

King John

2.1

[Flourish.] Enter before Angers [at one door] Philip King of France, Louis the Dauphin, Lady Constance, and Arthur Duke of Brittain, with soldiers; [at another door] the Duke of Austria, wearing a lion's hide, with soldiers

[KING PHILIP]

Before Angers well met, brave Austria.±±
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard that robbed the lion of his heart
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave; 5
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John. 10
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

ARTHUR *(to Austria)*

God shall forgive you Coeur-de-lion's death,
The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a powerless hand, 15
But with a heart full of unstained love.
Welcome before the gates of Angers, Duke.

[KING PHILIP]

A noble boy. Who would not do thee right?

AUSTRIA *(kissing Arthur)*

Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss
As seal to this indenture of my love: 20
That to my home I will no more return
Till Angers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides
And coops from other lands her islanders, 25
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure

And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king. Till then, fair boy, 30
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

CONSTANCE

O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength
To make a more requital to your love.

AUSTRIA

The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords 35
In such a just and charitable war.

KING PHILIP

Well then, to work! Our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.
Call for our chiefest men of discipline
To cull the plots of best advantages. 40
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

CONSTANCE

Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood. 45
My lord Chañtillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chañtillon

KING PHILIP

A wonder, lady: lo upon thy wish 50
Our messenger Chañtillon is arrived.±±
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee. Chañtillon, speak.

CHAÑTILLON

Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task. 55
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms. The adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stayed, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I.
His marches are expedient to this town, 60
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.

With him along is come the Mother-Queen,
 An Ate stirring him to blood and strife;
 With her her niece, the Lady Blanche of Spain;
 With them a bastard of the King's deceased; 65
 And all th'unsettled humours of the land±±
 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
 With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens±±
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs, 70
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
 Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er
 Did never float upon the swelling tide
 To do offence and scathe in Christendom. 75

Drum beats

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

KING PHILIP

How much unlooked-for is this expedition!

AUSTRIA

By how much unexpected, by so much 80
 We must awake endeavour for defence,
 For courage mounteth with occasion.
 Let them be welcome then: we are prepared.

*Enter, [marching,] King John of England, the
 Bastard, Queen Eleanor, Lady Blanche, the Earl of
 Pembroke, and soldiers*

KING JOHN

Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
 Our just and lineal entrance to our own. 85
 If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
 Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
 Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven.

KING PHILIP

Peace be to England, if that war return
 From France to England, there to live in peace. 90
 England we love, and for that England's sake
 With burden of our armour here we sweat.
 This toil of ours should be a work of thine;

But thou from loving England art so far
 That thou hast underwrought his lawful king, 95
 Cut off the sequence of posterity,
 Outface Ád infant state, and done a rape
 Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
(Pointing to Arthur)
 Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face.
 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his; 100
 This little abstract doth contain that large
 Which died in Geoffrey; and the hand of time
 Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
 That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
 And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right, 105
 And this is Geoffrey's. In the name of God,
 How comes it then that thou art called a king,
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,
 Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

KING JOHN
 From whom hast thou this great commission, France, 110
 To draw my answer from thy articles?

KING PHILIP
 From that supernal judge that stirs good thoughts
 In any breast of strong authority
 To look into the blots and stains of right.
 That judge hath made me guardian to this boy, 115
 Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
 And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

KING JOHN
 Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

KING PHILIP
 Excuse it is to beat usurping down.

QUEEN ELEANOR
 Who is it thou dost call usurper, France? 120

CONSTANCE
 Let me make answer: thy usurping son.

QUEEN ELEANOR
 Out, insolent! Thy bastard shall be king
 That thou mayst be a queen and check the world.

CONSTANCE
 My bed was ever to thy son as true
 As thine was to thy husband; and this boy 125

Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey
Than thou and John in manners, being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard? By my soul I think
His father never was so true begot.
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

130

QUEEN ELEANOR *(to Arthur)*

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

CONSTANCE *(to Arthur)*

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

AUSTRIA

Peace!

BASTARD Hear the crier!

AUSTRIA

What the devil art thou?

BASTARD

One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.
I'll smoke your skin-coat an I catch you right±±
Sirrah, look to't±±i'faith I will, i'faith!140

135

BLANCHE

O, well did he become that lion's robe
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

BASTARD

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

145

AUSTRIA

What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?±±
King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.

[KING PHILIP]

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

150

KING JOHN

My life as soon. I do defy thee, France.±±

155

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

QUEEN ELEANOR (to Arthur) Come to thy grandam, child.

CONSTANCE (to Arthur)

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

ARTHUR Good my mother, peace.

I would that I were low laid in my grave.
I am not worth this coil that's made for me. 165
He weeps

QUEEN ELEANOR

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

CONSTANCE

Now shame upon you, whe'er she does or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee; 170
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice and revenge on you.

QUEEN ELEANOR

Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

CONSTANCE

Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer. Thou and thine usurp 175
The dominations, royalties and rights
Of this oppressed boy. This is thy eld'st son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee.
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him, 180
Being but the second generation
RemoveÁd from thy sin-conceiving womb.

KING JOHN

Bedlam, have done.

CONSTANCE I have but this to say:

That he is not only plagueÁd for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague 185

On this removeÁd issue, plagued for her
And with her plague; her sin his injury,
Her injury the beadle to her sin;
All punished in the person of this child,
And all for her. A plague upon her! 190

QUEEN ELEANOR

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

CONSTANCE

Ay, who doubts that? A will, a wicked will,
A woman's will, a cankered grandam's will!

KING PHILIP

Peace, lady; pause or be more temperate. 195
It ill beseems this presence to cry aim
To these ill-tuneÁd repetitions.±±
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angers. Let us hear them speak
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's. 200

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Citizen upon the walls

CITIZEN

Who is it that hath warned us to the walls?

KING PHILIP

'Tis France for England.

KING JOHN England for itself.

You men of Angers and my loving subjects±±

KING PHILIP

You loving men of Angers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet called you to this gentle parle±± 205

KING JOHN

For our advantage; therefore hear us first.
These flags of France that are advanceÁd here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither marched to your endamageÁment.
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath, 210
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls.
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates; 215
And but for our approach, those sleeping stones
That as a waist doth girdle you about,

By the compulsion of their ordinance,
By this time from their fixeÁd beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made 220
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But on the sight of us your lawful king,
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates
To save unscratched your city's threatened cheeks, 225
Behold the French, amazed, vouchsafe a parole;
And now instead of bullets wrapped in fire
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke
To make a faithless error in your ears; 230
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose laboured spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Craves harbourage within your city walls.

KING PHILIP

When I have said, make answer to us both. 235
He takes Arthur's hand
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vowed upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys. 240
For this downtrodden equity we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town,
Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppresseÁd child 245
Religiously provokes. Be pleaseÁd then
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes it, namely this young prince;
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, hath all offence sealed up: 250
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against th'invulnerable clouds of heaven,
And with a blesseÁd and unvexed retire,
With unhacked swords and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again 255

Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffered offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war, 260
Though all these English and their discipline
Were harboured in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord
In that behalf which we have challenged it,
Or shall we give the signal to our rage, 265
And stalk in blood to our possession?

CITIZEN

In brief, we are the King of England's subjects.
For him and in his right we hold this town.

KING JOHN

Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

CITIZEN

That can we not; but he that proves the king, 270
To him will we prove loyal; till that time
Have we rammed up our gates against the world.

KING JOHN

Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And if not that, I bring you witnesses:
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed±± 275

BASTARD (*aside*) Bastards and else.

KING JOHN

To verify our title with their lives.

KING PHILIP

As many and as well-born bloods as those±±

BASTARD (*aside*) Some bastards too.

KING PHILIP

Stand in his face to contradict his claim. 280

CITIZEN

Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

KING JOHN

Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet 285
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king.

KING PHILIP

Amen, Amen! Mount, chevaliers! To arms!

BASTARD

Saint George that swung the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on's horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence! (*To Austria*) Sirrah, were I at
home 290

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

AUSTRIA

Peace, no more.

BASTARD

O tremble, for you hear the lion roar!

KING JOHN

Up higher to the plain, where we'll set forth 295
In best appointment all our regiments.

BASTARD

Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

KING PHILIP

It shall be so, and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our right!
*Exeunt [severally] King John and King Philip
with their powers. The Citizen remains
on the walls
[Alarum.] Here, after excursions, enter [at one door]
the French Herald, with [a trumpeter], to the gates*

FRENCH HERALD

You men of Angers, open wide your gates 300
And let young Arthur Duke of Brittain in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground;
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies, 305
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth;
And victory with little loss doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly displayed,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim 310
Arthur of Brittain England's king and yours.

*Enter [at another door] the English Herald, with a
trumpeter*

ENGLISH HERALD

Rejoice, you men of Angers, ring your bells!
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours that marched hence so silver-bright 315
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.
There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removeÁd by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first marched forth; 320
And like a jolly troop of huntsmen come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes.
Open your gates and give the victors way.

[CITIZEN]

Heralds, from off our towers we might behold 325
From first to last the onset and retire
Of both your armies, whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censureÁd.
Blood hath bought blood and blows have answered
blows,
Strength matched with strength and power confronted
power. 330
Both are alike, and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

*Enter at one door King John, the Bastard, Queen
Eleanor and Lady Blanche, with soldiers; at another
door King Philip, Louis the Dauphin, and the Duke
of Austria with soldiers*

KING JOHN

France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on, 335
Whose passage, vexed with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel and o'erswell
With course disturbed even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean? 340

KING PHILIP

England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood
In this hot trial more than we of France;

Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms, 345
We'll put thee down 'gainst whom these arms we
bear,

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

BASTARD

Ha, majesty! How high thy glory towers 350
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men
In undetermined differences of kings. 355

Why stand these royal fronts amazeÁd thus?
Cry havoc, Kings! Back to the staineÁd field,
You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death! 360

KING JOHN

Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

KING PHILIP

Speak, citizens, for England: who's your king?

[CITIZEN]

The King of England, when we know the King.

KING PHILIP

Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

KING JOHN

In us, that are our own great deputy 365
And bear possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence, Angers, and of you.

[CITIZEN]

A greater power than we denies all this,
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barred gates, 370
Kinged of our fear, until our fears resolved
Be by some certain king, purged and deposed.

BASTARD

By heaven, these scroyles of Angers flout you, Kings,
And stand securely on their battlements

As in a theatre, whence they gape and point 375
 At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
 Your royal presences be ruled by me.
 Do like the mutines of Jerusalem:
 Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
 Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town. 380
 By east and west let France and England mount
 Their battering cannon, chargeÁd to the mouths,
 Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawled down
 The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.
 I'd play incessantly upon these jades, 385
 Even till unfenceÁd desolation
 Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
 That done, dissever your united strengths,
 And part your mingled colours once again;
 Turn face to face, and bloody point to point. 390
 Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth
 Out of one side her happy minion,
 To whom in favour she shall give the day,
 And kiss him with a glorious victory.
 How like you this wild counsel, mighty states? 395
 Smacks it not something of the policy?

KING JOHN

Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
 I like it well.±±France, shall we knit our powers,
 And lay this Angers even with the ground,
 Then after fight who shall be king of it? 400

BASTARD *(to King Philip)*

An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
 Being wronged as we are by this peevish town,
 Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
 As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
 And when that we have dashed them to the ground, 405
 Why, then defy each other, and pell-mell
 Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

KING PHILIP

Let it be so.±±Say, where will you assault?

KING JOHN

We from the west will send destruction
 Into this city's bosom. 410

AUSTRIA I from the north.

KING PHILIP Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

BASTARD *[to King John]*

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

415

[CITIZEN]

Hear us, great Kings, vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall show you peace and fair-faced league.
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field.
Persever not, but hear me, mighty Kings.

420

KING JOHN

Speak on with favour; we are bent to hear.

[CITIZEN]

That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanche,
Is niece to England. Look upon the years
Of Louis the Dauphin and that lovely maid.
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanche?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanche?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanche?
Such as she is in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete;
If not complete, O, say he is not she;
And she again wants nothing±±to name want±±
If want it be not that she is not he.
He is the half part of a blesseÁd man,
Left to be finisheÁd by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fullness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents when they join
Do glorify the banks that bound them in,
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds, shall you be, Kings,
To these two princes if you marry them.

425

430

435

440

445

This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closeÁd gates, for at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope, 450
And give you entrance. But without this match
The sea enrageÁd is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory, 455
As we to keep this city.

BASTARD *[aside]* Here's a stay
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth Death and mountains, rocks and seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions 460
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon: fire, and smoke, and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgelled; not a word of his 465
But buffets better than a fist of France.
Zounds! I was never so bethumped with words
Since I first called my brother's father Dad.

QUEEN ELEANOR *(aside to King John)*
Son, list to this conjunction, make this match,
Give with our niece a dowry large enough; 470
For, by this knot, thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsured assurance to the crown
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France; 475
Mark how they whisper. Urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was. 480

[CITIZEN]
Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threatened town?

KING PHILIP

Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: what say you?

KING JOHN

If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son, 485
Can in this book of beauty read 'I love',
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen;
For Anjou and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitou,
And all that we upon this side the sea±±
Except this city now by us besieged±± 490
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world. 495

KING PHILIP

What sayst thou, boy? Look in the lady's face.

LOUIS THE DAUPHIN

I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself formed in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son, 500
Becomes a sun and makes your son a shadow.
I do protest I never loved myself
Till now enfixeÁd I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

He whispers with Blanche

BASTARD (*aside*)

Drawn in the flattering table of her eye, 505
Hanged in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quartered in her heart: he doth espy
Himself love's traitor. This is pity now,
That hanged and drawn and quartered there should be
In such a love so vile a lout as he. 510

BLANCHE (*to Louis the Dauphin*)

My uncle's will in this respect is mine.
If he see aught in you that makes him like,
That anything he sees which moves his liking
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or if you will, to speak more properly, 515
I will enforce it easily to my love.

Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this: that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your
 judge, 520
That I can find should merit any hate.

KING JOHN

What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

BLANCHE

That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom shall vouchsafe to say.

KING JOHN

Speak then, Prince Dauphin, can you love this lady? 525

LOUIS THE DAUPHIN

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

KING JOHN

Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poitou, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee, and this addition more: 530
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

KING PHILIP

It likes us well. ±± Young princes, close your hands.

AUSTRIA

And your lips too, for I am well assured 535
That I did so when I was first assured.

*[Louis the Dauphin and Lady Blanche join hands
and kiss]*

KING PHILIP

Now citizens of Angers, ope your gates.
Let in that amity which you have made,
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized. ±± 540
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?
(*Aside*) I know she is not, for this match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much.
(*Aloud*) Where is she and her son? Tell me who knows.

LOUIS THE DAUPHIN

She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent. 545

KING PHILIP

And by my faith this league that we have made
Will give her sadness very little cure.±±
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came,
Which we, God knows, have turned another way 550
To our own vantage.

KING JOHN We will heal up all,
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Brittain
And Earl of Richmond, and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance.
Some speedy messenger bid her repair 555
To our solemnity. I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we as well as haste will suffer us 560
To this unlooked-for, unprepareÁd pomp.

[Flourish.] Exeunt all but the Bastard

BASTARD

Mad world, mad kings, mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part;
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on, 565
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all, 570
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,±±
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word `maid', cheats the poor maid of that±±
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity;
Commodity, the bias of the world, 575
The world who of itself is peiseÁd well,
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency, 580
From all direction, purpose, course, intent;

And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapped on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid, 585
From a resolved and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not wooed me yet±±
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand 590
When his fair angels would salute my palm,
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar I will rail,
And say there is no sin but to be rich, 595
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee.

Exit