

Puc. Paifans, pauvres gens de France:
 Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Guard. Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the groun'd.
 [PUCELLE, &c. enter the city.]

Enter CHARLES, BASTARD of Orleans, ALENÇON, and forces.

Char. Saint Dennis blefs this happy stratagem!
 And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practifants⁹:
 Now ſhe is there, how will ſhe ſpecify
 Where is * the beſt and ſafeſt paſſage in?

Alen. By thruſting out a torch from yonder tower;
 Which, once diſcern'd, ſhews, that her meaning is,—
 No way to that¹, for weakneſs, which ſhe enter'd.

Enter LA PUCELLE on a battlement; holding out a torch burning.

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
 That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen;
 But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles! the beacon of our friend,
 The burning torch in yonder turret ſtands.

Char. Now ſhine it like a comet of revenge,
 A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Alen. Defer no time, Delays have dangerous ends;
 Enter, and cry—*The Dauphin!*—preſently,
 And then do execution on the watch. [They enter.]

Alarums. Enter TALBOT and certain Engliſh.

Tal. France, thou ſhalt rue this treaſon with thy tears,
 If Talbot but ſurvive thy treachery.—

⁹ Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practifants:] *Practice*, in the language of that time, was *treachery*, and perhaps in the ſofter ſenſe *stratagem*. *Practifants* are therefore *confederates in ſtratagem*. JOHNSON.

* Where is—] Old Copy—*Here is*. Corrected by Mr. ROWE.

MALONE.

¹ No way to that,] That is, *no way equal to that*, no way to fit as that. JOHNSON.

Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
 Hith wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
 That hardly we escap'd the pride of France².

[*Exeunt to the town.*]

Alarum: Excursions. Enter, from the town, BEDFORD, brought in sick, in a chair, with TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the English forces. Then, enter on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON³, and Others.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
 I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,
 Before he'll buy again at such a rate:
 'Twas full of darnel; Do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameiefs courtezan!
 I trust, ere long to choke thee with thine own,
 And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,

And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despight,

Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!

Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,

And tivit with cowardice a man half dead?

Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,

Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—

[*TALBOT, and the rest, consult together.*]

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?

² —the pride of France.] *Pride* signifies the haughty power.

WARBURTON.

³ —Alençon,] *Alençon* Sir T. Hanmer has replaced here, instead of Reignier, because Alençon, not Reignier, appears in the ensuing scene. JOHNSON.

Puc. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang!—base muleteers of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Away, captains: let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—
God be wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here.

[*Exeunt LA PUCELLE, &c. from the walls.*]

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
(Prick'd on by publick wrongs, sustain'd in France,)
Either to get the town again, or die:
And I,—as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror;
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;
So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of Bedford:—Come, my lord;
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal, or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That stout Pendragon, in his litter⁴, sick,

Came

⁴ — once I read,

[*That stout Pendragon, in his litter, &c.*] This hero was Uther
Pendragon, brother to Aurelius, and father to king Arthur.

Shakspeare, has imputed to Pendragon an exploit of Aurelius, who,
says

Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:
 Me thinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
 Because I ever found them as myself.

Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
 Then be it so:—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!—
 And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
 But gather we our forces out of hand,
 And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, and forces, leaving
 BEDFORD, and Others.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir John FASTOLFFE, and
 a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolffe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight;

We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay,

All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

says Holinshed, "even sicke of a flixe as he was, caused himselfe to be carried forth in a litter: with whose presence his people were so encouraged, that encountering with the Saxons they wan the victorie." *Hist. of Scotland*, p. 99.

Harding, however, in his *Chronicle*, (as I learn from Dr. Grey) gives the following account of Uther Pendragon:

"For which the king ordain'd a horse-litter

"To bear him so then unto Verolame,

"Where Ocea lay, and Oyfa also in fear,

"That saint Albones now hight of noble fame,

"Bet downe the walles; but to him forth they came,

"Where in battayle Ocea and Oyfa were slayn.

"The field he had, and thereof was full fayne." STEEVENS.

5 —*save myself by flight*;] I have no doubt that it was the exaggerated representation of Sir John Fastolfe's cowardice which the author of this play has given, that induced Shakspeare to give the name of Falstaff to his knight. Sir John Fastolfe did indeed fly at the battle of Patay in the year 1429; and is reproached by Talbot, in a subsequent scene, for his conduct on that occasion; but no historian has said that he fled before Rouen. The change of the name had been already made, for throughout the old copy of this play this flying general is erroneously called *Falstaffe*. MALONE.

Retreat:

Retreat: Excursions. Enter, from the town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c. and Exit flying.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please;
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[Dies⁷, and is carried off in his chair.]

Alarum: Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and Others.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think, her old familiar is asleep:
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all a-mort? Rouen hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers;
And then depart to Paris, to the king;
For there young Henry, with his nobles, lies.

Bur. What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen;
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court:

⁶ *Now, quiet soul, depart, &c.*] So, in St. Luke, ii. 29. "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." STEEVENS.

⁷ *Dies, &c.*] The Duke of Bedford died at Rouen in September, 1435, but not in any action before that town. MALONE.

But

But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die;
For that's the end of human misery. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

The same. The Plains near the city.

*Enter CHARLES, the Bastard, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE,
and forces.*

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantick Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin, and the rest, will be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint;
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirp'd⁸ from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France⁹,
And

⁸ But be extirp'd—] To *extirp* is to root out. So, in Lord Sterling's *Darius*, 1603:

“The world shall gather to *extirp* our name.” STEEVENS.

⁹ —expuls'd from France,] i. e. expelled. So, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*:

“The

And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work;
To bring this matter to the wished end. [*Drums heard.*
Hark! by the sound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English March. Enter and pass over, at a distance,
TALBOT and his forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread;
And all the troops of English after him.

A French March. Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY and
forces.

Now, in the rereward, comes the duke, and his;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[*A parley sounded.*

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

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

Char. Speak, Pucelle; and enclant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!

Stay, let thy humble hand-maid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!

As looks the mother on her lowly babe¹,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast!

"The *expulſed* Apicata finds them there."

Again, in Drayton's *Muses Elizium*:

"And if you *expulſe* them there,

"They'll hang upon your braided hair." STEEVENS.

¹ — on her lowly babe,] i. e. lying low in death. JOHNSON.

O, turn

O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profit's 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 fugitive?
Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;—
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
See then! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;
Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished; these haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot²,

²— *these haughty words of hers*

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,] How these lines came
hither I know not; there was nothing in the speech of Joan haughty
or violent: it was all soft entreaty and mild expostulation. JOHNSON.

Haughty here certainly signifies *high, lofty*. So, in the first act the
Dauphin says to La Pucelle:

"Thou hast astonish'd me with thy *high* terms."

We have already in this play had the word *haughty* in the same
sense. See p. 48:

"But mark; as, in this *haughty* great attempt,—"

Again, in Act IV. sc. i:

"Valiant and virtuous, full of *haughty* courage." MALONE.

And made me almost yield upon my knees.—
 Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
 And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
 My forces and my power of men are yours;—
 So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again³!

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us
 fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
 And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
 And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Paris. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and other Lords, VERNON, BASSET, &c. To them TALBOT, and some of his Officers.

Tal. My gracious prince,—and honourable peers,—
 Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
 I have a while given truce unto my wars,
 To do my duty to my sovereign:
 In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd
 To your obedience fifty fortresses,
 Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
 Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,—
 Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet;
 And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
 Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
 First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Hen. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,

³ *Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!*] So afterwards:

“In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation—” MALONE.
 The inconstancy of the French was always the subject of satire. I
 have read a dissertation written to prove that the index of the wind
 upon our steeples was made in form of a cock, to ridicule the French
 for their frequent changes. JOHNSON.

That you elect no other king but him :
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends ;
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend⁷
Malicious practices against his state :
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God !

[*Exeunt Gov. and his Train.*]

Enter Sir John FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee !
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg, [*plucking it off.*]
(Which I have done) because unworthily
Though wast installed in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest :
This dastard, at the battle of Patay⁸,—
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,—
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away ;

⁷ — *such as shall pretend*—] To *pretend* is to *design*, to *intend*.

JOHNSON.

⁸ — *at the battle of Patay*,—] The old copy has *Poitiers*. The error was pointed out by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

The battle of Poitiers was fought in the year 1357, the 31st of king Edward III. and the scene now lies in the 7th year of the reign of king Henry VI. viz. 1428. This blunder may be justly imputed to the players or transcribers ; nor can we very well justify ourselves for permitting it to continue so long, as it was too glaring to have escaped an attentive reader. The action of which Shakspeare is now speaking, happened (according to Holinshed) “ neere unto a village in Beausse called *Pataie*,” which we should read, instead of *Poitiers*. “ From this battell departed without anie stroke stricken, *Sir John Fastolfe*, the same yeere by his valiantnesse elected into the order of the garter. But for doubt of misdealing at this brunt, the duke of Bedford tooke from him the image of St. George and his garter,” &c. Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 601. STEEVENS.

In which assault we lost twelve hundred men ;
 Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
 Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.
 Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss ;
 Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
 This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
 And ill beseeming any common man ;
 Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
 Knights of the garter were of noble birth ;
 Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage⁹,
 Such as were grown to credit by the wars ;
 Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
 But always resolute in most extremes.
 He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
 Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
 Profaning this most honourable order ;
 And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
 Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
 That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen ! thou hear'st thy doom :
 Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight ;
 Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—

[*Exit FASTOLFE.*]

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
 Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his
 stile ?

[*viewing the superscription.*]

No more but, plain and bluntly,—*To the king ?*

Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign ?

Or doth this churlish superscription

Pretend some alteration in good will¹ ?

⁹ —haughty courage,] *Haughty* is here in its original sense for *big*. JOHNSON.

¹ Pretend *some alteration in good will ?*] Thus the old copy. To pretend seems to be here used in its Latin sense, i. e. to *bold out*, to *stretch forward*. It may mean, however, as in other places, to *design*. Modern editors read—*portend*. STEEVENS.

What's

What's here?—*I have, upon especial cause,—* [Reads.

Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,

Together with the pitiful complaints

Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—

Forsoaken your pernicious faction,

And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.

O monstrous treachery! Can this be so;

That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

K. Hen. Is that the worst, this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. Hen. Why then, lord Talbot there shall talk with him,

And give him chastisement for this abuse:—

How say you, my lord? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am prevented²,

I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:

Let him perceive, how ill we brook 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. [Exit,

Enter VERNON, and BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!

York. This is my servant; Hear him, noble prince!

Som. And this is mine; Sweet Henry, favour him!

K. Hen. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.—

Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim?

And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

² — *I am prevented,*] *Prevented* is here, *anticipated*; a Latinism.

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying—the fanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth³,
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions, at this badge,
Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men;

When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise!—
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissention first be try'd by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;

³ — *did repugn the truth,*] To *repugn* is to resist. The word is used by Chaucer. STEEVENS.

It is found in Bullokar's *English Expofitor*, 8vo. 1616. MALONE.
Betwixt

Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

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

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so? 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 us?

And you, my lords,—methinks, you do not well,

To bear with their perverse objections;

Much less, to take occasion from their mouths

To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves;

Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness;— Good my lords, be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants:

Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,

Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.—

And you, my lords,—remember where we are;

In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:

If they perceive dissention in our looks,

And that within ourselves we disagree,

How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd

To wilful disobedience, and rebel?

Beside, What infamy will there arise,

When foreign princes shall be certify'd,

That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,

King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,

Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?

O, think upon the conquest of my father,

My tender years; and let us not forego

That for a trifle, that was bought with blood!

Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.

I see no reason, if I wear this rose, [*putting on a red rose.*]

That any one should therefore be suspicious

I more incline to Somerset, than York:

Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:

As well they may upbraid me with my crown,

Because,

Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd,
 But your discretions better can persuade,
 Than I am able to instruct or teach :
 And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
 So let us still continue peace and love.—
 Cousin of York, we institute your grace
 To be our regent in these parts of France :—
 And good my lord of Somersset, unite
 Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot ;—
 And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
 Go cheerfully together, and digest
 Your angry choler on your enemies.
 Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
 After some respite, will return to Calais ;
 From thence to England ; where I hope ere long
 To be presented, by your victories,
 With Charles, Alençon, and that traiterous rout.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* King HENRY, GLO. SOM. WIN.
 SUP. and BASSET.

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
 Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did ; but yet I like it not,
 In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush ! that was but his fancy, blame him not ;
 I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And, if I wist, he did³,—But let it rest ;
 Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON.

Exe. Well-didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice :
 For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
 I fear, we should have seen decypher'd there
 More rancorous spight, more furious raging broils,

3 *And, if I wist, he did,—*] The old copy reads—*if I wist.*

MALONE.

I read, *I wist.* The pret. of the old obsolete verb *I wist*, which is
 used by Shakspere in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ There be fools alive, *I wist*,

“ Silver'd o'er, and so was this.” STEEVENS.

Than

Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
 But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
 This jarring discord of nobility,
 This should'ring of each other in the court,
 This factious bandying of their favourites,
 But that it doth presage some ill event⁴.
 'Tis much⁵, when scepters are in children's hands;
 But more, when envy breeds unkind division⁶;
 There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [Exit.

SCENE II.

France. Before Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT, with his forces.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter,
 Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the General of the French forces, and Others.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
 Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
 And thus he would,—Open your city gates,
 Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
 And do him homage as obedient subjects,
 And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
 But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
 You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
 Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire⁷;
 Who,

⁴ — *it doth presage some ill event.*] That is, it doth presage to him that sees this discord, &c. that some ill event will happen. MALONE.

⁵ 'Tis much,—] In our author's time, this phrase meant—"Tis strange, or wonderful. See *As you like it*, Vol. III. p. 208, n. 8. This meaning being included in the word *much*, the word *strange* is perhaps understood in the next line: "But more strange," &c. The construction however may be, But 'tis much more, when, &c. MALONE.

⁶ — *when envy breeds unkind division*;] *Envy* in old English writers frequently means *enmity*. *Unkind* is unnatural. See Vol. III. p. 116, l. 9; and p. 164, n. 8. MALONE.

⁷ *Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire*;] The author of this play followed Hall's *Chronicle*: "The Goddesse of warre, called

Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love⁸.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter, but by death:
For, I protest, we are well fortify'd,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery⁹
Upon no christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal¹⁰;

For

ed Bellona—hath these three *band-maides* ever of necessitie attend-
ynge on her; *Bloud, Fyre, and Famine*; whiche thre damosels be of that
force and strength that every one of them alone is able and sufficient to
torment and afflict a proud prince; and they all joynd together are of
puissance to destroy the most populous countrey and most richest region
of the world." MALONE.

⁸ — their love.] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*our* love. "*Their* love"
may mean, the peaceable demeanour of my three attendants; their for-
bearing to injure you. But the expression is harsh. MALONE.

⁹ To rive their dangerous artillery.] Rive their artillery seems to mean
charge their artillery so much as to endanger their bursting. So, in
Troilus and Cressida, Ajax bids the trumpeter blow so loud, as to crack
his lungs and split his brazen pipe. TOLLET.

¹⁰ — due thee withal;] To due is to endue, to deck, to grace.

JOHNSON.
It means, I think, to honour by giving thee thy due, thy merited
elogium. Due was substituted for dew, the reading of the old copy, by
Mr. Theobald. Dew was sometimes the old spelling of due, as Hew
was of Hugh. MALONE.

The

For ere the glas, that now begins to run,
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,
 These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
 Sings heavy musick to thy timorous soul;
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt General, &c. from the walls.*]

Tal. He fables not², I hear the enemy;—
 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
 O, negligent and heedless discipline!
 How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale;
 A little herd of England's timorous deer,
 Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
 If we be English deer, be then in blood³:
 Not rascal-like⁴, to fall down with a pinch;
 But rather moody-mad, and desperate stags,
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel⁵,
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:

The old copy reads—*dew*, thee withal; and perhaps rightly. The *dew of praise* is an expression I have met with in other poets. Shakspeare uses the same verb in *Macbeth*:

“To *dew* the sovereign flow'r, and drown the weeds.”

Again, in the second part of *King Henry VI*:

“—— give me thy hand,

“That I may *dew* it with my mournful tears.” STEEVENS.

² *He fables not,*] This expression Milton has borrowed in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle*:

“She *fables* not, I feel that I do fear.”

It occurs again in the *Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

“—— good father, *fable* not with him.” STEEVENS.

³ — *be then* in blood;] Be in high spirits, be of true mettle.

JOHNSON.

This was a phrase of the forest. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, p. 366, n. 8: “The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*, *blood*.” Again, in Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 1616: “Tenderlings. The soft tops of a deere's horns, when they are in *blood*.” MALONE.

⁴ *Not rascal-like,*] A rascal deer is the term of chase for lean poor deer. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *with heads of steel,*] Continuing the image of the *deer*, he supposes the lances to be their horns. JOHNSON.

Sell

Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
 And they shall find dear deer of us⁶, my friends.—
 God, and saint George! Talbot, and England's right!
 Proper our colours in this dangerous fight! [Exeunt.]

S C E N E . III.

Plains in Gascony.

Enter YORK, with forces; to him a Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
 That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
 That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
 To fight with Talbot: As he march'd along,
 By your espials were discovered
 Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led;
 Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bour-
 deaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerfet;
 That thus delays my promised supply
 Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
 Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
 And I am lowted⁷ by a traitor villain,
 And cannot help the noble chevalier:
 God comfort him in this necessity!
 If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

⁶ —*dear deer of us,*] The same quibble occurs in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.:

“Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,

“Though many a dearer, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *And I am lowted*—] To *lowt* may signify to *depress*, to *lower*, to *dishonour*; but I do not remember it so used. We may read—*And I am flouted. I am mocked*, and treated with contempt. JOHNSON.

To *lout*, in Chaucer, signifies to *submit*. To *submit* is to *let down*. So, Dryden:

“Sometimes the hill *submits* itself a while,

“In small descents,” &c. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is, I am treated with contempt, like a *lowt*, or low country fellow. MALONE.

Enter

Enter Sir William Lucy.*

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, Sirewel Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. ^{to me} that Somerset—who in proud heart
Doth stop the hour-cornets—were in Talbot's place!
So should we have a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor, and a coward.

Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!
And on his son young John; whom, two hours since,
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done³.

York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—

Lucy. farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—

Maine, Bloys, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,
Long all of Somerset, and his delay. [Exit.]

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition⁹
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,

* *Enter Sir William Lucy.*] In the old copy we have only—"Enter a Messenger." But it appears from the subsequent scene that the messenger was Sir William Lucy. MALONE.

³ — are done.] i. e. expended, consumed. The word is yet used in this sense in the Western counties. MALONE.

⁹ — the vulture—] Alluding to the tale of Prometheus. JOHNSON.
Sleeping

Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss
 The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
 That ever-living man of memory,
 Henry the fifth:—Whiles they each other cross,
 Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Other Plains of Gascony.

Enter SOMERSET, with his forces;—a Messenger of TALBOT's with him.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
 This expedition was by York, and Talbot,
 Too rashly plotted; all our general force
 Might with a fall of the very town
 Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
 Hath fullied all his glofs of former honour
 By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
 York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
 That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Off. Here is sir William Lucy, who with me
 Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, sir William? whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord

Talbot¹;

Who, ring'd about² with bold adversity,
 Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
 To beat assailing death from his weak legions³.

¹ — *from bought and sold Lord Talbot*;] i. e. from one utterly ruin'd by the treacherous practices of others. So, in *K. Richard III.*

“Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,

“For Dickon thy master is *bought and sold*.”

The expression appears to have been proverbial. See Vol. IV, p. 558, D. 6. MALONE.

² — *ring'd about*—] Environed, encircled. JOHNSON.

³ — *his weak legions*.] Old Copy—*regions*. Corrected by Mr. ROWE. MALONE.

And whiles the honourable captain there
 Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
 And, in advantage ling'ring⁴, looks for rescue,
 You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
 Keep off aloof with worthless emulation⁵.

Let not your private discord keep away
 The levied succours that should lend him aid,
 While he, renowned noble gentleman,
 Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
 Orleans the hour is, Charles, Burgundy,
 Alençon, Rouen, compass him about,
 And Talbot perissheth by your default.

Som. York let him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
 Swearing, that you withhold his levied host,
 Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent, and had the
 horse:

I owe him little duty, and less love;
 And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by sending.'

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
 Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
 Never to England shall he bear his life;
 But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight:
 Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or slain:
 For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
 And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

⁴ —in *advantage ling'ring*.] Protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post. JOHNSON.

Or perhaps, endeavouring by every means that he can, with *advantage* to himself, to linger out the action, &c. MALONE.

⁵ —*worthless emulation*.] In this line *emulation* signifies merely rivalry, not struggle for superior excellence. JOHNSON.

So Ulysses in *Troilus and Cressida* says, that the Grecian chiefs were
 " — grown to an envious fever

" Of pale and bloodless emulation." MASON.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu!
Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

The English Camp near Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT, and John his son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send thee,
 To tutor thee in stratagems of war;
 That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
 When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
 Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
 But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
 Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
 A terrible and unavoided⁷ danger:

Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
 And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
 By sudden flight: come, dally not, begone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
 And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
 Dishonour not her honourable name,
 To make a bastard, and a slave of me:
 The world will say—He is not Talbot's blood,
 That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood⁸.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He, that flies so, will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then, let me stay: and, father, do you fly:

⁶ — a feast of death,] To a field where death will be feasted with slaughter. JOHNSON.

⁷ — unavoided—] for unavoidable. MALONE.

⁸ — noble Talbot stood.] For what reason this scene is written in rhyme, I cannot guess. If Shakspeare had not in other plays mingled his rhymes and blank verses in the same manner, I should have suspected that this dialogue had been a part of some other poem which was never finished, and that being loath to throw his labour away, he inserted it here. JOHNSON.

Your loss is great, so your regard⁹ should be;
 My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
 Upon my death the French can little boast;
 In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
 Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
 But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
 You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
 But, in I bow, they'll say—it was for fear.
 There is no hope that ever I will stay,
 If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away.
 Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
 Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

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

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name; Shall flight abuse
 it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?
 My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
 No more can I be sever'd from your side,
 Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
 Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
 For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
 Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
 Come, side by side together live and die;
 And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*]

9 — your regard—] Your care of your own safety. JOHNSON.

SCENE VI.

A field of battle.

Alarum: Excursions, wherein Talbot's son is hemm'd about, and Talbot rescues him.

Tal. Saint George, and victory! fight, soldiers! fight:
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word—
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take a breath;
I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O twice my father! twice am I thy son:
The life, thou gav'st me first, was lost and done;
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck
fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen, and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood

¹ *O twice my father! twice am I thy son:]* A French epigram, on a child, who being shipwrecked with his father saved his life by getting on his parent's dead body, turns on the same thought. After describing the wreck, it concludes thus:

“ ——— apres mille efforts,

“ J'appercus prez de moi flotter des membres morts;

“ Helas! c'etoit mon pere.

“ Je le connus, je l'embrassai,

“ Et sur lui jusq' au port hereusement pouffé,

“ Des ondes et des vents j'evitai la furie.

“ Que ce pere doit m'etre cher,

“ Qui m'a deux fois donné la vie,

“ Une fois sur la terre, et l'autre sur la mere!” MALONE.

² — and done;] See p. 79, n. 8. MALONE.

³ — my determin'd time—] Time expired, ended. The word is still used in that sense by legal conveyancers. MALONE.

Of thy first fight—I soon encountered;
 And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
 Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
 Bespoke him thus: *Contaminated, base,
 And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
 Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
 Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:—*
 Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
 Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;
 Art not thou weary, John? How dost thou fare?
 Wilt thou leave the battle, boy, and fly,
 Now thou art call'd the son of chivalry?
 Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
 The help of one stands me in little stead.
 O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
 To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
 If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
 To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
 By me they nothing gain, an if I stay,
 'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day:
 In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
 My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
 All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
 All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart,
 These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart³:
 On that advantage⁴, bought with such a shame,—
 To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,—

³ *The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart,*

These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:]

“Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and swords?”

“That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?” PRIOR.

MALONE.

⁴ *On that advantage, &c.]* i. e. Before young Talbot fly from his father, (in order to save his life while he destroys his character,) *on*, or for the sake of, *the advantages* you mention, namely, preserving our household's name, &c. may my coward horse drop down dead! Mr. Theobald reads—*Out on that 'vantage*—Sir T. Hanmer and the subsequent editors read—*O, what advantage, &c.* MALONE.

Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
 The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die!
 And like me to the peasant boys of France⁵;
 To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!
 Surely, by all the glory you have won,
 An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
 Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
 If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate fire of *Erice*,
 Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet;
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side.
 And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Another part of the same.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter TALBOT wounded, supported by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone;—
 O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—
 Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity⁶!
 Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:—
 When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
 His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
 And, like a hungry lion, did commence
 Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience:

⁵ *And like me to the peasant boys of France;*] By "to like" I suppose the author meant to make like, or reduce to a level with. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity!*] That is, death stained and dishonoured with captivity. JOHNSON.

Death stained by my being made a captive and dying in captivity. The author when he first addresses death, and uses the epithet *triumphant*, considers him as a person who had triumphed over him by plunging his dart in his breast. In the latter part of the line, if Dr. Johnson has rightly explained it, death must have its ordinary signification. "I think light of my death, though rendered disgraceful by captivity," &c. Perhaps however the construction intended by the poet was—Young Talbot's valour makes me, smeared with captivity, smile, &c. If so, there should be a comma after *captivity*. MALONE.

But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin⁷, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddently made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit; and there dy'd
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of John Talbot⁸.

Serv. O my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!

Tal. That antick death⁹, which laugh'd us here to
scoff,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky¹,
In thy despight, shall 'scape mortality.—
O thou whole wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:

⁷ *Tend'ring my ruin,*] Watching me with tendernefs in my fall.

JOHNSON.

I would rather read,—*Tending my ruin*, &c. TYRWHITT.

I adhere to the old reading. So, in *Hamlet*, Polonius says to Ophelia, “—*Tender yourself more dearly.*” STEEVENS.

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

“I *tender* to the safety of my liege—.” MALONE.

⁸ — *the body of John Talbot.*] This John Talbot was the eldest son of the first Earl by his second wife, and was Viscount Lisle, when he was killed with his father, in endeavouring to relieve Chatillon, after the battle of Bourdeaux, in the year 1453. He was created Viscount Lisle in 1451. John, the earl's eldest son by his first wife, was slain at the battle of Northampton in 1460. MALONE.

⁹ *Thou antick death,*] The fool, or antick of the play, made sport by mocking the graver personages. JOHNSON.

¹ — *through the lither sky,*] *Litber* is flexible or yielding. In much the same sense Milton says:

“—— He with broad sails

“Winnow'd the *buxom* air.”

That is, the obsequious air. JOHNSON.

Litber is the comparative of the adjective *litbe*. So, in *Look about you*, 1600:

“I'll bring his *litber* legs in better frame.” STEEVENS.

Brave death by speaking, whether he will, or no;
 Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
 Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should say—
 Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
 Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms:
 My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
 Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
 Now my old arms are young John Talbot's gray. [*dies*,

Alarums. Excunt Sold. and Serv. leaving the two bodies.
Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, Bastard,
LA PUCELLE, and forces

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

Baj. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood²,
 Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood³!

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:
 But—with a proud, majestic, high scorn,—
 He answer'd thus; *Young Talbot was not born*
To be the pillage of a giglot wench⁴:
 So, rushing in the bowels of the French⁵,
 He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

² — *raging-wood,*] That is, *raging mad*. So, in Heywood's *Dialoques*, containing a number of effectual proverbs, 1562:

"She was, as they say, horn-wood,"

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more fool thou art*, 1570:

"He will fight as he were wood." STEEVENS.

³ — *in Frenchmen's blood!*] The return of rhyme where young Talbot is again mentioned, and in no other place, strengthens the suspicion that these verses were originally part of some other work, and were copied here only to save the trouble of composing new. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *of a giglot wench:*] *Giglot* is a *wanton*, or a *strumpet*. JOHNS. The word is used by Galcoigne and other authors, though now quite obsolete. So, in the play of *Orlando Furioso*, 1599:

"Whose choice is like that Greekish *giglot's* love,

"That left her lord, prince Menelaus." STEEVENS.

⁵ — *in the bowels of the French,*] So, in the first part of *Jeronimo*, 1605:

"Meet, Don Andrea! yes, in the *battle's bowels*." STEEV.

Bur.

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight;
See, where he lies inherf'd in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bess. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones afunder;
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no; forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy, attended; a French herald
preceding.

Lucy. Herald,
Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent; to know
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. O, what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

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

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides * of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford^o, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,

* *Where is the great Alcides*—] Old Copy—But where's. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. The compositor probable caught the word *But* from the preceding line. MALONE.

^o *Great earl of Washford*,] It appears from Camden's *Britannia* and Holinshed's *Chronicle of Ireland*, that Wexford was anciently called *Weyford*. In Crompton's *Mansion of Magnanimities* it is written as here, *Washford*. This long list of titles is taken from the epitaph formerly fixed on Lord Talbot's tomb in Rouen in Normandy. Where this author found it, I have not been able to ascertain, for it is not in the common historians. The oldest book in which I have met with it is the tract above mentioned, which was printed in 1599, posterior to the date of this play. Numerous as this list is, the epitaph has one more, which, I suppose, was only rejected because it would not easily fall into the verse, "Lord Lovetoft of Worsof." It concludes as here,—"Lord Falconbridge, Knight of the noble order of St. George, St. Michael, and the golden fleece, Great Marshall to King Henry VI, of his realm in France, who died in the battle of Bourdeaux, 1453." MALONE.

Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of saint George,
Worthy saint Michael, and the golden fleece;
Great marshal to Henry the sixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Puc. Here is a silly stately stile, indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a stile as this.—
Him, that thou magnify'st with all these titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain; the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as befits their worth.

Puc. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em^a; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence:
But from their ashes^a shall be rear'd
A phoenix, that shall make all France afraid.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt,
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [Exeunt.]

⁷ *The Turk, &c.*] Alluding probably to the ostentatious letter of Sultan Solymán the Magnificent, to the emperor Ferdinand, 1562; in which all the *Grand Signior's* titles are enumerated. See Knolles's *Hist. of the Turks*, 5th edit. p. 789. GREY.

^a — let him have 'em;] Old copy—have him. So, a little lower, —do with him. The first emendation was made by Mr. Theobald; the other by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

^a But from their ashes, &c.] The defect of the metre shews that some word of two syllables was inadvertently omitted; probably an epithet to ashes. MALONE.

ACT V. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—

They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, many, uncle; for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity¹ and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect,
And surer bind, this knot of amity,—
The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Hen. Marriage? uncle, alas! my years are young²;
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:

⁹ In the original copy, the transcriber or printer forgot to mark the commencement of the fifth Act; and has by mistake called this scene Scene II. The editor of the second folio made a very absurd regulation by making the act begin in the middle of the preceding scene, (where the Dauphin, &c. enter, and take notice of the dead bodies of Talbot and his son,) which was inadvertently followed in subsequent editions. MALONE.

¹ — immanity—] i. e. barbarity, savageness. STEEVENS.

² — my years are young;] His majesty, however, was twenty-four years old. MALONE.

FIRST PART OF

I shall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER in a Cardinal's habit.

Exe. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree²!
Then, I perceive, that will be verifi'd,
Henry the fifth did sometime prophesy,—
If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.

K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable,
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master,—
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, *and the Amb.]* pledge of my affection,
And so, my lord prebodie, see them guarded,
And safely brought home; ver; where, inshipp'd,

² *What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,*

And call'd unto a cardinal's degree!] This (as Mr. Edwards has observed in his *Mf. notes*) argues a great forgetfulness in the poet. In the first act Gloster says!

I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's bat;
and it is strange that the duke of Exeter should not know of his advancement. STEEVENS.

It should seem from the stage-direction prefixed to this scene, and from the conversation between the Legate and Winchester, that the author meant it to be understood that the bishop had obtained his cardinal's hat only just before his present entry. The inaccuracy therefore was in making Gloster address him by that title in the beginning of the play. He in fact obtained it in the fifth year of Henry's reign.

MALONE,
Commit

Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt K. HEN. and Train; GLO. EXE. and Ambaf.*

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive
The sum of money, which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For cloathing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.

Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth³, or for authority,

The bishop will be over-borne by thee:

I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,

Or sack this country with a mutiny.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, and forces, marching.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping
spirits:

'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, my Charles of France,
And keep not back your power from dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? I prythee, speak.

Mess. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one;

³ *That, neither in birth,*] I would read—for birth. That is, thou shalt not rule me though thy birth is legitimate, and thy authority supreme. JOHNSON.

And

And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd:—
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.*]

SCENE III.

The same. Before Angiers.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—
Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts⁴;

And ye choice spirits, that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents!

[*Thunder.*]

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lonely monarch of the north⁵,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize!

⁴ — ye charming spells, and periapts;] Charms sow'd up. Ezek. xiii. 18. "Wee to the chaff sow pillows to all arm-bolts, to hunt souls." POPE.

Periapts were worn about the neck as preservatives from disease or danger. Of these, the chapter of St. John's Gospel was deemed the most efficacious. Whoever is desirous to know more about them, may consult Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 230, &c. STEEVENS.

The following story, which is related in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595, proves what Mr. Steevens has asserted. "A cardinal seeing a priest carrying a cudgel under his gown, reprimanded him. His excuse was, that he only carried it to defend himself against the dogs of the town. Wherefore, I pray you, replied the cardinal, serves *St. John's Gospel*? Alas, my lord, said the priest, these curs understand no Latin." MALONE.

⁵ — monarch of the north,] The north was always supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton therefore assembles the rebel angels in the north. JOHNSON.

The boast of Lucifer in the xivth chapter of Isaiah is said to be, that he will sit upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north.

STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accusom'd diligence to me.

Now, ye familiar spirits; that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions⁶ under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[They walk about, and speak not.]

O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit;
So you do condescend to help me now.—

[They hang their heads.]

No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit.

[They shake their heads.]

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the fill.

[They depart.]

See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak;
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:—
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

[Exit.]

⁶ — the powerful regions—] I believe Shakspeare wrote—*legions*.

WARBURTON.

In a former passage *regions* seems to have been printed instead of *legions*; at least all the editors from the time of Mr. Rowe have there substituted the latter word instead of the former. See p. 80, n. 3. The word *cull'd*, and the epithet *powerful*, which is applicable to the *fiends* themselves, but not to their place of residence, shew that it has an equal title to a place in the text here. So, in *the Tempest*:

“ — But one *fiend* at a time,

“ I'll fight their *legions* o'er.” MALONE.

The *regions under earth* are the infernal regions. Whence else should the sorcerers have selected or summoned her *fiends*? STEEVENS.

Alarums.

Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting. LA PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand. LA PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think, I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

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

York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

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

York. Fell, banning hag! enchantress, hold thy tongue.

Puc. I pray thee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in lady MARGARET.

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

[gazes on her.]

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee with reverent hands,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
I kiss these fingers [*kisses her hand.*] for eternal peace⁸:

⁷ *Fell, banning hag!* To ban is to curse. STEEVENS.

⁸ *I kiss these fingers for eternal peace:* In the old copy these lines are thus arranged and pointed:

For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,

I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,

And lay them gently on thy tender side.

by which Suffolk is made to kiss his own fingers, a symbol of peace of which there is, I believe, no example. The transposition was made, I think rightly, by Mr. Capel. In the old edition, as here, there is only a comma after "hands," which seems to countenance the regulation now made. To obtain something like sense, the modern editors were obliged to put a full point at the end of that line. MALONE.

Who

Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name; and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples, whosce'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,

Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,

Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings*.

Yet, if this servile usage once offend,

Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

[*She turns away as going.*]

O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;

My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams²,

Twinkling another counterfeited beam,

So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.

Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:

I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind

Fie, De la Poole! disable not thyself¹;

Hast not a tongue? is she not here?

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight!

Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,

Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough².

Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—

What ransom must I pay before I pass?

For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

* — her wings.] Old Copy—*Pol*. This manifest error I only mention, because it supports a note in Vol. III. p. 229, n. 3. and justifies the change there made. *Her* was formerly spelt *bir*; hence it was often confounded with *his*. MALONE.

² *As plays the sun upon the glassy streams, &c.*] This comparison, made between things which seem sufficiently unlike, is intended to express the softness and delicacy of lady Margaret's beauty, which delighted, but did not dazzle: which was bright, but gave no pain by its lustre. JOHNSON.

¹ — disable not thyself;] Do not represent thyself so weak. To disable the judgment of another was, in that age, the same as to destroy its credit or authority. JOHNSON.

So, in *As you like it*, Act V: — "If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment." STEEVENS.

² — and makes the senses rough.] The meaning of this word is not very obvious. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*crouch*. MALONE.

Suf. How canst thou tell, she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside.*]

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman; therefore to be won. [*Aside.*]

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?

Suf. Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife,
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [*Aside.*]

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card³.

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why for my king: Tush! that's a wooden thing⁴.

Mar. He talks of wood: It is for a carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfy'd,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*]

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What though he be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*]

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*]

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere now. [*Aside.*]

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid pro quo*.

³ — a cooling card.] So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

"I'll have a present cooling card for you." STEEVENS.

⁴ — a wooden thing.] is an awkward business, an undertaking not likely to succeed. So, in Lilly's *Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600:

"My master takes but wooden pains." STEEVENS.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden scepter in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam; are you so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth:
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

Reig. *Speaks as he thinks.* *Reig. comes forward.*

A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, on the walls.

Suf. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier; and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, (and, for thy honour, give consent,)
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. *Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?*

Suf. Fair Margaret knows,

SECOND PART OF

That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign⁴,

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit, from the walls.*]

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king;
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth⁵,
To be the princely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine own, the county Maine⁶, and Anjou,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two counties, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And, again,—in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,—
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kindly thanks,
Because this is in a sick of a king:
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case. [Aside.
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
So, farewell, Reignier! Set this diamond safe

4 — face, or feign.] “To face (says Dr. Johnson) is to carry a false appearance; to play the hypocrite.” Hence the name of one of the characters in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*. MALONE.

5 Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth, &c.] To woo her little worth—may mean—to court her small share of merit. But perhaps the passage should be pointed thus:

Since thou dost deign to woo her, little worth

To be the princely bride of such a lord;

i. e. little deserving to be the wife of such a prince. MALONE.

* — the county Maine,] Maine is called a county both by Hall and Holinshed. The old copy erroneously reads—country. MALONE.

In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewel, my lord! Good wishes, praise, and
prayers,

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*going.*]

Suf. Farewel, sweet madam! But hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendations to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly⁶ directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*]

Mar. That for thyself;—I will not so press me,
To send such peevish tokens to a king⁷.

[*Exeunt REIGNIER, and MARGARET.*]

Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth
Where Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wond'rous praise.
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount;
Mad, natural⁸ graces that extinguish art⁸;
Repeat their semblance often on the eas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

⁶ — *modestly*.—] Old Copy—*modesty*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁷ To send such peevish tokens.—] *Peevish* for childish. WARBURTON.
See a note on *Cymbeline*, Act I. sc. vii: "He's strange and *peevish*."

STEEVENS.

⁸ Mad, natural graces that extinguish art;] So the old copy. The modern editors have been content to read—*Her* natural graces. By the word *mad*, however, I believe the poet only meant *wild* or uncultivated. In the former of these significations he appears to have used it in *Othello*: "*he she lov'd prov'd mad*:" which Dr. Johnson has properly interpreted. We call a wild girl, to this day, a *mad-cap*. *Mad*, in some of the ancient books of gardening, is used as an epithet to plants which grow rampant and wild. STEEVENS.

FIRST PART OF

SCENE IV.

Camp of the Duke of York, in Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and Others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I fought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless⁹ cruel death?

Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser!¹ base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood;

Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:

Her mother lieth yet, can testify
She was the first-fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and to her death concludes.

Pope had, perhaps, this line in his thoughts, when he wrote—

“ And catch a grace beyond the reach of art.”

In *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634, *mad* is used in the same manner as in the text:

“ Is it not *mad* lodging in these wild woods here?”

Again, in Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596:
“—with manie more *madde* tricks of youth never plaid before.”

MALONE.

9 —timeless—] is *untimely*. So, in Drayton's *Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy*:

“ Thy strength was buried in his *timeless* death.” STEEVENS.

¹ *Decrepit miser*!] *Miser* has no relation to avarice in this passage, but simply means a miserable creature. So, in Holinshed, p. 760, where he is speaking of the death of Richard III: “ And so this *miser*, at the same verie point, had like chance and fortune,” &c. Again, p. 951, among the last words of lord Cromwell: “—for if I should to doo, I were a very wretch and a *miser*.” STEEVENS.

Shep.

Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle²!
 God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;
 And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
 Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,
 Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble² to the priest,
 The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
 Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
 Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
 Of thy nativity! I would, the milk

Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
 Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!

Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
 I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!

Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?

O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good! [*Exit.*

York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,
 To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd;

Not me * begotten of a shepherd swain,

But issu'd from the progeny of kings;

Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above

By inspiration of celestial grace,

To work exceeding miracles on earth.

I never had to do with wicked spirits:

But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,

Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,

Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—

Because you want the grace that others have,

² — so obstacle!] A vulgar corruption of *obstinate*, which I think has oddly lasted since our author's time till now. JOHNSON.

The same corruption may be met with in Gower, Chapman, and other writers. STEEVENS.

³ — my noble birth.—

'Tis true, I gave a noble—] This passage seems to corroborate an explanation, somewhat far-fetched, which I have given in *K. Henry IV.* of the *nobleman* and *royal man*. JOHNSON.

* Not me—] I believe the author wrote—Not one. MALONE.

You judge it straight a thing impossible
 To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
 No, misconceived⁴! Joan of Arc hath been
 A virgin from her tender infancy,
 Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
 Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
 Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
 Spare for no faggots, let there be enough:
 Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
 That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—
 Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;
 That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
 I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
 Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
 Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forefend! the holy maid with child?

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
 Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
 I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;
 Especially, since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;
 It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel⁵!

It

⁴ *No, misconceived!* i. e. *No, ye misconceivers, ye who mistake me and my qualities.* STEEVENS.

⁵ — [*that notorious Machiavel!*] *Machiavel* being mentioned somewhat before his time, this line is by some of the editors given to the players, and ejected from the text. JOHNSON.

The character of Machiavel seems to have made so very deep an impression on the dramatick writers of this age, that he is many times as prematurely spoken of. So, in the *Valiant Welchman*, 1615, one of the characters bids *Caradoc*, i. e. *Caradriacus*,

“ — read *Machiavel* :

“ Princes that would aspire, must mock at hell.”

Again :

It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A marry'd man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think, she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign, she hath been liberal and free.

York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave my
curse:

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you; till mischief, and despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!

[Exit, guarded.]

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, at ended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;

Again: "— my brain

" Italianates my barren faculties

" To Machiavelian blackness." STEVENS.

6 — darkness and the gloomy shade of death—] The expression is scriptural: "Whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death." MALONE.

? — till mischief and despair

Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!] Perhaps Shakespeare intended to remark in this execration, the frequency of suicide among the English, which has been commonly imputed to the gloominess of their air. JOHNSON.

And

And see at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect?

After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falshood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?—
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little will the Frenchmen gain thereby.

*Enter CHARLES, attended; ALENÇON, BASTARD,
REIGNIER, and Others.*

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

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice¹,
By sight of these our baleful enemies².

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus;
That—in regard king Henry gives consent,
Of meer compassion, and of lenity,

¹ — poison'd voice,] *Poison'd voice* agrees well enough with *baneful enemies*, or with *baleful*, if it can be used in the same sense. The modern editors read—*prison'd voice*. JOHNSON.

Prison'd was introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

² — baleful enemies.] *Baleful* is *sorrowful*; I therefore rather imagine that we should read—*baneful*, hurtful, or mischievous. JOHNSON.

Baleful had anciently the same meaning as *baneful*. It is an epithet very frequently bestow'd on poisonous plants and reptiles. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ With *baleful* weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.”

To ease your country of distressful war,
 And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—
 You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
 And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
 To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
 Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
 And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
 Adorn his temples with a coronet¹;
 And yet, in substance and authority,
 Retain but privilege of a private man?
 This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known, already that I am possess'd
 With more than half the Gallian territories,
 And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
 Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd
 Detract so much from that prerogative,
 As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
 No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
 That which I have, than, coveting for more,
 Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
 Us'd intercession to obtain a league;
 And, now the matter grows to compromise,
 Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison²?
 Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
 Of benefit³ proceeding from our king,
 And not of any challenge of desert,
 Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
 To cavil in the course of this contract:
 If once it be neglected, ten to one,
 We shall not find like opportunity.

¹ —with a coronet;] *Coronet* is here used for a *crown*. JOHNSON.

² —upon comparison?] Do you stand to compare your present state, a state which you have neither right or power to maintain, with the terms which we offer? JOHNSON.

³ Of benefit—] *Benefit* is here a term of law. Be content to live as the beneficiary of our king. JOHNSON.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility:
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

[*Aside, to Charles.*

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition
stand?

Char. It shall:

Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

[*Charles, and the rest, give tokens of fealty.*
So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace,

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, in conference with SUFFOLK; GLOSTER and EXETER following.

K. Hen. Your wond'rous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart;
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide;
So am I driven⁴, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive

⁴ *So am I driven, &c.*] This simile is somewhat obscure; he seems to mean, that as a ship is driven against the tide by the wind, so he is driven by love against the current of his interest. JOHNSON.

Where

Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush, my good lord ! this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise :
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them,)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.

And, which is more, she is not so divine.
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command ;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem ;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach ?

Suf. As doth ~~render~~ with unlawful oaths ;
Or one, that, at a triumph^s having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds :
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that ?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good lord *, her father is a king,
The king of Naples, and Jerusalem ;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,

^s — at a triumph—] A triumph in this author's time signified an exhibition of sports, &c. See *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Vol. II. p. 442, n. 4. MALONE.

* — my good lord,] Good, which is not in the old copy, was added for the sake of the metre, in the second folio. MALONE.

And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exc. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower;
While Reignier sooner will receive, than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.

Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship⁶;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:

And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most⁷ of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.

For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?

Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?

Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,

Approves her fit for none, but for a king:

Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,

(More than in women commonly is seen,)

Will answer our hope in issue of a king;

For Henry, son unto a conqueror,

Is likely to beget more conquerors,

If with a lady of so high resolve,

⁶ — *by attorneyship*;] By the intervention of another man's choice; or the discretionary agency of another. JOHNSON.

⁷ *It most*—] The word *It*, which is wanting in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁸ *Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss*,] *Contrary* is here used as a quadrisyllable; as if it were written *conterary*. So *Henry* is used by our old poets as a trisyllable. See Vol. I. p. 120, n. 4. MALONE.

As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attain'd
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts⁹.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants; and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were¹,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminatè my grief². [Exit.

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[Exeunt GLOSTER, and EXETER.]

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd: and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;

⁹ *As I am sick with working of my thoughts.*] So, in Shakspeare's *King Henry V.*

“*Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege.*”

MALONE.

¹ *If you do censure me, &c.*] To censure is here simply to judge. *If in judging me you consider the past frailties of your own youth.* JOHNSON.
See Vol. I. p. 113, n. 8. MALONE.

² — *ruminatè my grief.*] Grief in the first line is taken generally for pain or uneasiness; in the second specially for sorrow. JOHNSON.

With hope to find the like event in love,
 But prosper better than the Trojan did.
 Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
 But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.³ [Exit.]

³ Of this play there is no copy earlier than that of the folio in 1623, though the two succeeding parts are extant in two editions in quarto. That the second and third parts were published without the first, may be admitted as no weak proof that the copies were surreptitiously obtained, and that the printers of that time gave the publick those plays not such as the author designed, but such as they could get them. That this play was written before the two others is indubitably collected from the series of events; that it was written and played before Henry the Fifth is apparent, because in the epilogue there is mention made of this play, and not of the other parts:

*Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king,—
 Whose fate so many had the managing,
 That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
 Which oft our stage hath shewn.*

France is lost in this play. The two following contain, as the old title imports, the contention of the houses of York and Lancaster.

JOHNSON.

That the second and third parts (as they are now called) were printed without the first, is a proof, in my apprehension, that they were not written by the author of the first: and the title of *The Contention of the houses of York and Lancaster*, being affixed to the two pieces which were printed in quarto in 1600, is a proof that they were a distinct work, commencing where the other ended, but not written at the same time; and that this play was never known by the name of *The first Part of King Henry VI.* till Heminge and Condell gave it this title in their volume, to distinguish it from the two subsequent plays; which, being altered by Shakspeare, assumed the new titles of the *Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.* that they might not be confounded with the original pieces on which they were formed. This first part was, I conceive, originally called *The historical play of King Henry VI.* See the Essay at the end of these contested pieces. MALONE.

KING HENRY VI.

PART II.

VOL. VI.

I

Persons Represented.

King Henry the Sixth :

Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, his uncle.

Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, great uncle to the king.

Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York :

Edward and Richard, his sons.

Duke of Somerset,

Duke of Suffolk,

Duke of Buckingham, } of the king's party.

Lord Clifford,

Young Clifford, his son.

Earl of Salisbury,

Earl of Warwick, } of the York faction.

Lord Scales, Governour of the Tower. Lord Say.

Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his brother. Sir John Stanley.

A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and Walter Whitmore.

Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.

A Herald. Vaux.

Hume and Southwell, two priests.

Bolingbroke, a Conjurer. A spirit raised by him.

Thomas Horner, an Armourer. Peter, his man.

Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.

Simpcox, an Impostor. Two Murderers.

Jack Cade, a Rebel :

George, John, Dick, Will, Michael, &c. his followers.

Alexander Iden, a Kentish Gentleman.

Margaret, Queen to King Henry.

Eleanor, Dutcheſs of Gloster.

Margery Jourdain, a Witch.

Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants ; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers ; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE, dispersedly in various parts of England.

SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY VI.¹

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Room of state in the Palace.*

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one side, King HENRY, Duke of GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Cardinal BEAUFORT; on the other, Queen MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and Others, following.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty²
I had in charge at my depart for France,

As

¹ In a note prefixed to the preceding play, I have briefly stated my opinion concerning the drama now before us, and that which follows it; to which the original editors of Shakspeare's works in folio have given the titles of *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.*

The Contention of the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster in two parts, was published in quarto, in 1600; and the first part was entered on the Stationers' books, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) March 12, 1593-4. On these two plays, which I believe to have been written by some preceding author, before the year 1590, Shakspeare formed, as I conceive, this and the following drama; altering, retrenching, or amplifying, as he thought proper. The reasons on which this hypothesis is founded, I shall subjoin at large at the end of *The third part of King Henry VI.* At present it is only necessary to apprise the reader of the method observed in the printing of these plays. All the lines printed in the usual manner, are found in the original quarto plays (at least with such minute variations as are not worth noticing); and those, I conceive, Shakspeare adopted as he found them. The lines to which inverted commas are prefixed, were, if my hypothesis be well founded, retouched, and greatly improved by him; and those with asterisks were his own original production; the embroidery with which he ornamented the coarse stuff that had been awkwardly made up for the stage by some of his contemporaries. The speeches which he new-modelled, he improved, sometimes by amplification, and sometimes by retrenchment.

These two pieces, I imagine, were produced in their present form in

As procurator to your excellence³,
 To marry prince's Margaret for your grace;
 So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—
 In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
 The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,
 Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
 I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd :
 And humbly now upon my bended knee,
 In sight of England and her lordly peers,

1591. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. and the Dissertation at the end of *The third part of King Henry VI.* Dr. Johnson observes very justly, that these two parts were not written without a dependance on the first. Undoubtedly not; the old play of *K. Henry VI.* (or, as it is now called, *The first part*,) certainly had been exhibited before these were written in any form. But it does not follow from this concession, either that *The Contention of the two houses*, &c. in two parts, was written by the author of the former play, or that Shakspeare was the author of these two pieces as they originally appeared. MALONE.

This and *The third part of King Henry VI.* contain that troublesome period of this prince's reign, which took in the whole contention betwixt the houses of York and Lancaster. The present scene opens with king Henry's marriage, which was in the twenty-third year of his reign [A.D. 1445]; and closes with the first battle fought at St. Albans, and won by the York faction, in the thirty-third year of his reign [1455]: so that it comprizes the history and transactions of ten years. THEOBALD.

This play was altered by Crowne, and acted in 1682. STEEVENS.

² *As by your high, &c.*] It is apparent that this play begins where the former ends, and continues the series of transactions of which it presupposes the first part already known. This is a sufficient proof that the second and third parts were not written without dependance on the first, though they were printed as containing a complete period of history. JOHNSON.

³ *As procurator to your excellence, &c.*] So, in Holinshed, p. 625: "The marquess of Suffolk, as procurator to king Henrie, espoused the said ladie in the church of saint Martins. At the which marriage were present the father and mother of the bride; the French king himself that was uncle to the husband, and the French queen also that was aunt to the wife. There were also the dukes of Orleance, of Calabre, of Alanson, and of Britaine, seaven earles, twelve barons, twenty bishops," &c. STEEVENS.

This passage Holinshed transcribed *verbatim* from Hall. MALONE.

Deliver

Deliver up my title in the queen
 To your most gracious hands, that are⁴ the substance
 Of that great shadow I did represent;
 The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
 The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret:
 I can express no kinder sign of love,
 Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
 For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
 'A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
 * If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

'*Q. Mar.* Great king of England, and my gracious
 lord;
 'The mutual conference⁵ that my mind hath had—
 'By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;
 'In courtly company, or at my beads,—
 'With you mine alder-lesest sovereign⁶,
 'Makes me the bolder to salute my king
 'With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,
 'And over-joy of heart doth minister.
 'K. Hen. Her sight did ravish: but her grace in speech,
 'Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
 'Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys?
 'Such

⁴ — that are—] i. e. to the gracious hands of you, my sovereign, who are, &c. In the old play the line stands:

Unto your gracious excellence that are, &c. MALONE.

⁵ The mutual conference—] I am the bolder to address you, having already familiarized you to my imagination. JOHNSON.

⁶ — mine alder-lesest sovereign,] *Alder-lesest*, says Mr. Tyrwhitt, in his GLOS. to Chaucer, signifies, *dearest of all*. *Leve* or *lese*, Sax. *dear*; *Alder* or *Aller*, gen. ca. pl. of *all*. MALONE.

The word is used by Chaucer, Marston, and Gaucogne. STEEVENS.

⁷ Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys;] This weeping joy, of which there is no trace in the original play, Shakspeare was extremely fond of; having introduced it in *Much ado about nothing*, *K. Richard II.* *Macbeth*, and *King Lear*. This and the preceding speech stand thus in the original play in quarto. I transcribe them that the reader may be the better able to judge concerning my hypothesis; and shall quote a few other passages for the same purpose. To exhibit

' Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—

' Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*]

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,

Here are the articles of contracted peace,

Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,

' For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [*reads.*] *Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquis of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England,—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.—*

Item,—That the dutchy of Anjou and the county of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her father—

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;

Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,

And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. Item,—It is further agreed between them,—that the dutchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having dowry.

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquis, kneel down;

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,

all the speeches that Shakspeare has altered, would be almost to print the two plays twice:

Queen. The excessive love I beare unto your grace,

Forbids me to be lavish of my tongue,

Left I should speake more than befits a woman.

Let this suffice; my blis is in your liking;

And nothing can make poor Margaret miserable

Unless the frowne of mightie England's king.

Fr. King. Her lookes did wound, but now her speech doth

Lovely Queen Margaret, sit down by my side;

[*perce.*]

And uncle Gloster, and you lordly peeres,

With one voice welcome my beloved Queene. MALONE.

And

And girt thee with the sword.—

Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace

From being régent in the parts of France,

Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—

Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and Buckingham,

Somerfet, Salisbury, and Warwick;

We thank you all for this great favour done,

In entertainment to my princely queen.

Come, let us in; and with all speed provide

To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*]

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,

' To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,

' Your grief, the common grief of all the land.

' What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,

' His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?

' Did he so often lodge in open field,

' In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,

' To conquer France, his true inheritance?

' And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,

' To keep by policy what Henry got?

' Have you yourselves, Somerfet, Buckingham,

' Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,

' Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?

' Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,

' With all the learned council of the realm,

' Study'd so long, sat in the council-house,

' Early and late, debating to and fro

' How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?

' And hath his highness in his infancy,

' Been crown'd * in Paris, in despite of foes;

' And shall these labours, and these honours, die?

' Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,

' Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?

' O peers of England, shameful is this league!

' Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame;

' Blotting your names from books of memory;

* Been crown'd—] The word *Been* was supplied by Mr. Steevens.

MALONE.

' Razing