



The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fift, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloster, Protector; the Duke of Exeter Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

Bedford.

H Vng be y^e heauens with black, yeld day to night;
Comets importing change of Times and States,
Brandish your crytall Tresses in the Skie,
And with them scourge the bad reuoluing Stars,
That haue consented vnto *Henries* death:
King *Henry* the Fift, too famous to liue long,
England ne're lost a King of so much worth.

Gloster. England ne're had a King vntill his time:
Vertue he had, deseruing to command,
His brandisht Sword did blinde men with his beames,
His Armes spred wider then a Dragons Wings:
His sparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire,
More dazled and droue back his Enemies,
Then mid-day Sunne, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speech:
He ne're lift vp his Hand, but conquered.

Exe. We moune in black, why moune we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and neuer shall reuiue:
Vpon a Wooden Coffin we attend;
And Deaths dishonourable Victorie,
We with our stately presence glorifie,
Like Captiuies bound to a Triumphant Carre.
What? shall we curse the Planets of Mishap,
That plotted thus our Glories ouerthrow?
Or shall we thinke the subtil-witted French,
Coniurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magick Verses haue contriu'd his end.

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

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

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

Gloster. Name not Religion, for thou lou'st the Flesh,
And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.
Bed. Cease, cease these Iarres, & rest your minds in peace:
Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on vs;
In stead of Gold, wee'le offer vp our Armes,
Since Armes auyle not, now that *Henry's* dead,
Postentie await for wretched yeeres,
When at their Mothers moistned eyes, Babes shall suck,
Our Ile be made a Nourish of salt Teares,
And none but Women left to wayle the dead.
Henry the Fift, thy Ghost I inuocate:
Prosper this Realme, keepe it from Ciuill Broyles,
Combat with aduerse Planets in the Heauens;
A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,
Then *Iulius Cesar*, or bright---

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable Lords health to you all:
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of losse of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guyen, Champagne, Rheimes, Oileance,
Paris Guysois, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bedf. What sayst thou man, before dead *Henry's* Coarse?
Speake tottly, or the losse of those great Townes
Will make him burst his Lead, and rife from death.

Gloster. Is Paris lost? is Roan yeilded vp?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life againe,
These news would cause him once more yeeld the Ghost.

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

Mess. No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.
Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintaine feuerall Factions;
And whilst a Field should be dispatcht and fought,
You are disputing of your Generals,
One would haue longging Warres, with little cost;
Another would flye swift, but wanteth Wings:
A third thinkes, without expence at all,
By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtayn'd.
Awake, awake, English Nobilitie,
Let not slouth dimme your Honors, new begot;
Crompt as the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes
Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away.

Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,
These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bedf. Me they concerne, Regent I am of France:
Giue me my steeld Coat, Ile fight for France.
Away with these disgracefull wayling Robes;
Wounds will I lend the French in stead of Eyes,
To weepe their intermissiue Miseries.

Enter

Enter to them another Messenger.

Mess. Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty Townes, of no import.
The Dolphin *Charles* is crowned King in Rheimes:
The Bastard of Orleans with him is ioyn'd:
Reynold, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part,
The Duke of Alanfon flyeth to his side. *Exit.*

Eve. The Dolphin crown'd King? all flye to him?
O whether shall we lye from this reproach?

Gloster. We will not flye, but to our enemies throats.
Bedford, if thou be slacke, Ile fight it out.

Bed. *Gloster*, why doubtst thou of my forwardnesse?
An Army haue I murther'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is ouer-run.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Lords, to aide to your laments,
Wherewith you now bewle King *Henries* hearse,
I must informe you of a dismall sight,
Betwixt the stout Lord *Talbot*, and the French.

Winch. What? wherein *Talbot* ouercame, is't so?

Mess. O no: wherem Lord *Talbot* was o'rethrowne:
The circumstance Ile tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful Lord,
Retyring from the Siege of Orleans,
Hauing full scarce six thousand in his troupe,
By three and twentie thousand of the French
Was round compassed, and set vpon:
No leysure had he to enranke his men.
He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers:
In stead whereof, sharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keepe the Horsemen off, from breaking in.
More then three houres the fight continued:
Where valiant *Talbot*, aboue humane thought,
Finacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.
Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him:
Here, there, and euery where enrag'd, he slew.
The French exclaym'd, the Demill was in Armes,
All the whole Army stood agaz'd on him.
His Souldiers spying his vadaunted Spirit,
A *Talbot*, a *Talbot*, cry'd out amaine,
And rusht into the Bowels of the Battaile.
Here had the Conquest fully been seal'd vp,
If Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* had not play'd the Coward.
He being in the Vauward, plac't behinde,
With purpose to relieue and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not hauing struck one stroake.
Hence grew the generall wrack and massacre:
Enclosed were they with their Enemies.

A base Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace,
Thrust *Talbot* with a Speare into the Back,
Whom all France, with their chiefe assembled strength,
Durst not presume to looke once in the face.

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

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

Bedf. His Ransome there is none but I shall pay.
Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,
His Crowne shall be the Ransome of my friend:
Foure of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.

Farwell my Masters, to my Taske will I,
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keepe our great Saint *Georges* Feast withall.
Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

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

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

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

Gloster. Ile to the Tower with all the hast I can,
To view th' Artillerie and munition,
And then I will proclayne young *Henry* King. *Exit Gloster.*

Eve. To Eltam will I, where the young King is,
Being ordayn'd his speciall Governour,
And for his safetie there Ile best deuise. *Exit.*

Winch. Each hath his Place and Function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains:
But long I will not be Iack out of Office.
The King from Eltam I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest Sterne of publike Weale. *Exit.*

Sound a Floure.

Enter *Charles*, *Alanfon*, and *Reignier*, marching
with Drum and Souldiers.

Charles. Mars his true mouing, euen as in the Heauens,
So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne.
Late did he shine vpon the English side:
Now we are Victors, vpon vs he smiles.
What Townes of any moment, but we haue?
At pleasure here we lye, neere Orleans:
Otherwhiles, the famisht English, like pale Ghosts,
Faintly besiege vs one houre in a month.

Alan. They want then Porredge, & their fat Bul Becues:
Eyther they must be dyeted like Mules,
And haue their Prouender ty'd to their mouthes,
Or pitteous they will looke, like drowned Mice.

Reignier. Let's rayse the Siege: why liue we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to feare:
Remayneth none but mad-brayn'd *Salisbury*,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre.

Charles. Sound, sound Alarum, we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorne French:
Hun I forgieue my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me goe back one foot, or flye. *Exeunt.*

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

Enter *Charles*, *Alanfon*, and *Reignier*.

Charles. Who euer saw the like? what men haue I?
Dogges, Cowards, Dastards: I would ne're haue fled,
But that they left me 'midst my Enemies.

Reignier. *Salisbury* is a desperate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode,
Doe rush vpon vs as their hungry prey.

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Alanf. Froy-

Alanson. Froyard, a Countreyman of ours, records,
England all *Oliners* and *Rowlands* breed,
During the time *Edward* the third did raigne:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but *Samsons* and *Goliasses*
It sendeth forth to skirmish: one to tenne?
Leane raw-bon'd Rascals, who would e're suppose,
They had such courage and audacitie?

Charles. Let's leaue this Towne,
For they are hayre-brayn'd Slaues,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth
The Walls they'le teare downe, then forsake the Siege.

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

Alanson. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleance.

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

Dolph. Bastard of Orleance, thrice welcome to vs.

Bast. Me thinks your looks are sad, your chear appal'd.
Hath the late ouerthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy Maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a Vision sent to her from Heauen,
Ordayned is to rayse this tedious Siege,
And driue the English forth the bounds of France:
The spirit of deepe Prophecie she hath,
Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old Rome:
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speake, shall I call her in? beleue my words,
For they are certaine, and vnfalible.

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

Enter Ioane Puzel.

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

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

Reignier. She takes vpon her brauely at first dash.

Puzel. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepherds Daughter,
My wit vntrayn'd in any kind of Art:
Heauen and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Loe, whilest I wayted on my tender Lambes,
And to Sunnes parching heat display'd my checkes,
Gods Mother deigned to appeare to me,
And in a Vision full of Maiestie,
Will'd me to leaue my base Vocation,
And free my Countrey from Calamitie:
Her ayde she promis'd, and assur'd successe.
In compleat Glory shee reueal'd her selfe:
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those cleare Rayes, which shee infus'd on me,
That beautie am I blest with, which you may see.

Aske me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer vnpremeditated:
My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex.
Resolue on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receiue me for thy Warlike Mate.

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

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

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

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

Here they fight, and Ioane de Puzel ouercomes.

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

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

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

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

Dolph. Meane time looke gracious on thy prostrate
Thral!

Reignier. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke.

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

Reignier. Shall wee disturbe him, since hee keeps no
meane?

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

Reignier. My Lord, where are you? what deuise you on?
Shall we giue o're Orleance, or no?

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

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

Puzel. Assign'd am I to be the English Scourge.
This night the Siege assidely Ile rayle:
Expect Saint *Martins* Summer. *Hallowes* dayes,
Since I haue entred into these Waires.
Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
Which neuer ceaseth to enlarge it selfe,
Till by broad spreading, it disperse to naught.
With *Henries* death, the English Circle ends,
Dispersed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that proud insulting Ship,
Which *Cesar* and his fortune bare at once.

Dolph. Was *Mahomet* inspired with a Doue?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the Mother of Great *Constantine*,
Nor yet S. *Philips* daughters were like thee.
Bright Starre of *Venus*, false downe on the Earth,
How may I reuerently worship thee enough?

Alanson. Leaue off delays, and let vs rayse the
Siege.

Reignier. Wo-

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

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

Enter Gloster, with his Seruing-men.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gloster. Who willed you? or whose will stand's but mine?
There's none Protector of the Realme but I:
Breake vp the Gates, Ile be your warrantize;
Shall I be flowted thus by duncihill Groomes?

*Glosters men rush at the Tower Gates, and Wooduile
the Lieutenant speaks within.*

Wooduile. What noyle is this? what Traytors haue
wee here?

Gloster. Lieutenant, is it you whose voyce I heare?
Open the Gates, here's *Gloster* that would enter.

Wooduile. Haue patience Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinall of Winchester forbids:

From him I haue expresse commendement,
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Gloster. Faint-hearted *Wooduile*, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant *Winchester* that haughtie Prelate,
Whom *Henry* our late Soueraigne ne're could brooke?

Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:
Open the Gates, or Ile shut thee out shortly.

Seruingmen. Open the Gates vnto the Lord Protector,
Or wee'le burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

*Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates Winchester
and his men in Tawney Coates.*

Winchester. How now ambitious *Vmpheir*, what meanes
this?

Gloster. Piel'd Priest, doo'st thou command me to be
shut out?

Winch. I doe, thou most vsurping Proditor,
And not Protector of the King or Realme.

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

Winch. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be *Damascus*, be thou curted *Carr*,

To slay thy Brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.

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

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

Gloster. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw men, for all this priuiledged place,
Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Priest, beware your Beard,
I meane to tuggle it, and to cuffe you soundly.
Vnder my feet I stampe thy Cardinalls Hat:

In spight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
Here by the Cheekes Ile drag thee vp and downe.

Winch. *Gloster*, thou wilt answer this before the
Pope.

Gloster. Winchester Goose, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
Now beat them hence, why doe you let them stay?
Thee Ile chase hence, thou Wolte in Sheepes array.
Out Tawney-Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

*Here Glosters men beat out the Cardinalls men,
and enter in the burly-burly the Maior
of London, and his Officers.*

Maior. Eye Lords, that you being supreme Magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should breake the Peace.

Gloster. Peace Maior, thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here's *Beauford*, that regards not God nor King,
Hath here distrayn'd the Tower to his vse.

Winch. Here's *Gloster*, a Foe to Citizens,
One that still motions Warre, and neuer Peace,
O're-charging your free Purfes with large Fines;
That seekes to ouerthrow Religion,

Because he is Protector of the Realme;
And would haue Armour here out of the Tower,
To Crowne him selfe King, and suppress the Prince,

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

Here they skirmish againe.

Maior. Naught rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open Proclamation.

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

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

Gloster. Cardinall, Ile be no breaker of the Law:
But we shall meet, and breake our mirids at large.

Winch. *Gloster*, wee'le meet to thy cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will haue for this dayes worke.

Maior. Ile call for Clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinall's more haughtie then the Deuill.

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

Winch. Abhorrible *Gloster*, guard thy Head,
For I intend to haue it ere long. *Exeunt.*

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

*Enter the Master Gunner of Orleance, and
his Boy.*

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

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

M. Gunner. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chiefe Master Gunner am I of this Towne,

Something I must doe to procure me grace:

The Princes espyals haue informed me,
How the English, in the Suburbs close entrencht,
Went through a secret Grate of Iron Barres,

In yonder Tower, to ouer-peere the Citie,
And thence discouer, how with most aduantage

They may vex vs with Shot or with Assault,

To intercept this inconuenience,

A Peece of Ordnance 'gainst it I haue plac'd,

And

And even these three dayes haue I watcht,
If I could see them. Now doe thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, runne and bring me word,
And thou shalt finde me at the Gouvernors.

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

Exit.

Exit.

*Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets,
with others.*

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

Discourse I prethee on this Turrets top.

Talbot. The Earle of Bedford had a Prisoner,
Call'd the braue Lord *Ponton de Sauntrayle*,
For him was I exchang'd, and ransom'd,
But with a baser man of Armes by farre,
Once in contempt they would haue batter'd me:
Which I disdain'd, scorn'd, and craued death,
Rather then I would be so pil'd esteem'd:
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.

But O, the trecherous *Falstaffe* wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fitts I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power

Salib. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert enter-
tain'd.

Tal. With scoffes and scorner and contumelious taunts,
In open Market-place produc't they me,
To be a publique spectacle to all:

Here, sayd they, is the Terror of the French,
The Scar-Crow that affrights our Children to.
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my nayles digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurle at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others flye,
None durst come neere, for feare of suddaine death.

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

Enter the Boy with a Linstock.

Salib. I grieue to heare what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reueng'd sufficiently.

Now it is Supper time in Orleans:
Here, through this Grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:
Let vs looke in, the sight will much delight thee:
Sir Thomas Gargraue, and *Sir William Glansdale*,
Let me haue your expresse opinions,
Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?

Gargraue. I thinke at the North Gate, for there stands
Lords.

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

Talbot. For ought I see, this Citie must be famisht,
Or with light Skirmishes enfeebled. *Here they shot, and
Salisbury falls downe.*

Salib. O Lord haue mercy on vs, wretched sinners.

Gargraue. O Lord haue mercy on me, wofull man.

Talbot. What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost vs?
Speake *Salisbury*; at least, if thou canst, speake:

How far'st thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes side struck off?
Accursed Tower, accursed fatall Hand,
That hath contriu'd this wofull Tragedie.

In thirteene Battailles, *Salisbury* o'recame:
Henry the Fifth he first trayn'd to the Warres.
Whil'st any Trumpe did sound, or Drum struck vp,
His Sword did ne're leaue striking in the field.
Yet liu'st thou *Salisbury*? though thy speech doth fayle,
One Eye thou hast to looke to Heauen for grace.
The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World,
Heauen be thou gractous to none aliuie,
If *Salisbury* wants mercy at thy hands.

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

Sir Thomas Gargraue, hast thou any life?

Speake vnto *Talbot*, nay, look'e vp to him.

Salisbury cheare thy Spirit with this comfort,

Thou shalt not dye whiles---

He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:

As who should say, When I am dead and gone,

Remember to auenge me on the French.

Plantaginet I will, and like thee,

Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne:

Wretched shall France be onely in my Name.

Here an Alarm, and it Thunders and Lightens.

What stirre is this? what tumult's in the Heauens?

Whence commeth this Alarm, and the noyse?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord, the French haue gather'd head.

The Dolphin, with one *Ioane de Puzel* soyn'd,

A holy Prophetesse, new risen vp,

Is come with a great Power, to raise the Siege.

Here Salisbury listeth himselfe vp, and groanes.

Talbot. Heare, heare, how dying *Salisbury* doth groane,

It irkes his heart he cannot be reueng'd.

Frenchmen, be a *Salisbury* to you.

Puzel or *Puffel*, Dolphin or Dog-hish,

Your hearts be stampe out with my Horses heeles,

And make a Quagmire of your mingled brames.

Conuey me *Salisbury* into his Tent,

And then wee'le try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

Alarm. Exeunt.

*Here an Alarm againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin,
and driveth him: Then enter Ioane de Puzel,
driving Englishmen before her.*

Then enter Talbot.

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

Our English Troupes retire, I cannot stay them,

A Woman clad in Armour chafeth them.

Enter Puzel.

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

Deuill, or Devils Dam, he coniuere thee:

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

And straightway giue thy Soule to him thou seru'st.

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

thee. *Here they fight.*

Talbot. Heauens, can you suffer Hell so to preuayle?

My brest he burst with straining of my courage,

And from my shoulders crack my Armes asunder,

But I will chastise this high-minded Strumpet.

They fight againe.

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

I must goe Victuall Orleans forthwith:

*A short Alarm: then enter the Towne
with Souldiers.*

O're-

O're-take me if thou canst, I scorne thy strength.
Goe, goe, cheare vp thy hungry-starued men,
Helpe *Salisbury* to make his Testament,
This Day is ours, as many more shall be. *Exit.*

Talb. My thoughts are whirled like a Potters Wheele,
I know not where I am, nor what I doe:
A Witch by feate, not force, like *Hannibal*,
Driues back our troupes, and conquers as she lists:
So Bees with smoake, and Doues with noysome stench,
Are from their Hyues and Houses driuen away.
They call'd vs, for our fiercenesse, English Dogges,
Now like to Whelpes, we crying runne away.

A short Alarm.

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

Alarm. Here another Skirmish.

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

Exit Talbot.

Alarm, Retreat, Flourish.

*Enter on the Walls, Puzel, Dolphin, Reignier,
Alanson, and Souldiers.*

Puzel. Advance our wauing Colours on the Walls,
Rescu'd is Orleance from the English.

Thus *Ioane de Puzel* hath perform'd her word.

Dolph. Diuine Creature, *Astrea's* Daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this successe?

Thy promises are like *Adonis* Garden,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious Prophetesse,
Recouer'd is the Towne of Orleance,
More blessed hap did ne're befall our State.

Reignier. Why ring not out the Bells alowd,
Throughout the Towne?

Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the ioy that God hath giuen vs.

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

Dolph. 'Tis *Ioane*, not we, by whom the day is wonne:
For which, I will diuide my Crowne with her,

And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realme,
Shall in procession sing her endlesse prayse.

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

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

No longer on Saint *Dennis* will we cry,
But *Ioane de Puzel* shall be France's Saint.
Come in, and let vs Banquet Royally,
After this Golden Day of Victorie.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noyse or Souldier you perceiue
Neere to the walles, by some apparant signe
Let vs haue knowledge at the Court of Guard.

Sent. Sergeant you shall. Thus are poore Seruitors
(When others sleepe vpon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darknesse, raine, and cold.

*Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling
Ladders: Their Drummes beating a
Dead March.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
By whose approach, the Regions of *Artoys*,
Wallon, and *Picardy*, are friends to vs:
This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,
Hauing all day carows'd and banquetted,
Embrace we then this opportunitie,
As fitting best to quittance their deceite,
Contriu'd by Art, and balefull Sorcerie.

Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
Disparing of his owne armes fortitude,
To ioyne with Witches, and the helpe of Hell.

Bur. Traitors haue neuer other company.
But what's that *Puzell* whom they rearme so pure?

Tal. A Maid, they say.

Bed. A Maid? And be so martiall?

Bur. Pray God she proue not masculine ere long:
If vnderneath the Standard of the French
She carry Armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and tonuerse with spirits.
God is our Fortresse, in whose conuering name
Let vs resolute scale their flinty bulwarkes.

Bed. Ascend braue *Talbot*, we will follow thee.

Tal. Not altogether: Better farre I guesse,
That we do make our entrance severall wayes:
That if it chance the one of vs do faile,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed; Ile to yond corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And heere will *Talbot* mount, or make his graue.
Now *Salisbury*, for thee and for the right
Of English *Henry*, shall this night appeare
How much in duty, I am bound to both.

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

Cry, St. George, A Talbot.

*The French leape ore the walles in their shirts. Enter
seuerall wayes, Bastard, Alanson, Reignier,
halfe ready, and halfe vnrady.*

Alan. How now my Lords? what all vnreadie so?
Bast. Vnrady? I and glad we scap'd so well.

Reig. 'Twas time (I trow) to wake, and leaue our beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.

Alan. Of all exploits since first I follow'd Armes,
Nere heard I of a warlike enterprize

More

More venturous, or desperate then this.

Bast. I thinke this *Talbot* be a Friend of Hell.

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

Alansf. Here commeth *Charles*, I maruell how he sped?

Enter Charles and Ioane.

Bast. Tut, holy *Ioane* was his defensiue Guard.

Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter vs withall,

Make vs partakers of a little gayne,

That now our losse might be ten times so much?

Ioane. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?

At all times will you haue my Power alike?

Sleeping or waking, must I still preuayle,

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?

Improuident Souldiors, had your Watch been good,

This sudden Mischiefe neuer could haue falne.

Charl. Duke of *Alanson*, this was your default,

That being Captaine of the Watch to Night,

Did looke no better to that weightie Charge.

Alansf. Had all your Quarters been as safely kept,

As that whereof I had the gouernment,

We had not bene thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my Lord.

Charl. And for my selfe, most part of all this Night

Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct,

I was imploy'd in passing to and fro,

About relieuing of the Centinels.

Then how, or which way, should they first breake in?

Ioane. Question (my Lords) no further of the case,

How or which way; 'tis sure they found some place,

But weakely guarded, where the breach was made:

And now there rests no other shift but this,

To gather our Souldiors, scatter'd and disperc't,

And lay new Plat-formes to endamage them.

Exeunt.

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

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

The Cry of *Talbot* serues me for a Sword,

For I haue loaden me with many Spoyles,

Vsing no other Weapon but his Name. *Exit.*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie.

Bedf. The Day begins to breake, and Night is fled,
Whose pitchy Mantle ouer-yayl'd the Earth.

Here found Retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. *Retreat.*

Talb. Bring forth the Body of old *Salisbury*,

And here aduance it in the Market-Place,

The middle Centure of this cursed Towne.

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

For euery drop of blood was drawne from him,

There hath at least fise Frenchmen dyed to night.

And that hereafter Ages may behold

What ruine happened in reuenge of him,

Within their chiefest Temple Ile erect

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

Vpon the which, that euery one may reade,

Shall be engrau'd the sacke of Orleans,

The trecherous manner of his mournfull death,

And what a terror he had bene to France.

But Lords, in all our bloody Massacie,

I muse we met not with the Dolphins Grace,

His new-come Champion, vertuous *Ioane* of Acre,
Nor any of his false Confederates.

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

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

Enter a Messenger.

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

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

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

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

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

Will not your Honours beare me company?

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

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

Whispers.

Capt. I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly.

Exeunt.

Enter Countesse.

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

Port. Madame, I will. *Exit.*

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

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

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

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

Mess. Madame, it is.

Count. Is this the Scourge of Franco?

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

That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes?
I see Report is fabulous and false.

I thought I should haue seene some *Heracles*,
A second *Hector*, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong knit Limbes,
Alas, this is a Child, a silly Dwarf: :
It cannot be, this weake and writhled Shrimpe
Should strike such terror to his Enemies.

Talb. Madame, I haue beene bold to trouble you:
But since your Ladyship is not at leysure,
He sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What meanes he now?
Goe aske him, whither he goes?

Mess. Stay my Lord *Talbot*, for my Lady craues,
To know the cause of your abrupt departure?

Talb. Marry, for that shee's in a wrong beleefe,
I goe to certifie her *Talbot's* here.

Enter Porter with Keyes.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou Prisoner.

Talb. Prisoner? to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirstie Lord:
And for that cause I trayn'd thee to my House.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chayne these Legges and Armes of thine,
That hast by Tyrannie these many yeeres
Wasted our Countrey, slaine our Citizens,
And sent our Sonnes and Husbands captiuat.

Talb. Ha, ha, ha.

Count. Laughst thou Wretch?

Thy mirth shall turne to moane.

Talb. I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond,
To thinke, that you haue ought but *Talbot's* shadow,
Whereon to practise your seueritie.

Count. Why art not thou the man?

Talb. I am indeede.

Count. Then haue I substance too.

Talb. No, no, I am but shadow of my selfe:
You are deceiu'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part,
And least propotion of Humanitie:
I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,
It is of such a spacious loftie pitch,
Your Roofe were not sufficient to contayn't.

Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Talb. That will I shew you presently.

*Winds his Horne, Drummes strike up, a Peale
of Ordinance: Enter Souldiours.*

How say you Madame? are you now perswaded,
That *Talbot* is but shadow of himselfe?
These are his substance, sinewes, armes, and strength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious Neckes,
Razeth your Cities, and subuertes your Townes,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

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

Talb. Be not dismay'd, faire Lady, nor misconster
The minde of *Talbot*, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you haue done, hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction doe I craue,

But onely with your patience, that we may
Taste of your Wine, and see what Cates you haue,
For Souldiers stomacks alwayes serue them well.

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

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

York. Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What meanes this silence?

Dare no man answer in a Case of Truth?

Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd,
The Garden here is more conuenient.

York. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the Truth:
Or else was wrangling *Somerset* in th'error?

Suff. Faith I haue beene a Truant in the Law,
And neuer yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the Law vnto my will.

Som. Iudge you, my Lord of Warwicke, then be-
twene vs.

W. r. Between two Hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two Blades, which beares the better temper,
Between two Horses, which doth beare him best,
Between two Girles, which hath the merriest eye,
I haue perhaps some shallow spirit of Iudgement:
But in these nice sharpe Quillers of the Law,
Good faith I am no wiser then a Daw.

York. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appeares so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparrell'd,
So cleare, so shining, and so euident,
That it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye.

York. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speake,
In dumbe significants proclayme your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman,
And stands vpon the honor of his birch,
If he suppose that I haue pleaded truth,
From off this Bryer pluck a white Rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,
But dare maintaine the partie of the truth,
Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorne with me.

War. I loue no Colours: and without all colour
Of base insinuating flatterie,
I pluck this white Rose with *Plantagenet*.

Suff. I pluck this red Rose, with young *Somerset*,
And say with all, I thinke he held the right.

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

Som. Good Master *Vernon*, it is well obiected:
If I haue fewest, I subscribe in silence.

York. And I.

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

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

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

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

Lawyer. Vn-

Lawyer. Vnlesse my Studie and my Bookes be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;
In signe whereof, I pluck a white Rose too.

Yorke. Now *Somerſet*, where is your argument?

Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that
Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red.

Yorke. Meane time your cheekes do counterfeit our Roses:
For pale they looke with feare, as witnessing
The truth on our ſide.

Som. No *Plantagenet*:

'Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes
Blush for pure ſhame, to counterfeit our Roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confelle thy error.

Yorke. Hath not thy Rose a Canker, *Somerſet*?

Som. Hath not thy Rose a Thorne, *Plantagenet*?

Yorke. I, ſharpe and piercing to maintaine his truth,
Whiles thy conſuming Canker eates his falſhood.

Som. Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roses,
That ſhall maintaine what I haue ſaid is true,
Where falſe *Plantagenet* dare not be ſcene.

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

Suff. Turne not thy ſcornes this way, *Plantagenet*.

Yorke. Proud *Poole*, I will, and ſcorne both him and
thee.

Suff. Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat.

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

Warw. Now by Gods will thou wrong'ſt him, *Somerſet*:
His Grandfather was *Lyonel Duke of Clarence*,
Third Sonne to the third *Edward King of England*:
Spring Cattleſſe Yeomen from ſo deepe a Root?

Yorke. He beares him on the place's Priuiledge,
Or durſt not for his craven heart ſay thus.

Som. By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words
On any Plot of Ground in Chriſtendome.

Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
For Treason executed in our late Kings dayes?

And by his Treason, ſland'ſt not thou attained,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry?

His Treas yet liues guiltie in thy blood,
And till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a Yeoman.

Yorke. My Father was attached, not attained,
Condemn'd to dye for Treason but no Traytor;
And that Ile proue of better men then *Somerſet*,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.

For your partaker *Poole* and you your ſelfe,
Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,

To ſcouge you for this apprehenſion:

Looke to it well, and ſay you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou ſhalt haue vs ready for thee ſtill:

And know v. by theſe Colours for thy Foes,
For theſe, my friends in ſpight of thee ſhall weare.

Yorke. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rose,
As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,

Will I for euer, and my Faction weare,

Vntill it wither with me to my Graue,

Or flouriſh to the height of my Degree.

Suff. Goe forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:
And ſo farwell, vntill I meet thee next. *Exit.*

Som. Haue with thee *Poole*: Farwell ambitious *Richard*. *Exit.*

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

Warw. This blot that they obiect againſt your Houſe,
Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament,

Call'd for the Truce of *Wincheſter* and *Clouceſter*:

And if thou be not then created *Yorke*,
I will not liue to be accounted *Warwicke*.

Meane time, in ſignall of my loue to thee,
Againſt prouid *Somerſet*, and *William Poole*,
Will I vpon thy partie weare this Rose.

And here I prophetic: this brawle to day,
Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall ſend betweene the Red-Rose and the White,
A thouſand Soules to Death and deadly Night.

Yorke. Good Maſter *Vernon*, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower.

Vern. In your behalfe ſtill will I weare the ſame.

Lawyer. And ſo will I.

Yorke. Thankes gentle.

Come, let vs foure to Dinner: I dare ſay,
This Quartell will drinke Blood another day.

Exeunt.

*Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chaire,
and Iaylor.*

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here reſt himſelfe.

Euen like a man new haled from the Wrack,
So fate my Limbes with long Imprisonment:

And theſe gray Locks, the Purſuants of death,
Nefter-like aged, in an Age of Care,

Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.

Theſe Eyes, like Lampes, whoſe waſting Oyle is ſpent,
Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.

Weake Shoulders, ouer-borne with burthening Griefe,
And pyth-leſſe Armes, like to a withered Vine,

That droupes his ſappe-leſſe Branches to the ground,
Yet are theſe Feet, whoſe ſtrength-leſſe ſtay is numbe,

(Vnable to ſupport this Lumpe of Clay)

Swift-winged with deſire to get a Graue,

As wiſhing I no other comfort haue.

But tell me, ſweeper, will my Nephew come?

Keeper. *Richard Plantagenet*, my Lord, will come.

We ſent vnto the Temple, vnto his Chamber,

And anſwer was return'd, that he will come.

Mort. Enough: my Soule ſhall then be ſatisfied.

Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.

Since *Henry Monmouth* firſt began to reigne,

Before whoſe Glory I was great in Armes,

This loathſome ſequeſtration haue I had;

And euen ſince then, hath *Richard* bene obſcur'd,

Depriv'd of Honor and Inheritance.

But now, the Arbitrator of Deſpaires,

Iuſt Death, kinde Vmpire of mens miſeries,

With ſweet enlargement doth diſmiſſe me hence:

I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,

That ſo he might recouer what was loſt.

Enter Richard.

Keeper. My Lord, your louing Nephew now is come.

Mort. *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come?

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

Your Nephew, late deſpis'd *Richard*, comes.

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

And in his Boſome ſpend my latter gaspe.

Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes,

That I may kindly giue one fainting Kiſſe.

And now declare 'twere ſtem from *Torkes* great Stock,

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

Rich. Firſt

Rich. First, leane thine aged Back against mine Arme,
And in that ease, Ile tell thee my Dileate.

This day in argument vpon a Case,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerſet* and me:
Among which tearmes, he vs'd his lauiſt tongue,
And did vpbraid me with my Fathers death;
Which obloquie set barres before my tongue,
Elſe with the like I had requited him.
Therefore good Vnckle, for my Fathers ſake,
In honor of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for Alliance ſake, declare the cauſe
My Father, Earle of Cambridge, loſt his Head.

Mort. That cauſe (ſaire Nephew) that imprifon'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my ſhowering Youth,
Within a loathſome Dungeon, there to pynne,
Was curſed Inſtrument of his deceaſe.

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

Mort. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
Depoſ'd his Nephew *Richard, Edwards Sonne*,
The firſt begotten, and the lawfull Heire
Of *Edward* King, the Third of that Deſcent.

During whoſe Reigne, the *Percies* of the North,
Finding his Viſurpation moſt vniuſt,
Endeuour'd my aduancement to the Throne.

The reaſon mou'd theſe Warlike Lords to this,
Was for that (young *Richard* thus remou'd,
Leauing no Heire begotten of his Body)
I was the next by Birth and Parentage:

For by my Mother, I deriued am
From *Lionel* Duke of Clarence, third Sonne
To King *Edward* the Third; whereas hee,
From *John* of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree,
Being but fourth of that Heroick Line.

But marke: as in this haughtie great attempt,
They labour'd, to plant the rightfull Heire,
I loſt my Libertie, and they their Liues.

Long after this, when *Henry* the Fiſt
(Succeeding his Father *Bulkingbrooke*) did reigne;
Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriud
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of Yorke,
Marrying my Siſter, that thy Mother was;
Again, in pittie of my hard diſtreſſe,
Leued an Army, weening to redeeme,
And haue inſtall'd me in the Diademe:
But as the reſt, ſo fell that Noble Earle,
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
In whom the Title reſted, were ſuppreſt.

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

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

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

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

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

Mort. Thou do'ſt then wrong me, as I ſlaughtered doth,
Which giueth many Wounds, when one will kill.
Mourne not, except thou ſorrow for my good,
Onely giue order for my Funerall.

And ſo farewell, and faire be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. *Eyes.*

Rich. And Peace, no Warre, be all thy parting Soule.
In Priſon haſt thou ſpent a Pilgrimage,
And like a Hermite ouer-paſt thy dayes.
Well, I will locke his Councell in my Breſt,
And what I doe imagine, let that reſt.

Keepers conuey him hence, and I my ſelfe
Will ſee his Buryall better then his Life. *Exit.*

Here dyes the duſkie Torch of *Mortimer*,
Choakt with Ambition of the meaner ſort.
And for thoſe Wrongs, thoſe bitter Iniuries,
Which *Somerſet* hath offer'd to my Houſe,
I doubt not, but with Honor to redreſſe.

And therefore haſte I to the Parliament,
Eytter to be reſtored to my Blood,
Or make my will th'aduantage of my good. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Flouriſh. Enter King, Exeter, Gloſter, Wincheſter, Warwick,
Somerſet, *Steffolk*, *Richard Plantagenet*. *Gloſter* offers
to put up a Bill: *Wincheſter* ſnatches it, teares it.

Winch. Commit thou wiſh deepe premeditated Lines?
With written Pamphlets, ſtudiously deuſ'd?

Humphrey of Gloſter, if thou canſt accuſe,
Or ought intend it to lay vnto my charge,
Doe it without inuention, ſuddenly,
As I with ſudden, and extemporall ſpeech,
Purpose to answer what thou canſt obiect.

Glo. Preſumptuous Prieſt, this place comands my patiẽce,
Or thou ſhould'ſt finde thou haſt diſ-honor'd me.
Thinke not, although in Writing I prefer'd
The manner of thy vile outragious Crymes,
That therefore I haue forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearſe the Methode of my Penne.

No Prelate, ſuch is thy audacious wickedneſſe,
Thy lewd, pettiſerous, and diſſentious pranks,
As very Infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a moſt pernitiouſ Viurer,
Froward by nature, Enemie to Peace,

Laciuiouſ, wanton, more then well beſeemes
A man of thy Profeſſion, and Degree.
And for thy Trecherie, what's more manifeſt?
In that thou lay'd'ſt a Trap to take my Life,
As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower.

Beſide, I feare me, if thy thoughts were ſited,
The King, thy Soueraigne, is not quite exempt
From enuiouſ mallice of thy ſwelling heart.

Winch. Gloſter. I doe deſie thee: Lords vouchſafe
To giue me hearing what I ſhall reply.

If I were couetouſ, ambitious, or peruerſe,
As he will haue me: how am I ſo poore?
Or how haps it, I ſeek not to aduance
Or rayſe my ſelfe? but keepe my wonted Calline.

And for Diſſention, who preferreth Peace
More then I doe? except I be prouok'd.
No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,
It is becauſe no one ſhould ſway but hee,
No one, but hee, ſhould be about the King;
And that engenders Thunder in his breſt,

And makes him reare these Accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good.

Gloſt. As good?

Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.

Winch. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,

But one imperious in anothers Throne?

Gloſt. Am I not Protector, lawcie Priest?

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

Gloſt. Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keeps,

And vseth it, to patronage his Theft.

Winch. Vnreuerent *Gloceſter*,

Gloſt. Thou art reuerent,

Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life.

Winch. Rome shall remgdie this.

Warw. Roame thither then.

My Lord, it were your dutie to forbear.

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

Me thinkes my Lord should be Religious,

And know the Office that belongs to such.

Warw. Me thinkes his Lordship should be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.

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

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

Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

Rich. Plantagenet I see must hold his tongue,

Least it be said, Speake Sir, ha when you should:

Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?

Else would I haue a sting at *Wincheſter*.

King. Vnckles of *Gloſter*, and of *Wincheſter*,

The speciall Watch-men of our English Weale,

I would preuayle, if Prayers might preuayle,

To toyne your hearts in loue and amitie.

Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,

That two such Noble Peeres as ye should iarre?

Beleue me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,

Canill dissention is a viperous Worme,

That gnawes the Bowel, of the Common-wealth.

*A noyse within, Downe with the
Tawny-Coats.*

King. What tumult's this?

Warw. An Vprore, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishops men.

A noyse againe, Stones, Stones.

Enter Maior.

Maior. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous *Henry*,

Pitty the Citie of London, pitty vs:

The Bishop, and the Duke of *Glosters* men,

Forbidden me to carry any Weapon,

Haue fill'd their Wockets full of peeble stones;

And banding themſelues in contrary parts,

Doe pelt so fast at one anothers Pate,

That many haue their giddy braynes knockt out:

Our Windows are broke downe in euery Street,

And w^e, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.

Enter his ſhirmiſe with bloody Pates.

As we charge you, on allegiance to our selfe,

To hold your ſeuerall hands, and keepe the Peace:

Pray Vnckle *Gloſter* mitigate this strife.

1. *Seruing.* Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'll fall
on it with our Teeth.

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

Skirmiſh againe.

You of my household, leaue this peeuiſh broyle,
and accuſtom'd fight aſide.

3. *Seru.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Iuſt, and vpright; and for your Royall Birth,
Inferior to none, but to his Maieſtie:

And ere that we will ſuffer ſuch a Prince,
So kinde a Father of the Common-weale,
To be diſgraced by an Inke-horne Mate,
Wee and our Wiues and Children all will fight,
And haue our bodyes ſlaughtred by thy foes.

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

Begin againe.

Gloſt. Stay, ſtay, I ſay:

And if you loue me, as you ſay you doe,
Let me perſwade you to forbear a while.

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

Can you, my Lord of *Wincheſter*, behold

My ſighes and teares, and will not once relent?

Who ſhould be pittifull, if you be not?

Or who ſhould ſtudy to preterre a Peace,

If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?

Warw. Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld *Wincheſter*,

Except you meane with obſtinate repulſe

To ſlay your Soueraigne, and deſtroy the Realme.

You ſee what Miſchiefe, and what Murther too,

Hath bene enacted through your enmitie:

Then be at peace except ye thiſt for blood.

Winch. He ſhall ſubmit, or I will neuer yeeld.

Gloſt. Compassion on the King commands me ſcoupe,

Or I would ſee his heart out, ere the Prielt

Should euer get that priuiledge of me.

Warw. Behold my Lord of *Wincheſter*, the Duke

Hath baniſht moodie diſcontented fury,

As by his ſmoothed Browes it doth appeare:

Why looke you ſtill ſo ſterne, and tragicall?

Gloſt. Here *Wincheſter*, I offer thee my Hand.

King. The Vnckle *Beauford*, I haue heard you preach,

That Mallice was a great and grieuous ſinne:

And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?

But proue a chiefe offender in the ſame.

Warw. Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd.

For ſhaine my Lord of *Wincheſter* relent;

What, ſhall a Child inſtruct you what to doe?

Winch. Well, Duke of *Gloſter*, I will yeeld to thee

Loue for thy Loue, and Hand for Hand I giue.

Gloſt. I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart.

See here my Friends and louing Countrey men,

This token ſerueth for a Flagge of Truce,

Betwixt our ſelues, and all our followers:

So helpe me God, as I diſſemble not.

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

King. Oh louing Vnckle, kinde Duke of *Gloſter*,

How ioyfull am I made by this Contraſt.

Away my Maſters, trouble vs no more,

But ioyne in friendſhip, as your Lords haue done.

1. *Seru.* Content, He to the Surgeons.

2. *Seru.* And to will I.

3. *Seru.* And I will ſee what Phyſick the Tauerne af-
fords.

Exeunt.

Warw. Accept this Scrowle, moſt gracious Soueraigne,

Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,

We doe exhibite to your Maieſtie.

Glo. Well vrg'd, my Lord of *Warwick*: for ſweet Prince,

And if your Grace marke euery circumſtance,

You haue great reaſon to doe *Richard* right,

Eſpecially for thoſe occasions

At Eltam Place I told your Maieſtie.

King. And

King. And those occasions, Vnckle, were of force:
Therefore my louing Lords, our pleasure is,
That *Richard* be restored to his Blood,

Warw. Let *Richard* be restored to his Blood,
So shall his Fathers wrongs be recompenc't.

Winch. As will the rest, so willeth *Winchester*.

King. If *Richard* will be true, not that all alone,
But all the whole Inheritance I giue,
That doth belong vnto the House of *Yorke*,
From whence you spring, by Lineall Descent.

Rich. Thy humble seruant vowes obedience,
And humble seruite, till the point of death.

King. Stoope then, and set your Knee against my Foot,
And in requerdon of that dutie done,
I gytt thee with the valiant Sword of *Yorke*:

Rise *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,
As a true created Princely Duke of *Yorke*.

Rich. And so thriue *Richard*, as thy foes may fall,
And as my dutie springs, so perish they,
That grudge one thought against your Maiesty.

Al. Welcome High Prince, the mighty Duke of *Yorke*.

Som. Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of *Yorke*.

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

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

Glo. Your Ships alreadie are in readinesse,

Sens. Flourish. *Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.

Exet. I, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
This late dissention growne betwixt the Peeres,
Burnes vnder fained ashes of forg'd loue,
And will at last breake out into a flame,
As festered members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinewes fall away,
So will this base and enuious discord breed.
And now I feare that fatall Prophecie,
Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of euery sucking Babe,
That *Henry* borne at *Monmouth* should winne all,
And *Henry* borne at *Windsor*, loose all:
Which is so plaine, that *Exeter* doth wish,
His dayes may finish, ere that haplesse time. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Pucell disguis'd, with foure Souldior: with
Sacks upon their backs.*

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

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

Watch. Che la.

Pucell. *Peusans la pouure gens de France*,
Poore Market folkes that come to sell their Corne.

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

Pucell. Now *Roan*, He shake thy Bulwarke to the
ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanfon.

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

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

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

*Enter Pucell on the top, thrusting out a
Torch burning.*

Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That ioyneth *Roan* vnto her Countrymen,
But burning fatall to the *Talbotites*.

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

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

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

An Alarm. Talbot in an Excursion.

Talb. France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy teares,
If *Talbot* but suruiue thy Trecherie.

Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorceresse,
Hath wrought this Hellish Mischiefe vnawares,
That hardly we escap't the Pride of France. *Exit.*

*An Alarm: Excursions. Bedford brought
in sicke in a Chayre.*

*Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within Pucell,
Charles, Bastard, and Reigerr on the Walls.*

Pucell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?
I thiuke the Duke of *Burgonie* will fast,
Before hee'le buy againe at such a rate.
'Twas full of Darnell: doe you like the taste?

Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and shamelesse Curritizan,
I trust ere long to choake thee with thine owne,
And make thee curse the Haruest of that Corne.

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

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

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

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

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

They whisper together in counsell.

God speed the Parliament: who shall be the Speaker?

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

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

Talb. I speake not to that rayling *Hecate*,
But vnto thee *Alanson*, and the rest.
Will ye, like Souldiors, come and fight it out?

Alansf. Seignior no.

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

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

Talb. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or eise reproach be *Talbots* greatest fame.
Vow *Burgonie*, by honor of thy House,
Prickt on by publike Wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the Towne againe, or dye.

And I, as sure as English *Henry* liues,
And as his Father here was Conqueror;
As sure as in this late betrayed Towne,
Great *Cordelions* Heart was buried;
So sure I swear, to get the Towne, or dye.

Burg. My Vowes are equall partners with thy
Vowes.

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

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

Burg. Courageous *Bedford*, let vs now perswade you.

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

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

An Alarm: Excursions Enter Sir John Falstaffe, and a Captaine.

Capt. Whither away Sir *John Falstaffe*, in such haste?

Falstf. Whither away? to saue my selfe by flight,
We are like to haue the ouerthrow againe.

Capt. What? will you flye, and leaue Lord *Talbot*?

Falstf. I, all the *Talbots* in the World, to saue my life.

Exit.

Capt. Cowardly Knight, all fortune follow thee.

Exit.

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

Bedf. Now quiet Soule, depart when Heauen please,
For I haue seene our Enemies ouerthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffes,
Are glad and faine by flight to saue themselues.
Bedford dyes, and is carryed in by two in his Chaire.

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

Talb. Lost, and recouered in a day againe,
This is a double Honor, *Burgonie*:
Yet Heauens haue glory for this Victorie.

Burg. Warlike and Martiall *Talbot*, *Burgonie*
Inshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.

Talb. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is *Pucel* now?
I thinke her old Familiar is asleepe.
Now where's the Bastards braues, and *Charles* his glikes?
What all amorst? Roan hangs her head for grieft,
That such a valiant Company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the Towne,
Placing therein some expert Officers,
And then depart to Paris, to the King,
For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.

Burg. What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleasest *Burgonie*.

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

Scena Tertia.

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson, Pucell.

Pucell. Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,
Nor grieue that Roan is so recouered.

Care is no cure, but rather corrosiue,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantike *Talbot* triumph for a while,
And like a Peacock sweepe along his tayle,
Wee le pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,
If Dolphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Charles. We haue been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,
One sudden Foyle shall neuer breed distrust.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Drumme sounds a farre off.

Hearke, by the sound of Drumme you may perceiue
Their Powers are marching vnto Paris-ward.

Here sound an English March.

There goes the *Talbot*, with his Colours spred,
And all the Troupes of English after him.

French

French March.

Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in fauor makes him lagge behinde.
Summon a Parley, we will talke with him.

Trumpets sound a Parley.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie.

Burg. Who craues a Parley with the Burgonie?

Pucell. The Princely Charles of France, thy Countrey-
man.

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

Charles. Speake Pucell, and enchaunt him with thy
words.

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

Burg. Speake on, but be not ouer-redious.

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

Burg. Either she hath bewicht me with her words,
Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucell. Besides, all French and France exclames on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawiull Progenie.

Who ioynt thou with but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profits sake?

When Talbot hath set footing once in France,

And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill,

Who then, but English Henry, will be Lord,

And thou be thrust out, like a Fugitiue?

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

Was not the Duke of Orleanse thy Foe?

And was he not in England Prisoner?

But when they heard he was thine Enemie,

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

In spight of Burgonie and all his friends.

See then, thou fight'st against thy Countrey-men,

And ioynt with them will be thy slaughter-men.

Come, come, returne; returne thou wandering Lord,

Charles and the rest will take thee in their armes.

Burg. I am vanquished:

These haughtie wordes of hers

Haue batt' red me like roaring Cannon-shot,

And made me almost yeeld vpon my knees.

Forgiue me Countrey, and sweet Countrey-men:

And Lords accept this heartie kind embrace.

My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.

So farewell Talbot, Ile no longer trust thee.

Pucell. Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne a-
gaine.

Charles. Welcome braue Duke, thy friendship makes
vs fresh.

Bastard. And doth beget new Courage in our
Breasts.

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

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

Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

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

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

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, Vnckle Gloucester,
That hath so long bene resident in France?

Talb. Yes, if it please your Maiestie, my Liege.

King. Welcome braue Captaine, and victorious Lord.

When I was young (as yet I am not old)

I doe remember how my Father said,

A stouter Champion neuer handled Sword,

Long since we were resolued of your truth,

Your faithfull seruice, and your toyle in Warre:

Yet neuer haue you tasted our Reward,

Or beene reguerdon'd with so much as Thanks,

Because till now, we neuer saw your face.

Therefore stand vp, and for these good deserts,

We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury,

And in our Ceronation take your place.

Senet. Flourish. Exeunt.

Manet Vernon and Basset.

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

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

Vern. Sirrha, thy Lord I honour as he is.

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

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

Strikes him.

Bass. Villaine, thou knowest
The Law of Armes is such,
That who so drawes a Sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this Blow should broach thy dearest Bloud.

But Ile vnto his Maiestie, and craue,
I may haue libertie to venge this Wrong,
When thou shalt see, Ile meet thee to thy cost.

Vern. Well miscreant, Ile be there as soone as you,
And after meeete you, sooner then you would.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Gloucester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, and Governour Exeter.

Glo. Lord Bishop set the Crowne vpon his head.

Win. God saue King Henry of that name the sixt.

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

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. My gracious Soueraigne, as I rode from Calice,
To haste vnto your Coronation:

A Letter was deliuer'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace, from th Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee:

I vow'd (base Knight) when I did meete the next,

To teare the Garter from thy Crauens legge,

Which I haue done, because (vnworthily)

Thou wast installed in that High Degree.

Pardon me Princely Henry, and the rest:

This Dastard, at the battell of *Poitiers*,

When (but in all) I was fixe thousand strong,

And that the French were almost ten to one,

Before we met, or that a stroke was giuen,

Like to a trustie Squire, did run away.

In which assault, we lost twelue hundred men.

My selfe, and diuers Gentlemen beside,

Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.

Then iudge (great Lords) if I haue done amisse:

Or whether that such Cowards ought to weare

This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,

And ill befeeming any common man;

Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.

Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd my Lords,

Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth;

Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage,

Such as were growne to credit by the warres:

Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distresse,

But alwayes resolute, in most extreames.

He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,

Doth but vsurpe the Sacred name of Knight,

Prophaning this most Honourable Order,

And should (if I were wor hy to be Iudge)

Be quite degraded, like a Hedge borne Swaine,

That doth presume to boast of Gentle blood.

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

Be packing therefore thou that was't a knight:

Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death.

And now Lord Protector, view the Letter

Sent from our Vnckle Duke of Burgundy.

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

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

Hath he forgott his Soueraigne?

Or doth this churlish Supercription

Pretend some alteration in good will?

What's heere? I haue vpon especiall cause,

Mou'd with compassion of my Countries wracke,

Together with the pittifull complaints

Of such as your oppression feedes vpon,

Forsoaken your pernicious Faction,

And saydd with Charles, the rightfull King of France.

O monstrous Treachery: Can this be so?

That in alliance, amity, and oathes,

There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What? doth my Vnckle Burgundy reuolt?

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

King. Is that the worst this Letter doth containe?

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

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

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

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

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

Let him perceiue how ill we brooke his Treason,

And what offence it is to flout his Friends.

Tal. I go my Lord, in heart desiring still

You may behold confusion of your foes.

Enter Vernon and Bassett.

Ver. Grant me the Combate, gracious Soueraigne.

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

Yorke. This is my Seruant, heare him Noble Prince.

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

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

Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaime,

And wherefore craue you Combate? Or with whom?

Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.

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

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

Bass. Crossing the Sea, from England into France,

This Fellow heere with enuious carping tongue,

Vpbraided me about the Rose I weare,

Saying, the sanguine colour of the Leaues

Did represent my Masters blithing cheekes:

When stubbornly he did repugne the truth,

About a certaine question in the Law,

Argu'd betwixt the Duke of Yorke, and him:

With other vile and ignominious tearmes.

In confutation of which rude reproach,

And in defence of my Lords worthinesse,

I craue the benefit of Law of Armes.

Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord):

For though he teeme with forged queint conceite

To set a glosse vpon his bold intent,

Yet know (my Lord) I was prouok'd by him,

And he first tooke exceptions at this badge,

Pronouncing that the palenesse of this Flower,

Betray'd the faintnesse of my Masters heart.

Yorke. Will not this malice Somerset be left?

Som. Your private grudge my Lord of York, wil out,

Though he're so cunningly you smother it.

King. Good Lord, what madnesse rules in braine-

sicke men,

When for so slight and friuolous a cause,

Such factious zimulations shall arise?

Good Cousins both of Yorke and Somerset,

Quiet your selues (I pray) and be at peace.

Yorke. Let this dissention first be tried by fight,

And then your Highnesse shall command a Peace.

Som. The quarrell toucheth none but vs alone,

Betwixt our selues let vs decide it then.

Yorke. There is my pledge, accept it Somerset.

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

Bass.

Bass. Confirm it so, mine honourable Lord.

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

Exit. It grieues his Highnesse,
Good my Lords, be Friends.

King. Come hither you that would be Combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you loue our fauour,
Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the cause.
And you my Lords: Remember where we are,
In France, amongst a sickle wauering Nation:
If they perceyue dissention in our lookes,
And that within our selues we disagree;
How will their grudging stomackes be prouok'd
To wilfull Disobedience, and Rebell?
Beside, What insairy will there arise,
When Foraigne Princes shall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henries* Peeres, and cheefe Nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the Realme of France?
Oh thinke vpon the Conquest of my Father,
My tender yeares, and let vs not forgoe
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.
Let me be Vmper in this doubtfull strife:
I see no reason if I weare this Rose,
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Some-sets, than Yorke:
Both are my kintmen, and I loue them both.
As well they may vpon my Crowne,
Because (forsooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd.
But your discretions better can perswade,
Then I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let vs still continue peace, and loue.
Cousin of Yorke, we institute your Grace
To be our Regent in these parts of France:
And good my Lord of Somerset, vnite
Your Troopes of horsemen, with his Bands of foote,
And like true Subiects, sonnes of your Progenitors,
Go cheerefully together, and digest
Your angry Choller on your Enemies.
Our Selue, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will returne to Calice;
From thence to England, where I hope ere long
To be presented by your Victories,
With *Charles*, *Alanfon*, and that Traiterous rout.

Exeunt. *Mauct Yorke, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon.*

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

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

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

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

Flourish. *Mauct Exeter.*

Exit. Well didst thou *Richard* to suppress thy voice:
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I feare we should haue scene decipher'd there

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

*Enter Talbot with Trumpe and Drumme,
before Burdeaux.*

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

Enter Generall aloft.

English *John Talbot* (Captaines) call you forth,
Seruant in Armes to *Harry* King of England,
And thus he would. Open your Citie Gates,
Be humble to vs, call my Soueraigne yours,
And do him homage as obedient Subiects,
And Ile withdraw me, and my bloody power.
But if you frowne vpon this proffer'd Peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire,
Who in a moment, eeuën with the earth,
Shall lay your stately, and ayre-brauing Towers,
If you forsake the offer of their loue.

Cap. Thou ominous and fearefull Owle of death,
Our Nations terror, and their bloody scourge,
The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,
On vs thou canst not enter but by death:
For I protest we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,
Stands with the snares of Warre to rangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitcht,
To wall thee from the liberty of Flight;
And no way canst thou turne thee for redresse,
But death doth front thee with apparant spoyle,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face:
Ten thousand French haue tane the Sacrament,
To ryue their dangerous Artillerie
Vpon no Christian soule but English *Talbot*:
Loe, there thou standst a breathing valiant man
Of an inuincible vnconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest Glorie of thy praise,
That I thy enemy dew thee withall:
For ere the Glasse that now begins to runne,
Finish the proceffe of his sandy houre,
These eyes that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

Drum a farre off.

Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,
Sings heauy Musicke to thy timorous soule,
And mine shall ring thy diue departute out. *Exit.*

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

Turne

Y come on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,
 And make the Cowards stand aloofe at bay :
 Let every man his life as deere as mine,
 And they shall finde deere Deere of vs my Friends.
 God, and S. George, Talbot and Englands right,
 Prosper our Colours in this dangerous fight.

*Enter a Messenger that meets Yorke. Enter Yorke
 with Trumpet, and many Soldiers.*

Yorke. Are not the speedy Scouts return'd againe,
 That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?

Mess. They are return'd my Lord, and give it out,
 That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power
 To fight with Talbot as he march'd along.

By your eipysals were discovered
 Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,
 Which ioyn'd with him, and made their march for
 (Burdeaux)

Yorke. A plague vpon that Villaine Somerser,
 That thus delays my promised supply
 Of horsemen, that were leuied for this siege.
 Renowned Talbot doth expect my ayde,
 And I am lowred by a Traitor Villaine,
 And cannot helpe the noble Cheualier :
 God comfort him in this necessity :
 If he miscarry, farewell Warres in France.

Enter another Messenger.

2. Mess. Thou Princely Leader of our English strength,
 Neuer so needfull on the earth of France,
 Spurre to the rescue of the Noble Talbot,

Who now is girdled with a waste of Iron,
 And hem'd about with grim destruction :
 To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux Yorke,
 Else farewell Talbot, France, and Englands honor.

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

Mess. O send some succour to the distrest Lord.

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

Mess. Then God take mercy on braue Talbots soule,
 And on his Sonne yong Iohn, who two houres since,
 I met in trauaile toward his warlike Father ;
 This seuen yeeres did not Talbot see his sonne,
 And now they meete where both their hues are done.

Yorke. Alas, what ioy shall noble Talbot haue,
 To bid his yong sonne welcome to his Graue :
 Away, vexation almost stoppes my breath,
 That hundred friends greete in the houre of death.
 Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can,
 But curse the cause I cannot ayde the man.

*Maine, Bloys, Tortiers, and Toures, are wonne away,
 Long all of Somerser, and his delay.*

Exit

Mess. Thus while the Vulture of sedition,
 Feedes in the bosome of such great Commanders,
 Sleeping neglectiō doth betray to losse :
 The Conquest of our scarce-cold Conqueror,
 That euer-living man of Memorie,
 Henrie the fift : Whiles they each other crosse,
 Liues, Honours, Land, and all, hurie to losse.

Enter Somerser with his Armie.

Som. It is too late, I cannot send them now :
 This expedition was by Yorke and Talbot,
 Too rashly plotted. All our generall force,
 Might with a sally of the very Towne
 Be buckled with : the ouer-daring Talbot
 Hath sullied all his glosse of former Honor
 By this vnheedfull, desperate, wilde aduenture :
 Yorke set him on to fight, and dye in shame,
 That Talbot dead, great Yorke might beare the name.

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

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

Luc. Whether my Lord, from bought & sold L. Talbot,
 Who ring'd about with bold aduertitie,
 Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerser,
 To beate assaying death from his weake Regions,
 And whiles the honourable Captaine there
 Drops bloody swet from his warre-wearied limbes,
 And in aduantage lingring lookes for rescue,
 You his false hopes, the trust of Englands honor,
 Keepe off aloofe with worthlesse emulation :
 Let not your priuate discord keepe away
 The leuied succours that should lend him ayde,
 While he renowned Noble Gentleman
 Yeeld vp his life vnto a world of oddes.
 Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundie,
 Alanson, Reignard, compasse him about,
 And Talbot perisheth by your default.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Som. If he be dead, braue Talbot then adieu.

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

Exeunt.

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

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

Iohn. Is my name Talbot? and am I your Sonne?

Shall

And shall I flye? O, if you leue my Mother,
Dishonor not her Honorable Name,
To make a Bastard, and a Slaue of me:
The World will say, he is not *Talbots* blood,
That basely fled, when Noble *Talbot* flood.

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

John. He that flies so, will ne're returne againe.

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

John. Then let me stay, and father doe you flye:
Your losse is great, so your regard should be;
My worth vnknowne, no losse is knowne in me,
Vpon my death, the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stayne the Honor you haue wonne,
But mine it will, that no Exploit haue done
You fled for Vantage, every one will sweare:
But if I bow, they'll say it was for feare.
There is no hope that euer I will stay,
If the first howre I shrinke and run away
Here on my knee I begge Mortalitie,
Rather then Life, prais'd with Infamie.

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

John. I rather then Ile shame my Mothers Wombe.

Talb. Vpon my Blessing I command thee goe.

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

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

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

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

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

Talb. Thy Fathers charge thal cleare thee from y shame.

John. You cannot witnesse for me, being slaine,
If Death be so apparant, then both flye.

Talb. And leaue my followers here to fight and dye?
My Age was neuer taunted with such shame.

John. And shall my Youth be guiltie of such blame?
No more can I be seuered from your side,
Then can your selfe, your selfe in twaine diuide:
Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I;
For hie I will not, if my Father dye.

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

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

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

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

Talb. When frō the *Dolphins* Crest thy Sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy Fathers heart with prou'd desire
Of bold-fact Victorie. Then Leaden Age,
Quicken'd with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage,
Beat downe *Alanson*, *Orleance*, *Burgundie*,
And from the Pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The irefull Bastard *Orleance*, that drew blood
From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soone encountred,
And interchanging blowes, I quickly shed

Some of his Bastard blood, and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,
And mis-begotten blood, I spill of thine,
Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from *Talbot*, my braue Boy.
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speake thy Fathers care:
Art thou not wearie, *John*? How do'st thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leaue the Battaile, Boy, and flie,
Now thou art seal'd the Sonne of Chualnie?
Flye, to reuenge my death when I am dead,
The helpe of one stands me in little stead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our hues in one small Boat.
It is to day dye nor with *Lechens* Rage,
To morrow I shall dye with mickle Age.
By me they nothing gaine, and if I stay,
'Tis but the shortning of my Life one day.
In thee thy Mother dyes, our Households Name,
My Deaths Reuenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sau'd, if thou wilt flye away.

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

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

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter old
Talbot led.*

Talb. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.
O, where's young *Talbot*? where is valiant *John*?
Triumphant Death, smear'd with Captiuitie,
Young *Talbots* Valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiu'd me shrinke, and on my Knee,
His bloodie Sword he brandisht ouer mee,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
Rough deeds of Rage, and sterne Impatience:
But when my angry Guardant stood alone,
Tending my ruine, and assay'd of none,
Dizzic-ey'd Furie, and great rage of Heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clusting Battaile of the French:
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
His ouer-mounting Spirit; and there di'de
My *Icarus*, my Blossome, in his pride.

Enter with John Talbot, borne.

Seru. O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne.
Tal. Thou antique Death, which laugh'st vs here to scorn,
Anon from thy insulting Tyrannie,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuitie,
Two *Talbots* winged through the lither Skie,
In thy despight shall scape Mortalitie.

O thou whose wounds become hard fauoured death,
 Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath,
 Braue death by speaking, whither he will or no:
 Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe.
 Poore Boy, he smiles, we thinke, as who should say,
 Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.
 Come, come; and lay him in his Fathers armes,
 My spirit can no longer beate these harmes.
 Souldiers adieu: I haue what I would haue,
 Now my old armes are yong *John Talbots* graue. *Dyes*

*Enter Charles, Alanfon, Burgundie, Bastard,
 and Pucell.*

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

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

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

Bur. Doubtlesse he would haue made a noble Knight:
 See where he lyes inherced in the armes
 Of the roost bloody Nurffer of his harmes.

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

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

Enter Lucie.

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

Char. On what submissiue message art thou sent?

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

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

Luc. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
 Valiant Lord *Talbot* Earle of *Shrewsbury*?
 Created for his rare successe in Armes,
 Great Earle of *Washford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
 Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Yrchinfe'd*,
 Lord *Strange* of *Blacknere*. Lord *Verdon* of *Aiton*,
 Lord *Cromwell* of *Wingefield*. Lord *Furnivall* of *Sheffield*,
 The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,
 Knight of the Noble Order of *S. George*,
 Worthy *S. Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
 Great Marshall to *Henry* the sixt,
 Of all his Wartes within the Realme of France.

Puc. Heere's a silly stately stile indeede:
 The Turke that two and fiftie Kingdomes hath,
 Writes not so tedious a stile as this.

Him that thou magnifi'st with all these Titles,
 Sinking and fly-blowne lyes heere at our feete.

Lucy. Is *Talbot* slaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge,
 Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke *Nemesis*?
 Oh were mine eye-balles into Bullets turn'd,
 That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.
 Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
 It were enough to fright the Realme of France.
 Were but his Picture left amongst you here,

It would amaze the proudest of you all.
 Giue me their Bodies, that I may beare them hence,
 And giue them Buriall, as becomes their worth.

Pucel. I thinke this ypart is old *Talbot* Ghost,
 He speakes with such a proud commanding spirit:
 For Gods sake let him haue him, to keepe them here,
 They would but stinke, and putrifie the ayre.

Char. Go take their bodies hence.

Lucy. He beare them hence: but from their ashes shall
 be reard

A Phoenix that shall make all France affear'd.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what y wilt.
 And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,
 All will be ours, new bloody *Talbots* slaine. *Exit.*

Scena secunda.

SENNET.

Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Haue you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
 The Emperour, and the Earle of Arminack?

Glo. I haue my Lord, and their intent is this,
 They humbly sue vnto your Excellence,
 To haue a godly peace concluded of,
 Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France.

King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?

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

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

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

King. Marriage Vnckle? Alas my yeares are yong:
 And fitter is my studie, and my Bookes,
 Than wanon dalliance with a Paramour.
 Yet call th' Embassadors, and as you please,
 So let them haue their answeres euery one:
 I shall be well content with any choyce
 Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.

Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.

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

King. My Lords Ambassadors, your severall suites
 Haue bin consider'd and debated on,
 Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
 And therefore are we certainly resolu'd,
 To draw conditions of a friendly peace,

Which

Which by my Lord of Winchester we meane
Shall be transported presently to France.

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

King. In argument and prooffe of which contract,
Beare her this Iewell, pledge of my affection,
And to my Lord Protector see them guarded,
And safely brought to *Douer*, wherein ship'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. *Exeunt.*

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

Legat. I will attend vpon your Lordships leysure.

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

Scena Tertia.

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

Char. These newes (my Lords) may cheere our droo-
ping spirits:

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

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

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

Enter Scout.

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

Char. What tidings send our Scouts? I prethee speak.

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

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

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

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

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

Exeunt. Alarm. Excursions.

Enter Ione de Pucell.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye.
Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periaptis,
And ye choise spirits that admonish me,
And giue me signes of future accidentis. *Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, these are substitutes:

Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appare, and ayde me in this enterprize.

Enter Friends.

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

They walke, and speake not.

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

They hang their heads.

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

They shake their heads.

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

They depart.

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

*Excursions. Burgundie and York fight hand to
hand. French flye.*

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

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

Yor. Oh, Charles the Dolphin is a proper man,
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischeefe light on Charles, and thee,
And may ye both be todainly surpriz'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds.

Yorke. Fell banning Hagge, Inchantresse hold thy
tongue.

Puc. I prethee giue me leaue to curse awhile.

Yorke. Curse Miscreant, when thou comst to the stake

Exeunt.

*Alarm. Enter Suffolke with Margaret
in his hand.*

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

Gazes on her.

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

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

Suff. An Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call'd.

Be not offended Natures myracle,
Thou art allotted to be tane by me:
So doth the Swan her downie Signets saue,

Oh stay:

Keeping them prisoner vnderneath his wings:
 Yet if this seruile vsage once offend,
 Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend. *She is going*
 Oh stay: I haue no power to let her passe,
 My hand would free her, but my heart sayes no.
 As playes the Sunne vpon the glassie streames,
 Twinkling another counterfetted beame,
 So seemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
 Faine would I woe her, yet I dare not speake:
 Ile call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:
 Fye *De la Pole*, disable not thy selfe:
 Hast not a Tongue? Is she not heere?
 Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans sight?
 I: Beauties Princely Maiesty is such,
 'Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.
Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be so,
 What rancome must I pay before I passe?
 For I perceiue I am thy prisoner.
Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suite,
 Before thou make a triall of her loue?
M. Why speak'st thou not? What rancom must I pay?
Suf. She's beautifull; and therefore to be Wooded:
 She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransome, yea or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,
 Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?
Mar. I were best to leaue him, for he will not heare.
Suf. Theré all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talkes at random: sure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a disputation may bee had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me:
Suf. Ile win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom?
 Why for my King: Tush, that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talkes of wood: It is some Carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
 And peace established betweene these Realmes.
 But there remains a scruple in that too:
 For though her Father be the King of *Naples*,
 Duke of *Anion* and *Mayne*, yet is he poore,
 And our Nobility will scorne the match.
Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leysure?
Suf. It shall be so, diddaine they ne're so much:
Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.
 Madam, I haue a secret to reueale.
Mar. What though I be inthral'd, he seems a knight
 And will not any way dishonor me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French,
 And then I need not craue his curtesie.
Suf. Sweet Madam, giue me hearing in a cause.
Mar. Tush, women haue bene captiuate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.
Suf. Say gentle Princessse, would you not suppose
 Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?
Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
 Than is a slaue, in base seruility:
 For Princes shoulde be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
 If happy Englands Royall King be free.
Mar. Why what concerns his freedome vnto mee?
Suf. Ile vndertake to make thee *Henries* Queene,
 To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
 And set a precious Crowne vpon thy head,
 If thou wilt condescend to be my ———
Mar. What?

Suf. His loue.

Mar. I am vnworthy to be *Henries* wife.

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

Mar. And if my Father please, I am content.

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

Sound. Enter *Reignier* on the *Walles*.

See *Reignier* see, thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolke, what remedy?

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

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

Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinks?

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

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

Suf. And heere I will expect thy comming.

Trumpets sound. Enter *Reignier*.

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

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

Reig. Since thou dost daigne to woe her little worth,
 To be the Princely Bride of such a Lord:
 Vpon condition I may quietly

Enioy mine owne, the Country *Maine* and *Anion*,
 Free from oppression, or the stroke of Warre,
 My daughter shall be *Henries*, if he please.

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

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

Suf. *Reignier* of France, I giue thee Kingly thankes,
 Because this is in Trafficke of a King.

And yet me thinks I could be well content
 To be mine owne Atturney in this case.

Ile ouer then to England with this newes.
 And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
 So farewell *Reignier*, set this Diamond safe
 In Golden Pallaces as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
 The Christian Prince King *Henry* were he heere.

Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wishes, praise, & prayers,
 Shall Suffolke euer haue of *Margaret*. *Shee is going.*

Suf. Farwell sweet Madam: but hearke you *Margaret*,
 No Princely commendations to my King?

Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
 A Virgin, and his Seruant, say to him.

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

But Madame, I must trouble you againe,
No louing Token to his Maieftie?

Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnspotted heart,
Neuer yet taint with loue, I send the King.

Suf. And this withall. *Kiffe her.*

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

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

Enter Yorke, Warwicke, Shepheard, Pucell.

Yor. Bring forth that Sorceresse condemn'd to burne.

Shep. Ah *Ione*, this kils thy Fathers heart out-right,
Haue I sought euery Country farre and neere,
And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
Must I behold thy timelesse cruell death:
Ah *Ione*, sweet daughter *Ione*, Ile die with thee.

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

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

War. Gracelesse, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?

Yorke. This argues what her kinde of life hath beene,
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.

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

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

Shep. 'Tis true, I gaue a Noble to the Priest,
The morne that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneele downe and take my blessing, good my Gyrlie.
Wilt thou not stoope? Now cursed be the time

Of thy natiuitie: I would the Milke
Thy mother gaue thee when thou suck't her brest,
Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy sake.
Or else, when thou didst keepe my Lambes a-field,
I wish some rauenuous Wolfe had eaten thee.
Doeft thou deny thy Father, cursed Drab?
O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good. *Exit.*

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

Puc. First let me tell you whom you haue condemn'd;
Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swaine,
But issued from the Progeny of Kings.
Vertuous and Holy, chosen from aboue,
By inspiration of Celestrall Grace,
To worke exceeding myracles on earth.
I neuer had to do with wicked Spirits.
But you that are polluted with your lustes,
Stain'd with the guiltlesse blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:
Because you want the grace that others haue,
You iudge it straight a thing impossible
To compasse Wonders, but by helpe of diuels.

No misconceyued, *Ione* of *Aire* hath beene
A Virgin from her tender infancie,
Chaste, and immaculate in very thought,
Whose Maiden-blood thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heauen.

Yorke. J, I: away with her to execution.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

War. A married man, that's most intollerable.

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

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

Yor. And yet forsooth she is a Virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and t. u.
Vse no intreaty, for it is in vaine.

Pa. Then lead me hence: with whom I leaue my curse.
May neuer glorious Sunne reflex his beames
Vpon the Countrey where you make abode:
But darknesse, and the gloomy shade of death
Inuiron you, till Mischeefe and Dispaire,
Drue you to break your necks, or hang your selues. *Exit*

Enter Cardinall.

Yorke. Breake thou in peeces, and consume to ashes,
Thou fowle accursed minister of Hell.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greeete your Excellence
With Lettets of Commission from the King.
For know my Lords, the States of Christendome,
Mou'd with remorse of these out-ragious broyles,
Haue earnestly implor'd a generall peace,
Betwixt our Nation, and the aspiring French;
And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Train
Approacheth, to conferre about some matter.

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

War. Be patient *Yorke*, if we conclude a Peace

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It

It shall be with such strict and seuerer Couenances,
As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanson, Bastard, Reignier.

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

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

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King Henry giues consent,
Of meere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your Coutrie of distresfull Warre,
And suffer you to breath in fruitfull peace,
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.
And Charles, vpon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy vnder him,
And still enjoy thy Regall dignity.

Alan. Must he be then as shadow of himselfe?
Adorne his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in substance and authority,
Retaine but priuledge of a private man?
This proffer is absurd, and reasonlesse.

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

Yorke. Insulcing Charles, hast thou by secret meanes
Vs'd intercession to obtaine a league,
And now the matter growes to compremize,
Stand'st thou aloofe vpon Comparison.
Either accept the Title thou vsurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres.

Reign. My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy,
To caull in the course of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not finde like opportunity.

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policie,
To saue your Subjects from such massacre
And ruthlesse slaughters as are dayly seene
By our proceeding in Hostility,
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you breake it, when your pleasure serues.

War. How sayst thou Charles?
Shall our Condition stand?

Char. It shall:
Onely refer'd, you claime no interest
In any of our Townes of Garrison.

Yor. Then swear Ailegiance to his Maiesty,
As thou art Knight, neuer to disobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.
So, now dismisse your Army wher'ye please:
Hang vp your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still,
For heere we entertaine a soleinne peace. *Exiunt*

Actus Quintus.

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

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earle)
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her vertues graced with externall gifts,
Do breed Loues fetled passions in my heart,
And like as rigour of tempestuous gustes
Prouokes the mightiest Hulke against the tide,
So am I driuen by breath of her Renowne,
Either to suffer Shipwracke, or arriue
Where I may haue fruition of her Loue.

Suf. Tush my good Lord, this superficiall tale,
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The cheefe perfections of that louely Dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to vtter them)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to rauish any dull conceit.

And which is more, she is not so Diuine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowlinesse of minde,
She is content to be at your command:
Command I meane, of Vertuous chaste intents,
To Loue, and Honor Henry as her Lord.

King. And otherwise, will Henry ne're presume:
Therefore my Lord Protector, giue consent,
That Margaret may be Englands Royall Queene.

Glo. So should I giue consent to flatter linne,
You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroath'd
Vnto another Lady of illreeme,
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your Honor with reproach?

Suf. As doth a Ruler with vnlawfull Oathes,
Or one that at a Triumph, hauing vow'd
To try his strength, forsakech yet the Listes
By reason of his Aduersaries oddes.
A poore Earles daughter is vnequall oddes,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

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

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

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

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

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

Suf. A Dowre my Lords? Disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abiect, base, and poore,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Loue.
Henry is able to enrich his Queene,
And not to seeke a Queene to make him rich,
So worthlesse Pezants bargain for their Wiues,
As Market men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Attorney-ship:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,

Must

Must be companion of his Nuptiall bed.
 And therefore Lords, since he affects her most,
 Most of all these reasons bindeth vs,
 In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
 For what is wedlocke forced? but a Hell,
 An Age of discord and continuall strife,
 Whereas the contrarie bringeth blisse,
 And is a patterne of Celestiall peace.
 Whom should we match with *Henry* being a King,
 But *Margaret*, that is daughter to a King:
 Her peerelesse feature, ioyned with her birth,
 Approoves her fit for none, but for a King.
 Her valiant courage, and vndaunted spirit,
 (More then in women commonly is seene)
 Will answer our hope in issue of a King.
 For *Henry*, sonne vnto a Conqueror,
 Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
 If with a Lady of so high resolute,
 (As is faire *Margaret*) he be link'd in loue.
 Then yeeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee,
 That *Margaret* shall be Queene, and none but shee.
King. Whether it be through force of your report,
 My Noble Lord of Suffolke: Or for that
 My tender youth was neuer yet attaint
 With any passion of inflaming loue,
 I cannot tell: but this I am assur'd,

I feele such sharpe dissention in my breast,
 Such fierce alarmes both of Hope and Feare,
 As I am sicke with working of my thoughts.
 Take therefore shipping, poste my Lord to France,
 Agree to any couenants, and procure
 That Lady *Margaret* do vouchsafe to come
 To crosse the Seas to England, and be crown'd
 King *Henries* faithfull and annointed Queene.
 For your expences and sufficient charge,
 Among the people gather vp a tenth.
 Be gone I say, for till you do returne,
 I rest perplexed with a thousand Carez.
 And you (good Vnckle) banish all offence:
 If you do censure me, by what you were,
 Not what you are, I know it will excuse
 This sodaine execution of my will.
 And so conduct me, where from company,
 I may reuolue and ruminare my grieffe. *Exit.*
Glo. I grieffe I feare me, both at first and last. *Exit. Loc. Her.*
Suf. Thus Suffolke hath preuail'd, and thus he goes
 As did the youthfull *Paris* once to Greece,
 With hope to finde the like euent in loue,
 But prosper better than the Troian did:
Margaret shall now be Queene, and rule the King:
 But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme. *Exit.*

FINIS.

