

I I I L
Troublesome Raigne

of *Iohn* King of *England*, with the discouerie of *King* Richard Cordelions

Base sonne (vulgarly named, The Bastard Fawconbridge) : also the death of *King Iohn* at Swinestead Abbey.

*As it was (sundry times) publiely acted by the
Queenes Maiesties Players, in the honourable Citie of
London.*



Imprinted at London for *Sampson Clarke*,
and are to be solde at his shop, on the backe-
side of the Royall Exchange.

1591.



To the Gentlemen Readers.

Y On that with friendly grace of smoothed brow
 Have entertained the Scythian Tamburlaine,
 And given applause unto an Infidel:
 Vouchsafe to welcome (with like curtesie)
 A Warlike Christian and your Countreyman.
 For Christs true faith indur'd he many a storme,
 And set himselfe against the Man of Rome,
 Untill base treason (by a damned wight)
 Did all his former triumphs put to flight,
 Accept of it (sweete Gentles) in good sort,
 And thinke it was preparte for your disport.

A 2

K. John.
I.i.



The troublesome Raigne of *King Iohn.*

Enter *K. Iohn*, *Queene Elinor* his mother, *William Marshal*.
Earle of Pembroke, the *Earles of Essex*, and of *Salisbury*

Sc.i.

Queene Elinor.

BArons of *England*, and my noble *Lords*;
Though *God* and *Fortune* haue bereft from vs
Victorious *Richard* scourge of *Infidels*.
And clad this *Land* in stole of dismall hieu :

Yet giue me leaue to ioy, and ioy you all,
That from this wombe hath sprung a second hopt
A *King* that may in rule and vertue both
Succæde his brother in his *Emperte*.

K. Iohn My gracions mother *Queene*, and *Barons* all;
Though farre vnworthie of so high a place,
As is the *Throne* of mightie *Englands King*;
Yet *Iohn* your *Lord*, contented vncontent,
Will (as he may) sustaine the heauie poke
Of pressing cares, that hang vpon a *Crowne*.
My *Lord* of *Pembroke* and *Lord Salisbury*,
Admit the *Lord Shattilion* to our presence;
That we may know what *Philip King* of *Francee*
(By his *Ambassadors*) requires of vs.

Q. Elinor Dare lay my hand that *Elinor* can gesse
Whereto this weightie *Embassade* doth tend :
If of my Nephew *Arthur* and his claime,
Then say my *Sontie* I haue not mist my aime.

A 3

Enter

Enter *Chattilion* and the two Earles.

John By Lord *Chattilion*, welcome into England :
How fares our Brother *Philip* King of Fraunce ?

Chatt. His Highnes at my comming was in health,
And wiled me to salute your Maiestie,
And say the message he hath giuen in charge.

John And spare not man, we are preperde to heare.

Chattilion. *Philip* by the grace of God most Christian K.
of France, hauing taken into his guaradin and protection *Ar-*
thur Duke of Brittain, son & heire to *Ieffrey* thine elber bro-
ther, requireth in the behalle of the said *Arthur*, the Kingdom
of England, with the Lordship of Ireland, *Poiters*, *Aniow*,
Torain, *Main* : and I attend thine aunswere.

John. A small request : belike he makes account
That England, Ireland, *Poiters*, *Aniow*, *Torain*, *Main*,
Are nothing for a King to giue at once :

I wonder what he meanes to leaue for me.
Tell *Philip*, he may keepe his Lords at home,
With greater honour than to send them thus
In Embassades that not concerne himselte,
Or if they did, would yeeld but small returne.

Chattilion Is this thine answere :

John It is, and too good an answer for so proud a message.

Chattilion Then King of England, in my Masters name,
And in Prince *Arthur* Duke of Brittaines name,
I doo desie thee as an Enemy,
And wilst thee to prepare for bloodie warres.

Q. Elinor By Lord (that stands vpon defiance thus)
Commend me to my Nephew, tell the boy,
That I Queene *Elinor* (his Grandmother)
Upon my blessing charge him leaue his Armes,
Whereto his head-strong Mother prickts him so :
Her pride we know, and know her for a Dame
That will not sticke to bring him to his ende,
So she may bring her selfe to rule a Realme.
Next wilst him to forsake the King of Fraunce,

And

And come to me and to his Uncle here.

And he shall want for nothing at our hands.

60 *Chattilion.* This shall I doo, and thus I take my leaue.

John Pembroke, comuap him safely to the sea,

But not in hast : for as we are aduise,

We meane to be in *Fraunce* as loone as he,

64 To fortesse such townes as we possesse

In *Anion, Torain* and in *Normandy.*

Exit Chatt.

Enter the Shriue, & whispers the Earle of *Salis* in the eare.

66 *Salisbury.* Please it your Maiestie, heere is the Shriue of
Northhamptonshire, with certaine persons that of late com-
mitted a riot, and haue appeald to your Maiestie beseeching
your Highnes for speciall cause to heare them.

70 *John* Till them come neere, and while we heare the cause,

Goe Salisbury and make prouision,

We meane with speede to passe the sea to *Fraunce.*

Say Shrieue, what are these men, what haue they done :

74 Or wheretwends the course of this appeale ?

Shrieue. Please it your Maiestie these two brethren vnna-
turally falling at odds about their Fathers liuing haue bro-
ken your Highnes peace, in seeking to right their own wrongs
78 without cause of Law, or order of Justice, and vnlawfully as-
sembled themselves in mutinous manner, hauing committed
a riot, appealing from triall in their Countrey to your High-
nes : and here *Thomas Nidigate* Shrieue of Northhampton-
82 shire, doo deliuer them ouer to their triall.

John My Lord of *Essex*, will the offenders to stand forth,
and tell the cause of their quarrell.

86 *Essex* Gentlemen, it is the Kings pleasure that you disco-
uer your griefes, & doubt not but you shall haue iustice.

Philip Please it your Maiestie, the wrong is mine; yet wil
I abide all wrongs, befoze I once open my mouth to vnrippe
the shamefull slander of my parents, the dishonour of my self,
90 & the wicked dealing of my brother in this princely assembly.

Robert Then by my Prince his leaue shall *Robert* speake,
And tell your Maiestie what right I haue

To

93 To ouer wrong, as he accounterd wrong.
 My Father (not vnknown vnto your Grace)
 96 Receiud his spures of Knighthood in the field,
 At Kingly Richards hands in Palestine,
 When as the walls of Acon gaue him way:
 His name Sir Robert Fauconbridge of Mountbery.
 That by succession from his Ancestours,
 100 And warlike seruice vnder Englands Armes,
 His liuing did amount too at his death
 Two thousand Markes reueneuery peare:
 And this (my Lord) I challenge for my right,
 104 As lawfull heire to Robert Fauconbridge.

Philip. If first bozne sonne be heire indubitate
 By certaine right of Englands aunclent Lawe,
 How should my selfe make any other doubt,
 108 But I am heire to Robert Fauconbridge?

John. FOND Mouth, to trouble these our Princely eares
 Or make a question in so plaine a case:
 112 Speake, is this man thine elder Brother bozne?

Robert. Please it your Grace with patience for to heare;
 I not denie but he mine Elder is,
 Mine elder Brother too: yet in such sort,
 116 As he can make no title to the Land.

John. A doubtfull tale as euer I did heare,
 Thy Brother and thine elder, and no heire:
 120 Explaine this darke Enigma.

Robert. I graunt (my Lord) he is my mothers sonne,
 120 Base bozne, and base begot, no Fauconbridge.
 Indeepe the world reputes him lawfull heire,
 My Father in his life did count him so,
 And here my Mother stands to prooue him so:
 124 But I (my Lord) can prooue, and doo auerre
 Both to my Mothers shame and his reproach,
 He is no heire nor yet legitimate.
 Then (gracious Lord) let Fauconbridge enioy
 128 The liuing that belongs to Fauconbridge.

And

And let not him possesse anothers right.

John Howe this, the land is thine by *Englands* law.

Q. Elianor Ungracious youth, to rip thy mothers shame,
The wombe from whence thou didst thy being take,
All honest eares abhorre thy wickednes,
But gold I see doth beate downe natures law.

Mother. My gracious Lord, & you thrice reuerend Dame,
That see the teares distilling from mine eyes,
And scalding sighes blowne from a rent heart:
For honour and regard of womanhood,
Let me entreate to be commaunded hence.
Let not these eares receiue the hissing sound
Of such a viper, who with poysoned words
Doth murtherate the bowels of my soule.

John. Ladie, stand vp, be patient for a while:
And fellow, say, whole bastard is thy brother.

Philip Not for my selfe, nor for my mother now:
But for the honour of so braue a Man,
Whom he accuseth with adulterie:
Here I beseech your Grace vpon my knees,
To count him mad, and so dismisle vs hence.

Robert Noxmad, nox mazde, but well aduised, I
Charge thee before this royall presence here
To be a Bastard to King *Richards* self,
Sonne to your Grace, and Brother to your Maiestie.
Thus bluntly, and

Elianor Wong man thou needst not be ashamed of thy kin,
Nor of thy Sire. But forward with thy proofe.

Robert The proofe so plaine, the argument so strong,
As that your Highnes and these noble Lords,
And all (saue those that haue no eyes to see)
Shall sweare him to be Bastard to the King.
First when my Father was Embassadour
In *Germanie* vnto the Emperour,
The King lay often at my Fathers house;
And all the Realme suspected what befell:

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And

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Sc. i.

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And at my Fathers back returne agen
My Mother was deliuered as tis seē,
Sire weekes before the account my Father made.

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But more than this : looke but on *Philips* face,
His features, actions, and his lineaments,
And all this Princely presence shall confesse,
He is no other but King *Richards* Sonne.
Then gracious Lord, rest he King *Richards* Sonne,
And let me rest safe in my Fathers right,
That am his rightfull sonne and onely heire.

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John Is this thy prowe, and all thou hast to say :

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Robert I haue no more, nor neede I greater prowe.

John First, where thou saidst in absence of thy Sire

My Brother often lodged in his house :

And what of that ? bale groome to slander him,

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That honoured his Embassadoꝝ so much,

In absence of the man to cheere the wife ?

This will not hold, proceede vnto the next.

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Q Elinor Thou saidst he tēde sir weekes before her time,

Why good Sir Squire are you so cunning growen

To make account of womens reckonings :

Spit in your hand and to your other pꝛowes :

Many mischaunces hap in such affaires

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To make a woman come before her time.

John And where thou saidst he looketh like the King

In action, feature and proportion :

Therein I holde with thee, for in my life

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I neuer saw so liuely counterfet

Of *Richard Cordelion*, as in him.

Robert Then good my Lord, be you indifferent Judge,

And let me haue my liuing and my right.

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Q Elinor May heare you Sir, you runne away too fast :

Know you not, *Omne simile non est idem* ?

O haue read in, *Parke* ye good sir,

It was thus I warrant, and no otherwise,

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She lay with Sir *Robert* your Father, and thought vpon
King

King *Richard* my Sonne, and so your Brother was formed
in this fashion.

Robert. Madame, you wrong me thus to tell it out,
I craue my right : King *John* as thou art King,
So be thou iust, and let me haue my right.

John. Why (foolish boy) thy proofes are friuolous,
Nor canst thou chalenge any thing thereby.
But thou shalt see how I will helpe thy claime,
This is my doome, and this my doome shall stand
Irreprovable, as I am King of *England*.
For thou knowst not, weele aske of them that know,
His mother and himselfe shall ende this strife :
And as they say, so shall thy liuing passe.

Robert. My Lord, herein I chalenge you of wrong,
To giue away my right, and put the doome
Vnto themselves. Can there be likelihood
That he will loose :

Or he will giue the liuing from himselfe :
It may not be my Lord. Why should it be ?

John. Lords keepe him back, and let him heare the doome.
Essex, first aske the Mother thice who was his Sire ?

Essex. Ladie *Margaret* Widow of *Fauconbridge*,
Who was Father to thy Sonne *Philip* ?

Mother. Please it your Maiestie, Sir *Robert Fauconbridge*.

Robert. This is right, aske my fellow there if I be a thiefe.

John. Aske *Philip* whose Sonne he is.

Essex. *Philip*, who was thy Father ?

Philip. Was my Lord, and thats a question : and you had
not taken some paines with her before, I should haue desired
you to aske my Mother.

John. Say who was thy Father ?

Philip. Faith (my Lord) to answer you sure he is my fa-
ther that was nearest my mother when I was gotten, & him
I thinke to be Sir *Robert Fauconbridge*.

John. *Essex*, for fashions sake demaund agen,
And so an ende to this contention.

Robert Was euer man thus wrongd as *Robert* is?

Essex Philip Speake I say, who was thy ffather?

John Young man how now, what art thou in a trauunce?

Elianor Philip awake, the man is in a dreame.

Philip Philip *ppus atanis edite Regibus.*

What saist thou *Philip*, sprung of auncient Kings?

Quo merapit tempestas?

What winde of honour blowes this furie forth?

O whence proeode these fumes of Daieslie?

He thinkes I heare a hollow Echo sound,

That *Philip* is the Sonne unto a King:

The whistling leaues vpon the trembling trees,

While in consort I am *Richards Sonne*:

The bubling murmur of the waters fall,

Records Philip *ppus Regius filius*:

Birds in their flight make musicke with their wings,

Filling the ayre with glorie of my birth:

Birds, bubbles, leaues, and mountaines. Echo, all

Ring in mine eares, that I am *Richards Sonne*.

Fond man, ah whether art thou carried?

How are thy thoughts ptyapt in Honors heauen?

Forgetfull what thou art, and whence thou camst,

Thy fathers land cannot maintaine these thoughts,

These thoughts are farre unfitting *Fauconbridge*:

And well they may; for why this mounting minde

Doth soare too high to stoupe to *Fauconbridge*.

Why how now? knowest thou where thou art?

And knowest thou who expects thine answer here?

Wilt thou vpon a frantick madding baine

Goe loose thy land, and say thy selfe base boine?

No, keepe thy land, though *Richard* were thy Sire,

What erethou thinkest, say thou art *Fauconbridge*.

John Speake man, be sodaine, who thy ffather was.

Philip Please it your Daieslie, Sir *Robert*

Philip, that *Fauconbridge* cleaues to thy iawes:

It will not out, I cannot for my life

Say

K. John.
I. i.

Say I am Sonne vnto a Fauconbridge.
Let land and liuing goe, tis honours are
That makes me sweare King *Richard* was my Sire.
Base to a King addes title of more State,
Than Knights begotten, though legitimate.
Please it your Grace, I am King *Richards* Sonne.

Robert *Robert* reuiue thy heart, let sorrow die,
His faltring tongue not suffers him to lie.

Mother What head-strong furie doth enchaunt my sonne?

Philip *Philip* cannot repent, for he hath done.

John Then *Philip* blame not me, thy selfe hast lost
By wilfulnesse, thy liuing and thy land.

Robert, thou art the heire of *Fauconbridge*,
God giue thee ioy, greater than thy desert.

Q. Elinor What now *Philip*, giue away thine owne?

Philip Madame, I am bold to make my selfe your nephew,
The poorest kinsman that your Highnes hath;
And with this pouerb gin the world anew,
Help hands, I haue no lands, honour is my desire;
Let *Philip* liue to shew himselfe worthy so great a Sire.

Elinor *Philip*, I think thou knewst thy Grandams minde:
But cheere thee boy, I will not see thee want
As long as *Elinor* hath foote of land;
Henceforth thou shalt be taken for my sonne,
And waite on me and on thine Uncle heere,
Who shall giue honour to thy noble minde.

John *Philip* kneele down, that thou maist thoroughly know
How much thy resolution pleaseth vs,
Rise by Sir *Richard Plantaginet* K. *Richards* Sonne.

Phil. Graunt heauens that *Philip* once may shew himself
Worthy the honour of *Plantaginet*,
Or basest glozie of a Bastards name.

John Now Gentlemen, we will away to *France*,
To checke the pride of *Arthur* and his mates:
Essex, thou shalt be Ruler of my Realme,
And toward the maine charges of my warres,

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309 He cease the lazie Abbey lubbers lands
Into my hands to pay my men of warre.
312 The Pope and Popelings shall not greale themselves
With golde and groates, that are the souldiers due.
Thus forwarde Lords, let our commaund be done,
And march we forwarde mightely to *France*. Exeunt.
Manet *Philip* and his Mother.

316 *Philip* Madame I beseech you deigne me so much leasure
as the hearing of a matter that I long to impart to you.

320 *Mother* Whats the matter *Philip*. I thinke your sute in
secret, tends to some money matter, which you suppose burns
in the bottome of my chest.

Phil. No Madam, it is no such sute as to beg or borrow,
But such a sute, as might some other grant,
I would not now haue troubled you withall.

324 *Mother* A Gods name let vs heare it.

Philip Then Madame thus, your Ladiship sees well,
How that my scandall growes by meanes of you,
In that report hath rumord vp and downe,
328 I am a bastard, and no *Fauconbridge*.

This grose atteint so tiltereth in my thoughts,
Maintaining combat to abide my ease,
That field and towne, and company alone,
332 Whatso I doo, or wheresoeere I am,
I cannot chafe the slander from thy thoughts.
If it be true, resolue me of my Sire,
For pardon Madame, if I thinke amisse.

336 Be *Philip Philip* and no *Fauconbridge*,
His Father doubtles was as braue a man,
To you on knees as sometime *Phaeton*,
Distrusting silly *Merop* for his Sire,
340 Strapping a little bashfull modestie,
I beg some instance whence I am extraught.

344 *Mother* Yet moxe adoo to haste me to my graue,
And wilt thou too become a Mothers crosse?
Durst I accuse myself to close with you?

Slaur.

Slaunder myself to quiet your affects :

Thou moou'st me *Philip* with this idle talke,
Which I remit, in hope this mood will die.

Philip Nay Ladie mother, heare me further yet,
For strong conceipt duiues dwie hence awhile :
Your husband *Fauconbridge* was Father to that sonne,
That carries marks of Nature like the Sire,
The sonne that blotteth you with wedlocks breach,
And holds my right, as lineall in discent
From him whose forme was figured in his face.

Can Nature so dissemble in her frame,
To make the one so like as like may be,

And in the other print no character
To chalenge any marke of true discent :

My brothers minde is base, and too too dull,
To mount where *Philip* lodgeth his affects,

And his externall graces that you view
(Though I reposit it) counterpoise not mine :

His constitution plaine debilitie,
Requires the chape, and mine the seate of Steele,

Nay, what is he, or what am I to him ?

When any one that knoweth how to carpe,
Will scarcely iudge vs both one Countrey boyme.

This Madame, this, hath droue me from my selfe :

And here by heauens eternall lampes I sweare,

As cursed *Nero* with his mother did,

So I with you, if you resolute me not.

Mother Let mothers teares quench out thy angers fire.
And vge no further what thou doost require.

Philip Let sonnes entreatie sway the mother now,
Or els she dies : Ile not infringe my bow.

Mother Unhappy talke : must I recount my shame,
Blab my misdeedes, or by concealing die ?

Some power strike me speechlesse for a time,

Or take from him awhile his hearings vse,

Why wish I so, unhappy as I am ?

The

381 The fault is mine, and he the faultie frute,
I blush, I faint, oh would I might be mute.

Philip. Mother be brieft, I long to know my name.

384 Mother And longing dye to shewd thy Mothers shame.

Philip. Come Madame come, you neede not be so loth.

The shame is shared equall twixt vs both.

388 Ist not a slacknes in me worthie blame,

To be soold, and cannot write my name.

Good Mother resolue me.

Mother. Then Philip heare thy fortune and my grieve,

392 My honours losse by purchase of thy selfe,

My shame, thy name, and hus bands secret wrong,

All maind and staine by youths unruly sway.

And when thou knowest from whence thou art extraught,

396 Or if thou knowst what futes, what threats, what feares,

To moue by loue, or massacre by death.

To peeld with loue, or end by loues content.

The mightines of him that courted me,

400 Who tempred terror with his wanton talke,

That something may extenuate the guilt.

But let it not aduantage me so much:

Uphaid me rather with the *Romane* Dame

404 That shed her blood to wash away her shame.

Why stand I to expostulate the crime

With *pro & contra*, now the deebe is don,

When to conclude two words may tell the tale,

That Philips Father was a Princes Son,

408 Rich Englands rule, worlds onely terror hee,

For honours losse left me with childe of thee:

Whose Sonne thou art, then pardon me the rather,

For faire King Richard was thy noble Father.

412 Philip. Then Robin Fauconbridge I wish thee ioy,

My Sire a King and I a landles Hop.

Gods Ladie Mother, the world is in my debt,

There s something owing to Plantaginet.

416 I marrie Sir, let me alone for game,

He

K. John
I. i.

Ile act some wonders now I know my name.
By blessed *Marie* Ile not sell that pride
For *Englands* wealth, and all the world beside.
Sir fast the proudest of my *Fathers* foes,
Away good *Mother*, there the comfort goes. *Exeunt.*

I. ii.

Enter *Philip* the French King, and *Lewes*, *Limoges*, *Constance*, and her sonne *Arthur*.

King Now gin we boach the title of thy claime
Vpon *Arthur* in the *Albion* Territories,
Scaring proud *Angiers* with a puissant sledge:
Braue *Austria*, cause of *Cordelions* death,
Is also come to aide thee in thy warres;
And all our forces ioyne for *Arthurs* right.
And, but for causes of great consequence,
Pleading delay till newes from *England* come,
Twice should not *Titan* hide him in the West,
To coole the fet-locks of his wearie teame,
Till I had with an vnresisted shock
Controuled the mannage of proud *Angiers* walls,
Or made a forget of my fame to Chaunce.

Constance May be that *John* in conscience or in feare
To offer wyong where you impugne the ill,
Will send such calme conditions backe to *Fraunce*,
As shall rebate the edge of fearefull warres:
If so, forbearance is a deede well done.

Arthur Ah *Mother*, possession of a Crowne is much,
And *John* as I haue heard reported of,
For present vantage would aduenture farre.
The world can witness in his *Brothers* time,
He tooke vpon him rule and almost raigne:
Then must it follow as a doubtfull poynt,
That hee'le resigne the rule vnto his *Nephew*.
I rather thinke the menace of the world
SOUNDS in his eares as threats of no esteeme,

C

And

And sooner would he scope *Europæ's* power,
Than lose the smallest title he enjoys;
For questionles he is an Englishman.

Lewes Why are the English peersles in compare?

Braue Cavaliers as ere that Iland bred,
Haue liue and dyde, and darde and done inough,
Yet neuer grarde their Countrey for the cause:

England is *England*, yielding good and bad,

And *John* of *England* is as other *Johns*.

Trust me yong *Arthur*, if thou like my reede,
Praise thou the French that helpe thee in this neede.

Lymoges The Englishman hath little cause I trow,
To spend good speeches on so proud a foe.

Why *Arthur* heres his spoyle that now is gon,

Who when he liue outroude his Brother *John*:

But hastie cures that lie so long to catch,

Come halting home, and meete their ouermatch.

But newes comes now, heres the Embassadeur.

Enter *Chattilion*.

K Philip And in good time, welcome my Lord *Chattilion*:

What newes? will *John* accorde to our commaund.

Chattilion Be I not hysse to tell your Highnes all,

He will approach to interrupt my tale:

For one selfe bottome brought vs both to *Fraunce*.

He on his part will try the chaunce of warre,

And if his words inferre assured truch,

Will loose himselfe and all his followers,

Ere yeld vnto the least of your demaunds.

The Pother *Queene* she taketh on amaine

Saint *Ladie Constance*, counting her the cause

That doth effect this claime to *Albion*,

Coniuring *Arthur* with a *Grandames* care,

To leaue his Pother; willing him submit

His state to *John* and her protection.

Who (as she saith) are studious for his good:

Hope circumstance the season intercepts:

This

K. John
I. ii.

This is the summe, which briefly I haue showane.

K. Phil. This bitter winde must nip some bodie's spring,
Sodaine and brieft, why so, tis harvest weather.

But say *Chartilion*, what persons of accompt are with him?

Chartilion Of England Earle *Pembrooke* and *Salsbury*,
The onely noted men of any name.

Next them a Bastard of the Kings deceast,

A hardy wilde head, tough and venturous,

With many other men of high resolute.

Then is there with them *Elinor* Mother Queene,

And *Blanch* her Niece daughter to the King of *Spaine* :

These are the prime Birds of this hot aduenture.

Enter *John* & his followers, Queene, Bastard, Earles, &c.

K. Philip He seemeth *John* an ouer-daring spirit

Effects some frenzie in thy rash approach,

Treading my Confines with thy armed Troupes.

I rather lookt for some submisse reply

Touching the claime thy Nephew *Arthur* makes

To that which thou vniu'sly dost vsurpe.

K. John For that *Chartilion* can discharge you all,

I list not plead my Title with my tongue.

Not came I hether with intent of wrong

To *Fraunce* or thee, or any right of thine;

But in defence and purchase of my right,

The Towne of *Angiers* : which thou doost begirt

In the behalfe of Ladie *Constance* Sonne,

Whereto no he no she can lay iust claime.

Constance Yes (false intruder) if that iust be iust,

And headstrong vsurpation put apart,

Arthur my Sonne, heire to thy elder Brother,

Without ambiguous shadow of discent,

Is Soueraigne to the substance thou withholdst.

Q. Elinor Willgouern'd Gossip, staine to this resolt

Occasion of these vnderdecid farres,

I say (that know) to check thy vaine suppose,

Thy Sonne hath naught to doe with that he claymes.

For prooffe whereof, I can inferre a Will,
That barres the way he vngeth by discent.

Constance A Will indeede, a crabbed Womans will,
Wherein the Diuell is an ouerlæer,
And proud dame *Elinor* sole Executresse:
More wills than so, on perill of my soule,
Were neuer made to hinder *Arthurs* right.

Arthur But say there was, as sure there can be none,
The law intends such testaments as boyd,
Where right discent can no way be impeacht.
Q. Elinor Peace *Arthur* peace, thy mother makes thee wings
To soare with perill after *Scarus*,
And trust me yongling for the Fathers sake,
I pittie much the hazard of thy youth.

Constance Bespew you els how pitifull you are,
Readie to weepe to heare him aske his owne;
Sorrow betide such Grandames and such grieffe,
That minister a popson for pure loue.
But who so blinde, as cannot see this beame,
That you forsooth would keepe your cousin downe,
For feare his Mother should be vsde too well?
I theres the grieffe, confusion catch the braine,
That hammers shifts to stop a Princes raigne.

Q. Elinor Impatient, frantike, common slanderer,
Immodest Dame, vnnurtred quarreller,
I tell thee I, not enuie to thy Son,
But iustice makes me speake as I haue don.

K. Philip But heres no proof that shewes your son a King.
K. John What wants, my sword shal more at large set downe.
Lewes But that may breake befoze the truth be knowne.

Bastard Then this may hold till all his right be showne.

Lymoges Good wordes sir sauce, your betters are in place.

Bastard Not you sir doughtie with your Lions case.

Blanch Ah top betide his soule, to whom that spoile belögd
Ah *Richard* how thy glozie here is wrongd.

Lymoges He thinkes that *Richards* pryde, & *Richards* fall,
Should

K. John
I.ii

Should be a president t'afright you all.

Bastard What words are these? how doo my sinews shake?
My fathers foe claid in my fathers spoule,
A thousand furies kindle with reuendge,
This hart that choller keepe a consistorie,
Searing my inwards with a byand of hate:
How doth *Aleto* whisper in mine eares?
Delay not *Philip*, kill the villaine straight,
Disrobe him of the matchles montiment
Thy fathers triumph ope the Sauages,
Base heardgroome, coward, peasant, worse than a threshing
flaue,

What makst thou with the Trophei of a King?
Shamst thou not copstrell, loathsome dunghill swad,
To grace thy carkasse with an ornament
Too precious for a Monarchs couerture?
Scarce can I temper due obedience
Unto the presence of my Soueraigne,
From acting outrage on this trunk of hate:
But arme thee traitor, wronger of renowne,
For by his soule I sweare, my fathers soule,
Twice will I not reuiew the Doznings rise,
Till I haue toyne that Trophei from thy back,
And split thy heart, for wearing it so long.
Philip hath swoyne, and if it be not done,
Let not the world repute me *Richards* Sonne.

Lymoges Nay soft sir Bastard, harts are not split so soone,
Let them reioyce that at the ende doo win:
And take this lesson at thy foemans hand,
Dawne not thy life, to get thy fathers skin.

Blanch Well may the world speake of his knightly valor,
That winnes this hide to weare a Ladies fauour.

Bastard Ill may I thriue, and nothing byooke with mee,
If shortly I present it not to thee.

K. Philip Lordings forbear, for time is comming fast,
That deedes may trie what words cannot determine,

And to the purpose for the cause you come,
 Me seems you set right in chance of warre,
 Weelding no other reasons for your claime,
 But so and so, because it shall be so.
 So wrong shall be suborn'd by trust of strength:
 A Tyrants practise to inuest himselse,
 Where weaker resistance giueth wrong the way.
 To check the which, in holy latofull Armes,
 I in the right of *Arthur Geffreys Sonne*,
 Am come besore this Citie of *Angiers*,
 To barre all other false supposed clayme,
 From whence or howsoere the error springs.
 And in his quarrell on my Princely word,
 He fight it out vnto the latest man.

John Know King of *Fraunce*, I will not be commaunded
 By any power or Prince in Christendome,
 To yeeld an instance how I hold mine owne,
 More than to answere, that mine owne is mine.
 But wilt thou see me parley with the Towne,
 And heare them offer me alleageance,
 Fealtie and homage, as true liege men ought.

K. Philip Summon them, I will not beleue it till I see
 it, and when I see it I'll soone change it.
 They summon the Towne, the Citizens appeare vpon the
 walls.

K. John You men of *Angiers*, and as I take it my loyall
 Subiects, I haue summoned you to the walls: to dispute on
 my right, were to thinke you doubtfull therein, which I am
 perswaded you are not. In few words, our Brothers Sonne,
 backt with the King of *Fraunce*, haue beleagred your Towne
 vpon a false pretended title to the same: in defence whereof
 I your liege Lord haue brought our power to fence you from
 the Usurper, to free your intended seruitude, and utterly to
 supplant the foemen, to my right & your rest. Say then, who
 who keepe you the Towne for?

Citizen For our lawfull King.

John

K. John
I. ii.

Sc. ii.

John I was no lesse perswaded : then in Gods name open your gates, and let me enter.

Citizen And it please your Highnes we comptroll not your title, neither will we rashly admit your entrance : if you bee lawfull King, with all obedience we keepe it to your vse, if not King, our rashnes to be impeached for peeling, without more considerate triall : we answere not as men lawles, but to the behoofe of him that prooues lawfull.

John I shall not come in then ?

Citizen No my Lord, till we know more.

K. Philip Then heare me speake in the behalfe of *Arthur* Sonne of *Geffrey* elder Brother to *John*, his title manifest without contradiction to the Crowne and Kingdome of *England*, with *Angiers* and diuers Townes on this side the sea : will you acknowledge him your liege Lord, who speaketh in my word to intertaine you with all fauours as becometh a King to his subiects, or a friend to his wel-willers : or stand to the perill of your contempt, when his title is prooued by the sword.

Citizen We answere as before till you haue prooued one right, we acknowledge none right, he that tries himselfe our Soueraigne, to him will we remaine firme subiects, and for him, and in his right we hold our Towne as desirous to know the truth as loath to subscribe before we knowe : More than this we cannot say, and more than this we dare not doo.

K. Philip Then *John* I desie thee in the name and behalfe of *Arthur Plantagines* thy King and cousin, whose right and patrimonie thou detainest, as I doubt not ere the day ende in a set battell make thee confesse ; whereunto with a zeale to right I challenge thee.

K. John I accept the challenge, and turne the defiance to thy throate.

Excursions. The Bastard chafeth *Lymoges* the Austrich Duke, and maketh him leaue the Lyons skinne.

Ba-

(not in
K. John)

Sc. iii.

Sc. iii.

35

Bastard And art thou gone, misfortune haunt thy steps,
And chill colde feare assaile thy times of rest.

38

Morpheus leaue here thy silent Eban caue,
Besiege his thoughts with dismall fantasies,
And ghastly obiects of pale theatning *Mors*.
Affright him euery minute with searne looks
Let shadowe temper terroz in his thoughts,
And let the terroz make the coward mad,
And in his madnes let him feare pursue,
And so in frenzie let the peasant die.

42

46

48

Here is the ranome that allapes his rage,
The first freehold that *Richard* left his sonne:
With which I shall surpyze his liuing foes,
As *Hectors* statue did the fainting *Greekes*. Exit.

Sc. iu.

Enter the Kings Herolds with Trumpets to the wals of
Angiers: they summon the Towne,

K. John
II. i.

4

Eng. Herold *Iohn* by the grace of God King of England,
Lord of Ireland, *Aniou*, *Toraine*, &c. demaundeth once againe
of you his subiects of *Angiers*, if you will quietly surrender
vp the Towne into his hands:

8

Fr. Herold *Philip* by the grace of God King of *Fraunce*, de-
maundeth in the behalfe of *Arthur* Duke of *Britaine*, if you
will surrender vp the Towne into his hands, to the vse of the
said *Arthur*.

12

CitiZens Herolds goe tell the two victorious Princes,
that we the poore Inhabitantes of *Angiers*, require a parle of
their Maiesties.

Herolds We goe.

Enter the Kings, Queene *Elianor*, *Blaunch*, *Bastard*, *Ly-*
moges, *Lewes*, *Castilean*, *Pembrooke*, *Salisbury*, *Constance*,
and *Arthur* Duke of *Britaine*.

13

Iohn. Herold, what answer doo the Townsmen send?

Philip.

8

Philip Will *Angiers* yelde to *Philip* King of *Fraunce*,
En. Her. The *Townsmen* on the wals accept your *Grace*.
Fr. Her. And craue a parley of your *Maiestie*.

John You *Citizens* of *Angiers*, haue your eyes
Beheld the slaughter that our *English* bowes
Haue made upon the coward frawdfull *French*;
And haue you wisely pondered therewithall
Your gaine in yelding to the *English* King :

Philip Their losse in yelding to the *English* King,
But *John*, they saw from out their highest *Towers*
The *Cheualiers* of *Fraunce* and crossebow shot
Make lanes of slaughtered bodie through thine hoast,
And are resolute to yelde to *Arthurs* right.

John Why *Philip*, though thou brauest it foze the wals,
Thy conscience knowes that *John* hath wonne the field.

Philip What ere my conscience knowes, thy *Armie* sees
That *Philip* had the better of the day.

Bastard *Philip* indeede hath got the *Lyons* case,
Which here he holds to *Lymoges* disgrace.
Bale Duke to flye and leaue such spoples behinde :
But this thou knewst of force to make mee stay.
It sarde with thee as with the marriner,
Spying the hugie *Whale*, whose monstrous bulke
Doth beare the waues like mountaines foze the winde,
That throwes out emptye vessells, so to stay
His furie, while the ship doth saile away,

Philip tis thine : and foze this princely presence,
Sadame I humbly lay it at your feete,
Being the first aduenture I atchieue,
And first exployt your *Grace* did enioyne :
Yet many moze I long to be enioynd.

Blaunch *Philip* I take it, and I thee commaund
To weare the same as earst thy father did :
Therewith receiue this fauour at my hands,
To encourage thee to follow *Richards* fame.

Arthur Ye *Citizens* of *Angiers*, are ye mute :

D

Arthur

14

18

22

26

30

34

38

42

46

49

Arthur or John, say which shall be your King?

Citizen We care not which, if once we knew the right,
But till we know we will not peeld our right.

Bastard Might Philip counsell two so mightie Kings,

As are the Kings of England and of France,

He would aduise your Graces to vnite

And knit your forces gainst these Citizens,

Pulling their battered walls about their eares.

The Towne once wonne then strue about the claime,

For they are minded to delude you both.

Citizen Kings, Princes, Lords & Knights assembled here,

The Citizens of Angiers all by me

Entreate your Maiestie to heare them speake :

And as you like the motion they shall make,

So to account and follow their aduice.

John. Philip. Speake on, we giue thee leaue.

Citizen Then thus : whereas that yong & lustie knight

Incites you on to knit your kingly strenghts:

The motion cannot choose but please the good,

And such as loue the quiet of the State,

But how my Lords, how shoulde your strenghts be knit ?

Not to oppresse your subiects and your friends,

And fill the world with braules and mutinies :

But vnto peace your forces shoulde be knit

To liue in princely league and amittie :

Do this, the gates of Angiers shall giue way

And stand wide open to your harts content.

To make this peace a lasting bond of loue,

Remains one onely honozable meanes,

Which by your pardon I shall here display.

Lewes the Dolphin and the heire of France,

A man of noted valor thzough the world,

Is yet vnmarried : let him take to wife

The beauteous daughter of the King of Spaine,

Reere to K. John, the louely Ladie Blanche,

Begotten on his Sister Elianor.

With her in marriage will her buckle giue
Castles and Towers as fittely such a match.
The Kings thus ioynd in league of perfect loue,
They map so deale with *Arthur* Duke of *Britaine*,
Who is but yong, and yet vnmeete to raigne,
As he shall stand contented euerie way.
Thus haue I boldy (for the common good)
Deliuered what the Citie gaue in charge.
And as vpon conditions you agree,
So shall we stand content to yeeld the Towne.

Arthur A proper peace, if such a motion hold;
These Kings beare armes for me, and for my right,
And they shall share my lands to make them friends.

Q. Elianor Sonne *John*, follow this motion, as thou louest
thy mother,

Make league with *Philip*, yeeld to any thing:
Lewes shall haue my *Reece*, and then be sure
Arthur shall haue small succour out of *Fraunce*.

John Brother of *Fraunce*, you heare the Citizens:
Then tell me, how you meane to deale herein.

Constance Why *John*, what canst thou giue vnto thy *Reece*,
That hast no foote of land, but *Arthurs* right?

Lewes Byr Ladie Citizens, I like your choyce,
A louely Damsell is the Ladie *Blanche*,
Worthie the heire of *Europe* for her pheere.

Constance What Kings, why stand you gazing in a trance?
Why how now Lords? accursed Citizens
To fill and tickle their ambieious eares,
With hope of gaine, that springs from *Arthurs* losse.
Some dismall Plannet at thy birthday raignd,
For now I see the fall of all thy hopes.

K. Philip Ladie, and Duke of *Britaine*, know you both,
The King of *Fraunce* respects his honoꝝ moꝝe,
Than to betray his friends and saourers.
Princesse of *Spaine*, could you affect my Sonne,
If we vpon conditions could agree?

Bastard Swounds Madam, take an English Gentleman:
 Slaue as I was, I thought to haue mooude the match.
 Grandame you made me halfe a promise once,
 That Lady *Blanch* should bying me wealth inough,
 And make me heire of stoe of English land.

Q. Elianor Peace *Philip*, I will looke thee out a wife,
 We must with pollicie compound this strife.

Bastard If *Lewes* get her, well, I say no more:
 But let the frolicke Frenchman take no scoyne,
 If *Philip* front him with an English hoine.

John Ladie, what answere make you to the King of France?
 Can you affect the Dolphin for your Lord?

Blanch I thanke the King that likes of me so well,
 To make me Bride vnto so great a Prince:
 But giue me leaue my Lord to pause on this,
 Least being too too forward in the cause,
 It may be blemish to my modestie.

Q. Elinor Sonne *John*, and worthy *Philip* K. of France,
 Doo you confer awhile about the Dower,
 And I will schoole my modest Neece so well,
 That she shall yeeld alioone as you haue done.

Constance I, theres the wretch that bjoacheth all this ill,
 Why flye I not vpon the Belvames face,
 And with my nayles pull forth her hatefull eyes.

Arthur Sweete Mother cease these hastie madding fits:
 For my sake, let my Grandame haue her will.
 I would she with her hands pull forth my heart,
 I could affoord it to appeale these broyles.
 But mother let vs wisely winke at all:
 Least farther harmes ensue our hastie speech.

Philip Brother of England, what dowrie wilt thou giue
 Vnto my Sonne in marriage with thy Neece?

John First *Philip* knowes her dowrie out of Spaine
 To be so great as may content a King:
 But more to mend and amplifie the same,
 I giue in money thirtie thousand markes.

For

Singing

For land I leaue it to thine owne demaund.

Philip Then I demaund *Volquesson, Torain, Main,*
Poitiers and *Anion*, these fiue *Prouinces*,
Which thou as King of *England* holdest in *France* :
Then shall our peace be soone concluded on.

Bastard No lesse than fiue such *Prouinces* at once?

John Whether what shall I doo? my brother got these lands
With much effusion of our *English* blood :
And shall I giue it all away at once :

Q. Elinor *John* giue it him, so shalt thou liue in peace,
And keepe the residue sanz ieopardie.

Ion *Philip* bring forth thy Sonne, here is my Decece,
And here in marriage I doo giue with her
From me and my Successors *English* Kings,
Volquesson, Poitiers, Anion, Torain, Main,
And thirtie thousand markes of stipend copne.
Now Citizens, how like you of this match :

Citizen We ioy to see so sweete a peace begun.

Lewes *Lewes* with *Blanch* shall euer liue content.

But now King *John*, what say you to the Duke?
Father, speake as you may in his behalfe.

Philip K. *John*, be good vnto thy Nephew here,
And giue him some what that shall please thee best.

John *Arthur*, although thou troublest *Englands* peace :
Yet here I giue thee *Brittaine* for thine owne,
Together with the Earle dome of *Richmont*,
And this rich Citie of *Angiers* withall.

Q. Elinor And if thou seeke to please thine Uncle *John*,
Shalt see my Sonne how I will make of thee.

John Now euery thing is sorted to this end,
Lets in and there prepare the marriage rites,
Which in *S. Maries* Chappell presently
Shalbe performed ere this presence part. Exeunt.

Manent *Constance* & *Arthur*.

Arthur Hadam good cheere, these drouping languishmets

Enter Richard

Adde no redresse to salue our awktward haps.

If heauens haue concluded these euents,

To small auaille is bitter pensiuenes :

Seasons will change, and so our present griefe

May change with them, and all to our reliefe.

Constance Ah boy, thy peares I see are farre too greene
To looke into the bottome of these cares.

But I, who see the popse that weigheth downe

Thy weale, my with, and all the willing meanes

Wherewith thy fortune and thy fame should mount.

What ioy, what ease, what rest can lodge in me,

With whom all hope and hap doth disagree?

Arthur Yet Ladies teares, and cares, and solemne shotes,
Rather than helpes heape vp more worke for woes.

Constance If any power will heare a widdowes plaint,
That from a wounded soule implores reuenge;

Send fell contagion to infect this Clyme,

This cursed Countrey, where the traytors breathe,

Whose periurie as proud *Briareus*,

Beleaguers all the Skie with misbeliefe.

He promist *Arthur* and he sware it too,

To fence thy right, and check thy foemans pride :

But now black-spotted Periure as he is,

He takes a truce with *Glours* damned byat,

And marries *Lewes* to her louely Niece,

Sharing thy fortune and thy birth-daves gift

Betweene these louers: ill betide the match.

And as they shouldeer thee from out thy owne,

And triumph in a widdowes tearefull cares :

So heauens crosse them with a thistle crosse.

Is all the bloud spilt on either part,

Closing the cranies of the thirstie earth,

Growne to a louegame and a Bridall feast :

And must thy birthright bid the wedding banes :

Poorer helper boy, hopeles and helper too,

To whom misfortune seemes no poke at all.

Thy

Thy stay, thy state, thy imminent mishaps
 Woundeth thy mothers thoughts with feeling care,
 Thy lookst thou pale & the colour flies thy face,
 I trouble now the fountaine of thy youth,
 And make it moodie with my doles discourse,
 Goe in with me, reply not louely boy,
 We must obscure this mone with melodie,
 Least wofull wack ensue our malecontent, Exeunt.

227

230

234

Enter the King of England, the King of Fraunce, Arthur,
 Bastard, Lewes, Lymoges, Coustance, Blanche, Chattilion,
 Pembroke, Salisburie, and Elianor.

John This is the day, the long desired day,
 Wherein the Realmes of England and of Fraunce
 Stand highly blessed in a lasting peace.
 Thyce happie is the Bridgroom and the Bride,
 From whose sweete Bridale such a concord springs,
 To make of mortall foes immortall friends.

4

Constance Ungodly peace made by an others warre.

Philip Unhappie peace, that ties thee from reuenge,

8

Rouse thee Plantaginet, liue not to see

The butcher of the great Plantaginet.

Kings, Princes, and ye Peeres of either Realmes,

Pardon my rashnes, and forgiue the zeale

12

That caries me in furie to a deede

Of high desert, of honour, and of armes.

A boone O Kings, a boone doth Philip beg

Prostrate vpon his knee : which knee shall cleaue

16

Unto the superficies of the earth,

Till Fraunce and England graunt this glorious boone.

John Speake Philip, England graunts thee thy request.

Philip And Fraunce confirms what ere is in his power.

20

Bastard Then Duke sit fast, I leuell at thy head,

Too base a ransome for my fathers life.

Princes, I craue the Combat with the Duke

23

That

O

24 That haues it in dishonoz of my Sire.
 Your words are past noz can you now reuerse
 The Princely promise that reuiues my soule,
 28 Thereat me thinks I see his sinnewes shake :
 This is the boon (Oread Lords) which granted once
 O: life oz death are pleasant to my soule ;
 Since I shall liue and die in *Richards* right.

32 *Lymoges* Base Bastard, misbegotten of a King.
 To interrupt these holy nuptiall rytes
 With brawles and tumults to a Dukes disgrace :
 Let it suffice, I scozne to ioyne in fight,
 With one so farre vnequall to my selfe.

36 *Bastard* A fine excuse, Kings if you wilbe Kings,
 Then keepe your words, and let vs combat it.

John Philip, we cannot force the Duke to fight,
 Being a subiect vnto neither Realme :
 40 But tell me *Austria*, if an English Duke
 Should dare thee thus, wouldest thou accept the challendge?

Lymoges Els let the world account the *Austrich* Duke
 The greatest coward liuing on the Earth.

44 *John* Then cheere thee *Philip*, *John* will keepe his word,
 Kneele downe, in sight of *Philip* King of *Fraunce*
 And all these Princely Lords assembled here,
 I gird thee with the sword of *Normandie*,
 48 And of that land I doo inuest thee Duke :
 So shalt thou be in liuing and in land
 Nothing inferiour vnto *Austria*.

Lymoges K. *John*, I tell thee flatly to thy face
 52 Thou wrongst mine honour : and that thou maist see
 How much I scozne thy new made Duke and thee,
 I flatly say, I will not be compeld :
 And so farewell Sir Duke of low degree,
 56 Ile finde a time to match you for this geere. *Exit*.

John Stay *Philip*, let him goe the honors thine,

Bastard I cannot liue vnles his life be mine,

59 *Quelimer* Thy forwardnes this day hath ioyd my soule,
 And

K. John
III. i.

And made me thinke my *Richard* liues in thee.

K. Philip Lordings lets in, and spend the wedding day
In maskes and triumphs, letting quarrells cease.

Enter a Cardynall from *Rome*.

Card. Stay King of *France*, I charge thee ioyne not hands
With him that stands accurst of God and men.

Know *John*, that I *Pandulph* Cardinall of *Millaine*, and
Legate from the Sea of *Rome*, demaund of thee in the name
of our holy Father the Pope *Innocent*, why thou dost (contra-
rie to the lawes of our holy mother the Church, and our holpe
father the Pope) disturbe the quiet of the Church, and disanull
the election of *Stephen Langhton*, whom his Holines hath ele-
cted Archbishop of *Canterburie*: this in his Holines name I
demaund of thee:

John And what hast thou of the Pope thy maister to doo to
demaund of me, how I employ mine owne? Know sir Priest
as I honour the Church and holy Churchmen, so I scorne to
be subiect to the greatest Prelate in the worlde. Tell thy Mai-
ster so from me, and say, *John of England* said it, that neuer an
Italian Priest of them all, shall either haue tythe, tole, or po-
ling penie out of *England*, but as I am King, so wil I raigne
next vnder God, supream head both ouer spirituall and tem-
rall: and hee that contradicts me in this, Ile make him hoppe
headlesse.

K. Philip What King *John*, know you what you say, thus
to blaspheme against our holy father the Pope.

John Philip, though thou and all the Princes of Christen-
dome suffer themselues to be abused by a Prelates slauerie,
my minde is not of such bale temper. If the Pope will bee
King in *England*, let him winne it with the sword, I know no
other title he can alleage to mine inheritance.

Card. *John*, this is thine answere?

John What then?

Card. Then I *Pandulph* of *Padoa* Legate from the Apo-
stolike

93 *Nolick Sea, doo in the name of S. Peter and his successoz our*
 96 *holp Father Pope Innocent, pronounce thee accursed dischar-*
ging euery of thy subiectes of all dutie and fealtie that they
do owe to thee, and pardon and forgiveness of sinne to those dy
them whatsoeuer, which shall carrie armes against thee, or
murder thee: this I pronounce, and charge all good men to
abhorre thee as an excommunicate person.

100 *John* So sir, the moze the ffox is curst the better a fares: if
 God blesse me and my Land, let the Pope and his shauelings
 curse and spare not.

104 *Card.* Furthermoze I charge thee *Philip* King of *France*,
 and al the Kings and Princes of *Christendome*, to make war
 108 *uppon* this miscreant: and whereas thou hast made a league
 with him, and confirmed it by oath, I do in the name of our
 foresaid father the Pope, acquit thee of that oath as unlawful,
 being made with an heretike, how saist thou *Philip*, doost thou
 obey?

John Brother of *Fraunce*, what say you to the Cardinal?

112 *Philip* I say, I am sorrie for your Maiestie, requesting
 you to submit your selfe to the Church of *Rome*.

John And what say you to our league, if I doo not submit?

— *Philip* What should I say? I must obey the Pope.

— *John* Obey the Pope, and breake your oath to God?

116 *Philip* The Legate hath absolude me of mine oath;
 Then yeeld to *Rome*, or I desie thee here.

John Why *Philip*, I desie the Pope and thee,

120 *False* as thou art, and periurde K. of *France*,

Unworthie man to be accompted King.

Giue thou thy sword into a Prelates hands?

Pandolph, where I of Abbots, Monkes and Friets

124 *Haue* taken somewhat to maintaine my warres,

Now will I take no moze but all they haue.

Ile rowze the lazie lubbers from their Cells,

And in despight *Ile* send them to the Pope.

Wotter, come you with me, and for the rest

128 *That* will not follow *John* in this attempe,

Con-

K. John.
III. i.

Confusion light vpon their damned soules.

Come Lords, fight for your King that fighteth for your good?

Philip And are they gone? Pandulph thy selfe shalt see
How France will fight for Rome and Romish rytes.

Nobles, to armes, let him not passe the seas,

Lets take him captiue, and in triumph lead

The K. of England to the gates of Rome.

Arthur, bestirre thee man, and thou shalt see

What Philip K. of France will doo for thee.

Blanche And will your Grace vpon your wedding day
Forsake your Bride and follow dreadfull drums:

Nay, good my Lord, stay you at home with mee.

Lewes Sweete heart content thee, and we shall agree.

Philip Follow me Lords, Lord Cardynall lead the way,
Drums shalbe musique to this wedding day. Excunt.

Excursions. The Bastard pursues *Austria*, and kills
him.

Bastard Thus hath K. Richards Sonne perfoymde his
bowes.

And offred *Austria*s bloud for sacrifice

Unto his fathers euerliuing soule.

Braue *Cordelion*, now my heart doth say,

I haue deseru'de, though not to be thy heire

Yet as I am, thy base begotten sonne,

A name as pleasing to thy *Philips* heart,

As to be cald the Duke of *Normandie*.

Lie there a pray to euer prauening fowle:

And as my Father triumpht in thy spoiles,

And trode thine Ensignes vnderneath his fete,

So doo I tread vpon thy cursed selfe,

And leaue thy bodie to the fowles for food. Exit.

Excursions. *Arthur*, *Constance*, *Lewes*, hauing taken
Q. Elianor prisoner.

E 2

Con.

(not in
K. John.)

K. John.
III. ii.

Constance. Thus hath the God of Kings with conquering
arme

Dispearst the foes to true succession,
Proud, and disturber of thy Countreyes peace,
Constance doth liue to tame thine insolence,
And on thy head will now auenged be
For all the mischiefes hatched in thy braine.

Q Elinor Contemptuous dame vnreuent Dutches thou,
To braue so great a Queene as *Eliador*,
Base scolde hast thou forgot, that I was wife,
And mother to three mightie English Kings?
I charge thee then, and you forsooth sir Boy,
To set your Grandmother at libertie,
And peeld to *Iohn* your Uncle and your King.

Constance Tis not thy wordes proud Queene shal carry it.

Eliador For yet thy threates proud Dame shal daunt my
minde.

Arthur Sweete Grandame, and good Mother leaue these
bawles.

Eliador Ile finde a time to triumph in thy fall.

Constance My time is now to triumph in thy fall,
And thou shalt know that *Constance* will triumph.

Arthur Good Mother weigh it is Queene *Eliador*,
Though she be captiue, vse her like herselfe.
Sweete Grandame beare with what my Mother sayes,
Pour Highnes shalbe vsed honourably.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Lewes my Lord, Duke *Arthur*, and the rest,
To armes in hast, *K. Iohn* relpes his men,
And ginnes the fight afresh: and sweares withall
To lose his life, or set his Mother free.

Lewes *Arthur* away, tis time to looke about.

Eliador Why how now dame, what is your courage cold?

Constance No *Eliador*, my courage gathers strength,
And

K. John
III. ii.

And hopes to lead both *John* and thee as slaues :
And in that hope, I hale thee to the field. *Exeunt.*

(not in
K. John)

Excursions. *Eliador* is rescued by *John*, and *Arthur*
is taken prisoner. *Exeunt.* Sound victorie.

K. John
III. iii.

Enter *John*, *Eliador*, and *Arthur* Prisoner, *Bastard*, *Pembroke*, *Salisbury*, and *Hubert de Burgh*.

John Thus right triumphs, and *John* triumphs in right.
Arthur thou seest, *Fraunce* cannot bolster thee :
Thy Mothers pride hath brought thee to this fall.
But if at last, Nephew thou yeeld thy selfe
Into the gardance of thine Uncle *John*,
Thou shalt be vsed as becomes a Prince.

Arthur Uncle, my Grandame taught her Nephew this,
To beare captiuitie with patience.
Nighth hath preuayld not right, for I am King
Of *England*, though thou weare the Diadem.

Q. Eliador Sonne *John*, soone shall we teach him to forget
These proud presumptions, and to know himselfe.

John Mother, he neuer will forget his claime,
I would he liude not to remember it.
But leauing this, we will to *England* now,
And take some order with our Popelings there,
That swell with pride, and fat of lay mens lands.
Philip I make thee thiefe in this affaire,
Ransack the Abbeyes, Cloysters, Priories,
Conuert their copne vnto my souldiers vse :
And whatsoere he be within my Land,
That goes to *Rome* for iustice and for law,
While he may haue his right within the Realme,
Let him be iudge a traitor to the State,
And suffer as an enemy to *England*.

Mother, we leaue you here beyond the seas,
As Regent of our Prouinces in *Fraunce*,

28 While we to *England* take a speedie course,
And thanke our God that gaue vs victorie,
Hubert de Burgh take *Arthur* here to thee,
Be he thy prisoner: *Hubert* keepe him safe,
32 For on his life doth hang thy Soueraignes crowne,
But in his death consists thy Soueraignes blisse:
Then *Hubert*, as thou shortly hearst from me,
So be the prisoner I haue giuen in charge.

36 *Hubert* Frolick-pong Prince, though I your keeper bee,
Yet shall your keeper liue at your commaund.

Arthur. As please my God, so shall become of me.

40 *Q. Elianor* My Sonne to *England*, I will see thee shipped,
And pray to God to send thee safe ashore.

44 *Bastard* Now warres are done, I long to be at home
To diue into the Donkes and Abbots bags,
To make some sport among the smooth skin Runnes,
And keepe some reuell with the sanzen Friers.

John To *England* Lords, each looke vnto your charge,
And arme yourselues against the Romane pride. Exeunt.

Enter the K. of *Fraunce*, *Lewes* his sonne, Cardinall *Pandolph* Legate, and *Constance*.

Philip What euery man attacht with this mishap?
Why frowne you so, why dypoop ye Lords of *Fraunce*?

4 He thinke it differs from a warlike minde
To lowpe it for a checke of two of chaunce.

Had *Lymoges* elscapt the bastards spight,
A little sorrow might haue cerude our losse.
Braue *Austria*, heauen toyes to haue thee there.

8 *Card.* His soule is safe and free from purgatorie,
Our holy Father hath dispent his sinnes,
The blessed Saints haue heard our orisons,
And all are Mediators for his soule,
12 And in the right of these most holy warres,
His holines free pardon doth pronounce

To

To all that follow you gainst English heretiques,
Who stand accursed in our mother Church.

Enter *Constance* alone.

Philip To aggravate the measure of our griefe,
All malcontent comes *Constance* for her Sonne.
Be briebe good Madame, for your face imports
A tragick tale behinde thats yet vntolde.
Her passions stop the organ of her voyce,
Deepe sorrow thobbeth misbefalne euent,
But with it Ladie, that our Act may end
A full Catastrophe of sad laments.

Const. My tongue is tunde to storie forth mishap:
When did I heare to tell a pleasing tale?
Must *Constance* speake: let teares preuent her talke:
Must I discourse? let *Dido* sigh and say,
She weepes againe to heare the wrack of *Troy*:
Two words will serue, and then my tale is done:
Elnors proud brat hath robd me of my Sonne.

Lewes Haue patience Madame, this is chaunce of warre:
He may be ransomde, we reuenge his wrong.

Constance Be it ner so soone, I shall not liue so long.

Philip Despaire not yet, come *Constance*, goe with me,
These cloudes will fleet, the day will cleare againe. Exeunt.

Card. Now *Lewes*, thy fortune buds with happie spring,
Our holy fathers prayers effectueth this.

Arthur is safe, let *John* alone with him,
Thy title next is fairst to *Englands* Crowne:

Now stirre thy father to begin with *John*,

The Pope saies I, and so is *Albion* thine.

Lewes Thankes my Lord Legate for your good conceipt,
Tis best we follow now the game is faire.

My father wants to worke him your good words.

Card. A few will serue to forward him in this,
Those shal not want: but lets about it then. Exeunt.

Enter

Enter *Philip* leading a *Frier*, charging him to show where
the Abbots golde lay.

Philip Come on you fat *Franciscans*, dallie no longer, but
shew me where the Abbots treasure lyes, or die.

Frier *Benedicamus Domini*, was euer such an iniurie.
Sweete S. Withhold of thy lenitie, defend vs from extremitie,
And heare vs for S. Charitie, oppressed with austeritie,
In *nomini Domini*, make I my homilie,
Gentle Gentilitie grieue not the Cleargie.

Philip Grey gownd good face, coniure ye,
ner trust me for a groate,
If this waste girdle hang thee not
that girdeth in thy coate.

Now balde and barefoote *Bungie* birds
when by the gallows climbing,
Say *Philip* he had woords inough
to put you downe with ryming.

Frier A pardon, O parce, *Saint Fraunces* for mercie,
Shall shield thee from nightspells and dreameing of diuells,
If thou wilt forgiue me, and neuer moze grieue me,
With fasting and praying, and *Haile Marie* saying.
From black *Purgatorie* a penance right sozie.

Frier Thomas will warme you,
It shall neuer harme you.

Philip Come leaue off your rabble,
Sirs hang vpon this lozell.

2. *Frier* For charitie I beg his life,
Saint Frauncis chiefeſt *Frier*,
The best in all our Couent Sir,
to keepe a Winters fier.

O strangle not the good olde man,
my hostelle oldest guest,
And I will bring you by and by
vnto the *Wijors* chest.

Philip

Philip I, saist thou so, & if thou wilt the frier is at libertie,
If not, as I am honest man, Ile hang you both for companie.

Frier. Come hether, this is the chest though simple to behold
That wanteth not a thousand pound in siluer and in gold.
My selfe will warrant full so much, I know the Abbots store,
Ile pawne my life there is no lesse to haue what ere is more.

Philip I take thy word, the ouerplus vnto thy share shall
come,

But if there want of full so much, thy neck shall pay the sum.
Breake vp the Coffer, *Frier.*

Frier Oh I am vndun, faire *Alice* the Nun
Hath tooke by her rest in the Abbots chest.
Sante benedicite, pardon my simplicitie.

Fie *Alice*, confession will not salue this transgression.

Philip What haue wee here, a holy Nun? So keepe mee
God in health,

A smooth facte Nunne (for ought I knowe) is all the Abbots
wealth.

Is this the Nonries chastitie? Bespew me but I thinke
They goe as oft to Uenery, as niggards to their drinke.
Why paltrey *Frier* and *Pandar* too, pee shamelesse hauen
crowne,

Is this the chest that held a hoord, at least a thousand pound?
And is the hoord a holy whoze? Wel be the hangman nimble,
Woe take the paine to paye you home, and teach you to dis-
semble.

Nunne. O spare the *Frier Anthony*, a better neuer was
To sing a Dirige solemnly, or read a morning Masse.
If money be the meanes of this, I know an ancient Nunne,
That hath a hoord this seauen yeares, did neuer see the sunne;
And that is yours, and what is ours, so fauour now be shown,
You shall commaund as commonly, as if it were your owne.

Frier Your honour excepted.

Nunne. I *Thomas*, I meane so.

Philip. From all saue from *Friers*.

Nunne Good Sir, doo not thinke so:

F

Philip

Philip I thinke and see so : why how camst thou here ?

Frier To hide her from lay men.

Nunne Tis true sir, for feare.

Philip For feare of the laytie : a pitifull dyled

When a Nunne flies for succour to a fat friers bed.

But now for your ransome my Cloyster-hyed Conney,

To the chest that you speake of where lyes so much money.

Nunne Faire Sir, within this presse, of plate & money is

The balew of a thousand markes, and other thing by gis.

Let vs alone, and take it all, tis yours Sir, now you know it.

Philip Come on sir frier, pick the locke, this geere dooth
cotton hanfome,

That couetousnes so cunningly must pay y^e letchers ransom.

What is in the hood ?

Frier *Laurence* my Lord, now holy water help vs,

Some witch, or some diuell is sent to delude vs :

Haud credo Laurentius, that thou shouldst be pend thus

In the presse of a Nun we are all vndon,

And brought to discredence if thou be *Frier Laurence*,

Frier *Amor vincit omnia*, so *Cato* affirmeth,

And therefore a frier whose fancie soone burneth :

Because he is mortall and made of mould,

He omits what he ought, and doth more than he should.

Philip How goes this geere : the Friers chest filde with
a sausen Nunne,

The Nunne again locks frier vp, to keep him from the Sun.

Belike the presse is purgatorie, or penance passing grieuous :

The Friers chest a hel for Nuns. How do these dolts deceive

Is this the labour of their liues to fade and liue at ease, (vs ?

To reuell so lasciuiously as often as they please.

We mend the fault or fault my ayne, if I do misse amending,

Tis better burn y^e cloisters down than leaue the for offending.

But holy you, to you I speake, to you religious diuell,

Is this the presse that holdes the summe to quyte you for your
euill.

Nunne I crie *Peccani*, *parce me*, good Sir I was beguiled.

Frien

(not in
John)

Frier Absolue Sir for charitie she would be reconcilue.
Phi. And so I shall, first blinde them fast, this is their absolutiō,
Go hang them up for hurting them, hast them to execution.

Fr. Lawrence *O tempus edax rerum,*
Geue thildren bookes they teare them.
O vanitas vanitatis, in this waning *etatis,*
At theescope welneere to goe to this geere,
To my conscience a clog to dye like a dog.

Exaudi me Domine, siuis me parce
Dabo pecuniam, si habeo veniam
To goe and fetch it, I will dispatch it,
A hundred pound sterling for my liues sparing.

Enter *Peter* a Prophet, with people.

Peter Woe, who is here, *S. Frannces* be your spée,
Come in my flock, and follow me, your fortunes I will reed
Come hether boy, goe get thee home, and clime not ouerbie:
For from aloft thy fortunes stands in hazard thou shalt die.

Boy God be with you *Peter*, I may you come to our house
a Sunday.

Peter My boy show me thy hand, blesse thee my boy,
For in thy palme I see a many troubles are pvent to dwell,
But thou shalt scape them all and doo full well.

Boy I thanke you *Peter*, theres a cheefe for your laboz: my
sister prayes peto come home, & tell her how many husbands
she shall haue, and thee' I giue you a rib of bacon.

Peter My masters, stay at the towns end for me, Ile come
topou all anon: I must dispatch some busines with a *Frier*,
and then Ile read your fortunes.

Philip How now, a Prophet? Sir prophet whence are ye?

Peter I am of the world and in the world, but liue not as
others by the world: what I am I know, and what thou wilt
be I know. If thou knowest me now be answered: if not, en-
quire no more what I am.

Phil. Sir, I know you will be a dissembling knaue, that
deludes the people with blinde prophecies: you are him I
looke for, you shall away with me: bring away all the rabble,

Sc. xi

132

134

and you *Frier Laurence* remember your raunsome a hundred pound, and a pardon for your selfe, and therest come on. Sir *Prophet*, you shall with me, to receiue a *Prophets* rewarde.
Exeunt.

Sc. xii

Enter *Hubert de Burgh* with three men.

1

4

8

Hubert My masters, I haue shewed you what warrant I haue for this attempt; I perceiue by your heauie countenances, you had rather be otherwise imployed, and for my owne part, I would the King had made choyce of some other executioner: onely this is my comfort, that a King commaunds, whose precepts neglected or omitted, chreatneth torture for the default. Therefore in briesfe, leaue me, and be readie to attend the aduventure: stay within that entry, and when you heare me crie, God saue the King, issue sodainly forth, lay handes on *Arthur*, set him in this chayre, wherin (once fast bound) leaue him with me to finish the rest.

12

Attendants We goe, though loath. Exeunt.

Hubert My Lord, will it please your Honour to take the benefice of the faire euening:

Enter *Arthur* to *Hubert de Burgh*.

16

20

Arthur Gramercie *Hubert* for thy care of me,
In or to whom restraint is newly known,
The toy of walking is small benefit,
Yet will I take thy offer with small thanks,
I would not lose the pleasure of the eye.
But tell me curteous keeper if you can,
How long the King will haue me carrie heere.

24

Hubert I know not *Prince*, but as I gesse not long.
God send you freedome, and God saue the King,
They issue forth.

Arthur Why how now sirs, what may this outrage meane?

O helpe

(not in
K. John)

K. John
IV. i.

O helpe me *Hubert*, gentle keeper helpe :

God send this sodaine mutinous approach

Tend not to reauē a wretched guiltles life.

Hubert So sirs, depart, and leaue the rest for me.

Arthur Then *Arthur* yeeld, death frowneth in thy face,
What meaneth this ? Good *Hubert* plead the case.

Hubert Patience yong Lord, and listen words of woe,
Harmfull and harsh, helles horror to be heard :
A dismall tale fit for a furies tongue.

I faint to tell, deepe sorrow is the sound,

Arthur. What, must I die ?

Hubert. No newes of death, but tidings of more hate,
A wretched doome, and most unluckie fate :
Deaths dish were daintie at so fell a feast,
Be deafe, heare not, tis hell to tell the rest.

Arthur. Alas thou wrongst my youth with words of feare,
Tis hell, tis horror, not for one to heare :
What is it man if it must needes be don,
As it, and end it, that the paine were gou.

Hubert I will not chaunt such dolour with my tongue,
Yet must I act the outrage with my hand.
My heart my head, and all my powers beside,
To aide the office haue at once denide.
Peruse this letter, lines of treble woe,
Read oze my charge, and pardon when you know.

Hubert these are to commaund thee, as thou tendrest our
quiet in minde and the estate of our person, that pre-
sently vpon the receipt of our commaund, thou put out
the eyes of *Arthur Plantaginet*.

Arthur Ah monstrous damned man, his very breath in-
fects the elements,
Contagious venyme dwelleth in his heart,
Effecting meanes to poyson all the world.
Unreuerent may I be to blame the heauens

58

Of great iniustice, that the miscreant
Lives to oppresse the innocents with wrong.
Ah *Hubert*, makes he thee his instrument
To sound the tromp that causeth hell triumph?

62

Heauen weepes, the Saints doo shed celestfall teares,
They feare thy fall, and cpte thee with remorse,
They knock thy conscience, moouing pitie there,
Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell:

66

Hell *Hubert*, trust me all the plagues of hell
Hangs on performance of this damned deede.
This seale, the warrant of the bodies blisse,
Ensurreth Satan chieftaine of thy soule:

70

Subscribe not *Hubert*, giue not Gods part away.
I speake not onely for eyes priuiledge,
The chiefe exterior that I would enioy:

74

But for thy perill, farre beyond my paine,
Thy sweete soules losse, more than my eyes vaine lack;
A cause internall, and eternall iow,
Aduisse thee *Hubert*, for the case is hard,
To loose saluation for a Kings reward.

78

Hubert My Lord, a subiect dwelling in the land
Is tyed to execute the Kings commaund.

Arthur, Yet God commands, whose power reacheth further,
That no commaund should stand in force to murder.

82

Hubert But that same Essence hath ordaind a law,
A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe.

Arthur I plead not guiltie, treasonles and free.

Hubert But that appeale my Lord concernes not me.

86

Arthur Why, thou art he that maist omit the perill.

Hubert I, if my Soueraigne would remit his quarrell.

Arthur His quarrell is unhallowed false and wrong.

Hubert Then be the blamer to whom it doth belong.

90

Arthur Why thats to thee if thou as they proceede,
Conclude their iudgement with so vile a deede.

93

Hubert Why then no execution can be lawfull,
If Iudges domes must be reputed doubtfull.

Arthur

K. John
IV. i.

Arthur Wes where in forme of Lawe in place and time,
The offender is conuicted of the crime.

Hubert. My Lord, my Lord, this long expostulation,
Heapes vp more griefe, than promise of redresse;
For this I know, and so resolute I end,
That subiects liues on Kings commaunds depend.

I must not reason why he is your foe,
But doo his charge since he commaunds it so.

Arthur Then doo thy charge, and charged be thy soule
With wrongfull persecution done this day.
You rowling eyes, whose superficialies yet
I doo behold with eyes that Nature lent:
Send soorth the terror of your Hooovers frowne,
To wreake my wrong vpon the murderers
That rob me of your faire reflecting view:
Let hell to them (as earth they wish to mee)
Be darke and direfull guerdon for their guilt,
And let the black tormenters of deepe *Tartary*
Upbraid them with this damned enterpyse,
Inflicting change of tortures on their soules.
Delay not *Hubert*, my pisons are ended,
Begin I pray thee, reauue me of my sight:
But to performe a tragedie in dede,
Conclude the period with a mortall stab.
Constance farewell, tormentor come away,
Make my dispatch the Tyrants feasting day.

Hubert I faint, I feare, my conscience bids desist:
Faint did I say, feare was it that I nameo?
My King commaunds, that warrant sets me free:
But God forbids, and he commaundeth Kings,
That great Commander counterchecks my charge,
He stayes my hand, he maketh soft my heart,
Goe cursed tooles, your office is exempt,
Cheere thee pong Lord, thou shalt not loose an eye,
Though I should purchase it with losse of life,
Alle to the King, and say his will is done,

And

94

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124

128

Sc.xii.

130

And ot the lango? tell him thou art dead,
 Goe in with me, for *Hubert* was not bozne
 To blinde those lampes that Nature pollist so,
Arthur Hubert, if euer *Arthur* be in state,
 134 Loke for amends of this receiued gift
 I toke my eyesight by thy curtesie,
 Thou lentst them me, I will not be ingrate.
 But now procrastination may offend
 138 The issue that thy kindnes vndertakes :
 Depart we *Hubert* to preuent the worst.

Exeunt.

K. John
IV. i.Sc.xiii.IV. ii.

Enter King Iohn, Essex, Salisbury, Penbrooke.

Iohn. Now warlike followers resteth ought vpon

That may impeach vs of fond ouersight :

The French haue felt the temper of our swords,

Cold terror keepe possession in their sowles,

Checking their ouerdaring arrogance

For buckling with so great an ouermatch.

The Arche proud titled Priest of *Italy*,

That calles himselfe grand Vicar vnder God

Is buied now with trentall obsequies,

Halle and mouths minde, dirge and I know not what

To ease their sowles in painefull purgatory,

That haue miscaried in these bloudy warres.

Heard you not Lords when first his holines

Had tidings of our small account of him,

How with a taunt vaunting vpon his toes

He yodge a reason why the English Alle

Disbaiged the blessed ordinance of *Rome*?

The title (reuerently might I inferre)

Became the Kings that earst haue borne the load,

The slauiish weight of that controlling Priest:

Who at his pleasure temperd them like ware

To carrie armes on danger of his curse,

Banding their sowles with warrants of his hand.

I grieue to thinke how Kings in ages past

(Simple

4

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24

(Simply deuoted to the Sea of Rome)

I haue run into a thousand acts of shame.
But now for confirmation of our State,
Sith we haue proynd the more than needfull bzaunch
That did oppresse the true wel-growing stock,
It resteth we throughout our Territories
Be reprocclaimed and inuested King.

Pembrook My Liege, that were to bulle men with doubts,
Once were you crownd, proclaime, and with applause
Your Citie streets haue ecchoed to the eare,
God saue the King, God saue our Soueraigne John.
Wardon my feare, my censure doth infer
Your Highnes not depolde from Regall State,
Wouldo byed a mutinie in peoples mindes,
What it should meane to hane you crownd againe.

John Pembrooke performe what I haue bid thee doo,
Thou knowst not what induceth me to this,
Essex goe in, and Lordings all be gou
About this taske, I will be crownd anon.

Enter the Bastard.

Philip, what newes, how do the Abbots chefts?
Are Friers fatter than the Nunnes are faire?
What cheere with Churchmen, had they golde or no?
Tell me how hath thy office tooke effect?

Philip My Lord, I haue perfozmd your Highnes charge:
The ease byed Abbots and the bare fore Friers,
The Honkes the Priors and hoyr cloystred Nunnes,
Are all in health, and were my Lord in wealch,
Till I had tythde and tolde their holy hoodes.
I doubt not when your Highnes sees my prize,
You may propoztion all their former pride.

John Why so, now sozts it Philip as it should:
This small intrusion into Abbey trunkes,
Will make the Popelings excommunicate,

G

Curse,

Sc. xiii.

58

Curse, ban, and breath out damned epsons,
 As thicke as hailestones foze the springs approach:
 But yet as harmles and without effect,
 As is the etcho of a Cannons crack
 Dischargd against the battlements of heauen.
 But what newes els befell there *Philip*?

62

Bastard Strange newes my Lord: within your territo-
 Here *Pomfret* is a Prophet new sprung vp, (ries,
 Whose diuination volleys wonders forth;
 To him the Commons throng with Countrey gifts,
 He sets a date vnto the Belbarnes death,
 Prescribes how long the Virgins state shall last,
 Distinguisheth the moouing of the heauens,
 Gines limits vnto holy nuptiall rytes,
 Foretelleth famine, aboundeth plentie forth,
 Of fare, of fortune, life and death he chats,
 With such assurance, scruples put apart,
 As if he knew the certaine domes of heauen,
 Or kept a Register of all the Destinies.

66

70

74

78

John Thou telst me meruailes, would thou hast brought,
 We might haue questiond him of things to come. (the man,

Bastard My Lord, I tooke a care of had I wist,
 And brought the Prophet with me to the Court,
 He stapes my Lord but at the Presence doore:
 Pleaseeth your Highnes, I will call him in.

82

John May stay awhile, wee'l haue him here anon,
 A thing of weight is first to be performd.

Enter the Nobles and crowne King *John*, and then crie
 God saue the King.

86

John Lordings and friends supporters of our state,
 Admire not at this vnaccustomd course,
 Nor in your thoughts blame not this dede of yours.
 Once ere this time was I inuested King,
 Your fealtie swozne as Liegmen to our state:

89

Once

Once since that time ambitious weeds haue sprung
 To staine the beautie of our garden plot ;
 But heauens in our conduct rooting thence
 The false intruders, breakers of worlds peace,
 Haue to our ioy, made Sunshyne chase the skyme.
 After the which, to try your constancie,
 That now I see is worthe of your names,
 We craue once more your helps for to inuest vs
 Into the right that enuie sought to mark,
 Once was I not deposde, your former choyce,
 Now twice been crowned and applauded King :
 Your cheered action to install me so,
 Infers assured witnes of your loues
 And binds me ouer in a Kingly care
 To render loue with loue, rewards of worth
 To ballance do tyme requitall to the full.
 But thanks the while, thanks Lordings to you all :
 Aske me and vse me, try me and finde me yours.

Essex A boon my Lord, at dauntage of your words
 We aske to guerdon all our loyalties.

Pembroke We take the time your Highnes bids vs aske:
 Please it you graunt, you make your promise good,
 With lesser losse than one superfluous haire
 That not remembred falleth from your head.

John My word is past, receiue your boone my Lords.
 What may it be? Aske it, and it is yours.

Essex We craue my Lord, to please the Commons with
 The libertie of Ladie Constance Sonne;
 Whose durance darkeneth your Highnes right,
 As if you kept him prisoner, to the end
 Your selfe were doubtfull of the thing you haue.
 Dismiss him thence, your Highnes needes not feare,
 Twice by consent you are proclaimed our King.

Pembroke This if you graunt, were all vnto your good :
 For simple people muse you keepe him close.

John Your words haue searcht the center of my thoughts,
 Confir-

Confirming warrant of your loyalties,
 Dismissle your counsell, sway my state,
 Let *John* doo nothing but by your consents.
 Why how now *Philip*, what extasie is this :
 Why casts thou vp thy eyes to heauen so :

There the five Moones appeare.

Bastard See, see my Lord strange apparitions.
 Glauncing mine eye to see the Diadem
 Placte by the Bishops on your Highnes head,
 From sooth a gloomie cloude, which curtaine like
 Displaide it selfe, I sodainly espied
 Five Moones reflecting, as you see them now :
 Euen in the moment that the Crowne was placte
 San they appeare, holding the course you see.

John What might portend these apparitions,
 Unusuall signes, forerunners of euent,
 Presagers of strange terror to the world :
 Beleeue me Lords the obiect feares me much.
Philip thou toldest me of me of Wizzard late,
 Fetch in the man to descant of this show.

Pembrooke The heauens frowne vpon the sinfull earth,
 When with prodigious vnaccustomd signes
 They spot their superficies with such wonder.

Essex Before the ruines of *Ierusalem*,
 Such Meteors were the Ensignes of his wrath
 That hastned to destroy the faultfull Towne.

Enter the Bastard with the Prophet.

John Is this the man :

Bastard It is my Lord.

John Prophet of *Pomfret*, for so I heare thou art,
 That calculattst of many things to come :
 Who by a power replete with heauenly gift

Canst

K. John
IV. ii

Canst blab the counsell of thy ^Oakers will,
If same be true, or truth be wrongd by thee,
Decide in cyphering what these five Moones
Portend this Clyme, if they presage at all.
Breath out thy gift, and if I live to see,
Thy diuination take a true effect,
He honour thee aboue all earthly men.

Peter The Skie wherein these Moones haue residence,
Presenteth *Rome* the great *Metropolis*,
Where sits the Pope in all his holy pompe.
Fowre of the Moones present fowre Prouinces,
To wit, *Spaine*, *Denmarke*, *Germanie*, and *Fraunce*,
That beare the yoke of proud commaunding *Rome*,
And stand in feare to tempt the Prelates curse.
The smallest Moone that whirles about the rest,
Impatient of the place he holds with them,
Doth figure forth this Iland *Albion*,
Who gins to scorne the Sea and State of *Rome*,
And seekes to shun the Edicts of the Pope:
This shoves the heauen, and this I doo auerre
Is figured in these apparitions.

John Why then it seemes the heauens smile on vs,
Giuing applause for leauing of the Pope,
But for they chaunce in our Peridian,
Doo they effect no priuate growing ill
To be inflicted on vs in this Clyme:

Peter The Moones effect no more than what I said:
But on some other knowledge that I haue
By my prescience, ere Ascension day
Haue brought the Sunne vnto his vsuall height,
Of Crowne, Estate, and Royall dignitie,
Thou shalt be cleane dispoyle and dispossest.

John False Dreamer, perish with thy witched netwex,
Villaine thou woundst me with thy fallacies;
If it be true, dye for thy tidings price;
If false, for fearing me with vaine suppose:

Hence with the Witch, helles damned secretarie.
 Lock him vp sure : for by my faith I sweare,
 True or not true, the Wizzard shall not liue.
 Before Ascension day: who should be cause herrof ?
 Cut off the cause and then the effect will dye.
 Cut, cut, my mercie serues to maim me selfe,
 The roote doth liue, from whence these thornes spring vp,
 I and my promise past for his deliury :
 Frowne friends, faile faith, the diuell goe withall,
 The hrat shall dye, that terrifies me thus.
Pembrooke and *Essex* I recall my graunt,
 I will not buy your fauours with my feare :
 Nay murmur not, my will is law enough,
 I loue you well, but if I loude you better,
 I would not buy it with my discontent.

Enter Hubert.

How now, what newes with thee.

Hubert According to your Highnes strickt commaund
 Dong *Arthurs* eyes are blinded and extind.

John Why so, then he may seele the crowne, but neuer see it.

Hubert Nor see nor seele, for of the extream paine,
 Within one hower gaue he by the Ghost.

John What is he dead ?

Hubert He is my Lord.

John Then with him dye my cares.

Essex Now ioy betide thy soule.

Pembrooke And heauens reuenge thy death.

Essex What haue you done my Lord ? Was euer heard
 A deede of more inhumane consequence ?

Your foes will curse, your friends will crie reuenge.

Unkindly rage more rough than Northern winde,

To chip the beaurie of so sweete a flower.

What hope in vs for mercie on a fault,

When kinsman dyes without impeach of cause,

As you haue done, so come to chere you with,

The guilt shall neuer be cast me in my teeth, Excunt.

John

John And are you gone? The diuell be your guide:
Proud Rebels as you are to haue me so;
Saucie, vnciuill, checkers of my will.
Your tongues giue edge vnto the fatall knife:
That shall haue passage through your traitrous throats.
But hush, breath not buggs words to soone abroad,
Least time preuent the issue of thy reach
Arthur is dead, I there the corzie grows:
But while he liude, the danger was the more;
His death hath freed me from a thousand feares,
But it hath purchast me ten times ten thousand foes.
Why all is one, such luck shall haunt his game,
To whome the diuell owes an open shame:
His life a foe that leueld at my crowne,
His death a frame to pull my building downe.
My thoughts harpt still on quiet by his end,
Who liuing aymed shrowdly at my roome:
But to preuent that plea twice was I crownd,
Twice did my subiects sweare me fealtie,
And in my conscience loude me as their liege,
In whose defence they would haue pawnd their liues.
But now they shun me as a Serpents sting,
A tragick Tyrant sterne and pitiles,
And not a tittle follow s after *John*.
But Butcher, bloudsucker and murtherer,
What Planet gouernde my natiuitie,
To bode me soueraigne types of high estate,
So interlacte with hellish discontent,
Wherein fell furie hath no interest.
Curst be the Crowne chiefe authoꝝ of my care,
May curst my will that made the Crowne my care:
Curst be my birth day, curst ten times the wombe
That peelded me aliue into the world.
Art thou there villaine, Furies haunt thee still,
For killing him whom all the world laments.

Hubert

230

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261

Hubert Why heres my Lord your Highnes hand & seale,
Charging on liues regard to doo the deede.

John Ah dull conceipted peazant knowst thou not,
It was a damned execrable deede:

266 Showst me a seale? Oh villaine, both our soules
Haue solde their freedome to the thral of hell,
Under the warrant of that cursed seale.

270 Hence villaine, hang thy selfe, and say in hell
That I am comming for a kingdome there.

Hubert My Lord attend the happie tale I tell,
For heauens health send Sathan packing hence
That instigates your Highnes to despaire.

274 If *Arthurs* death be dismall to be heard,
Bandie the newes for rumors of vnruth:
He liues my Lord the sweetest youth alieue,
In health, with eyesight, not a haire amisse.

278 This hart tooke vigoꝝ from this forwarde hand,
Making it weake to execute your charge.

John What liues he? Then sweete hope come home agen,
Chase hence despaire, the prrueper for hell.

282 Hye *Hubert*, tell these tidings to my Lords
That throb in passions for yong *Arthurs* death
Hence *Hubert*, stay not till thou hast reueald
The wished newes of *Arthurs* happy health.

286 I goe my selfe, the ioyfullst man alive
To stoyie out this new supposed crime. Exeunt.

The ende of the first part.