes of great parentage,
Ought not admit a governor to rule,
Except he be descended of the male;
And that's the special ground of their contempt,
Wherewith they study to exclude your grace:
But they shall find that forged ground of theirs
To be but dusty heaps of brittle sand.
Perhaps, it will be thought a heinous thing,
That I, a Frenchman, should discover this:
But heaven I call to record of my vows;
It is not hate, nor any private wrong,
But love unto my country, and the right,
Provokes my tongue thus lavish in report:
You are the lineal watchman of our peace,
And John of Valois indirectly climbs:
What then should subjects, but embrace their king?
And wherein may our duty more be seen,
Than, striving to rebate a tyrant's pride,
Place the true shepherd of our common-wealth?

Edw. This counsel, Artois, like to fruitful showers,
Hath added growth unto my dignity:
And, by the fiery vigour of thy words,
Hot courage is engender'd in my breast,
Which heretofore was rak'd in ignorance;
But now doth mount with golden wings of fame,
And will approve fair Isabelle's descent
Able to yoke their stubborn necks with steel

That spurn against my sov'reignty in France. —

[*Cornet within.*

A messenger? — Lord Audley, know from whence.

[*Exit AUDLEY, and returns.*

Aud. The duke of Lorrain, having cross'd the seas,
Intreats he may have conference with your highness.

Edw. Admit him, lords, that we may hear the news. —

[*Exeunt Lords. King takes his State.*

Re-enter Lords; with LORRAIN, attended.

Say, duke of Lorrain, wherefore art thou come?

Lor. The most renowned prince, king John of France,
Doth greet thee, Edward: and by me commands,
That, for so much as by his liberal gift
The Guyenne dukedom is entail'd to thee,
Thou do him lowly homage for the same:
And, for that purpose, here I summon thee
Repair to France within these forty days,
That there, according as the custom is,
Thou may'st be sworn true liege-man to the king;
Or, else, thy title in that province dies,
And he himself will repossess the place.

Edw. See, how occasion laughs me in the face!
No sooner minded to prepare for France,
But, straight, I am invited; nay, with threats,
Upon a penalty, enjoin'd to come:
'Twere but a foolish part, to say him nay. —
Lorrain, return this answer to thy lord:
I mean to visit him, as he requests;
But how? not servilely dispos'd to bend;
But like a conqueror, to make him bow:
His lame unpolish'd shifts are come to light;
And truth hath pull'd the vizard from his face,

That set a gloss upon his arrogance.
Dare he command a fealty in me?
Tell him, the crown, that he usurps, is mine;
And where he sets his foot, he ought to kneel:
'Tis not a petty dukedom that I claim,
But all the whole dominions of the realm;
Which if with grudging he refuse to yield,
I'll take away those borrow'd plumes of his,
And send him naked to the wilderness.

Lor. Then, Edward, here, in sight of all thy lords,
I do pronounce defiance to thy face.

Pri. Defiance, Frenchman? we rebound it back,
Even to the bottom of thy master's throat:
And, — be it spoke with reverence of the king
My gracious father, and these other lords, —
I hold thy message but as scurrilous;
And him, that sent thee, like the lazy drone,
Crept up by stealth unto the eagle's nest;
From whence we'll shake him with so rough a storm,
As others shall be warned by his harm.

War. Bid him leave off the lion's case he wears;
Lest, meeting with the lion in the field,
He chance to tear him piece-meal for his pride.

Art. The soundest counsel I can give his grace,
Is, to surrender ere he be constrain'd:
A voluntary mischief hath less scorn,
Than when reproach with violence is born.

Lor. Degenerate traitor, viper to the place
Where thou wast foster'd in thine infancy,

[*Drawing his sword.*

Bear'st thou a part in this conspiracy?

Edw. Lorrain, behold the sharpness of this steel:

[*Drawing his.*

Fervent desire, that sits against my heart,
Is far more thorny -pricking than this blade;
That, with the nightingale, I shall be scar'd,
As oft as I dispose myself to rest,
Until my colours be display'd in France:
This is thy final answer; so be gone.

Lor. It is not that, nor any English brave,
Afflicts me so, as doth his poison'd view;
That is most false, should most of all be true.

[*Exeunt LORRAIN, and Train.*]

Edw. Now, lords, our fleeting bark is under sail:
Our gage is thrown; and war is soon begun,
But not so quickly brought unto an end. —

Enter Sir WILLIAM MOUNTAGUE.

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

Mou. Crack'd and dissever'd, my renowned lord.
The treacherous king no sooner was inform'd
Of your withdrawing of our army back,
But straight, forgetting of his former oath,
He made invasion on the bordering towns:
Berwick is won; Newcastle spoil'd and lost;
And now the tyrant hath begirt with siege
The castle of Roxborough, where enclos'd
The countess Salisbury is like to perish.

Edw. That is thy daughter, Warwick, is it not;
Whose husband hath in Bretagne serv'd so long,
About the planting of lord Montfort there?

War. It is, my lord.

Edw. Ignoble David! hast thou none to grieve,
But silly ladies, with thy threat'ning arms?
But I will make you shrink your snaily horns. —

First, therefore, Audley, this shall be thy charge;
Go levy footmen for our wars in France: —
And, Ned, take muster of our men at arms:
In every shire elect a several band;
Let them be soldiers of a lusty spirit,
Such as dread nothing but dishonour's blot:
Be wary therefore; since we do commence
A famous war, and with so mighty a nation. —
Derby, be thou ambassador for us
Unto our father-in-law, the earl of Hainault:
Make him acquainted with our enterprize;
And likewise will him, with our own allies,
That are in Flanders, to solicit too
The emperor of Almaigne in our name. —
Myself, whilst you are jointly thus employ'd,
Will, with these forces that I have at hand,
March, and once more repulse the trait'rous Scots.
But, sirs, be resolute; we shall have wars
On every side: — and, Ned, thou must begin
Now to forget thy study and thy books,
And ure thy shoulders to an armour's weight.

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

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Roxborough. Before the Castle.

Enter Countess of SALISBURY, and certain of her People, upon the walls.

Cou. Alas, how much in vain my poor eyes gaze
For succour that my sovereign should send!
Ah, cousin Mountague, I fear, thou want'st
The lively spirit, sharply to solicit
With vehement suit the king in my behalf:
Thou dost not tell him, what a grief it is
To be the scornful captive to a Scot;
Either to be woo'd with broad untuned oaths,
Or forc'd by rough insulting barbarism:
Thou dost not tell him, if he here prevail,
How much they will deride us in the north;
And, in their vile, uncivil, skipping jigs,
Bray forth their conquest, and our overthrow,
Even in the barren, bleak, and fruitless air.

*Enter King DAVID, and Forces; with DOUGLAS,
LORRAIN, and Others.*

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

[Retiring behind the works.]

Dav. My lord of Lorrain, to our brother of France
Commend us, as the man in christendom
Whom we most reverence, and entirely love.
Touching your embassy, return, and say,
That we with England will not enter parly,
Nor never make fair weather, or take truce;

But burn their neighbour towns, and so persist
With eager roads beyond their city York.
And never shall our bonny riders rest;
Nor rusting canker have the time to eat
Their light-born snaffles, nor their nimble spurs;
Nor lay aside their jacks of gymold mail;
Nor hang their staves of grained Scottish ash,
In peaceful wise, upon their city walls;
Nor from their button'd tawny leathern belts
Dismiss their biting whinyards, — 'till your king
Cry out, Enough; spare England now for pity.
Farewel: and tell him, that you leave us here
Before this castle; say, you came from us
Even when we had that yielded to our hands.

Lor. I take my leave; and fairly will return
Your acceptable greeting to my king.

[*Exit* LORRAIN.]

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

Dou. My liege, I crave the lady, and no more.

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

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

Dav. Those are her own, still liable to her,
And, who inherits her, hath those withal.

Enter A Messenger *hastily*.

Mes. My liege, as we were pricking on the hills,
To fetch in booty, marching hitherward
We might descry a mighty host of men:
The sun, reflecting on the armour, shew'd
A field of plate, a wood of pikes advanc'd;
Bethink your highness speedily herein:

An easy march within four hours will bring
The hindmost rank unto this place, my liege.

Dav. Dislodge, dislodge, it is the king of England.

Dou. Jemmy my man, saddle my bonny black.

Dav. Mean'st thou to fight, Douglas? we are too
weak.

Dou. I know it well, my liege, and therefore flee.

Cou. My lords of Scotland, will ye stay and drink?

[Rising from her concealment.]

Dav. She mocks at us; Douglas, I can't endure it.

Cou. Say, good my lord, which is he, must have the
lady;

And which, her jewels? I am sure, my lords,
Ye will not hence, 'till you have shar'd the spoils.

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

Enter Another Messenger.

Mes. Arm, my good lord; O, we are all surpriz'd!

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

Dav. She heard that too; Intolerable grief! —
Woman, farewell: Although I do not stay, —

[Alarums. Exeunt Scots.]

Cou. 'Tis not for fear, — and yet you run away. —
O happy comfort, welcome to our house!
The confident and boist'rous boasting Scot, —
That swore before my walls, he would not back
For all the armed power of this land, —
With faceless fear, that ever turns his back,
Turn'd hence against the blasting north-east wind,
Upon the bare report and name of arms.

Enter MOUNTAGUE, and Others.

O summer's day! see where my cousin comes.

Mou. How fares my aunt? Why, aunt, we are not Scots;
Why do you shut your gates against your friends?

Cou. Well may I give a welcome, cousin, to thee,
For thou com'st well to chase my foes from hence.

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

Cou. How may I entertain his majesty,
To shew my duty, and his dignity? [*Exit, from above.*]

Flourish. *Enter King EDWARD, WARWICK, ARTOIS,*
and Others.

Edw. What, are the stealing foxes fled and gone,
Before we could uncouple at their heels?

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

Re-enter Countess, attended.

Edw. This is the countess, Warwick, is it not?

War. Even she, my liege; whose beauty tyrant fear,
As a may blossom with pernicious winds,
Hath sully'd, wither'd, overcast, and done.

Edw. Hath she been fairer, Warwick, than she is?

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

Edw. What strange enchantment lurk'd in those her
eyes,

When they excell'd this excellence they have,
That now their dim decline hath power to draw
My subject eyes from piercing majesty,
To gaze on her with doting admiration?

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

Edw. Lady, stand up: I come to bring thee peace,
However thereby I have purchas'd war.

Cou. No war to you, my liege; the Scots are gone,
And gallop home toward Scotland with their haste.

Edw. Lest yielding here I pine in shameful love,
Come, we'll pursue the Scots; — Artois, away.

Cou. A little while, my gracious sovereign, stay,
And let the power of a mighty king
Honour our roof; my husband in the wars,
When he shall hear it, will triumph for joy:
Then, dear my liege, now niggard not thy state;
Being at the wall, enter our homely gate.

Edw. Pardon me, countess, I will come no near;
I dream'd to-night of treason, and I fear.

Cou. Far from this place let ugly treason lye!

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

Cou. What might I speak, to make my sovereign
stay?

Edw. What needs a tongue to such a speaking eye,
That more persuades than winning oratory?

Cou. Let not thy presence, like the april sun,
Flatter our earth, and suddenly be done.
More happy do not make our outward wall,
Than thou wilt grace our inward house withal.
Our house, my liege, is like a country swain,
Whose habit rude, and manners blunt and plain,
Presageth nought; yet inly beautify'd
With bounty's riches, and fair hidden pride:
For, where the golden ore doth bury'd lye,
The ground, undeck'd with nature's tapestry,
Seems barren, sere, unfertil, fruitless, dry;
And where the upper turf of earth doth boast
His pied perfumes, and party-colour'd cost,
Delve there, and find this issue, and their pride,
To spring from ordure, and corruption's side.
But, to make up my all too long compare, —
These ragged walls no testimony are
What is within; but, like a cloke, doth hide,
From weather's waste, the under garnisht pride.
More gracious than my terms can let thee be,
Intreat thyself to stay a while with me.

Edw. As wise as fair; What fond fit can be heard,
When wisdom keeps the gate as beauty's guard? —
Countess, albeit my business urgeth me,
It shall attend, while I attend on thee. —
Come on, my lords, here will I host to -night.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

The same. Gardens of the Castle.

Enter LODOWICK.

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

Enter King EDWARD.

Edw. She is grown more fairer far since I came hither;
Her voice more silver every word than other,
Her wit more fluent: What a strange discourse
Unfolded she, of David, and his Scots?
Even thus, quoth she, he spake, — and then spoke broad,
With epithets and accents of the Scots;
But somewhat better than the Scot could speak:
And thus, quoth she, — and answer'd then herself;
For who could speak like her? but she herself
Breaths from the wall an angel's note from heaven
Of sweet defiance to her barbarous foes.
When she would talk of peace, methinks, her tongue
Commanded war to prison; when of war,
It waken'd Caesar from his Roman grave,
To hear war beautify'd by her discourse.
Wisdom is foolishness, but in her tongue;
Beauty a slander, but in her fair face:
There is no summer, but in her cheerful looks;
Nor frosty winter, but in her disdain.
I cannot blame the Scots, that did besiege her,
For she is all the treasure of our land;
But call them cowards, that they ran away,
Having so rich and fair a cause to stay. —
Art thou there, Lodowick? give me ink and paper.

Lod. I will, my sovereign.

Edw. And bid the lords hold on their play at chess,
For we will walk and meditate alone.

Lod. I will, my liege. [*Exit* LODOWICK.]

Edw. This fellow is well read in poetry.
And hath a lusty and persuasive spirit:
I will acquaint him with my passion;
Which he shall shadow with a veil of lawn,

Through which the queen of beauty's queens shall see
Herself the ground of my infirmity. —

Re-enter LODOWICK.

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

Lod. Ready, my liege.

Edw. Then in the summer harbour sit by me,
Make it our council-house, or cabinet;
Since green our thoughts, green be the conventicle,
Where we will ease us by disburd'ning them.
Now, Lodowick, invoke some golden muse,
To bring thee hither an enchanted pen,
That may, for sighs, set down true sighs indeed;
Talking of grief, to make thee ready groan;
And, when thou writ'st of tears, encouch the word,
Before, and after, with such sweet laments,
That it may raise drops in a Tartar's eye,
And make a flint heart Scythian pitiful:
For so much moving hath a poet's pen;
Then, if thou be a poet, move thou so,
And be enriched by thy sovereign's love.
For, if the touch of sweet concordant strings
Could force attendance in the ears of hell;
How much more shall the strains of poet's wit
Beguile, and ravish, soft and humane minds?

Lod. To whom, my lord, shall I direct my stile?

Edw. To one that shames the fair, and sots the wise;
Whose body, as an abstract, or a brief,
Contains each general virtue in the world:
Better than beautiful, — thou must begin;
Devise for fair a fairer word than fair;
And every ornament, that thou would'st praise,
Fly it a pitch above the soar of praise:

For flattery fear thou not to be convicted;
For, were thy admiration ten times more,
Ten times ten thousand more the worth exceeds,
Of that thou art to praise, thy praise's worth.
Begin, I will to contemplate the while:
Forget not to set down, how passionate,
How heart-sick, and how full of languishment,
Her beauty makes me.

Lod. Write I to a woman?

Edw. What beauty else could triumph over me;
Or who, but women, do our love-lays greet?
What, think'st thou I did bid thee praise a horse?

Lod. Of what condition or estate she is,
'Twere requisite that I should know, my lord.

Edw. Of such estate, that hers is as a throne,
And my estate the footstool where she treads:
Then may'st thou judge what her condition is,
By the proportion of her mightiness.
Write on, while I peruse her in my thoughts. —
Her voice to musick, or the nightingale: —
To musick every summer-leaping swain
Compares his sun-burnt lover when she speaks:
And why should I speak of the nightingale?
The nightingale sings of adulterate wrong;
And that, compar'd, is too satirical:
For sin, though sin, would not be so esteem'd;
But, rather, virtue sin, sin virtue deem'd.
Her hair, far softer than the silk-worm's twist,
Like to a flattering glass, doth make more fair
The yellow amber: Like a flattering glass
Comes in too soon; for, writing of her eyes,
I'll say, that like a glass they catch the sun,
And thence the hot reflection doth rebound

Against my breast, and burns my heart within.
Ah, what a world of descant makes my soul
Upon this voluntary ground of love! —
Come, Lodowick, hast thou turn'd thy ink to gold?
If not, write but in letters capital
My mistress' name,
And it will gild thy paper: Read, lord, read,
Fill thou the empty hollows of mine ears
With the sweet hearing of thy poetry.

Lod. I have not to a period brought her praise.

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

Lod. „More fair, and chaste, than is the queen of
shades,“ —

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

Lod. What is the other fault, my sovereign lord?

Edw. Read o'er the line again.

Lod. „More fair, and chaste,“ —

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

Lod. „More fair, and chaste, than is the queen of
shades;

More bold in constancy“ —

Edw. In constancy! than who?

Lod. — „than Judith was.“

Edw. O monstrous line! Put in the next a sword,
And I shall woo her to cut off my head.
Blot, blot, good Lodowick! Let us hear the next.

Lod. There's all that yet is done.

Edw. I thank thee then, thou hast done little ill;
But what is done, is passing passing ill.
No, let the captain talk of boist'rous war;
The prisoner, of immured dark constraint;
The sick man best sets down the pangs of death;
The man that starves, the sweetness of a feast;
The frozen soul, the benefit of fire;
And every grief, his happy opposite:

Love cannot sound well, but in lovers' tongues;
Give me the pen and paper, I will write. —

Enter Countess.

But, soft, here comes the treasurer of my spirit. —
Lodowick, thou know'st not how to draw a battle;
These wings, these flankers, and these squadrons
Argue in thee defective discipline:
Thou should'st have plac'd this here, this other here.

Cou. Pardon my boldness, my thrice gracious lord;
Let my intrusion here be call'd my duty,
That comes to see my sovereign how he fares.

Edw. Go, draw the same, I tell thee in what form.

Lod. I go. *[Exit LODOWICK.]*

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

Edw. Ah, lady, I am blunt, and cannot strew
The flowers of solace in a ground of shame: —
Since I came hither, countess, I am wrong'd.

Cou. Now, God forbid, that any in my house
Should think my sovereign wrong! Thrice gentle king,
Acquaint me with your cause of discontent.

Edw. How near then shall I be to remedy?

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

Edw. If thou speak'st true, then have I my redress:
Engage thy power to redeem my joys,
And I am joyful, countess; else, I die.

Cou. I will, my liege.

Edw. Swear, countess, that thou wilt.

Cou. By heaven, I will.

Edw. Then take thyself a little way aside;

And tell thyself, a king doth dote on thee:
Say, that within thy power it doth lie,
To make him happy; and that thou hast sworn,
To give me all the joy within thy power:
Do this; and tell me, when I shall be happy.

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

Edw. Thou hear'st me say, that I do dote on thee.

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

Edw. It is thy beauty that I would enjoy.

Cou. O, were it painted, I would wipe it off,
And dispossess myself, to give it thee.
But, sovereign, it is solder'd to my life;
Take one, and both; for, like an humble shadow,
It haunts the sun-shine of my summer's life.

Edw. But thou may'st lend it me, to sport withal.

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

Edw. Did'st thou not swear, to give me what I
would?

Cou. I did, my liege; so, what you would, I could.

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

Cou. But that your lips were sacred, o my lord,
You would prophane the holy name of love:
That love, you offer me, you cannot give;
For Caesar owes that tribute to his queen:
That love, you beg of me, I cannot give;
For Sarah owes that duty to her lord.
He, that doth clip, or counterfeit, your stamp,
Shall die, my lord: And will your sacred self
Commit high treason against the King of heaven,
To stamp his image in forbidden metal,
Forgetting your allegiance, and your oath?
In violating marriage sacred law,
You break a greater honour than yourself:
To be a king, is of a younger house,
Than to be marry'd; your progenitor,
Sole-reigning Adam on the universe,
By God was honour'd for a marry'd man,
But not by him anointed for a king.
It is a penalty, to break your statutes,
Though not enacted by your highness' hand:
How much more, to infringe the holy act
Made by the mouth of God, seal'd with his hand?
I know, my sovereign — in my husband's love,
Who now doth loyal service in his wars —
Doth but to try the wife of Salisbury,
Whether she will hear a wanton's tale, or no;
Lest being therein guilty by my stay,
From that, not from my liege, I turn away.

[*Exit* COUNTESS.]

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

• *Enter* WARWICK.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Edw. Say, that my grief is no way med'cinable,
But by the loss and bruising of thine honour?

War. If nothing but that loss may vantage you,
I would account that loss my vantage too.

Edw. Think'st, that thou can'st unswear thy oath
again?

War. I cannot; nor I would not, if I could.

Edw. But, if thou dost, what shall I say to thee?

War. What may be said to any perjur'd villain,
That breaks the sacred warrant of an oath.

Edw. What wilt thou say to one that breaks an oath?

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

Edw. What office were it, to suggest a man
To break a lawful and religious vow?

War. An office for the devil, not for man.

Edw. That devil's office must thou do for me;
Or break thy oath, or cancel all the bonds
Of love, and duty, 'twixt thyself and me.

And therefore, Warwick, if thou art thyself,
The lord and master of thy word and oath,
Go to thy daughter; and, in my behalf,
Command her, woo her, win her any ways,
To be my mistress, and my secret love.
I will not stand to hear thee make reply;
Thy oath break hers, or let thy sovereign die.

[*Exit* EDWARD.]

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

Enter Countess.

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

Cou. My lord and father, I have sought for you:

My mother and the peers importune you,
To keep in presence of his majesty,
And do your best to make his highness merry.

War. How shall I enter in this graceless errand?
I must not call her child; for where's the father
That will, in such a suit, seduce his child?
Then, Wife of Salisbury, — shall I so begin?
No, he 's my friend; and where is found the friend,
That will do friendship such endamage? —
Neither my daughter, nor my dear friend's wife,
I am not Warwick, as thou think'st I am,
But an attorney from the court of hell;
That thus have hous'd my spirit in his form,
To do a message to thee from the king.
The mighty king of England dotes on thee:
He, that hath power to take away thy life,
Hath power to take thine honour; then consent
To pawn thine honour, rather than thy life:
Honour is often lost, and got again;
But life, once gone, hath no recovery.
The sun, that withers hay, doth nourish grass;
The king, that would distain thee, will advance thee.
The poets write, that great Achilles' spear
Could heal the wound it made: the moral is,
What mighty men misdo, they can amend.
The lion doth become his bloody jaws,
And grace his foragement, by being mild
When vassal fear lies trembling at his feet.
The king will in his glory hide thy shame;
And those, that gaze on him to find out thee,
Will lose their eye-sight, looking in the sun.
What can one drop of poison harm the sea,
Whose hugy vastures can digest the ill,

And make it lose his operation?
The king's great name will temper thy misdeeds,
And give the bitter potion of reproach
A sugar'd-sweet and most delicious taste:
Besides, it is no harm, to do the thing
Which without shame could not be left undone.
Thus have I, in his majesty's behalf,
Apparel'd sin in virtuous sentences,
And dwell upon thy answer in his suit.

Cou. Unnatural besiege! Woe me unhappy,
To have escap'd the danger of my foes,
And to be ten times worse inwir'd by friends!
Hath he no means to stain my honest blood,
But to corrupt the author of my blood,
To be his scandalous and vile soliciter?
No marvel then, though the branches be infected,
When poison hath encompassed the root:
No marvel, though the leprous infant die,
When the stern dam envenometh the dug.
Why then, give sin a pass-port to offend,
And youth the dangerous rein of liberty:
Blot out the strict forbidding of the law;
And cancel every canon, that prescribes
A shame for shame, or penance for offence.
No, let me die, if his too boist'rous will
Will have it so, before I will consent
To be an actor in his graceless lust.

War. Why, now thou speak'st as I would have thee
speak:

And mark how I unsay my words again.
An honourable grave is more esteem'd,
Than the polluted closet of a king:
The greater man, the greater is the thing,

Be it good, or bad, that he shall undertake:
An unrepented mote, flying in the sun,
Presents a greater substance than it is:
The freshest summer's day doth soonest taint
The loathed carrion that it seems to kiss:
Deep are the blows made with a mighty axe:
That sin doth ten times aggravate itself,
That is committed in a holy place:
An evil deed, done by authority,
Is sin, and subornation: Deck an ape
In tissue, and the beauty of the robe
Adds but the greater scorn unto the beast.
A spacious field of reasons could I urge,
Between his glory, daughter, and thy shame:
That poison shews worst in a golden cup;
Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash;
Lilies, that fester, smell far worse than weeds;
And every glory that inclines to sin,
The same is treble by the opposite.
So leave I, with my blessing in thy bosom;
Which then convert to a most heavy curse,
When thou convert'st from honour's golden name
To the black faction of bed-blotting shame! [Exit.
 Cou. I'll follow thee; and, when my mind turns so,
My body sink my soul in endless woe! [Exit.

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Castle.

Enter DERBY, and AUDLEY, meeting.

Der. Thrice noble Audley, well encounter'd here:
How is it with our sovereign, and his peers?

Aud. 'Tis full a fortnight, since I saw his highness,
What time he sent me forth to muster men;
Which I accordingly have done, and bring them hither
In fair array before his majesty.

What news, my lord of Derby, from the emperor?

Der. As good as we desire: the emperor
Hath yielded to his highness friendly aid;
And makes our king lieutenant general,
In all his lands and large dominions:
Then via for the spacious bounds of France!

Aud. What, doth his highness leap to hear these news?

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

Aud. Undoubtedly, then something is amiss.

[*Trumpet within.*]

Der. The trumpets sound; the king is now abroad.

Enter EDWARD.

Aud. Here comes his highness.

Der. Befall my sovereign all my sovereign's wish!

Edw. Ah, that thou wert a witch, to make it so!

Der. The emperor greeteth you: [*Presenting letters.*]

Edw. 'Would it were the countess!

Der. And hath accorded to your highness' suit.

Edw. Thou ly'st, she hath not; but I would, she had!

Aud. All love, and duty, to my lord the king!

Edw. Well, all but one is none: — What news
with you?

Aud. I have, my liege, levy'd those horse and foot,

According to your charge, and brought them hither.

Edw. Then let those foot trudge hence upon those
horse,

According to our discharge, and be gone. —

Derby, I'll look upon the countess' mind

Anon.

Der. The countess' mind, my liege?

Edw. I mean the emperor: Leave me alone.

Aud. What's in his mind?

Der. Let's leave him to his humour.

[*Exeunt* DERBY and AUDLEY.]

Edw. Thus from the heart's abundance speaks the
tongue;

Countess for emperor: And, indeed, why not?

She is as imperator over me;

And I to her

Am as a kneeling vassal, that observes

The pleasure, or displeasure, of her eye. —

Enter LODOWICK.

What says the more than Cleopatra's match

To Caesar now?

Lod. That yet, my liege, ere night

She will resolve your majesty. [*Drum within.*]

Edw. What drum is this, that thunders forth this
march,

To start the tender Cupid in my bosom?

Poor sheep-skin, how it brawls with him that beateth it!

Go, break the thundring parchment bottom out,

And I will teach it to conduct sweet lines

Unto the bosom of a heavenly nymph:

For I will use it as my writing-paper;

And so reduce him, from a scolding drum,

To be the herald, and dear counsel-bearer,
Betwixt a goddess and a mighty king.
Go, bid the drummer learn to touch the lute,
Or hang him in the braces of his drum;
For now we think it an uncivil thing,
To trouble heaven with such harsh resounds:

Away. —

[*Exit* LODOWICK.]

The quarrel, that I have, requires no arms,
But these of mine; and these shall meet my foe
In a deep march of penetrable groans:
My eyes shall be my arrows; and my sighs
Shall serve me as the ventage of the wind,
To whirl away my sweet'st artillery:
Ah but, alas, she wins the sun of me,
For that is she herself; and thence it comes,
That poets term the wanton warrior, blind;
But love hath eyes as judgment to his steps,
'Till too much loved glory dazles them. —

Re-enter LODOWICK.

How now?

Lod. My liege, the drum, that struck the lusty march,
Stands with prince Edward, your thrice valiant son.

Enter PRINCE. LODOWICK *retires to the door.*

Edw. I see the boy. O, how his mother's face,
Molded in his, corrects my stray'd desire,
And rates my heart, and chides my thievish eye;
Who being rich enough in seeing her,
Yet seeks elsewhere: and basest theft is that,
Which cannot cloke itself on poverty. —
Now, boy, what news?

Pri. I have assembled, my dear lord and father,

The choicest buds of all our English blood,
For our affairs to France; and here we come,
To take direction from your majesty.

Edw. Still do I see in him delineate
His mother's visage; those his eyes are hers,
Who, looking wistly on me, make me blush;
For faults against themselves give evidence:
Lust is a fire; and men, like lanthorns, shew
Light lust within themselves, even through themselves.
Away, loose silks of wavering vanity!
Shall the large limit of fair Britany
By me be overthrown? and shall I not
Master this little mansion of myself?
Give me an armour of eternal steel;
I go to conquer kings; and shall I then
Subdue myself, and be my enemy's friend?
It must not be. — Come, boy, forward, advance!
Let's with our colours beat the air of France.

Lod. My liege, the countess, with a smiling cheer,
Desires access unto your majesty.

[Advancing from the door, and whispering him.]

Edw. Why, there it goes! that very smile of hers
Hath ransom'd captive France; and set the king,
The dauphin, and the peers, at liberty. —
Go, leave me, Ned, and revel with thy friends.

[Exit Prince.]

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

[Exit LODOWICK.]

The sin is more, to hack and hew poor men,

Than to embrace, in an unlawful bed,
The register of all varieties
Since leathern Adam 'till this youngest hour.

Re-enter LODOWICK, with the Countess.

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

[*Exit LODOWICK.*

Now, my soul's play-fellow! and art thou come,
To speak the more than heavenly word, of yea,
To my subjection in thy beauteous love?

Cou. My father on his blessing hath commanded —

Edw. That thou shalt yield to me.

Cou. Ay, dear my liege, your due.

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

Cou. Than wrong for wrong, and endless hate for
[hate. —

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

Edw. Name them, fair countess, and, by heaven, I will.

Cou. It is their lives, that stand between our love,
That I would have choak'd up, my sovereign.

Edw. Whose lives, my lady?

Cou. My thrice loving liege,

Your queen, and Salisbury my wedded husband;
Who living have that title in our love,
That we cannot bestow but by their death.

Edw. Thy opposition is beyond our law.

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

Edw. No more; thy husband and the queen shall die.
Fairer thou art by far than Hero was;
Beardless Leander not so strong as I:
He swom an easy current for his love;
But I will through a helly spout of blood,
To arrive at Sestos where my Hero lies.

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

Edw. Thy beauty makes them guilty of their death,
And gives in evidence, that they shall die;
Upon which verdict, I, their judge, condemn them.

Cou. O perjur'd beauty! more corrupted judge!
When, to the great star-chamber o'er our heads,
The universal sessions calls to count
This packing evil, we both shall tremble for it.

Edw. What says my fair love? is she resolute?

Cou. Resolv'd to be dissolv'd; and, therefore, this, —
Keep but thy word, great king, and I am thine.
Stand where thou dost, I'll part a little from thee,
And see how I will yield me to thy hands.

[*Turning suddenly upon him, and shewing two daggers.*
Here by my side do hang my wedding knives:
Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,

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

Edw. Even by that Power I swear, that gives me now
The power to be ashamed of myself,
I never mean to part my lips again
In any word that tends to such a suit.
Arise, true English lady; whom our isle
May better boast of, than e'er Roman might
Of her, whose ransack'd treasury hath task'd
The vain endeavour of so many pens:
Arise; and be my fault thy honour's fame,
Which after-ages shall enrich thee with.
I am awaked from this idle dream; —
Warwick, my son, Derby, Artois, and Audley,
Brave warriors all, where are you all this while?

Enter Prince and Lords.

Warwick, I make thee warden of the north: —
You, prince of Wales, and Audley, straight to sea;
Scour to New-haven; some, there stay for me: —

Myself, Artois, and Derby, will through Flanders,
To greet our friends there, and to crave their aid:
This night will scarce suffice me, to discover
My folly's siege against a faithful lover;
For, ere the sun shall gild the eastern sky,
We'll wake him with our martial harmony. [Exeunt.

A C T I I I.

SCENE I.

Flanders. The French Camp.

Enter King JOHN of France; his two sons, CHARLES
Duke of Normandy, *and* PHILIP; Duke of
LORRAIN, *and* Others.

Joh. Here, 'till our navy, of a thousand sail,
Have made a breakfast to our foe by sea,
Let us encamp, to wait their happy speed. —
Lorrain, what readiness is Edward in?
How hast thou heard that he provided is
Of martial furniture for this exploit?

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

Cha. England was wont to harbour malecontents,
Blood-thirsty and seditious Catilines,
Spend-thrifts, and such as gape for nothing else
But change and alteration of the state;

And is it possible, that they are now
So loyal in themselves?

Lor. All but the Scot; who solemnly protests,
As heretofore I have inform'd his grace,
Never to sheath his sword, or take a truce.

Joh. Ah, that's the anchorage of some better hope!
But, on the other side, to think what friends
King Edward hath retain'd in Netherland,
Among those ever-bibbing epicures,
Those frothy Dutchmen, puffed with double beer,
That drink and swill in every place they come,
Doth not a little aggravate mine ire:
Besides, we hear, the emperor conjoins,
And stalls him in his own authority:
But, all the mightier that their number is,
The greater glory reaps the victory.
Some friends have we, beside domestick power;
The stern Polonian, and the warlike Dane,
The king of Bohemia, and of Sicily,
Are all become confederates with us,
And, as I think, are marching hither apace.

[*Drum within.*

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

*Enter BOHEMIA, and Forces; and Aid of Danes,
Poles, and Muscovites.*

Boh. King John of France, as league, and neigh-
bourhood
Requires, when friends are any way distress'd,
I come to aid thee with my country's force.

Pol. And from great Moscow, fearful to the Turk,
And lofty Poland, nurse of hardy men,

I bring these servitors to fight for thee,
Who willingly will venture in thy cause.

Joh. Welcome, Bohemian king; and welcome, all:
This your great kindness I will not forget;
Beside your plentiful rewards in crowns,
That from our treasury ye shall receive:
There comes a hare-brain'd nation, deck'd in pride,
The spoil of whom will be a treble game. —
And now my hope is full, my joy compleat:
At sea, we are as puissant as the force
Of Agamemnon in the haven of Troy;
By land, with Xerxes we compare of strength,
Whose soldiers drank up rivers in their thirst:
Then, Bayard-like, blind over-weening Ned,
To reach at our imperial diadem,
Is, either to be swallow'd of the waves,
Or hackt apieces when thou com'st ashore.

Enter A Mariner.

Mar. Near to the coast I have descry'd, my lord,
As I was busy in my watchful charge,
The proud armado of king Edward's ships:
Which, at the first, far off when I did ken,
Seem'd as it were a grove of wither'd pines;
But, drawing near, their glorious bright aspect,
Their streaming ensigns wrought of colour'd silk,
Like to a meadow full of sundry flowers,
Adorns the naked bosom of the earth:
Majestical the order of their course,
Figuring the horned circle of the moon:
On the top-gallant of the admiral,
And likewise all the handmaids of his train,
The arms of England and of France united

Are quarter'd equally by herald's art.
Thus, tightly carry'd with a merry gale,
They plough the ocean hitherward amain.

Joh. Dare he already crop the flower-de-luce?
I hope, the honey being gather'd thence,
He, with the spider, afterward approach'd,
Shall suck forth deadly venom from the leaves. —
But where's our navy? how are they prepar'd
To wing themselves against this flight of ravens?

Mar. They, having knowledge brought them by the
scouts,
Did break from anchor straight; and, puffed with rage,
No otherwise than were their sails with wind,
Made forth; as when the empty eagle flies,
To satisfy his hungry griping maw.

Joh. There's for thy news. Return unto thy bark;
And, if thou scape the bloody stroke of war,
And do survive the conflict, come again,
And let us hear the manner of the fight. — [*Exit MAR.*
Mean space, my lords, 'tis best we be dispers'd
To several places, lest they chance to land:
First, you, my lord, with your Bohemian troops,
Shall pitch your battles on the lower hand;
My eldest son, the duke of Normandy,
Together with this aid of Muscovites,
Shall climb the higher ground another way;
Here in the middle coast, betwixt you both,
Philip, my youngest boy, and I will lodge.
So, lords, be gone, and look unto your charge;
You stand for France, an empire fair and large. —

[*Exeunt CHA., LOR., BOHEMIA, and Forces*
Now tell me, Philip, what is thy conceit,
Touching the challenge that the English make?

Phi. I say, my lord, claim Edward what he can,
And bring he ne'er so plain a pedigree,
'Tis you are in possession of the crown,
And that's the surest point of all the law:
But, were it not; yet, ere he should prevail,
I'll make a conduit of my dearest blood,
Or chase those stragglings upstarts home again.

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

*[A table and provisions brought in; King
and his Son set down to it. Ordnance afar off.]*

Now is begun the heavy day at sea.
Fight, Frenchmen, fight; be like the field of bears,
When they defend their younglings in their caves!
Steer, angry Nemesis, the happy helm;
That, with the sulphur battles of your rage,
The English fleet may be dispers'd, and sunk!

[Ordnance again.]

Phi. O, father, how this echoing cannon shot,
Like sweetest harmony, digests my cates!

Joh. Now, boy, thou hear'st what thundring terror 't is.
To buckle for a kingdom's sovereignty:
The earth, with giddy trembling when it shakes,
Or when the exhalations of the air
Break in extremity of lightning flash,
Affrights not more, than kings, when they dispose
To shew the rancour of their high-swoln hearts.

[Retreat heard.]

Retreat is sounded; one side hath the worse:
O, if it be the French! — Sweet fortune, turn;
And, in thy turning, change the froward winds,

That, with advantage of a favouring sky,
Our men may vanquish, and the other fly!

Enter Mariner.

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

Mar. I will, my lord.

My gracious sovereign, France hath ta'n the foil,
And boasting Edward triumphs with success.
These iron-hearted navies,
When last I was reporter to your grace,
Both full of angry spleen, of hope, and fear,
Hasting to meet each other in the face,
At last conjoin'd; and by their admiral
Our admiral encounter'd many shot:
By this, the other, that beheld these twain
Give earnest penny of a further wreck,
Like fiery dragons took their haughty flight;
And, likewise meeting, from their smoky wombs
Sent many grim ambassadors of death.
Then 'gan the day to turn to gloomy night;
And darkness did as well enclose the quick,
As those that were but newly rest of life:
No leisure serv'd for friends to bid farewell;
And, if it had, the hideous noise was such,
As each to other seemed deaf, and dumb:
Purple the sea; whose channel fill'd as fast
With streaming gore, that from the maimed fell,
As did her gushing moisture break into
The cranny'd cleftures of the through-shot planks:
Here flew a head, dissever'd from the trunk;

There mangled arms, and legs, were toss'd aloft;
As when a whirl-wind takes the summer dust,
And scatters it in middle of the air:
Then might ye see the reeling vessels split,
And tottering sink into the ruthless flood,
Until their lofty tops were seen no more.
All shifts were try'd, both for defence and hurt:
And now the effect of valour, and of fear,
Of resolution, and of cowardice,
We lively pictur'd; how the one for fame,
The other by compulsion lay'd about:
Much did the Nonpareille, that brave ship;
So did the black-snake of Boulogne, than which
A bonnier vessel never yet spread sail:
But all in vain; both sun, the wind and tide,
Revolted all unto our foemen's side,
That we perforce were fain to give them way,
And they are landed: Thus my tale is done;
We have untimely lost, and they have won.
Joh. Then rests there nothing, but, with present speed,
To join our several forces all in one,
And bid them battle, ere they range too far. —
Come, gentle Philip, let us hence depart;
This soldier's words have pierc'd thy father's heart.

SCENE II.

Picardy. Fields near Cressi.

*Enter A Frenchman, meeting certain Others,
A Woman and two Children, laden with
Houshold-stuff, as removing.*

1. *F.* Well met, my masters: How now? what's the news?
And wherefore are you laden thus with stuff?

What, is it quarter-day, that you remove,
And carry bag and baggage too?

2. *F.* Quarter-day? ay, and quartering day, I fear:
Have you not heard the news that flies abroad?

1. *F.* What news?

3. *F.* How the French navy is destroy'd at sea.
And that the English army is arriv'd.

1. *F.* What then?

2. *F.* What then, quoth you? why, is 't not time
to fly,

When enemy and destruction is so nigh?

1. *F.* Content thee, man; they are far enough from
hence;

And will be met, I warrant you, to their cost,
Before they break so far into the realm.

2. *F.* Ay, so the grass-hopper doth spend the time
In mirthful jollity, 'till winter come;

And then too late he would redeem his time,
When frozen cold hath nipt his careless head.

He, that no sooner will provide a cloke,
Than when he sees it doth begin to rain,
May, peradventure, for his negligence,
Be thoroughly wash'd when he suspects it not.

We, that have charge, and such a train as this,
Must look in time to look for them and us,
Lest, when we would, we cannot be reliev'd.

1. *F.* Belike, you then despair of all success,
And think your country will be subjugate.

3. *F.* We cannot tell; 'tis good, to fear the worst.

1. *F.* Yet rather fight, than, like unnatural sons,
Forsake your loving parents in distress.

2. *F.* Tush, they, that have already taken arms,
Are many fearful millions, in respect

Of that small handful of our enemies:
But 'tis a rightful quarrel must prevail;
Edward is son unto our late king's sister,
Where John Valois is three degrees remov'd.

Wom. Besides, there goes a prophesy abroad,
Publish'd by one that was a friar once,
Whose oracles have many times prov'd true;
And now he says, „The time will shortly come,
When as a lion, roused in the west,
Shall carry hence the flower-de-luce of France:“
These, I can tell ye, and such like surmises
Strike many Frenchmen cold unto the heart.

Enter Another Frenchman, hastily.

4. *F.* Fly, countrymen, and citizens of France!
Sweet-flow'ring peace, the root of happy life,
Is quite abandon'd and expuls'd the land:
Instead of whom, ransack-constraining war
Sits raven-like upon your houses' tops;
Slaughter and mischief walk within your streets,
And, unrestrain'd, make havock as they pass:
The form whereof even now myself beheld,
Now, upon this fair mountain, whence I came.
For so far off as I direct mine eyes,
I might perceive five cities all on fire,
Corn-fields, and vineyards, burning like an oven;
And, as the reeking vapour in the wind
Turn'd but aside, I likewise might discern
The poor inhabitants, escapt the flame,
Fall numberless upon the soldiers' pikes:
Three ways these dreadful ministers of wrath
Do tread the measures of their tragick march;
Upon the right hand comes the conquering king,

Upon the left his hot unbridled son,
And in the midst our nation's glittering host;
All which, though distant, yet conspire in one
To leave a desolation where they come.
Fly, therefore, citizens, if you be wise,
Seek out some habitation further off:
Here if you stay, your wives will be abus'd,
Your treasure shar'd before your weeping eyes;
Shelter yourselves, for now the storm doth rise;
Away, away! methinks, I hear their drums: —
Ah, wretched France, I greatly fear thy fall;
Thy glory shaketh like a tottering wall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same.

*Drums. Enter King EDWARD, marching; DERBY, &c.
and Forces, and GOBIN DE GREY.*

Edw. Where is the Frenchman, by whose cunning
guidance

We found the shallow of this river Somme,
And had direction how to pass the sea?

Gob. Here, my good lord.

Edw. How art thou call'd? thy name?

Gob. Gobin de Grey, if please your excellence.

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

. *Enter ARTOIS.*

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

Drums. Enter PRINCE, AUDLEY, and Forces.

Edw. Welcome, fair prince! How hast thou sped,
my son,

Since thy arrival on the coast of France?

Pri. Successfully, I thank the gracious heavens:
Some of their strongest cities we have won,
As Harfleur, Lo, Crotage, and Carentan;
And others wasted; leaving at our heels
A wide apparent field, and beaten path,
For solitariness to progress in:
Yet, those that would submit, we kindly pardon'd;
But who in scorn refus'd our proffer'd peace,
Indur'd the penalty of sharp revenge.

Edw. Ah, France, why should'st thou be thus
obstinate

Against the kind embracement of thy friends?
How gently had we thought to touch thy breast,
And set our foot upon thy tender mold,
But that, in froward and disdainful pride,
Thou, like a skittish and untamed colt,
Dost start aside, und strike us with thy heels? —
But tell me, Ned, in all thy warlike course
Hast thou not seen the usurping king of France?

Pri. Yes, my good lord, and not two hours ago,
With full an hundred thousand fighting men,
Upon the one side o' the river's bank,
I on the other; with his multitudes
I fear'd he would have cropp'd our smaller power:

But, happily, perceiving your approach,
He hath withdrawn himself to Cressi plains;
Where, as it seemeth by his good array,
He means to bid us battle presently.

Edw. He shall be welcome, that's the thing we crave.

Drums. Enter King JOHN; CHARLES, and PHILIP,
his sons; BOHEMIA, LORRAIN, &c. and Forces.

Joh. Edward, know, that John, the true king of
France, —

Musing thou should'st encroach upon his land,
And, in thy tyrannous proceeding, slay
His faithful subjects, and subvert his towns, —
Spits in thy face; and in this manner following
Upbraids thee with thine arrogant intrusion.
First, I condemn thee for a fugitive,
A thievish pirate, and a needy mate;
One, that hath either no abiding place,
Or else, inhabiting some barren soil,
Where neither herb or fruitful grain is had,
Dost altogether live by pilfering:
Next, — insomuch thou hast infring'd thy faith,
Broke league and solemn covenant made with me, —
I hold thee for a false pernicious wretch:
And last of all, — although I scorn to cope
With one such an inferior to myself;
Yet, in respect thy thirst is all for gold,
Thy labour rather to be fear'd than lov'd, —
To satisfy thy lust in either part,
Here am I come; and with me I have brought
Exceeding store of treasure, pearl, and coin.
Leave therefore now to persecute the weak;
And, armed ent'ring conflict with the arm'd,

Let it be seen, 'mongst other petty thefts,
How thou canst win this pillage manfully.

Edw. If gall, or wormwood, have a pleasant taste,
Then is thy salutation honey-sweet:
But as the one hath no such property,
So is the other most satirical.
Yet wot how I regard thy worthless taunts; —
If thou have utter'd them to soil my fame,
Or dim the reputation of my birth,
Know, that thy wolfish barking cannot hurt: —
If sily to insinuate with the world,
And with a strumpet's artificial line
To paint thy vitious and deformed cause,
Be well assur'd, the counterfeit will fade,
And in the end thy foul defects be seen:
But if thou did'st it to provoke me on, —
As who should say, I were but timorous,
Or, coldly negligent, did need a spur, —
Bethink thyself, how slack I was at sea;
How, since my landing, I have won no towns,
Enter'd no further but upon the coast,
And there have ever since securely slept.
But if I have been otherways employ'd,
Imagine, Valois, whether I intend
To skirmish, not for pillage, but for the crown
Which thou dost wear; and that I vow to have,
Or one of us shall fall into his grave.

Pri. Look not for cross invectives at our hands,
Or railing execrations of despight:
Let creeping serpents, hid in hollow banks,
Sting with their tongues; we have remorseless swords,
And they shall plead for us, and our affairs.
Yet thus much, briefly, by my father's leave:

As all the immodest poison of thy throat
Is scandalous and most notorious lies,
And our pretended quarrel truly just,
So end the battle when we meet to-day;
May either of us prosper and prevail,
Or, luckless curst, receive eternal shame!

Edw. That needs no further question; and, I know,
His conscience witnesseth, it is my right. —
Therefore, Valois, say, wilt thou yet resign,
Before the sickle 's thrust into the corn,
Or that enkindled fury turn to flame?

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

Pri. Ay, that approves thee, tyrant, what thou
art:

No father, king, or shepherd of thy realm;
But one, that tears her entrails with thy hands,
And, like a thirsty tiger, suck'st her blood.

Aud. You peers of France, why do you follow him
That is so prodigal to spend your lives?

Cha. Whom should they follow, aged impotent,
But he that is their true-born sovereign?

Edw. Upbraid'st thou him, because within his face
Time hath engrav'd deep characters of age?
Know, these grave scholars of experience,
Like stiff-grown oaks, will stand immoveable,
When whirl-winds quickly turn up younger trees.

Der. Was ever any of thy father's house
King, but thyself, before this present time?
Edward's great lineage, by the mother's side,
Five hundred years hath held the scepter up: —

Judge then, conspirators, by this descent,
Which is the true-born sovereign, this, or that.

Pri. Good father, range your battles, prate no
more;

These English fain would spend the time in words,
That, night approaching, they might scape unfought.

Joh. Lords, and my loving subjects, now 's the time,
That your intended force must bide the touch:
Therefore, my friends, consider this in brief, —
He, that you fight for, is your natural king;
He, against whom you fight, a foreigner:
He, that you fight for, rules in clemency,
And reins you with a mild and gentle bit;
He, against whom you fight, if he prevail,
Will straight enthrone himself in tyranny,
Make slaves of you, and, with a heavy hand,
Curtail and curb your sweetest liberty.
Then, to protect your country, and your king,
Let but the haughty courage of your hearts
Answer the number of your able hands,
And we shall quickly chase these fugitives.
For what 's this Edward, but a belly-god,
A tender and lascivious wantonness,
That t'other day was almost dead for love?
And what, I pray you, is his goodly guard?
Such as, but scant them of their chines of beef,
And take away their downy feather-beds,
And, presently, they are as resty-stiff
As 't were a many over-ridden jades.
Then, Frenchmen, scorn that such should be your lords,
And rather bind ye them in captive bands.

Fre. Vive le roi! God save king John of France!

Joh. Now on this plain of Cressi spread yourselves, —

And, Edward, when thou dar'st, begin the fight.

[*Exeunt* King JOHN, CHA. PHI. LOR. BOH. and Forces.

Edw. We presently will meet thee, John of France: —

And, English lords, let us resolve the day,
Either to clear us of that scandalous crime,
Or be entombed in our innocence. —

And, Ned, because this battle is the first
That ever yet thou fought'st in pitched field,
As ancient custom is of martialists,
To dub thee with the type of chivalry,
In solemn manner we will give thee arms: —
Come, therefore, heralds, orderly bring forth
A strong attirement for the prince my son. —

Flourish. Enter four Heralds, bringing a coat-armour, a helmet, a lance, and a shield: First Herald delivers the armour to King EDWARD; who, putting it on his son.

Edward Plantagenet, in the name of God,
As with this armour I impall thy breast,
So be thy noble unrelenting heart
Wall'd in with flint of matchless fortitude,
That never base affections enter there;
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou com'st! —
Now follow, lords, and do him honour too.

Der. [Receiving the helmet from the second Herald.
Edward Plantagenet, prince of Wales,
As I do set this helmet on thy head,
Wherewith the chamber of thy brain is fenc'd,
So may thy temples, with Bellona's hand,
Be still adorn'd with laurel victory;
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou com'st!

Aud. [Receiving the lance from the third Herald.
Edward Plantagenet, prince of Wales,

Receive this lance, into thy manlike hand;
Use it in fashion of a brazen pen,
To draw forth bloody stratagems in France,
And print thy valiant deeds in honour's book;
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou com'st!

Art. [*Receiving the shield from the fourth Herald.*
Edward Plantagenet, prince of Wales,
Hold, take this target, wear it on thy arm;
And may the view thereof, like Perseus' shield,
Astonish and transform thy gazing foes
To senseless images of meager death;
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou com'st!

Edw. Now wants there nought but knighthood; which,
deferr'd,

We leave, 'till thou hast won it in the field.

Pri. My gracious father, and ye forward peers,
This honour, you have done me, animates
And cheers my green yet-scarce-appearing strength
With comfortable good-presaging signs;
No otherwise than did old Jacob's words,
When as he breath'd his blessings on his sons:
These hallow'd gifts of yours when I prophane,
Or use them not to glory of my God,
To patronage the fatherless, and poor,
Or for the benefit of England's peace,
Be numb my joints! wax feeble both mine arms!
Wither my heart! that, like a sapless tree,
I may remain the map of infamy.

Edw. Then thus our steeled battles shall be rang'd; —
The leading of the vaward, Ned, is thine;
To dignify whose lusty spirit the more,
We temper it with Audley's gravity;
That, courage and experience join'd in one,

Your manage may be second unto none:
For the main battles, I will guide myself;
And, Derby, in the rearward march behind.
That orderly dispos'd, and set in 'ray,
Let us to horse; and God grant us the day!

SCENE IV.

The same.

Alarums, as of a battle join'd. Enter a many Frenchmen, flying; Prince, and English, pursuing; and Exeunt: then Enter King JOHN, and LORRAIN.

Joh. O Lorrain, say, what mean our men to fly?
Our number is far greater than our foes.

Lor. The garrison of Genoeses, my lord,
That came from Paris, weary with their march,
Grudging to be so suddenly employ'd,
No sooner in the fore-front took their place,
But, straight retiring, so dismay'd the rest,
As likewise they betook themselves to flight;
In which, for haste to make a safe escape,
More in the clust'ring throng are press'd to death,
Than by the enemy, a thousand fold.

Joh. O hapless fortune! Let us yet assay
If we can counsel some of them to stay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The same.

Drums. Enter King EDWARD, and AUDLEY.

Edw. Lord Audley, whiles our son is in the chase,
Withdraw your powers unto this little hill,
And here a season let us breathe ourselves.

Aud. I will, my lord. [*Exit AUDLEY. Retreat.*]

Edw. Just-dooming heaven, whose secret providence
To our gross judgment is unscrutable,
How are we bound to praise thy wondrous works,
That hast this day giv'n way unto the right,
And made the wicked stumble at themselves?

Enter ARTOIS, hastily.

Art. Rescue, king Edward! rescue for thy son!

Edw. Rescue, Artois? what, is he prisoner?
Or, else, by violence fell beside his horse?

Art. Neither, my lord; but narrowly beset
With turning Frenchmen, whom he did pursue,
As 't is impossible that he should scape,
Except your highness presently descend.

Edw. Tut, let him fight; we gave him arms to-day,
And he is labouring for a knighthood, man.

Enter DERBY, hastily.

Der. The prince, my lord, the prince! o, succour him;
He 's close encompass'd with a world of odds!

Edw. Then will he win a world of honour too.
If he by valour can redeem him thence:
If not, what remedy? we have more sons
Than one, to comfort our declining age.

Re-enter AUDLEY, hastily.

Aud. Renowned Edward, give me leave, I pray,
To lead my soldiers, where I may relieve
Your grace's son, in danger to be slain.
The snares of French, like emmets on a bank,
Muster about him; whilst he, lion-like,
Entangled in the net of their assaults,

Frantickly wrends, and bites the woven toil:
But all in vain, he cannot free himself.

Edw. Audley, content; I will not have a man,
On pain of death, sent forth to succour him:
This is the day ordain'd by destiny
To season his courage with those grievous thoughts,
That, if he breathe out Nestor's years on earth,
Will make him savour still of this exploit.

Der. Ah, but he shall not live to see those days.

Edw. Why, then his epitaph is lasting praise.

Aud. Yet, good my lord, 't is too much wilfulness,

To let his blood be spilt, that may be sav'd.

Edw. Exclaim no more; for none of you can tell,
Whether a borrow'd aid will serve, or no;
Perhaps, he is already slain, or ta'en:
And dare a falcon when she 's in her flight,
And ever after she 'll be haggard-like:
Let Edward be deliver'd by our hands,
And still, in danger, he 'll expect the like;
But if himself himself redeem from thence,
He will have vanquish'd, cheerful, death, and fear,
And ever after dread their force no more,
Than if they were but babes, or captive slaves.

Aud. O cruel father! — Farewel, Edward, then!

Der. Farewel, sweet prince, the hope of chivalry!

Art. O, would my life might ransom him from death!

Edw. But, soft; methinks, I hear

[Retreat sounded.]

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

Flourish. Enter Prince EDWARD in triumph, bearing in his hand his shiver'd lance; his sword, and batter'd armour, born before him, and the body of the

King of BOHEMIA, wrapt in the colours:

Lords run and embrace him.

Aud. O joyful sight! victorious Edward lives!

Der. Welcome, brave prince!

Edw. Welcome, Plantagenet! [*Embracing him.*]

Pri. First having done my duty, as bescem'd.

[*Kneels, and kisses his father's hand.*]

Lords, I greet you all with hearty thanks.

And now, behold, — after my winter's toil,

My painful voyage on the boist'rous sea

Of war's devouring gulphs and steely rocks, —

I bring my fraught unto the wished port,

My summer's hope, my travel's sweet reward:

And here, with humble duty, I present

This sacrifice, this first fruit of my sword,

Cropt and cut down even at the gate of death,

The king of Bohemia, father, whom I slew;

Whose thousands had intrench'd me round about,

And lay as thick upon my batter'd crest,

As on an anvil, with their pond'rous glaives:

Yet marble courage still did underprop;

And when my weary arms, with often blows, —

Like the continual-lab'ring woodman's axe,

That is enjoin'd to fell a load of oaks, —

Began to falter, straight I would remember

My gifts you gave me, and my zealous vow,

And then new courage made me fresh again;

That, in despite, I carv'd my passage forth,

And put the multitude to speedy flight.

Lo, thus hath Edward's hand fill'd your request,
And done, I hope, the duty of a knight.

Edw. Ay, well thou hast deserv'd a knighthood, Ned!
And, therefore, with thy sword, yet reeking warm
[*Receiving it from the soldier who bore it, and laying it on the kneeling Prince.*

With blood of those that fought to be thy bane,
Arise, prince Edward, trusty knight at arms:
This day thou hast confounded me with joy,
And prov'd thyself fit heir unto a king.

Pri. Here is a note, my gracious lord, of those
That in this conflict of our foes were slain:
Eleven princes of esteem; fourscore
Barons; a hundred and twenty knights;
And thirty thousand common soldiers;
And, of our men, a thousand.

Edw. Our God be prais'd! Now, John of France, I hope,
Thou know'st king Edward for no wantonness,
No love-sick cockney; nor his soldiers, jades. —
But which way is the fearful king escap'd?

Pri. Towards Poitiers, noble father, and his sons.

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

Pri. A pelican, my lord,
Wounding her bosom with her crooked beak,
That so her nest of young ones may be fed
With drops of blood that issue from her heart;
The motto, „Sic et vos, And so should you.“

[*Flourish. Exeunt in triumph.*

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

Bretagne. Camp of the English.

Forces under the Earl of SALISBURY; Salisbury's Tent.
Enter SALISBURY; to him, the Earl of MONTFORT, attended,
a coronet in his hand.

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

Sal. I take it, Montfort: Thus, I hope, ere long
The whole dominions of the realm of France
Will be surrender'd to his conquering hand.

[Exeunt MONTFORT, and Train.]

Now, if I knew but safely how to pass,
I would at Calais gladly meet his grace,
Whither, I am by letters certify'd,
That he intends to have his host remov'd.
It shall be so: this policy will serve: —
Ho, who 's within? Bring Villiers to me. —

Enter VILLIERS.

Villiers, thou know'st, thou art my prisoner,
And that I might, for ransom, if I would,

Require of thee an hundred thousand franks,
Or else retain and keep the captive still:
But so it is, that for a smaller charge
Thou may'st be quit, an if thou wilt thyself;
And this it is, Procure me but a passport
Of Charles the duke of Normandy, that I,
Without restraint, may have recourse to Calais
Through all the countries where he hath to do,
(Which thou may'st easily obtain, I think,
By reason I have often heard thee say,
He and thyself were students once together)
And then thou shalt be set at liberty.

How say'st thou? wilt thou undertake to do it?

Vil. I will, my lord; but I must speak with him.

Sal. Why, so thou shalt; take horse, and post from
hence:

Only, before thou go'st, swear by thy faith,
That, if thou can'st not compass my desire,
Thou wilt return my prisoner back again;
And that shall be sufficient warrant for thee.

Vil. To that condition I agree, my lord,
And will unfeignedly perform the same.

Sal. Farewel, Villiers. — [*Exit VILLIERS.*]
This once I mean to try a Frenchman's faith.

SCENE II.

Picardy. The English Camp before Calais.

Enter King EDWARD, and DERBY, with Soldiers.

Edw. Since they refuse our proffer'd league, my lord,
And will not ope their gates, and let us in,
We will intrench ourselves on every side,

That neither victuals, nor supply of men,
May come to succour this accursed town;
Famine shall combat where our swords are stopt.

Der. The promis'd aid, that made them stand aloof,
Is now retir'd, and gone another way;
It will repent them of their stubborn will.

Enter some poor Frenchmen.

But what are these poor ragged slaves, my lord?

Edw. Ask what they are; it seems, they come from Calais.

Der. You wretched patterns of despair and woe,
What are ye? living men; or gliding ghosts,
Crept from your graves to walk upon the earth?

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

Edw. A charitable deed, and worthy praise. —
But how do you imagine then to speed?
We are your enemies; in such a case
We can no less but put you to the sword,
Since, when we proffer'd truce, it was refus'd.

1. F. An if your grace no otherwise vouchsafe,
As welcome death is unto us as life.

Edw. Poor silly men, much wrong'd, and more dis-
tress'd! —

Go, Derby, go, and see they be reliev'd;
Command that victuals be appointed them,
And give to every one five crowns apiece: —

[Exeunt DERBY, and Frenchmen.]

The lion scorns to touch the yielding prey;
And Edward's sword must flesh itself in such
As wilful stubbornness hath made perverse. —

Enter the Lord PERCY, from England.

Lord Percy! welcome: What's the news in England?

Per. The queen, my lord, commends her to your
grace;

And from her highness, and the lord vice-gerent,
I bring this happy tidings of success:
David of Scotland, lately up in arms,
(Thinking, belike, he soonest should prevail,
Your highness being absent from the realm)
Is, by the faithful service of your peers,
And painful travel of the queen herself,
That, big with child, was every day in arms,
Vanquish'd, subdu'd, and taken prisoner.

Edw. Thanks, Percy, for thy news, with all my
heart!

What was he, took him prisoner in the field?

Per. A squire, my lord; John Copland is his name:
Who since, entreated by her majesty,
Denies to make surrender of his prize
To any but unto your grace alone;
Whereat the queen is grievously displeas'd.

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

Per. The queen's, my lord, herself by this at sea;
And purposeth, as soon as wind will serve,
To land at Calais, and to visit you.

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

Enter A French Captain.

Cap. The burgesses of Calais, mighty king,
Have, by a council, willingly decreed
To yield the town, and castle, to your hands;
Upon condition, it will please your grace
To grant them benefit of life, and goods.

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

[Exeunt EDWARD, and PERCY.]

Cap. Why, this it is to trust a broken staff.
Had we not been persuaded, John our king
Would with his army have reliev'd the town,
2 ~~W~~ had not stood upon defiance so:
But now 't is past that no man can recall;
And better some do go to wreck, than all. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

Poitou. Fields near Poitiers.
The French Camp; Tent of the Duke of Normandy.

Enter CHARLES, and VILLIERS.

Cha. I wonder, Villiers, thou should'st importune me
For one that is our deadly enemy.

Vil. Not for his sake, my gracious lord, so much
Am I become an earnest advocate,
As that thereby my ransom will be quit.

Cha. Thy ransom, man! why, need'st thou talk of
that?

Art thou not free? and are not all occasions,
That happen for advantage on our foes,
To be accepted of, and stood upon?

Vil. No, good my lord, except the same be just;
For profit must with honour be comixt,
Or else our actions are but scandalous:
But, letting pass these intricate objections,
Will 't please your highness to subscribe, or no?

Cha. Villiers, I will not, nor I cannot do it;
Salisbury shall not have his will so much,
To claim a passport how it please himself.

Vil. Why, then I know the extremity, my lord,
I must return to prison whence I came.

Cha. Return! I hope, thou wilt not, Villiers:
What bird, that hath escap'd the fowler's gin,
Will not be ware how she's ensnar'd again?
Or, what is he, so senseless, and secure,
That, having hardly pass'd a dangerous gulph,
Will put himself in peril there again?

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

Cha. Thine oath! why, that doth bind thee to abide:
Hast thou not sworn obedience to thy prince?

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

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

Vil. To kill, my lord, when war is once proclaim'd,
So that our quarrel be for wrongs receiv'd,
No doubt, is lawfully permitted us:
But, in an oath, we must be well advis'd
How we do swear; and, when we once have sworn,
Not to infringe it, though we die therefore:
Therefore, my lord, as willing I return,
As if I were to fly to paradise. [*Going.*

Cha. Stay, my Villiers; thy honourable mind
Deserves to be eternally admir'd.
Thy suit shall be no longer thus deferr'd;
Give me the paper, I'll subscribe to it:
[*Signs, and gives it back.*

And, where tofore I lov'd thee as Villiers,
Hereafter I 'll embrace thee as myself;
Stay, and be still in favour with thy lord.

Vil. I humbly thank your grace: I must dispatch,
And send this passport first unto the earl,
And then I will attend your highness' pleasure.

[*Exit VILLIERS.*

Cha. Do so, Villiers; — And Charles, when he
hath need,
Be such his soldiers, howsoe'er he speed!

Enter King JOHN.

Joh. Come, Charles, and arm thee; Edward is entrap'd,
The prince of Wales is fall'n into our hands,
And we have compass'd him, he cannot scape.

Cha. But will your highness fight to-day?

Joh. What else, my son? he's scarce eight thousand
strong,

3 **

And we are threescore thousand at the least.

Cha. I have a prophesy, my gracious lord,
Wherein is written, what success is like
To happen us in this outrageous war;
It was deliver'd me at Cressi' field,
By one that is an aged hermit there. [*Reads.*]

„When feather'd fowl shall make thine army tremble,
And flint stones rise, and break the battle 'ray,
Then think on him that doth not now dissemble;
For that shall be the hapless dreadful day:
Yet, in the end, thy foot thou shalt advance
As far in England, as thy foe in France.“

Joh. By this it seems we shall be fortunate:
For as it is impossible, that stones
Should ever rise, and break the battle 'ray;
Or airy fowl make men in arms to quake;
So is it like, we shall not be subdu'd:
Or, say this might be true, yet, in the end,
Since he doth promise, we shall drive him hence,
And forrage their country, as they have done ours,
By this revenge that loss will seem the less.
But all are frivolous fancies, toys, and dreams:
Once, we are sure we have ensnar'd the son,
Catch we the father after how we can. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. The English Camp.

Enter Prince EDWARD, AUDLEY, and Others.

Pri. Audley, the arms of death embrace us round,
And comfort have we none, save that to die,
We pay our earnest for a sweeter life.

At Cressi' field our clouds of warlike smoke
Choak'd up those French moths, and dissever'd them:
But now their multitudes of millions hide,
Masking as 't were, the beauteous burning sun;
Leaving no hope to us, but sullen dark,
And eyeless terror of all-ending night.

Aud. This sudden, mighty, and expedient head,
That they have made, fair prince, is wonderful.
Before us in the valley lies the king,
Vantag'd with all that heaven and earth can yield;
His party stronger battled than our whole:
His son, the braving duke of Normandy,
Hath trimm'd the mountain on our right hand up
In shining plate, that now the aspiring hill
Shews like a silver quarry, or an orb;
Aloft the which, the banners, bannerets,
And new-replenish'd pendants, cuff the air,
And beat the winds, that, for their gaudiness,
Struggles to kiss them: on our left hand lies
Philip, the younger issue of the king,
Coating the other hill in such array,
That all his gilded upright pikes do seem
Strait trees of gold, the pendant streamers, leaves;
And their device of antique heraldry,
Quarter'd in colours seeming sundry fruits,
Makes it the orchard of the Hesperides:
Behind us too the hill doth bear his height,
(For, like a half-moon, op'ning but one way,
It rounds us in) there at our backs are lodg'd
The fatal cross-bows; and the battle there
Is govern'd by the rough Chatillion.
Then thus it stands, — The valley for our flight
The king binds in; the hills on either hand

Are proudly royalized by his sons;
And on the hill behind stands certain death,
In pay and service with Chatillion.

Pri. Death's name is much more mighty than his
deeds; —

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

Enter A Herald.

What tidings, messenger? be plain, and brief.

Her. The king of France, my sovereign lord and master,
Greets thus by me his foe the prince of Wales:
If thou call forth an hundred men of name,
Of lords, knights, 'squires, and English gentlemen,
And with thyself and those kneel at his feet,
He straight will fold his bloody colours up,
And ransom shall redeem lives forfeited:
If not, this day shall drink more English blood
Than e'er was bury'd in our British earth.
What is the answer to his proffer'd mercy?

Pri. This heaven, that covers France, contains the
mercy

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

Her. I go.

[*Exit Herald.*]

Enter Another Herald.

Pri. What news with thee?

Her. The duke of Normandy, my lord and master,
Pitying thy youth is so engirt with peril,
By me hath sent a nimble-jointed jennet,
As swift as ever yet thou did'st bestride,
And therewithal he counsels thee to fly;
Else, death himself hath sworn, that thou shalt die.

Pri. Back with the beast unto the beast that sent him;
Tell him, I cannot sit a coward's horse:

Bid him to-day bestride the jade himself;
For I will stain my horse quite o'er with blood,
And double-gild my spurs, but I will catch him;
So tell the carping boy, and get thee gone. [*Exit Her.*]

Enter Another Herald.

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

Pri. Herald of Philip, greet thy lord from me;
All good, that he can send, I can receive:
But think'st thou not, the unadvised boy
Hath wrong'd himself, in thus far tend'ring me?
Haply, he cannot pray without the book;
• I think him no divine extemporal:
Then render back this common-place of prayer,
To do himself good in adversity;
Besides, he knows not my sin's quality,
And therefore knows no prayers for my avail;
Ere night his prayer may be, to pray to God
To put it in my heart to hear his prayer;
So tell the courtly wanton, and be gone.

Her. I go. [*Exit Herald.*]

Pri. How confident their strength and number makes
them! —

Now, Audley, sound those silver strings of thine,
And let those milk-white messengers of time

Shew thy time's learning in this dangerous time;
Thyself art bruise'd and bit with many broils,
And stratagems forepast with iron pens
Are texted in thine honourable face;
Thou art a marry'd man in this distress,
But danger wooes me as a blushing maid:
Teach me an answer to this perilous time.

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

Pri. Ah, good old man, a thousand thousand ar-
mours
These words of thine have buckled on my back:
Ah, what an idiot hast thou made of life,
To seek the thing it fears! and how disgrac'd
The imperial victory of murd'ring death!
Since all the lives, his conquering arrows strike,
Seek him, and he not them, to shame his glory.
I will not give a penny for a life,
Nor half a halfpenny to shun grim death;
Since for to live is but to seek to die,

And dying but beginning of new life:
Let come the hour when he that rules it will!
To live, or die, I hold indifferent.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The same. The French Camp.

Enter King JOHN, and CHARLES.

Joh. A sudden darkness hath defac'd the sky,
The winds are crept into their caves for fear,
The leaves move not, the wood is hush'd and still,
The birds cease singing, and the wand'ring brooks
Murmur no wonted greeting to their shores;
Silence attends some wonder, and expecteth
That heaven should pronounce some prophesy:
Whence, or from whom, proceeds this silence, Charles?

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

Joh. But now the pompous sun, in all his pride,
Look'd through his golden coach upon the world,
And, on a sudden, hath he hid himself;
That now the under earth is as a grave,
Dark, deadly, silent, and uncomfortable.

[*A clamour of ravens heard.*]

Hark! what a deadly outcry do I hear!

Cha. Here comes my brother Philip.

Joh. All dismay'd: —

Enter PHILIP.

What fearful words are those thy looks presage?

Phi. A flight, a flight!

Joh. Coward, what flight? thou ly'st, there needs
no flight.

Phi. A flight!

Joh. Awake thy craven powers, and tell on
The very substance of that fear indeed,
Which is so gastly printed in thy face:
What is the matter?

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

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

Away, and comfort up my soldiers,
And sound the trumpets; and at once dispatch
This little business of a silly fraud. [Exit PHILIP.

Noise within. Enter A French Captain, with SALISBURY, Prisoner.

Cap. Behold, my liege, this knight, and forty more, —
Of whom the better part are slain and fled, —
With all endeavour sought to break our ranks,
And make their way to the encompass'd prince;
Dispose of him as please your majesty.

Joh. Go, and the next bough, soldier, that thou see'st,
Disgrace it with his body presently:
For I do hold a tree in France too good
To be the gallows of an English thief.

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

Cha. Villiers procur'd it for thee, did he not?

Sal. He did.

Cha. And it is current, thou shalt freely pass.

Joh. Ay, freely to the gallows to be hang'd,
Without denial, or impediment: —
Away with him.

Cha. I hope, your highness will not so disgrace me,
And dash the virtue of my seal at arms:
He hath my never-broken name to shew,
Character'd with this princely hand of mine;
And rather let me leave to be a prince,
Than break the stable verdict of a prince:
I do beseech you, let him pass in quiet.

Joh. Thou and thy word lie both in my command;
What can'st thou promise, that I cannot break?
Which of these twain is greater infamy,

To disobey thy father, or thyself?
Thy word, nor no man's, may exceed his power;
Nor that same man doth never break his word,
That keeps it to the utmost of his power:
The breach of faith dwells in the soul's consent;
Which if thyself without consent do break,
Thou art not charged with the breach of faith. —
Go, hang him; for thy licence lies in me:
And my constraint stands the excuse for thee.

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

Joh. Dwell'st thou on precedents? Then be it so. —
Say, Englishman, of what degree thou art?

Sal. An earl in England, though a prisoner here;
And those, that know me, call me Salisbury.

Joh. Then, Salisbury, say, whither thou art bound?

Sal. To Calais, where my liege, king Edward, is.

Joh. To Calais, Salisbury? Then to Calais pack;
And bid the king prepare a noble grave,
To put his princely son, black Edward, in.
And as thou travel'st westward from this place,
Some two leagues hence there is a lofty hill,
Whose top seems topless, for the embracing sky
Doth hide his high head in her azure bosom;

Unto whose tall top when thy foot attains,
Look back upon the humble vale below,
(Humble of late, but now made proud with arms)
And thence behold the wretched prince of Wales,
Hoop'd with a band of iron round about.
After which sight, to Calais spur amain,
And say, the prince was smother'd, and not slain:
And tell the king, this is not all his ill;
For I will greet him, ere he thinks I will.
Away, be gone; The smoke but of our shot
Will choke our foes, though bullets hit them not.

SCENE VI.

The same. A Part of the Field of Battle.
Alarums, as of a battle join'd, skirmishings.

Enter Prince EDWARD, and ARTOIS.

Art. How fares your grace? are you not shot, my lord?

Pri. No, dear Artois; but chok'd with dust and smoke,
And stept aside for breath and fresher air.

Art. Breathe then, and to 't again: the amazed French
Are quite distract with gazing on the crows;
And, were our quivers full of shafts again,
Your grace should see a glorious day of this: —
O, for more arrows, lord! that is our want.

Pri. Courage, Artois! a fig for feather'd shafts,
When feather'd fowls do bandy on our side!
What need we fight, and sweat, and keep a coil,
When railing crows out-scolld our adversaries?
Up, up, Artois! the ground itself is arm'd:
Fire-containing flint; command our bows
To hurl away their pretty-colour'd yew,

And to 't with stones: Away, Artois, away;
My soul doth prophesy we win the day. [Exeunt.

Alarums, and Parties skirmishing.

Enter King JOHN.

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

Enter CHARLES.

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

Enter PHILIP.

Phi. Pluck out your eyes, and see not this days'
shame!

An arm hath beat an army; one poor David
Hath with a stone foil'd twenty stout Goliaths:
Some twenty naked starvelings, with small flints,
Have driven back a puissant host of men,
Array'd and fenc'd in all accomplishments.

Joh. Mordieu, they quoit at us, and kill us up;

No less than forty thousand wicked elders
Have forty lean slaves this day ston'd to death.

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

Joh. What, is there no hope left?

Phi. No hope, but death, to bury up our shame.

Joh. Make up once more with me; the twentieth
part

Of those that live, are men enough to quail
The feeble handful on the adverse part.

Cha. Then charge again: if heaven be not oppos'd,
We cannot lose the day.

Joh. On, on; away. [*Exeunt.*]

*Alarums, &c. Enter AUDLEY, wounded,
and two Esquires, his Rescuers.*

1. *E.* How fares my lord?

Aud. E'en as a man may do,
That dines at such a bloody feast as this.

2. *E.* I hope, my lord, that is no mortal scar.

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

Other alarums; afterwards, a retreat.

SCENE VII.

The same. The English Camp.

Flourish. Enter Prince EDWARD, in triumph, leading Prisoners, King JOHN, and his son Charles; and Officers, Soldiers, &c. with ensigns spread.

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

Joh. Thy fortune, not thy force, hath conquer'd us.

Pri. An argument, that heaven aids the right. —

Enter ARTOIS, with PHILIP.

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

Enter AUDLEY, led by the two Esquires.

But, say, what grim discouragement comes here!
Alas, what thousand armed men of France
Have writ that note of death in Audley's face? —
Speak, thou that woo'st death with thy careless smile,
And look'st so merrily upon thy grave

As if thou wert enamour'd on thine end,
What hungry sword hath so bereav'd thy face,
And lopp'd a true friend from my loving soul?

Aud. O prince, thy sweet bemoaning speech to me
Is as a mournful knell to one dead-sick.

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

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

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

Aud. I take thy gift, to pay the debts I owe:
These two poor 'squires redeem'd me from the French,
With lusty and dear hazard of their lives;
What thou hast given to me, I give to them;
And, as thou lov'st me, prince, lay thy consent
To this bequeath in my last testament.

Pri. Renowned Audley, live, and have from me
This gift twice doubled, to these 'squires, and thee:
But, live, or die, what thou hast given away,
To these, and theirs, shall lasting freedom stay. —
Come, gentlemen, I 'll see my friend bestow'd
Within an easy litter; then we 'll march
Proudly toward Calais, with triumphant pace,
Unto my royal father, and there bring
The tribute of my wars, fair France's king.

A C T V.

Picardy. The English Camp before Calais.

Enter King EDWARD, *with* PHILIPPA his Queen, *and*
DERBY; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

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

Trumpets sound to arms. Enter, from the town, six
Citizens, in their shirts, and bare-footed, with
halters about their necks.

Cit. Mercy, king Edward! mercy, gracious lord!

Edw. Contemptuous villains! call ye now for truce?
Mine ears are stopt against your bootless cries: —
Sound, drums; (*Alarum*) draw, threat'ning swords!

1. C. Ah, noble prince,
Take pity on this town, and hear us, mighty king!

We claim the promise that your highness made;
The two days' respite is not yet expired,
And we are come, with willingness, to bear
What torturing death, or punishment, you please,
So that the trembling multitude be saved.

Edw. My promise? well, I do confess as much:
But I requir'd the chiefest citizens,
And men of most account, that should submit;
You, peradventure, are but servile grooms,
Or some felonious robbers on the sea,
Whom, apprehended, law would execute,
Albeit severity lay dead in us:
No, no, ye cannot over-reach us thus.

2. *C.* The sun, dread lord, that in the western fall
Beholds us now low brought through misery,
Did in the orient purple of the morn
Salute our coming forth, when we were known;
Or may our portion be with damned fiends.

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

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

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

Cit. Long live your highness! happy be your reign!

Edw. Go, get you hence, return unto the town;
And if this kindness hath deserv'd your love,
Learn then to reverence Edward as your king. —

[*Exeunt* Citizens.]

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

Enter COPLAND; and King David.

Der. Copland, my lord, and David king of Scots.

Edw. Is this the proud presumptuous 'squire o'the
north,

That would not yield his prisoner to my queen?

Cop. I am, my liege, a northern 'squire, indeed,
But neither proud nor insolent, I trust.

Edw. What mov'd thee then, to be so obstinate
To contradict our royal queen's desire?

Cop. No wilful disobedience, mighty lord,
But my desert, and publick law of arms:
I took the king myself in single fight;
And, like a soldier, would be loth to lose
The least preeminence that I had won:

And Copland, straight, upon your highness' charge,
Is come to France, and, with a lowly mind,
Doth vail the bonnet of his victory.

Receive, dread lord, the custom of my fraught,
The wealthy tribute of my labouring hands;
Which should long since have been surrender'd up,
Had but your gracious self been there in place.

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

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

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

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, lord Salisbury: what news from Bretagne?

Sal. This, mighty king: the country we have won;
And John de Montfort, regent of that place,
Presents your highness with this coronet,
Protesting true allegiance to your grace.

Edw. We thank thee for thy service, valiant earl;
Challenge our favour, for we owe it thee.

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

Edw. What, have our men the overthrow at Poitiers?
Or is my son beset with too much odds?

Sal. He was, my lord: and as my worthless self,
With forty other serviceable knights,
Under safe-conduct of the dauphin's seal
Did travel that way, finding him distrest,
A troop of lances met us on the way,
Surpris'd, and brought us prisoners to the king;
Who, proud of this, and eager of revenge,
Commanded straight to cut off all our heads:
And surely we had dy'd, but that the duke,
More full of honour than his angry sire,
Procur'd our quick deliverance from thence:
But, ere we went, Salute your king, quoth he,
Bid him provide a funeral for his son,
To-day our sword shall cut his thread of life;
And, sooner than he thinks, we 'll be with him,
To quittance those displeasures he hath done:
This said, we pass'd, not daring to reply;
Our hearts were dead, our looks diffus'd and wan.
Wand'ring, at last we climb'd unto a hill;
From whence, although our grief were much before,
Yet now to see the occasion with our eyes
Did thrice so much encrease our heaviness:
For there, my lord, o, there we did descry
Down in a valley how both armies lay.
The French had cast their trenches like a ring;
And every barricado's open front
Was thick imboast with brazen ordinance:
Here stood a battle of ten thousand horse;
There twice as many pikes, in quadrant wise:
Here cross-bows, arm'd with deadly-wounding darts:
And in the midst, like to a slender point

Within the compass of the horizon, —
As 't were a rising bubble in the sea,
A hazel-wand amidst a wood of pines, —
Or as a bear fast chain'd unto a stake,
Stood famous Edward, still expecting when
Those dogs of France would fasten on his flesh.
Anon, the death-procuring knell begins:
Off go the cannons, that, with trembling noise,
Did shake the very mountain where we stood;
Then sound the trumpets' clangors in the air,
The battles join: and, when we could no more
Discern the difference 'twixt the friend and foe,
(So intricate the dark confusion was)
Away we turn'd our watry eyes, with sighs
As black as powder fuming into smoke.
And thus, I fear, unhappy have I told
The most untimely tale of Edward's fall.

Que. Ah me! is this my welcome into France?
In this the comfort, that I look'd to have,
When I should meet with my beloved son?
Sweet Ned, I would, thy mother in the sea
Had been prevented of this mortal grief!

Edw. Content thee, Philippe; 't is not tears, will serve
To call him back, if he be taken hence:
Comfort thyself, as I do, gentle queen,
With hope of sharp, unheard-of, dire revenge. —
He bids me to provide his funeral;
And so I will: but all the peers in France
Shall mourners be, and weep out bloody tears,
Until their empty veins be dry and sere:
The pillars of his herse shall be their bones;
The mould that covers him, their cities' ashes;
His knell, the groaning cries of dying men;

And, in the stead of tapers on his tomb,
An hundred fifty towers shall burning blaze,
While we bewail our valiant son's decease.

Flourish of trumpets within. Enter A Herald.

Her. Rejoice, my lord; ascend the imperial throne!
The mighty and redoubted prince of Wales,
Great servitor to bloody Mars in arms,
The Frenchman's terror, and his country's fame,
Triumphant rideth like a Roman peer:
And, lowly at his stirrop, comes afoot
King John of France, together with his son,
In captive bonds; whose diadem he brings,
To crown thee with, and to proclaim thee king.

Edw. Away with mourning, Philippe, wipe thine
eyes; —

Sound, trumpets, welcome in Plantagenet!

*A loud Flourish. Enter PRINCE, AUDLEY, ARTOIS,
with King JOHN, and PHILIP.*

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

[Running to the Prince, and embracing him.]

Que. Be this a token to express my joy,
[Kissing him.]

For inward passions will not let me speak.

Pri. My gracious father, here receive the gift,
[Presenting him with King John's crown.]

This wreath of conquest, and reward of war,
Got with as mickle peril of our lives,
As e'er was thing of price before this day;
Install your highness in your proper right:

And, herewithal, I render to your hands
These prisoners, chief occasion of our strife.

Edw. So, John of France, I see, you keep your word.
You promis'd to be sooner with ourself
Than we did think for, and 't is so indeed:
But, had you done at first as now you do,
How many civil towns had stood untouch'd,
That now are turn'd to ragged heaps of stones?
How many people's lives might you have sav'd,
That are untimely sunk into their graves?

Joh. Edward, recount not things irrevocable;
Tell me what ransom thou requir'st to have?

Edw. Thy ransom, John, hereafter shall be known:
But first to England thou must cross the seas,
To see what entertainment it affords;
Howe'er it falls, it cannot be so bad
As ours hath been since we arriv'd in France.

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

Pri. Now, father, this petition Edward makes, —
To Thee, [*kneels*] whose grace hath been his strongest
shield,

That, as thy pleasure chose me for the man
To be the instrument to shew thy power,
So thou wilt grant, that many princes more,
Bred and brought up within that little isle,
May still be famous for like victories! —
And, for my part, the bloody scars I bear,
The weary nights that I have watch'd in field,
The dangerous conflicts I have often had,
The fearful menaces were proffer'd me,
The heat, and cold, and what else might displease,
I wish were now redoubled twenty fold;

So that hereafter ages, when they read
The painful traffick of my tender youth,
Might thereby be inflam'd with such resolve,
As not the territories of France alone,
But likewise Spain, Turkey, and what countries else
That justly would provoke fair England's ire,
Might, at their presence, tremble and retire!

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

[*Flourish. Exeunt omnes.*



