

# King John

## 5.5

*[Alarum; retreat.] Enter Louis the Dauphin, and his train*

**LOUIS THE DAUPHIN**

The sun of heaven, methought, was loath to set,  
But stayed and made the western welkin blush,  
When English measured backward their own ground  
In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,  
When with a volley of our needless shot, 5  
After such bloody toil, we bid good night,  
And wound our tatt'ring colours clearly up,  
Last in the field and almost lords of it.

*Enter a Messenger*

**MESSENGER**

Where is my prince the Dauphin?

**LOUIS THE DAUPHIN**

Here. What news?

**MESSENGER**

The Count Melun is slain; the English lords 10  
By his persuasion are again fall'n off;  
And your supply which you have wished so long  
Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.

**LOUIS THE DAUPHIN**

Ah, foul shrewd news! Beshrew thy very heart!  
I did not think to be so sad tonight 15  
As this hath made me. Who was he that said  
King John did fly an hour or two before  
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

**MESSENGER**

Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

**LOUIS THE DAUPHIN**

Well, keep good quarter and good care tonight. 20  
The day shall not be up so soon as I,  
To try the fair adventure of tomorrow.

*Exeunt*