
☛ The Plays and
Sonnets of
William Shakespeare
Volume One

Edited by William George Clarke and William Aldis Wright



WILLIAM BENTON, *Publisher*

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GREAT BOOKS OF THE WESTERN WORLD

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26.

SHAKESPEARE: I

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 1564-1616

SHAKESPEARE was baptized in the parish church of Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire on April 26, 1564. His father, John Shakespeare, was a burgess of the recently constituted corporation of Stratford, and filled certain municipal offices, including that of high bailiff. By occupation he was a glover, although he appears to have dealt from time to time in various kinds of agricultural produce and may have combined a certain amount of farming with the practice of his trade. His wife, and the mother of the dramatist, Mary Arden, came of a distinguished Catholic family, and had brought her husband a farm of about fifty or sixty acres, known as the Asbies. There were at least eight children, William being the third child and eldest son.

Stratford possessed a free grammar-school, and Shakespeare presumably obtained his education there. When he was about thirteen, his father's fortunes took a turn for the worse, and it seems likely that Shakespeare was apprenticed to some local trade. According to one story, he killed calves for his father, and "would do it in a high style, and make a speech." In November, 1582, he married Anne Hathaway, a woman eight years his senior, and their first child Susanna, was baptized on May 26, 1583, followed by twins, Hamnet and Judith, in 1585. Before the birth of the twins Shakespeare's career in Stratford seems to have come to a tempestuous close. One tradition, coming from two different sources, asserts that he got into trouble through poaching on the estates of a considerable Warwickshire magnate, Sir Thomas Lucy, and found it necessary to leave town. But from this event until he emerges as an actor and rising playwright in 1592, his history is unknown. His entry into the theatrical world, according to the stage tradition, was in a menial capacity, perhaps even as a holder of horses at the doors.

By 1592, when he was twenty-eight, Shakespeare had begun to emerge as a playwright and had evoked the jealousy of at least one of the group of scholar poets who claimed a monopoly of the stage. Robert Greene, in an invective against the play-actors in his *Groats-worth of Wit*, parodies a line from *Henry VI* and speaks of an "upstart crow" who is "in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in the country." While the theatres were closed from 1592 to 1594 because of riot and the plague, Shakespeare further en-

hanced his literary reputation by the publication of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*. It is also probable that the first of his sonnets then began to circulate privately, although they were not published as a whole until 1609.

After the reopening of the theatres in 1594, Shakespeare is listed among the "servauntes of the Lord Chamberlayne," the company for which he wrote and acted throughout his life. His acting seems to have been limited to such roles as the Ghost in *Hamlet* and Adam in *As You Like It*, but as a dramatist he was the mainstay of the company for some fifteen years. As early as 1598 the *Palladis Tamia*, a kind of literary handbook published by Francis Meres, extols Shakespeare as "the most excellent in both kinds (*i.e.* comedy and tragedy) for the state," and one of "the most passionate among us to bewaile and bemoane the perplexities of love"; it also provides a list of twelve plays already written, which serves as a starting point for modern attempts at a chronological arrangement of his work. Shakespeare seems to have written more rapidly during these early years than later, but on an average he wrote for his company about two plays a year. His fellow-dramatists writing for the Chamberlain's men included Ben Jonson, Dekker, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Tourneur. He seems to have been particularly intimate with Jonson; there are stories of their jests and drinking bouts, and Jonson later declared, "I lov'd the man and do honour his memory (on this side idolatry) as much as any."

In addition to being both actor and playwright, Shakespeare was also a share-holder in the company, and his prosperity was joined with that of his theatre. They were frequently asked to play at Court, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is said to owe its origin to Elizabeth's desire to see Falstaff in love. James I on his accession took the company under his patronage, and during the remainder of Shakespeare's connection with the stage they were "the King's men." The records of performances at court show that they were by far the most favored of the companies. Shakespeare was particularly popular; Jonson refers to his flights "that so did take Eliza and our James," and he is said to have received an autograph letter from King James. He appears also to have been on cordial terms with his fellows of the stage; one of them left him a small legacy, and in his

own will he paid a similar compliment to three of his theatrical associates.

Shakespeare's increasing prosperity is reflected in the restored fortunes of his family at Stratford. The prosecutions of John Shakespeare for debt ceased, and in 1596 his application for a coat-of-arms, made at the time he was bailiff, was at length granted. In 1597 the playwright purchased New Place, one of the largest houses in Stratford. Here he established his wife and two daughters, his son having died the year before. Until 1610 he apparently lived and worked in London, making only occasional visits to Stratford, but in that year he seems to have returned to his birthplace. He lived as a retired gentleman on friendly terms with the richest of his neighbors and showed interest in local affairs which might affect his income or his comfort, such as a bill for the improvement of the highways in 1611, or a proposed enclosure of the open fields in

1614. His retirement did not imply a complete break with London life; his plays were still being produced, and he was providing new ones, although the last few may have been written at Stratford. As late as 1613 he is known to have bought a house in London at the Blackfriars, perhaps for purposes of investment rather than residence. It is likely that his connection with the king's company ended when the Globe theatre was burnt down during a performance of *Henry VIII* in 1613.

In March of 1616 Shakespeare made his will, leaving to his daughter Susanna the bulk of his estate and to his wife "the second best bed with the furniture," although she also legally enjoyed until her death a third of his lands and houses. A month after his will was signed, on April 23, 1616, Shakespeare died and as a tithe-owner was buried in the chancel of the parish church.

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The First Part of KING HENRY THE SIXTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE SIXTH
 DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *uncle to the King and Lord Protector*
 DUKE OF BEDFORD, *uncle to the King and Regent of France*
 HENRY BEAUFORT, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, *great-uncle to the King, afterwards CARDINAL*
 THOMAS BEAUFORT, DUKE OF EXETER, *great-uncle to the King*
 JOHN BEAUFORT, DUKE OF SOMERSET
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *son of Richard late Earl of Cambridge, afterwards DUKE OF YORK*
 EARL OF WARWICK
 EARL OF SALISBURY
 WILLIAM DE LA POLE, EARL OF SUFFOLK
 LORD TALBOT, *afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury*
 JOHN TALBOT, *his son*
 EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March*
 SIR JOHN FASTOLFE
 SIR WILLIAM LUCY
 SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE
 SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE
 MAYOR OF LONDON
 OFFICER of the Mayor of London
 WOODVILLE, *Lieutenant of the Tower*
 VERNON, *of the White Rose or York faction*
 BASSET, *of the Red Rose or Lancaster faction*
 LAWYER
 GAOLER
 SIX MESSENGERS
 TWO WARDERS
 THREE SERVANTS to Gloucester
 SERVANT to Talbot

ENGLISH CAPTAIN
 CAPTAIN of Talbot's Army
 ENGLISH SOLDIER

CHARLES, *Dauphin, and afterwards King, of France*
 REIGNIER, *Duke of Anjou and Maine, and titular King of Naples and Jerusalem*
 DUKE OF BURGUNDY
 DUKE OF ALENÇON
 BASTARD OF ORLEANS
 GOVERNOR OF PARIS
 MASTER-GUNNER of Orleans
 BOY of Master-Gunner
 GENERAL of the French Forces in Bourdeaux
 FRENCH SERGEANT
 FRENCH SENTINEL
 PORTER
 SHEPHERD, *father to Joan La Pucelle*
 FRENCH SOLDIER
 WATCHMAN of Rouen
 FRENCH SCOUT
 PAPAL LEGATE

MARGARET, *daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry*
 COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE
 JOAN LA PUELLE, *commonly called Joan of Arc*

NON-SPEAKING: *French Herald, Ambassadors, Soldiers, Gaolers, Servingmen, Attendants, and Fiends appearing to Joan La Pucelle*

SCENE: *Partly in England, and partly in France*



ACT I

SCENE I. Westminster Abbey

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the DUKE OF BEDFORD, Regent of France; the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, Protector; the DUKE OF EXETER, the EARL OF WARWICK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, the DUKE OF SOMERSET, Heralds, &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,
 Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
 And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
 That have consented unto Henry's death!
 King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
 England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glou. England ne'er had a king until his time.
 Virtue he had, deserving to command:
 His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams:

His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
 His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
 More dazzled and drove back his enemies
 Than midday sun fierce bent against their faces
 What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
 He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?

Henry is dead and never shall revive:
 Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
 And death's dishonourable victory
 We with our stately presence glorify,
 Like captives bound to a triumphant car.

What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contrived his end?

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of
Kings.

Unto the French the dreadful judgement-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight. 30
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glou. The church! where is it? Had not church-
men pray'd,

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou art
protector

And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious churchmen may. 40

Glou. Name not religion, for thou lovest the
flesh,

And ne'er throughout the year to church thou
go'st

Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars and rest your minds
in peace:

Let's to the altar: heralds, wait on us:
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall
suck,

Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears, 50
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invoke:
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Caesar or bright——

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans, 60
Paris, Guysors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead
Henry's corse?

Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.

Glou. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?

If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield
the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was
used?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and
money.

Amongst the soldiers this is muttered, 70
That here you maintain several factions,
And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and
fought,

You are disputing of your generals:
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms; 80
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; Regent I am of France.
Give me my steeled coat. I'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter to them a SECOND MESSENGER.

2nd Mess. Lords, view these letters full of bad
mischance.

France is revolted from the English quite, 90
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part,
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glou. We will not fly, but to our enemies'
throats.

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my for-
wardness? 100

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter a THIRD MESSENGER.

3rd Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your
laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's
hearse,

I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

3rd Mess. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'er-
thrown:

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last this dreadful lord, 110

Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
 Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
 By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
 Was round encompassed and set upon.
 No leisure had he to enrank his men;
 He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
 Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of
 hedges

They pitched in the ground confusedly,
 To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
 More than three hours the fight continued; 120
 Where valiant Talbot above human thought
 Enacted wonders with his sword and lance:
 Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand
 him;

Here, there, and everywhere, enraged he flew:
 The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
 All the whole army stood agazed on him:
 His soldiers spying his undaunted spirit,
 "A Talbot! a Talbot!" cried out amain
 And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.

Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up, 130
 If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:

He, being in the vaward, placed behind
 With purpose to relieve and follow them,
 Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
 Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
 Enclosed were they with their enemies:
 A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
 Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,
 Whom all France with their chief assembled
 strength

Durst not presume to look once in the face. 140

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
 For living idly here in pomp and ease,
 Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
 Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

3rd Mess. O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
 And Lord Scales with him and Lord Hungerford:
 Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
 I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne:
 His crown shall be the ransom of my friend; 150
 Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
 Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
 Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
 To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
 Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
 Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe
 quake.

3rd Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is
 besieged;

The English army is grown weak and faint:
 The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
 And hardly keeps his men from mutiny, 160
 Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry
 sworn,

Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
 Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
 To go about my preparation. [Exit.]

Glou. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
 To view the artillery and munition;
 And then I will proclaim young Henry king.

[Exit.]

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
 Being ordain'd his special governor, 171
 And for his safety there I'll best devise. [Exit.]

Win. Each hath his place and function to
 attend:

I am left out; for me nothing remains.
 But long I will not be Jack out of office:
 The king from Eltham I intend to steal
 And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. France: Before Orleans

*Sound a flourish. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, and
 REIGNIER, marching with drum and Soldiers.*

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the
 heavens

So in the earth, to this day is not known:
 Late did he shine upon the English side;
 Now we are victors; upon us he smiles.
 What towns of any moment but we have?
 At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
 Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
 Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge and their fat
 bull-beeves:

Either they must be dieted like mules 10
 And have their provender tied to their mouths,
 Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege: why live we idly
 here?

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
 Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
 And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
 Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on
 them.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French!
 Him I forgive my death that killeth me 20
 When he sees me go back one foot or fly. [Exeunt.
*Here alarum; they are beaten back by the English
 with great loss. Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON,
 and REIGNIER.*

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!
 Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled,
 But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
 He fighteth as one weary of his life.

The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Feissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred 30
During the time Edward the Third did reign.

More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliases
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hare-
brain'd slaves,

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth 39
The walls they'll tear down than forsake the
siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmors or device
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll even let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news
for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer
appall'd:

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand: 50

A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a vision sent to her from heaven
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine Sibyls of old Rome:
What's past and what's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.

Char. Go, call her in. [*Exit Bastard.*] But first,
to try her skill, 60

Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern:
By this means shall we sound what skill she
hath.

*Re-enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, with JOAN
LA PUCELLE.*

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these
wondrous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile
me?

Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from
behind;

I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me:

In private will I talk with thee apart. 69

Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's
daughter,

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.

Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate:

Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me
And in a vision full of majesty

Will'd me to leave my base vocation 80

And free my country from calamity:

Her aid she promised and assured success:

In complete glory she reveal'd herself;

And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infused on me
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.

Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:

My courage try by combat, if thou darest,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex. 90

Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high
terms:

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepared: here is my keen-edged
sword,

Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's
churchyard, 100

Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come, o' God's name; I fear no
woman.

Puc. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

Here they fight, and JOAN LA PUCELLE overcomes.

Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too
weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must
help me:

Impatiently I burn with thy desire:
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.

Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so, 110

Let me thy servant and not sovereign be:

'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean? 121

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?

Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!

Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says, I'll confirm: we'll fight it out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge. This night the siege assuredly I'll raise: 130

Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days, Since I have entered into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.

Now am I like that proud insulting ship
Which Caesar and his fortune bare at once.

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired then. 141

Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;

Drive them from Orleans and be immortalized

Char. Presently we'll try: come, let's away about it:

No prophet will I trust, if she proves false. 150
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. London: Before the Tower

Enter the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, with his Servingmen in blue coats.

Glou. I am come to survey the Tower this day:
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?

Open the gates; 'tis Gloucester that calls.

[*Servingmen knock.*]

1st Warder. [Within] Who's there that knocks so imperiously?

1st Serv. It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

2nd Warder. [Within] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1st Serv. Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

1st Warder. [Within] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd. 10

Glou. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?

There's none protector of the realm but I.
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

Gloucester's men rush at the Tower Gates, and woodville, the Lieutenant, speaks within.

Wood. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glou. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates: here's Gloucester that would enter.

Wood. Have patience, noble duke; I may not open:

The Cardinal of Winchester forbids;
From him I have express commandment 20
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glou. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?

Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?

Thou art no friend to God or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

Servingmen. Open the gates unto the lord protector,
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Lord Protector at the Tower Gates WINCHESTER, and his men in tarwny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphry! what means this?

Glou. Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out? 30

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the king or realm.

Glou. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contrivedst to murder our dead lord;
Thou that givest whores indulgences to sin:
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:

This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt. 40

Glou. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:

Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou darest; I beard thee to thy face.

Glou. What! am I dared and bearded to my face?

Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue coats to tawny coats. Priest, beware your beard;

I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat:
In spite of Pope or dignities of church, 50
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloucester, thou wilt answer this before the Pope.

Glou. Winchester goose, I cry, a rope! a rope!
Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.
Out, tawny coats! out, scarlet hypocrite!

*Here Gloucester's men beat out the Cardinal's men,
and enter in the hurly-burly the MAYOR OF LON-
DON and his OFFICERS.*

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glou. Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs:

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,

Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use. 61

Win. Here's Gloucester, a foe to citizens,
One that still motions war and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines,
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm,
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king and suppress the prince.

Glou. I will not answer thee with words, but blows. [*Here they skirmish again.*]

May. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife. 70

But to make open proclamation:
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst
Cry.

Off. All manner of men assembled here in arms
this day against God's peace and the King's, we
charge and command you, in his Highness' name,
to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not
to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon or
dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glou. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloucester, we will meet; to thy cost, be
sure:

Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away.

This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

Glou. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou mayst.

Win. Abominable Gloucester, guard thy head;
For I intend to have it ere long.

[*Exeunt, severally, GLOUCESTER and WIN-
CHESTER with their Servingmen.*]

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.

Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear! 90

I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Before Orleans*

Enter, on the walls, a MASTER GUNNER and his BOY.

Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged,

And how the English have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.

Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled by me:

Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.

The prince's espials have informed me

How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont through a secret grate of iron bars 10

In yonder tower to overpeer the city

And thence discover how with most advantage

They may vex us with shot or with assault.

To intercept this inconvenience,

A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have placed;

And even these three days have I watch'd,

If I could see them.

Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;

And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*]

Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them. [*Exit.*]

*Enter, on the turrets, the LORDS SALISBURY and TAL-
BOT, SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS GAR-
GRAVE, and others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!

How wert thou handled being prisoner?

Or by what means got'st thou to be released?

Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner

Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santraillies;

For him was I exchanged and ransomed.

But with a baser man of arms by far 30

Once in contempt they would have barter'd me;

Which I disdaining scorn'd and craved death

Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.

In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired.

But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertained.

Tal. With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts.

In open market-place produced they me, 40

To be a public spectacle to all:

Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.

Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame:

My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.

In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread

That they supposed I could rend bars of steel 51

And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:

Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had

That walk'd about me every minute while;

And if I did but stir out of my bed,

Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the BOY with a linstock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endured,

But we will be revenged sufficiently.

Now it is supper-time in Orleans:

Here, through this grate, I count each one 60

And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:

Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.

Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,

Let me have your express opinions

Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

Here they shoot. SALISBURY and GARGRAVE fall.

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners! 70

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?

Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:

How farest thou, mirror of all martial men?

One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!

Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand

That hath contrived this woful tragedy!

In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;

Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field. 81
Yet livest thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,

One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,

If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!

Bear hence his body; I will help to burn it.

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?

Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.

Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort; 90

Thou shalt not die whiles—

He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,

As who should say "When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French."

Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,

Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:

Wretched shall France be only in my name.

Here an alarm, and it thunders and lightens.

What stir is this? what tumult's in the heavens?

Whence cometh this alarm and the noise?

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head: 100

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,

A holy prophetess new risen up,

Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

Here SALISBURY lifteth himself up and groans.

Tal. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!

It irks his heart he cannot be revenged.

Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:

Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,

Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,

And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.

Convey me Salisbury into his tent, 110

And then we'll try what these dastard French-

men dare. [*Alarm. Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same*

Here an alarm again: and TALBOT pursueth the DAUPHIN, and driveth him: then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them: then re-enter TALBOT.

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

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;

A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Re-enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout with thee;

Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:

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

And straightway give thy soul to him thou
servest.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace
thee. [*Here they fight.*]

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to pre-
vail? 9

My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

They fight again.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

A short alarum: then enter the town with soldiers.
O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hungry-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be. [*Exit.*]

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's
wheel;

I know not where I am, nor what I do: 20

A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal.

Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

A short alarum.

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard, 31
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

Alarum. Here another skirmish.

It will not be: retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Exit TALBOT. Alarum; retreat; flourish.*]

SCENE VI. *The same.*

*Enter, on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIG-
NIER, ALENÇON, and Soldiers.*

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescued is Orleans from the English:
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetic!
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:

More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state. 10

Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud through-
out the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and
joy,

When they shall hear how we have play'd the
men.

Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is
won;

For which I will divide my crown with her,
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise. 20

A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear

Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was:

In memory of her when she is dead,

Her ashes, in an urn more precious

Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,

Transported shall be at high festivals

Before the kings and queens of France.

No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,

But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.

Come in, and let us banquet royally, 30

After this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I. *Before Orleans*

Enter a SERGEANT of a band, with two SENTINELS.

Serg. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant:

If any noise or soldier you perceive

Near to the walls, by some apparent sign

Let us have knowledge at the court of guard

1st Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*]

Thus are poor servitors,

When others sleep upon their quiet beds,

Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain and cold.

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and forces,
with scaling-ladders, their drums beating a dead
march.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Wallon and Picardy are friends to us, 10

This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,

Having all day caroused and banqueted:

Embrace we then this opportunity

As fitting best to quittance their deceit,

Contrived by art and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France! how much he wrongs
his fame,

Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,

To join with witches and the help of hell!

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that Pucelle whom they term so
pure? 20

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid! and be so martial!

Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere
'long,

If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with
spirits:

God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow
thee.

Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways; 30
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed: I'll to yond corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his
grave.

Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

1st Sent. Arm! arm! the enemy doth make
assault!

Cry: "St. George," "A Talbot." *The English*
scale the walls.

The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter,
several ways, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALEN-
çon, and REIGNIER, half ready, and half unready.

Alen. How now, my lords! what, all unready
so?

Bast. Unready! ay, and glad we 'scaped so
well. 40

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave
our beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

Alen. Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturesome or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour
him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles: I marvel how he
sped.

Bast. Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame? 50

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,

That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his
friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?

Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?

Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,

This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your
default, 60

That, being captain of the watch to-night,

Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept

As that whereof I had the government,

We had not been thus shamefully surprised.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this
night,

Within her quarter and mine own precinct

I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the sentinels: 70

Then how or which way should they first
break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How or which way: 'tis sure they found some
place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.

And now there rests no other shift but this;

To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispersed,

And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an ENGLISH SOLDIER, crying "A
Talbot! a Talbot!" They fly, leaving their
clothes behind.

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.

The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;

For I have loaden me with many spoils, 80

Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Orleans: Within the town*

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a CAPTAIN,
and others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.

Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[*Retreat sounded.*]

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,

And here advance it in the market-place,

The middle centre of this cursed town.

Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;

For every drop of blood was drawn from him

There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.

And that hereafter ages may behold 10

What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,

Within their chiefest temple I'll erect

A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
 Upon the which, that every one may read,
 Shall be engraved the sack of Orleans,
 The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
 And what a terror he had been to France.
 But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
 I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
 His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
 Nor any of his false confederates. 21

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,

Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
 They did amongst the troops of armed men
 Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself, as far as I could well discern
 For smoke and dusky vapours of the night,
 Am sure I scared the Dauphin and his trull,
 When arm in arm they both came swiftly
 running,

Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves 30
 That could not live asunder day or night.
 After that things are set in order here,
 We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this
 princely train
 Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
 So much applauded through the realm of France?
Tal. Here is the Talbot: who would speak with
 him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
 With modesty admiring thy renown,
 By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouch-
 safe 40

To visit her poor castle where she lies,
 That she may boast she hath beheld the man
 Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
 Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
 When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
 You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of
 men

Could not prevail with all their oratory,
 Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled: 50
 And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
 And in submission will attend on her.
 Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No truly; it is more than manners will:
 And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
 Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
 I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
 Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*] You perceive
 my mind?

Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.

[*Exeunt.* 60

SCENE III. *Auvergne: The Countess's castle*

Enter the COUNTESS and her PORTER.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
 And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out
 right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit
 As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
 Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
 And his achievements of no less account:
 Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
 To give their censure of these rare reports. 10

Enter MESSENGER and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,
 According as your ladyship desired,
 By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.
Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the
 man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
 Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad
 That with his name the mothers still their babes?
 I see report is fabulous and false:
 I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
 A second Hector, for his grim aspect, 20
 And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
 Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!
 It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
 Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
 But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
 I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now? Go ask him
 whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady
 craves

To know the cause of your abrupt departure. 30

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
 I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter PORTER with keys.

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

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
 And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
 Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
 For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
 But now the substance shall endure the like,
 And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
 That hast by tyranny these many years 40
 Wasted our country, slain our citizens