

# **HENRY THE SIXTH, PART ONE**

**William Shakespeare**

**Fourth Draft Cut  
For First Reading, April 15 2015**

## **University of Waterloo**

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Adapted by Dr. Toby Malone and Kelsey Sewell**

### **COMPANY STRUCTURE**

#### **Sharers**

- 1. Sam Beuerle - Winchester**
- 2. Rebecca Birrell -  
Bedford/Mortimer/Shepherd/Falstaff/Watch/Ambassador/Fiend**
- 3. Jessica Blondin - Gloucester**
- 4. Mollie Garrett - York/Salisbury/Warder**
- 5. Eric Van Dijk - Talbot/Fiend**

#### **Journeyman**

- 6. Alex Carruthers - Exeter/Gargrave/Porter**
- 7. Carly Derderian - Dauphin/1Citizen**
- 8. Eric Kim - Burgundy/Woodville/Keeper/4Messenger**
- 9. Carleigh MacDonald - Bastard of Orleans/3Citizen**
- 10. Daniel Ruginets - Warwick/6Messenger/Ambassador**
- 11. Cameron Smith - Suffolk/Gunner of  
Orleans/Soldier/7Messenger/Ambassador**
- 12. Michael To - Somerset/Glansdale/Captain/2Servant/Fiend**
- 13. Adam Winchester - Reignier, King of Naples/2Citizen**

#### **Apprentices**

- 14. Celena Alcock - Henry the Sixth/Gunner's Boy/1Messenger/5Messenger**
- 15. Chantaine Green-Leach - Vernon/Lucy/2Messenger/1Servant/Fiend**
- 16. Emma Mann - Countess of Auvergne/Basset/Young Talbot/Margaret of  
Anjou/Mayor of London/3Messenger/Fiend/Sentinel**
- 17. Alan Shonfield - Joan of Arc**

**Battle, Crowd, and Melee scenes As Cast.**

**BLOCK 1.1a**

*Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.*

*Dead March.*

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

- BEDFORD** Hung be ye heauens with black, yield day to night;  
Comets importing change of Times and States,  
Brandish your crystall Tresses in the Skie,  
And with them scourge the bad reuolting Stars,  
That haue consented vnto Henries death:  
King Henry the Fift, too famous to liue long,  
England ne're lost a King of so much worth.
- GLOUCESTER** England ne're had a King vntill his time:  
Vertue he had, deseruing to command,  
His brandisht Sword did blinde men with his beames,  
His Armes spred wider then a Dragons Wings:  
His sparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire,  
More dazled and droue back his Enemies,  
Then mid-day Sunne, fierce bent against their faces.  
What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speech:  
He ne're lift vp his Hand, but conquered.
- EXETER** We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood?  
Henry is dead, and neuer shall reuiue.  
Vpon a Woodden Coffin we attend;  
And Deaths dishonourable Victorie,  
We with our stately presence glorifie,  
Like Captiuies bound to a Triumphant Carre.  
What? shall we curse the Planets of Mishap,  
That plotted thus our Glories ouerthrow?  
Or shall we thinke the subtile-witted French,  
Coniurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,  
By Magick Verses haue contriu'd his end.
- WINCHESTER** He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.  
Vnto the French, the dreadfull Iudgement-Day  
So dreadfull will not be, as was his sight.  
The Battailes of the Lord of Hosts he fought:

The Churches Prayers made him so prosperous.

- GLOUCESTER** The Church? where is it?  
Had not Church-men pray'd,  
His thred of Life had not so soone decay'd.
- WINCHESTER** Gloster, what ere we like, thou art Protector,  
And lookest to command the Prince and Realme.
- GLOUCESTER** Name not Religion, for thou lou'st the Flesh,  
And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'st,  
Except it be to pray against thy foes.
- BEDFORD** Cease, cease these larres, & rest your minds in peace:  
Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on vs;  
In stead of Gold, wee'le offer vp our Armes,  
Since Armes auayle not, now that Henry's dead.  
Henry the Fift, thy Ghost I inuocate:  
Prosper this Realme, keepe it from Ciuill Broyles,  
Combat with aduerse Planets in the Heauens;  
A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,  
Then Iulius Cæsar, or bright---

*Enter a Messenger.*

- 1MESS** My honourable Lords, health to you all:  
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,  
Of losse, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
- BEDFORD** What say'st thou man, before dead Henry's Coarse?  
Speake softly, or the losse of those great Townes  
Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from death.
- GLOUCESTER** Is Paris lost? is Roan yeelded vp?
- EXETER** How were they lost? what trecherie was vs'd?
- 1MESS** No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.  
Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered,  
That here you maintaine seuerall Factions:  
And whil'st a Field should be dispatcht and fought,  
You are disputing of your Generals.  
Awake, awake, English Nobilitie,

Let not slouth dimme your Honors, new begot;  
Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes  
Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away.

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

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

*Enter to them another Messenger.*

**2MESS** Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance.  
France is reuolted from the English quite,  
Except some petty Townes, of no import.  
The Dolphin Charles is crowned King in Rheimes:  
The Bastard of Orleance with him is ioyn'd:  
Reynold, Duke of Aniou, doth take his part.

*Exit.*

**EXETER** The Dauphin crown'd King? all flye to him?  
O whither shall we flye from this reproach?

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

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

*Enter another Messenger.*

**3MESS** My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,  
Wherewith you now bedew King Henries hearse,  
I must informe you of a dismall fight,  
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot, and the French.

**WINCHESTER** What? wherein Talbot ouercame, is't so?

**3MESS** O no: wherein Lord Talbot was o'rethrown:

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

**3MESS** O no, he liues, but is tooke Prisoner,  
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or tooke likewise.

**BEDFORD** Ile hale the Dauphin headlong from his Throne,  
His Crowne shall be the Ransome of my friend:  
Farwell my Masters, to my Taske will I,  
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,  
To keepe our great Saint Georges Feast withall.  
Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take,  
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

**3MESS** So you had need, for Orleance is besieg'd,  
The English Army is growne weake and faint:  
The Earle of Salisbury craueth supply,  
And hardly keeps his men from mutinie,  
Since they so few, watch such a multitude.

**EXETER** Remember Lords your Oathes to Henry sworne:  
Eyther to quell the Dauphin vtterly,  
Or bring him in obedience to your yoake.

**BEDFORD** I doe remember it, and here we take our leaue,  
To goe about our preparation.

*Exit Bedford.*

**GLOUCESTER** Ile to the Tower with all the hast I can,  
To view th' Artillerie and Munition,  
And then I will proclayme young Henry King.

*Exit Gloster.*

**EXETER** To Eltam will I, where the young King is,  
Being ordayn'd his speciall Gouvernor,  
And for his safetie there Ile best deuisse.

*Exit.*

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

*Exit.*

**BLOCK 1.2a**

*Sound a Flourish.  
Enter Charles and Reigneir, marching  
with Drum and Souldiers.*

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

**REIGNIER** Let's rayse the Siege: why liue we idly here?  
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to feare.

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

*Exeunt.*

**BLOCK 1.2b**

*Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the  
English, with great losse.  
Enter Charles and Reigneir.*

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

**REIGNIER** The English Lords, like Lyons wanting foode,  
Doe rush vpon vs as their hungry prey.

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

**BLOCK 1.2c**

*Enter the Bastard of Orleance.*

**BASTARD** Where's the Prince Dauphin? I haue newes  
for him.

**DAUPHIN** Bastard of Orleance, thrice welcome to vs.

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

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

**BLOCK 1.2d**

*Enter Ioane Puzel.*

**REIGNIER** Faire Maid, is't thou wilt doe these won-  
drous feats?

**JOAN** Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?  
Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behinde,  
I know thee well, though neuer seene before.  
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me.

**REIGNIER** She takes vpon her brauely at first dash.

**JOAN** Dauphin, I am by birth a Shepherds Daughter,  
My wit vntrayn'd in any kind of Art:  
Heauen and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd  
To shine on my contemptible estate.  
Loe, whilst I wayted on my tender Lambes,



And to Sunnes parching heat display'd my cheekes,  
Gods Mother deigned to appeare to me,  
And in a Vision full of Maiestie,  
Will'd me to leaue my base Vocation,  
And free my Countrey from Calamitie.  
Aske me what question thou canst possible,  
And I will answer vnpremeditated:  
My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar'st,  
And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex.

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

**JOAN** I am prepar'd: here is my keene-edg'd Sword.

**DAUPHIN** Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman.

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

*Here they fight, and Ioane de Puzel ouercomes.*

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

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

**REIGNIER** Shall wee disturbe him, since hee keepes no  
meane?

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

**REIGNIER** My Lord, where are you? what deuisse you on?

Shall we giue o're Orleance, or no?

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

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

**JOAN** Assign'd am I to be the English Scourge.  
This night the Siege assuredly Ile rayse:  
With Henries death, the English Circle ends,  
Dispersed are the glories it included.

**DAUPHIN** Bright Starre of Venus, falne downe on the Earth,  
How may I reuerently worship thee enough?

**BASTARD** Leaue off delayes, and let vs rayse the  
Siege.

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

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

*Exeunt.*

**BLOCK 1.3a**

*Enter Gloster, with his Seruing-men.*

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

**WARDER** Who's there, that knocks so imperiously?

**SERVANT** It is the Noble Duke of Gloster.

**WARDER** Who ere he be, you may not be let in.

**SERVANT** Villaines, answer you so the Lord Protector?

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

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

*Wooduile the Lieutenant speakes within.*

**WOODVILLE** What noyse is this? what Traytors haue  
wee here?

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

**WOODVILLE** Haue patience Noble Duke, I may not open,  
The Cardinall of Winchester forbids:  
From him I haue expresse commandement,  
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

**GLOUCESTER** Faint-hearted Wooduile, prizest him 'fore me?  
Arrogant Winchester, that haughtie Prelate,  
Whom Henry our late Soueraigne ne're could brooke?  
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:  
Open the Gates, or Ile shut thee out shortly.

**BLOCK 1.3b**

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

**WINCHESTER** How now ambitious Vmpheir, what meanes  
this?

**GLOUCESTER** Piel'd Priest, doo'st thou command me to be  
shut out?

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

**GLOUCESTER** Stand back thou manifest Conspirator,  
Ile canuas thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat,  
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

**WINCHESTER** Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot.

**GLOUCESTER** I will not slay thee, but Ile driue thee back.

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

**GLOUCESTER** Priest, beware your Beard,  
I meane to tugge it, and to cuffe you soundly.  
Vnder my feet I stampe thy Cardinalls Hat:  
In spight of Pope, or dignities of Church,  
Here by the Cheekes Ile drag thee vp and downe.

**WINCHESTER** Gloster, thou wilt answere this before the  
Pope.

**GLOUCESTER** Now beat them hence, why doe you let them stay?  
Thee Ile chase hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array.  
Out Tawney-Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

**BLOCK 1.3c**

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

**WOODVILLE** Fye Lords, that you being supreme Magistrates,  
Thus contumeliously should breake the Peace.

**GLOUCESTER** Peace Woodville, thou know'st little of my wrongs:  
Here's Beauford, that regards nor God nor King,  
Hath here distrayn'd the Tower to his vse.

**WINCHESTER** Here's Gloster, a Foe to Citizens,  
One that still motions Warre, and neuer Peace.

**GLOUCESTER** I will not answer thee with words, but blowes.

*Here they skirmish againe.*

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

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

**WINCHESTER** Abhominable Gloster, guard thy Head,  
For I intend to haue it ere long.

*Exeunt.*

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

*Exeunt.*

**BLOCK 1.4a**

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

**GUNNER**      Sirrha, thou know'st how Orleance is besieg'd,  
And how the English haue the Suburbs wonne.

**BOY**            Father I know, and oft haue shot at them,  
How e're vnfortunate, I miss'd my ayme.

**GUNNER**      But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:  
Chiefe Master Gunner am I of this Towne,  
Something I must doe to procure me grace:  
The Princes espyals haue informed me,  
How the English, in the Suburbs close entrencht,  
Went through a secret Grate of Iron Barres,  
In yonder Tower, to ouer-peere the Citie,  
And thence discouer, how with most aduantage  
They may vex vs with Shot or with Assault.  
To intercept this inconuenience,  
A Peece of Ordnance 'gainst it I haue plac'd,  
And euen these three dayes haue I watcht,  
If I could see them. Now doe thou watch,  
For I can stay no longer.  
If thou spy'st any, runne and bring me word,  
And thou shalt finde me at the Gouvernors.

*Exit.*

**BOY**            Father, I warrant you, take you no care,  
Ile neuer trouble you, if I may spye them.

*Exit.*

**BLOCK 1.4b**

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

**SALISBURY**    Talbot, my life, my ioy, againe return'd?  
How wert thou handled, being Prisoner?  
Or by what meanes got's thou to be releas'd?  
Discourse I prethee on this Turrets top.

**TALBOT** The Earle of Bedford had a Prisoner,  
Call'd the braue Lord Ponton de Santrayle,  
For him was I exchang'd, and ransom'd.

**SALISBURY** How wert thou entertained?

**TALBOT** With scoffes and scornes, and contumelious taunts,  
In open Market-place produc't they me,  
To be a publique spectacle to all:  
Here, sayd they, is the Terror of the French,  
The Scar-Crow that affrights our Children so.  
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,  
And with my nayles digg'd stones out of the ground,  
To hurle at the beholders of my shame.  
My grisly countenance made others flye,  
None durst come neere, for feare of suddaine death.  
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure:  
So great feare of my Name 'mongst them were spread,  
That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of Steele,  
And spurne in pieces Posts of Adamant.  
Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had,  
That walkt about me euery Minute while:  
And if I did but stirre out of my Bed,  
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

*Enter the Boy with a Linstock.*

**SALISBURY** I grieue to heare what torments you endur'd,  
But we will be reueng'd sufficiently.  
Now it is Supper time in Orleance:  
Here, through this Grate, I count each one,  
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie.  
Let vs looke in, the sight will much delight thee:  
Sir Thomas Gargraue, and Sir William Glansdale,  
Let me haue your expresse opinions,  
Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?

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

**GLANSDALE** And I heere, at the Bulwarke of the  
Bridge.

**TALBOT** For ought I see, this Citie must be famisht,  
Or with light Skirmishes enfeebled.

*Here they shot, and  
Salisbury falls downe.*

**SALISBURY** O Lord haue mercy on vs, wretched sinners.

**GARGRAVE** O Lord haue mercy on me, wofull man.

**TALBOT** What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost vs?  
Speake Salisbury; at least, if thou canst, speake:  
How far'st thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?  
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes side struck off?  
Accursed Tower, accursed fatall Hand,  
That hath contriu'd this wofull Tragedie.  
In thirteene Battailes, Salisbury o'recame:  
Henry the Fift he first trayn'd to the Warres.  
Whil'st any Trumpe did sound, or Drum struck vp,  
His Sword did ne're leaue striking in the field.  
Yet liu'st thou Salisbury? though thy speech doth fayle,  
One Eye thou hast to looke to Heauen for grace.  
The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World.  
Heauen be thou gracious to none aliue,  
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands.  
Beare hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it.  
Sir Thomas Gargraue, hast thou any life?  
Speake vnto Talbot, nay, looke vp to him.  
Salisbury cheare thy Spirit with this comfort,  
Thou shalt not dye whiles---

*Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightens.*

What stirre is this? what tumult's in the Heauens?  
Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyse?

**BLOCK 1.4c**

*Enter a Messenger*

**4MESS** My Lord, my Lord, the French haue gather'd head.  
The Dauphin, with one loane de Puzel ioyn'd,



A holy Prophetesse, new risen vp,  
Is come with a great Power, to rayse the Siege.

*Here Salisbury lifteth himselfe vp, and groanes.*

**TALBOT**

Heare, heare, how dying Salisbury doth groane,  
It irkes his heart he cannot be reueng'd.  
Frenchmen, Ile be a Salisbury to you.  
Puzel or Pussel, Dolphin or Dog-fish,  
Your hearts Ile stampe out with my Horses heeles,  
And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines.  
Come, wee'le try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

*Alarum.*

*Exeunt.*

**BLOCK 1.5a**

*Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dauphin,  
and driueth him: Then enter Ioane de Puzel,  
driuing Englishmen before her.  
Then enter Talbot.*

**TALBOT** Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?  
Our English Troupes retyre, I cannot stay them,  
A Woman clad in Armour chaseth them.

*Enter Puzel.*

Here, here shee comes. Ile haue a bowt with thee:  
Deuill, or Deuils Dam, Ile coniure thee:  
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,  
And straightway giue thy Soule to him thou seru'st.

**JOAN** Come, come, 'tis onely I that must disgrace  
thee.

*Here they fight.*

**TALBOT** Heauens, can you suffer Hell so to preuayle?  
My brest Ile burst with straining of my courage,  
And from my shoulders crack my Armes asunder,  
But I will chastise this high-minded Strumpet.

*They fight againe.*

**JOAN** Talbot farwell, thy houre is not yet come,  
I must goe Victuall Orleance forthwith:

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

O're-take me if thou canst, I scorne thy strength.  
Goe, goe, cheare vp thy hungry-starued men,  
This Day is ours, as many more shall be.

*Exit.*

**TALBOT** My thoughts are whirled like a Potters Wheele,  
I know not where I am, nor what I doe:

A Witch by feare, not force, like Hannibal,  
Driues back our troupes, and conquers as she lists:  
They call'd vs, for our fiercenesse, English Dogges,  
Now like to Whelpes, we crying runne away.

*A short Alarum.*

Hearke Countreyemen, eyther renew the fight,  
Or teare the Lyons out of Englands Coat.

*Alarum. Here another Skirmish.*

It will not be, retyre into your Trenches:  
You all consented vnto Salisburies death,  
For none would strike a stroake in his reuenge.  
Puzel is entred into Orleance,  
In spight of vs, or ought that we could doe.  
O would I were to dye without honour,  
The shame hereof, will make me hide my head.

*Exit Talbot.*

*Alarum, Retreat, Flourish.*

**BLOCK 1.6a**

*Enter on the Walls, Puzel, Bastard, Dauphin, Reigneir,  
and Souldiers.*

**JOAN**           Aduance our wauing Colours on the Walls,  
Rescu'd is Orleance from the English.  
Thus loane de Puzel hath perform'd her word.

**DAUPHIN**       Diuinest Creature, Astrea's Daughter,  
How shall I honour thee for this successe?

**REIGNIER**       Why ring not out the Bells alowd,  
Throughout the Towne?  
Dauphin command the Citizens make Bonfires,  
And feast and banquet in the open streets,  
To celebrate the ioy that God hath giuen vs.

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

**DAUPHIN**       Tis loane, not we, by whom the day is wonne:  
For which, I will diuide my Crowne with her,  
And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realme,  
Shall in procession sing her endlesse prayse.  
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,  
But loane de Puzel shall be France's Saint.  
Come in, and let vs Banquet Royally,  
After this Golden Day of Victorie.

*Flourish. Exeunt.*

**BLOCK 2.1a**

*Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.  
Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.*

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

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

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

**TALBOT**      Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,  
This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,  
Hauing all day carows'd and banquetted,  
Embrace we then this opportunitie,  
As fitting best to quittance their deceite,  
Contriu'd by Art, and balefull Sorcerie.

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

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

**TALBOT**      A Maid, they say.

**BEDFORD**      A Maid? And be so martiall?

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

**TALBOT**      Well, let them practise and conuerse with spirits.  
God is our Fortresse.

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

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

**BEDFORD** Agreed; Ile to yond corner.

**BURGUNDY** And I to this.

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

**SENTINEL** Arme, arme, the enemy doth make assault.

**BLOCK 2.1b**

*Cry, S. George, A Talbot.  
The French leape ore the walles in their shirts. Enter  
seuerall wayes, Bastard, Reignier,  
halfe ready, and halfe vnready.*

**REIGNIER** Of all exploits since first I follow'd Armes,  
Nere heard I of a warlike enterprize  
More venturous, or desperate then this.

**BASTARD** I thinke this Talbot be a Fiend of Hell.

**REIGNIER** If not of Hell, the Heauens sure fauour him.

**BASTARD** Here commeth Charles, I maruell how he sped?

*Enter Charles and loane.*

**REIGNIER** Tut, holy loane was his defensiuie Guard.

**DAUPHIN** Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame?  
Didst thou at first, to flatter vs withall,  
Make vs partakers of a little gayne,  
That now our losse might be ten times so much?

**JOAN** Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?  
Sleeping or waking, must I still preuayle,  
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?  
Improuident Souldiors, had your Watch been good,  
This sudden Mischiefe neuer could haue falne.

**BASTARD** Mine was secure.

**REIGNIER** And so was mine, my Lord.

**JOAN** 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 Souldiors, scatter'd and disperc't,  
And lay new Plat-formes to endammage them.

*Exeunt.*

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

**SOLDIER** Ile be so bold to take what they haue left:  
The Cry of Talbot serues me for a Sword,  
For I haue loaden me with many Spoyles,  
Vsing no other Weapon but his Name.

*Exit.*

**BLOCK 2.2a**

*Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie.*

**BEDFORD** The Day begins to breake, and Night is fled,  
Here sound Retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

*Retreat.*

**TALBOT** Bring forth the Body of old Salisbury,  
And here aduance it in the Market-Place.  
Now haue I pay'd my Vow vnto his Soule:  
For euery drop of blood was drawne from him,  
There hath at least fiue Frenchmen dyed to night.  
And that hereafter Ages may behold  
What ruine happened in reuenge of him,  
Within their chiefest Temple Ile erect  
A Tombe, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd:  
Vpon the which, that euery one may reade,  
Shall be engrau'd the sacke of Orleance,  
The trecherous manner of his mournefull death,  
And what a terror he had beene to France.  
But Lords, in all our bloody Massacre,  
I muse we met not with the Dauphins Grace,  
His new-come Champion, vertuous loane of Acre,  
Nor any of his false Confederates.

**BURGUNDY** My selfe, as farre as I could well discerne,  
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin and his Trull,  
When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running,  
After that things are set in order here,  
Wee'le follow them with all the power we haue.

*Enter a Messenger.*

**SMESS** All hayle,  
the Warlike Talbot, he whose acts are  
So much applauded through the Realme of France.  
The vertuous Lady, Countesse of Ouergne,  
By me entreats (great Lord) thou would'st vouchsafe  
To visit her poore Castle where she lyes,  
That she may boast she hath beheld the man,  
Whose glory fills the World with lowd report.



**TALBOT** Tell her, I returne great thankes,  
And in submission will attend on her.  
Will not your Honors beare me company?

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

**TALBOT** Well then, alone (since there's no remedie)  
I meane to proue this Ladyes courtesie.  
Come hither Captaine, you perceiue my minde.

*Whispers.*

**CAPTAIN** I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly.

*Exeunt.*

**BLOCK 2.3a**

*Enter Countesse.*

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

**PORTER** Madame, I will.

*Exit.*

**COUNTESS** The Plot is layd, if all things fall out right,  
I shall famous be by this exploit.  
Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight,  
And his atchieuements of no lesse account:  
Faine would mine eyes be witnessse with mine eares,  
To giue their censure of these rare reports.

*Enter Messenger and Talbot.*

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

**COUNTESS** And he is welcome: what? is this the man?

**SMESS** Madame, it is.

**COUNTESS** 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 haue seene some Hercules,  
Alas, this is a Child, a silly Dwarfe:  
It cannot be, this weake and writhled shrimpe  
Should strike such terror to his Enemies.

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

**COUNTESS** What meanes he now?  
Goe aske him, whither he goes?

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

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

*Enter Porter with Keyes.*

**COUNTESS** If thou be he, then art thou Prisoner.

**TALBOT** Prisoner? to whom?

**COUNTESS** To me, blood-thirstie Lord:  
And for that cause I trayn'd thee to my House.  
I will chayne these Legges and Armes of thine,  
That hast by Tyrannie these many yeeres  
Wasted our Countrey, slaine our Citizens,  
And sent our Sonnes and Husbands captiuat.

**TALBOT** Ha, ha, ha.

**COUNTESS** Laughst thou Wretch?  
Thy mirth shall turne to moane.

**TALBOT** I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond,  
To thinke, that you haue ought but Talbots shadow,  
Whereon to practise your seueritie.

**COUNTESS** Why? art not thou the man?

**TALBOT** I am indeede.

**COUNTESS** Then haue I substance too.

**TALBOT** You are deceiu'd, my substance is not here;  
For what you see, is but the smallest part.

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

**TALBOT** That will I shew you presently.

*Winds his Horne, Drummes strike vp, a Peale  
of Ordenance: Enter Souldiors.*

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

**COUNTESS** Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse.  
Let my presumption not prouoke thy wrath,  
For I am sorry, that with reuerence  
I did not entertaine thee as thou art.

**TALBOT** Be not dismay'd, faire Lady.  
What you haue done, hath not offended me:  
Nor other satisfaction doe I craue,  
But onely with your patience, that we may  
Taste of your Wine, and see what Cates you haue,  
For Souldiers stomacks alwayes serue them well.

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

*Exeunt.*

**BLOCK 2.4a**

*Enter York, Warwick, Somerset,  
Suffolk, Vernon, and others.*

- YORK** Great Lords and Gentlemen,  
What means this silence?  
Dare no man answer in a Case of Truth?
- SUFFOLK** Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd,  
The Garden here is more conuenient.
- YORK** Then say at once, if I maintain'd the Truth.
- SUFFOLK** Faith I haue beene a Truant in the Law,  
And neuer yet could frame my will to it,  
And therefore frame the Law vnto my will.
- SOMERSET** Iudge you, my Lord of Warwicke, then be-  
tweene vs.
- WARWICK** I haue perhaps some shallow spirit of Iudgement:  
But in these nice sharpe Quillets of the Law,  
Good faith I am no wiser then a Daw.
- YORK** Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:  
The truth appeares so naked on my side,  
That any purblind eye may find it out.
- SOMERSET** And on my side it is so well apparrell'd,  
So cleare, so shining, and so eudent,  
That it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye.
- YORK** Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speake,  
In dumbe significants proclayme your thoughts:  
Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman,  
And stands vpon the honor of his birth,  
If he suppose that I haue pleaded truth,  
From off this Bryer pluck a white Rose with me.
- SOMERSET** Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,  
But dare maintaine the partie of the truth,  
Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorne with me.

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

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

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

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

**YORK** And I.

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

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

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

**SOMERSET** Well, well, come on, who else?

**YORK** Now Somerset, where is your argument?

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

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

**SOMERSET** No Plantagenet:  
Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes

Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our Roses,  
And yet thy tongue will not confesse thy error.

- YORK** Hath not thy Rose a Canker, Somerset?
- SOMERSET** Hath not thy Rose a Thorne, Plantagenet?
- YORK** I, sharpe and piercing to maintaine his truth,  
Whiles thy consuming Canker eates his falsehood.
- SOMERSET** Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roses,  
That shall maintaine what I haue said is true,  
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seene.
- YORK** Now by this Maiden Blossome in my hand,  
I scorne thee and thy fashion, peeuish Boy.
- SUFFOLK** Turne not thy scornes this way, Plantagenet.
- YORK** I will, and scorne both him and  
thee.
- SUFFOLK** Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat.
- SOMERSET** Away, away, good Lord of Suffolk,  
We grace the Yeoman, by conuersing with him.
- WARWICK** Now by Gods will thou wrong'st him, Somerset:  
His Grandfather was Lyonel Duke of Clarence,  
Third Sonne to the third Edward King of England:  
Spring Crestlesse Yeomen from so deepe a Root?
- SOMERSET** Was not thy Father, Richard, Earle of Cambridge,  
For Treason executed in our late Kings dayes?  
And by his Treason, stand'st not thou attainted,  
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry?  
His Trespas yet liues guiltie in thy blood,  
And till thou be restor'd, thou art a Yeoman.
- YORK** My Father was attached, not attainted,  
Condemn'd to dye for Treason, but no Traytor;  
And that Ile proue on better men then Somerset,  
Were growing time once ripened to my will.

**SOMERSET** Ah, thou shalt finde vs ready for thee still:  
And know vs by these Colours for thy Foes,  
For these, my friends in spight of thee shall weare.

**YORK** And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rose,  
As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,  
Will I for euer, and my Faction weare,  
Vntill it wither with me to my Graue,  
Or flourish to the height of my Degree.

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

*Exit.*

**SOMERSET** Haue with thee Suffolk: Farwell ambitious Richard.

*Exit.*

**YORK** How I am brau'd, and must perforce endure  
it?

**WARWICK** This blot that they object against your House,  
Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament,  
Meane time, in signall of my loue to thee,  
Will I vpon thy partie weare this Rose.  
And here I propheticke: this brawle to day,  
Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,  
Shall send betweene the Red-Rose and the White,  
A thousand Soules to Death and deadly Night.

**YORK** Come, let vs to Dinner: I dare say,  
This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day.

*Exeunt.*



**BLOCK 2.5a**

*Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre,  
and laylors.*

**MORTIMER** Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,  
Let dying Mortimer here rest himselfe.  
Euen like a man new haled from the Wrack,  
So fare my Limbes with long Imprisonment:  
And these gray Locks, the Pursuiuants of death,  
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.  
These Eyes, like Lampes, whose wasting Oyle is spent,  
Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.  
Weake Shoulders, ouer-borne with burthening Griefe,  
And pyth-lesse Armes, like to a withered Vine,  
That droupes his sappe-lesse Branches to the ground.  
But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?

**KEEPER** Richard Plantagenet, my Lord, will come:  
We sent vnto the Temple, vnto his Chamber,

**MORTIMER** Enough: my Soule shall then be satisfied.  
Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.

*Enter York.*

**KEEPER** My Lord, your louing Nephew now is come.

**MORTIMER** Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,  
And in his Bosome spend my latter gaspe.

**YORK** Good Mortimer,  
This day in argument vpon my Case,  
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:  
And did vpbayd me with my Fathers death;  
Therefore good Vnckle, for my Fathers sake,  
In honor of a true Plantagenet,  
Declare the cause  
My Father did lose his Head.

**MORTIMER** That cause (faire Nephew) that imprison'd me,  
And hath detayn'd me all my flowring Youth,  
Within a loathsome Dungeon, there to pyne,

Was cursed Instrument of his decease.  
Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,  
Depos'd his Nephew Richard,  
lawfull Heire  
Of Edward King, the Third of that Descent.  
During whose Reigne, the Percies of the North,  
Finding his Vsurpation most vniust,  
Endeuour'd my aduancement to the Throne.  
For since King Richard  
did beget no heir,  
I was the next by Birth and Parentage:  
But marke: as in this haughtie great attempt,  
They laboured, to plant the rightfull Heire,  
I lost my Libertie, and they their Liues.  
Long after this, when Henry the Fift  
(Succeeding his Father Bolingbroke) did reigne;  
Thy Father  
Leuied arms to redeem me,  
And re-install me in the Diademe:  
But as the rest, so fell that Noble Earle,  
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,  
In whom the Title rested, were supprest.

**YORK** Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the last.

**MORTIMER** True; and thou seest, that I no Issue haue,  
And that my fainting words doe warrant death:  
Thou art my Heire; the rest, I wish thee gather:  
But yet be wary in thy studious care.  
With silence, Nephew, be thou pollitick,  
Strong fixed is the House of Lancaster.  
Now are these limbs, whose strengthless stay is numb,  
Unable to support this lump of clay,  
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave:  
And so farewell, and faire be all thy hopes,  
And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre.

*Dyes.*

**YORK** Here dyes the duskie Torch of Mortimer,  
Choakt with Ambition of the meaner sort.  
And for those Wrongs, those bitter Iniuries,  
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my House,

I doubt not, but with Honor to redresse.  
And therefore haste I to the Parliament,  
Eyther to be restored to my Blood,  
Or make my will th' aduantage of my good.  
Lieutenant bear him hence, and I my selfe  
Will see his Buryall better then his Life.

*Exit.*

**BLOCK 3.1a**

*Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.*

*Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, Gloster, Winchester, Warwick,  
Somerset, Suffolk, York. Gloster offers  
to put vp a Bill: Winchester snatches it, teares it.*

**WINCHESTER** Com'st thou with deepe premeditated Lines?  
With written Pamphlets, studiously deuic'd?  
Humfrey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,  
Or ought intend'st to lay vnto my charge,  
Doe it without inuention, suddenly.

**GLOUCESTER** Presumptuous Priest, this place cōmands my patiēce,  
Or thou should'st finde thou hast dis-honor'd me.  
Thou art a most pernicious Vsurer,  
Froward by nature, Enemie to Peace,  
Lasciuious, wanton, more then well beseemes  
A man of thy Profession, and Degree.  
And for thy Trecherie, what's more manifest?  
In that thou layd'st a Trap to take my Life,  
Beside, I feare me, if thy thoughts were sifted,  
The King, thy Soueraigne, is not quite exempt  
From enuious mallice of thy swelling heart.

**WINCHESTER** Gloster, I doe defie thee.  
How am I so poore?  
Or how haps it, I seeke not to aduance  
Or rayse my selfe?  
No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,  
It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke:  
It is because no one should sway but hee,  
No one, but hee, should be about the King;  
And that engenders Thunder in his breast,  
And makes him rore these Accusations forth.  
But he shall know I am as good.

**GLOUCESTER** As good?  
Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.

**WINCHESTER** I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,  
But one imperious in anothers Throne?

**GLOUCESTER** Am I not Protector, sawcie Priest?

**WINCHESTER** And am not I a Prelate of the Church?

**GLOUCESTER** Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keepes,  
And vseth it, to patronage his Theft.

**WINCHESTER** Vnreuerent Glocester.

**GLOUCESTER** Thou art reuerent,  
Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life.

**WINCHESTER** Rome shall remedie this.

**WARWICK** Roame thither then.  
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

**YORK** *(Aside.)* Plantagenet I see must hold his tongue,  
Least it be said, Speake Sirrha when you should:  
Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?  
Else would I haue a fling at Winchester.

**HENRY VI** Vnckles of Gloster, and of Winchester,  
I would preuayle, if Prayers might preuayle,  
To ioyne your hearts in loue and amitie.  
Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,  
That two such Noble Peeres as ye should iarre?  
Beleeue me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,  
Ciuill dissention is a viperous Worme,  
That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.

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

**HENRY VI** What tumult's this?

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

*A noyse againe, Stones, Stones.  
Enter Maior.*

**MAYOR** Oh my good Lords, and vertuous Henry,  
Pitty the Citie of London, pittie vs:

The Bishop, and the Duke of Glosters men,  
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,  
Haue fill'd their Pockets full of peeble stones;  
And banding themselues in contrary parts,  
Doe pelt so fast at one anothers Pate,  
That many haue their giddy braynes knockt out:  
Our Windowes are broke downe in euery Street,  
And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.

*Enter in skirmish with bloody Pates.*

**HENRY VI** We charge you, on allegiance to our selfe,  
To hold your slaughtering hands, and keepe the Peace:  
Pray' Vnckle Gloster mittigate this strife.

**1CITIZEN** Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'le fall  
to it with our Teeth.

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

*Skirmish againe.*

**GLOUCESTER** You of my household, leaue this peeuish broyle,  
And set this vnaccustom'd fight aside.

**3CITIZEN** My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man  
lust, and vpriht; and for your Royall Birth,  
Inferior to none, but to his Maiestie:  
And ere that we will suffer such a Prince.  
Wee and our Wiues and Children all will fight,  
And haue our bodyes slaughtred by thy foes.

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

*Begin againe.*

**GLOUCESTER** Stay, stay, I say:  
And if you loue me, as you say you doe,  
Let me perswade you to forbear a while.  
Oh, how this discord doth afflict my Soule.  
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold  
My sighes and teares, and will not once relent?

**WARWICK** Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld Winchester,  
 You see what Mischiefe, and what Murther too,  
 Hath beene enacted through your enmitie:  
 Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

**WINCHESTER** He shall submit, or I will neuer yeeld.

**GLOUCESTER** Compassion on the King commands me stoupe.  
 Here Winchester, I offer thee my Hand.

**HENRY VI** Fie Vnckle Beauford, I haue heard you preach,  
 That Mallice was a great and grieuous sinne:  
 And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?  
 But proue a chiefe offendor in the same.

**WINCHESTER** Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yeeld to thee  
 Loue for thy Loue, and Hand for Hand I giue.

**GLOUCESTER** I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart.  
 See here my Friends and louing Countreymen,  
 This token serueth for a Flagge of Truce,  
 Betwixt our selues, and all our followers:  
 So helpe me God, as I dissemble not.

**WINCHESTER** So helpe me God, as I intend it not.

**HENRY VI** Oh louing Vnckle, kinde Duke of Gloster,  
 How ioyfull am I made by this Contract.  
 Away my Masters, trouble vs no more,  
 But ioyne in friendship, as your Lords haue done.

**1CITIZEN** Content, Ile to the Surgeons.

**2CITIZEN** And so will I.

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

*Exeunt.*

### BLOCK 3.1b

- WARWICK** Accept this Scrowle, most gracious Soueraigne,  
Which in the Right of Richard Plantagenet,  
We doe exhibite to your Maiestie.
- GLOUCESTER** Well vrg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for sweet Prince,  
And if your Grace marke euery circumstance,  
You haue great reason to doe Richard right,  
Especially for those occasions  
At Eltam Place I told your Maiestie.
- HENRY VI** And those occasions, Vnckle, were of force:  
Therefore my louing Lords, our pleasure is,  
That Richard be restored to his Blood.  
If Richard will be true, not that all alone,  
But all the whole Inheritance I giue,  
That doth belong vnto the House of Yorke,  
From whence you spring, by Lineall Descent.
- YORK** Thy humble seruant vowes obedience,  
And humble seruice, till the point of death.
- HENRY VI** Stoope then, and set your Knee against my Foot,  
And in reguerdon of that dutie done,  
I gyrt thee with the valiant Sword of Yorke:  
Rise Richard, like a true Plantagenet,  
And rise created Princely Duke of Yorke.
- ALL** Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of Yorke.
- SOMERSET** Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of Yorke.
- GLOUCESTER** Now will it best auaille your Maiestie,  
To crosse the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France:  
The presence of a King engenders loue  
Amongst his Subiects, and his loyall Friends,  
As it dis-animates his Enemies.
- HENRY VI** When Gloster sayes the word, King Henry goes,  
For friendly counsaile cuts off many Foes.
- GLOUCESTER** Your Ships alreadie are in readinesse.



*Senet. Flourish. Exeunt.*

**BLOCK 3.1c**

*Manet Exeter.*

**EXETER**

I, we may march in England, or in France,  
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:  
This late dissention growne betwixt the Peeres,  
Burnes vnder fained ashes of forg'd loue,  
And will at last breake out into a flame.  
And now I feare that fatall Prophecie,  
Which in the time of Henry, nam'd the Fift,  
Was in the mouth of euery sucking Babe,  
That Henry borne at Monmouth should winne all,  
And Henry borne at Windsor, loose all:  
Which is so plaine, that Exeter doth wish,  
His dayes may finish, ere that haplesse time.

*Exit.*

**BLOCK 3.2a**

*Scoena Secunda.*

*Enter Pucell disguis'd, with foure Souldiors with  
Sacks vpon their backs.*

**JOAN** These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan,  
Through which our Pollicy must make a breach.  
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,  
If we haue entrance, as I hope we shall,  
And that we finde the slouthfull Watch but weake,  
Ile by a signe giue notice to our friends,  
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

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

*Knock.*

**WATCH** Che la.

**JOAN** Peasauns la pouure gens de Fraunce,  
Poore Market folkes that come to sell their Corne.

**WATCH** Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.

**JOAN** Now Roan, Ile shake thy Bulwarkes to the  
ground.

*The gates open.  
Exeunt.*

**BLOCK 3.2b**

*Enter Charles, Bastard, Reignier.*

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

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

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

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

**JOAN** Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,  
That ioyneth Roan vnto her Countrey men,  
But burning fatal to the Talbonites.

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

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

**REIGNIER** Deferre no time, delays haue dangerous ends,  
Enter and cry, the Dauphin, presently,  
And then doe execution on the Watch.

*Alarum.  
An Alarum. Talbot in an Excursion.*

**TALBOT** France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy teares.  
Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorceresse,  
Hath wrought this Hellish Mischiefe vnawares,  
That hardly we escap't the Pride of France.

*Exit.*

### **BLOCK 3.2c**

*An Alarum: Excursions.  
Enter Talbot and Burgundy without: within, Pucell,  
Charles, Bastard, and Reigneir on the Walls.*

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

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

**DAUPHIN** Your Grace may starue (perhaps) before that  
time.

**TALBOT** Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all despight,  
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,  
And twit with Cowardise a man halfe dead?

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

*They whisper together in counsell.*

**TALBOT** Dare yee come forth, and meet vs in the field?

**JOAN** Belike your Lordship takes vs then for fooles,  
To try if that our owne be ours, or no.

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

**REIGNIER** Seignior no.

**TALBOT** Seignior hang: base Muleters of France,  
Like Pesant foot-Boyes doe they keepe the Walls,  
And dare not take vp Armes, like Gentlemen.

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

*Exeunt from the Walls.*

**TALBOT** Vow Burgundy, by honor of thy House,  
Prickt on by publike Wrongs sustain'd in France,  
Either to get the Townte againe, or dye.  
And I, as sure as English Henry liues,  
And as his Father here was Conqueror;

So sure I sweare, to get the Townte, or dye.

**BURGUNDY** My Vowes are equall partners with thy Vowes.

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

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

**BURGUNDY** Couragious Bedford, let vs now perswade you.

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

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

*Exit.*

### **BLOCK 3.2d**

*An Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and a Captaine.*

**CAPTAIN** Whither away Sir Iohn Falstaffe, in such haste?

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

**CAPTAIN** What? will you flye, and leaue Lord Talbot?

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

*Exit.*

**CAPTAIN** Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee.

*Exit.*

**BLOCK 3.2e**

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

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

*Bedford dyes, and is carryed in by two in his Chaire.  
An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and  
the rest.*

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

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

**TALBOT** Thanks gentle Duke: but where is Pucel now?  
Now where's the Bastards braues, and Charles his glikes?  
What all amort? Roan hangs her head for griefe,  
That such a valiant Company are fled.  
But yet before we goe, let's not forget  
The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,  
But see his Exequies fulfill'd in Roan.  
A brauer Souldier neuer couched Launce,  
A gentler Heart did neuer sway in Court.  
But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,  
For that's the end of humane miserie.

*Exeunt.*

**BLOCK 3.3a**

*Scæna Tertia.*

*Enter Charles, Bastard, Rainier, Joan.*

**JOAN** Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,  
Nor grieue that Roan is so recouered:  
Let frantike Talbot triumph for a while,  
And like a Peacock sweepe along his tayle,  
Wee'le pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,  
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

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

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

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

**JOAN** Then thus it must be, this doth loane deuse:  
By faire perswasions, mixt with sugred words,  
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy  
To leaue the Talbot, and to follow vs.

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

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

*Drumme sounds a farre off.*

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

*Here sound an English March.*

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

*French March.*

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

*Trumpets sound a Parley.*

- DAUPHIN** A Parley with the Duke of Burgundy.
- BURGUNDY** Who craues a Parley with the Burgundy?
- JOAN** The Princely Charles of France, thy Countrey-  
man.
- BURGUNDY** What say'st thou Charles? for I am marching  
hence.
- DAUPHIN** Speake Pucell, and enchaunt him with thy  
words.
- JOAN** Braue Burgundy, vndoubted hope of France,  
Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid speake to thee.
- BURGUNDY** Speake on, but be not ouer-tedious.
- JOAN** Looke on thy Country, look on fertile France,  
And see the Cities and the Townes defac't,  
By wasting Ruine of the cruell Foe,  
See, see the pining Maladie of France:  
Behold the Wounds, the most vnnaturall Wounds,  
Which thou thy selfe hast giuen her wofull Brest.  
Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,  
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe:  
One drop of Blood drawne from thy Countries Bosome,  
Should grieue thee more then streames of forraine gore.  
Returne thee therefore with a floud of Teares,  
And wash away thy Countries stayned Spots.
- BURGUNDY** Either she hath bewicht me with her words,  
Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.



**JOAN** Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,  
Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie.  
Who ioy'n'st thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,  
That will not trust thee, but for profits sake?  
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,  
And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill,  
Who then, but English Henry, will be Lord,  
And thou be thrust out, like a Fugitiue?  
See then, thou fight'st against thy Countreymen,  
And ioy'n'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.  
Come, come, returne; returne thou wandering Lord,  
Charles and the rest will take thee in their armes.

**BURGUNDY** I am vanquished:  
Forgiue me Countrey, and sweet Countreymen:  
And Lords accept this heartie kind embrace.  
My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.  
So farwell Talbot, Ile no longer trust thee.

**JOAN** Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne a-  
gaine.

**DAUPHIN** Welcome braue Duke, thy friendship makes  
vs fresh.

**BASTARD** And doth beget new Courage in our  
Breasts.

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

*Exeunt.*

**BLOCK 3.4a**

*Scoena Quarta.*

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

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

**HENRY VI** Is this the Lord Talbot, Vnckle Gloucester,  
That hath so long beene resident in France?

**GLOUCESTER** Yes, if it please your Maiestie, my Liege.

**HENRY VI** Welcome braue Captaine, and victorious Lord.  
When I was young (as yet I am not old)  
I doe remember how my Father said,  
A stouter Champion neuer handled Sword.  
Therefore stand vp, and for these good deserts,  
We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury,  
And in our Coronation take your place.

*Senet. Flourish. Exeunt.*

**BLOCK 3.4b**

*Manet Vernon and Basset.*

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

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

**VERNON** Sirrha, thy Lord I honour as he is.

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

**VERNON** Hearke ye: not so: in witsesse take ye that.

*Strikes him.*

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

**VERNON** Well miscreant, Ile be there as soone as you,  
And after meete you, sooner then you would.

*Exeunt.*

**BLOCK 4.1a**

*Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter King, Glocester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke, Somerset, Warwicke, Talbot, and Gouvernor Exeter.*

**GLOUCESTER** Lord Bishop set the Crowne vpon his head.

**WINCHESTER** God saue King Henry of that name the sixt.

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

*Enter Falstaffe.*

**FALSTAFF** My gracious Soueraigne, as I rode from Calice,  
To haste vnto your Coronation:  
A Letter was deliuer'd to my hands,  
Writ to your Grace, from th' Duke of Burgundy.

**TALBOT** Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee:  
I vow'd (base Knight) when I did meete the next,  
To teare the Garter from thy Crauens legge,  
Which I haue done, because (vnworthily)  
Thou was't installed in that High Degree.  
Pardon me Princely Henry, and the rest:  
This Dastard, at the battell of Poictiers,  
When (but in all) I was sixe thousand strong,  
And that the French were almost ten to one,  
Before we met, or that a stroke was giuen,  
Like to a trustie Squire, did run away.  
In which assault, we lost twelue hundred men.  
My selfe, and diuers Gentlemen beside,  
Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.  
Then iudge (great Lords) if I haue done amisse:  
Or whether that such Cowards ought to weare  
This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?

**GLOUCESTER** To say the truth, this fact was infamous,

And ill beseeming any common man;  
Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.

**TALBOT** When first this Order was ordain'd my Lords,  
Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth;  
Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage,  
Such as were growne to credit by the warres:  
Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distresse,  
But alwayes resolute, in most extreames.  
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,  
Doth but vsurpe the Sacred name of Knight,  
Prophaning this most Honourable Order,  
And should (if I were worthy to be Iudge)  
Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-borne Swaine,  
That doth presume to boast of Gentle blood.

**HENRY VI** Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom:  
Be packing therefore, thou that was't a knight:  
Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death.  
And now Lord Protector, view the Letter  
Sent from our Vnckle Duke of Burgundy.

**GLOUCESTER** What's heere?  
*I haue vpon especiall cause,*  
*Forsaken your pernitiuous Faction,*  
*And ioynd with Charles, the rightfull king of France.*  
O monstrous Treachery: Can this be so?

**HENRY VI** What? doth my Vnckle Burgundy reuolt?

**GLOUCESTER** He doth my Lord, and is become your foe.

**HENRY VI** Is that the worst this Letter doth containe?

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

**HENRY VI** Why then Lord Talbot there shal talk with him,  
And giue him chastisement for this abuse.  
How say you (my Lord) are you not content?

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

**HENRY VI** Then gather strength, and march vnto him  
straight:  
Let him perceiue how ill we brooke his Treason,  
And what offence it is to flout his Friends.

**TALBOT** I go my Lord, in heart desiring still  
You may behold confusion of your foes.

**BLOCK 4.1b**

*Enter Vernon and Bassit.*

**VERNON** Grant me the Combate, gracious Soueraigne.

**BASSETT** And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too.

**YORK** This is my Seruant, heare him Noble Prince.

**SOMERSET** And this is mine (sweet Henry) fauour him.

**HENRY VI** Be patient Lords, and giue them leaue to speak.  
Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaime,  
And wherefore craue you Combate? Or with whom?

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

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

**HENRY VI** What is that wrong, wherof you both complain?

**BASSETT** Crossing the Sea, from England into France,  
This Fellow heere with enuious carping tongue,  
Vpbraided me about the Rose I weare,  
And in defence of my Lords worthinesse,  
I craue the benefit of Law of Armes.

**VERNON** Yet know (my Lord) I was prouok'd by him,  
And he first tooke exceptions at this badge,  
Pronouncing that the palenesse of this Flower,  
Bewray'd the faintnesse of my Masters heart.

**YORK** Will not this malice Somerset be left?

**SOMERSET** Your priuate grudge my Lord of York, wil out,  
Though ne're so cunningly you smother it.

**HENRY VI** Good Lord, what madnesse rules in braine-  
sicke men,  
When for so slight and friuolous a cause,  
Such factious æmulations shall arise?  
Good Cosins both of Yorke and Somerset,  
Quiet your selues (I pray) and be at peace.

**EXETER** Good my Lords, be Friends.

**HENRY VI** Come hither you that would be Combatants:  
Henceforth I charge you, as you loue our fauour,  
Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the cause.  
And you my Lords: Remember where we are,  
In France, amongst a fickle wauering Nation:  
If they perceyue dissention in our lookes,  
And that within our selues we disagree;  
Let me be Vmper in this doubtfull strife:  
I see no reason if I weare this Rose,  
That any one should therefore be suspitious  
I more incline to Somerset, than Yorke:  
Both are my kinsmen, and I loue them both.  
Cosin of Yorke, we institute your Grace  
To be our Regent in these parts of France:  
And good my Lord of Somerset, vnite  
Your Troopes of horsemen, with his Bands of foote,  
And like true Subiects, sonnes of your Progenitors,  
Go cheerefully together, and digest  
Your angry Choller on your Enemies.  
Our Selfe, my Lord Protector, and the rest,  
After some respit, will returne to Calice;  
From thence to England, where I hope ere long  
To be presented by your Victories,  
With Charles, Pucelle, and that Traiterous rout.

*Exeunt.*

*Flourish. Manet Exeter.*

**EXETER** Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands:  
But more, when Enuy breeds vnkinde deuision,

There comes the ruine, there begins confusion.

*Exit.*

**BLOCK 4.2a**

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

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

*Sounds.  
Enter Bastard aloft.*

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

**BASTARD** On vs thou canst not enter but by death:  
For I protest we are well fortified,  
And strong enough to issue out and fight.  
If thou retire, the Dauphin well appointed,  
Stands with the snares of Warre to tangle thee.  
On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitcht,  
To wall thee from the liberty of Flight;  
And no way canst thou turne thee for redresse,  
But death doth front thee with apparant spoyle,  
And pale destruction meets thee in the face:

*Drum a farre off.*

Harke, harke, the Dauphins drumme, a warning bell,  
Sings heauy Musicke to thy timorous soule,



And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

*Exit*

**TALBOT**

He Fables not, I heare the enemie:  
O negligent and heedlesse Discipline,  
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?  
A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere,  
Maz'd with a yelping kennell of French Curses.  
If we be English Deere, be then in blood,  
Not Rascall-like to fall downe with a pinch,  
But rather moodie mad: And desperate Stagges,  
Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,  
And make the Cowards stand aloofe at bay:  
Sell euery man his life as deere as mine,  
And they shall finde deere Deere of vs my Friends.  
God, and S. George, Talbot and Englands right,  
Prosper our Colours in this dangerous fight.

**BLOCK 4.3a**

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

**YORK** Are not the speedy scouts return'd againe,  
That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dauphin?

**6MESS** They are return'd my Lord, and giue it out,  
That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power  
To fight with Talbot as he march'd along.

**YORK** A plague vpon that Villaine Somerset,  
That thus delayes my promised supply  
Of horsemen, that were leuied for this siege.  
Renowned Talbot doth expect my ayde,  
God comfort him in this necessity:  
If he miscarry, farewell Warres in France.

*Enter another Messenger.*

**7MESS** Thou Princely Leader of our English strength,  
Neuer so needfull on the earth of France,  
Spurre to the rescue of the Noble Talbot,  
Who now is girdled with a waste of Iron,  
And hem'd about with grim destruction:  
To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux Yorke,  
Else farwell Talbot, France, and Englands honor.  
O send some succour to the distrest Lord.

**YORK** He dies, we loose: I breake my warlike word:  
We mourne, France smiles: We loose, they dayly get,  
All long of this vile Traitor Somerset.

**7MESS** Then God take mercy on braue Talbots soule,  
And on his Sonne yong Iohn.  
This seuen yeeres did not Talbot see his sonne,  
And now they meete where both their liues are done.

*Exit*

### BLOCK 4.3b

*Enter Somerset with his Armie.*

**SOMERSET** It is too late, I cannot send them now:  
This expedition was by Yorke and Talbot,  
Too rashly plotted.  
The ouer-daring Talbot  
Hath sullied all his glosse of former Honor  
By this vnheedfull, desperate, wilde aduventure:  
Yorke set him on to fight, and dye in shame,  
That Talbot dead, great Yorke might beare the name.

*Enter Lucy.*

**SOMERSET** Heere is Sir William Lucie, who with me  
Set from our ore-matcht forces forth for ayde.  
How now Sir William, whether were you sent?

**LUCY** Whether my Lord, from bought & sold L. Talbot,  
Who ring'd about with bold aduersitie,  
Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerset.  
Let not your priuate discord keepe you hence.

**SOMERSET** Yorke set him on, Yorke should haue sent him  
ayde.

**LUCY** And Yorke as fast vpon his Grace exclames,  
Swearing that you with-hold his leuied hoast,  
Collected for this expedition.

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

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

**SOMERSET** Come go, I will dispatch the Horses strait:  
Within sixe houres, they will be at his ayde.

**LUCY**            Too late comes rescue, he is tane or slaine,

**SOMERSET**    If he be dead, braue Talbot then adieu.  
His Fame liues in the world. His Shame in you.

*Exeunt.*

**BLOCK 4.4a**

*Enter Talbot and his Sonne.*

**TALBOT** O yong Iohn Talbot, I did send for thee  
To tutor thee in stratagemes of Warre,  
But O malignant and ill-boading Starres,  
Now thou art come vnto a Feast of death,  
A terrible and vnauoyded danger:  
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my swiftest horse,  
And Ile direct thee how thou shalt escape  
By sodaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone.

**JOHN** Is my name Talbot? and am I your Sonne?  
And shall I flye?  
The World will say, he is not Talbots blood,  
That basely fled, when Noble Talbot stood.

**TALBOT** Flye, to reuenge my death, if I be slaine.

**JOHN** He that flyes so, will ne're returne againe.

**TALBOT** If we both stay, we both are sure to dye.

**JOHN** Then let me stay, and Father doe you flye:  
Your losse is great, so your regard should be;  
My worth vnknowne, no losse is knowne in me.  
There is no hope that euer I will stay,  
If the first howre I shrinke and run away:

**TALBOT** Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?

**JOHN** I, rather then Ile shame my Mothers Wombe.

**TALBOT** Vpon my Blessing I command thee goe.

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

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

**JOHN** No part of him, but will be shame in mee.  
If Death be so apparant, then both flye.

**TALBOT** And leaue my followers here to fight and dye?  
My Age was neuer tainted with such shame.

**JOHN** And shall my Youth be guiltie of such blame?  
Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I;  
For liue I will not, if my Father dye.

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

*Exit.*

#### **BLOCK 4.4b**

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

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

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

**TALBOT** Art thou not wearie, Iohn? How do'st thou fare?  
Wilt thou yet leaue the Battaile, Boy, and flie,  
Now thou art seal'd the Sonne of Chiuallrie?  
Flye, to reuenge my death when I am dead,  
The helpe of one stands me in little stead.

**JOHN** Surely, by all the Glorie you haue wonne,  
And if I flye, I am not Talbots Sonne.  
Then talke no more of flight, it is no boot,  
If Sonne to Talbot, dye at Talbots foot.

**TALBOT** If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers side,  
And commendable prou'd, let's dye in pride. *Exit.*

**BLOCK 4.5a**

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter old  
Talbot led.*

**TALBOT** Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.  
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant Iohn?  
Triumphant Death, smear'd with Captiuitie,  
Young Talbots Valour makes me smile at thee.  
When he perceiu'd me shrink, and on my Knee,  
His bloodie Sword he brandisht ouer mee,  
And like a hungry Lyon did commence  
Rough deeds of Rage, and sterne Impatience:  
Dizzie-ey'd Furie, and great rage of Heart,  
Suddenly made him from my side to start  
Into the clustring Battaile of the French:  
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench  
His ouer-mounting Spirit; and there di'de  
My Icarus, my Blossome, in his pride.

*Enter with Iohn Talbot, borne.*

**SERVANT** O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne.

**TALBOT** Thou antique Death, which laugh'st vs here to scorn,  
O thou whose wounds become hard fauoured death,  
Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath,  
Braue death by speaking, whither he will or no:  
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe.  
Poore Boy, he smiles, me thinkes, as who should say,  
Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.  
Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,  
My spirit can no longer beare these harmes.  
Souldiers adieu: I haue what I would haue,  
Now my old armes are yong Iohn Talbots graue.

*Dyes*

**BLOCK 4.6a**

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

**DAUPHIN** Had Yorke and Somerset brought rescue in,  
We should haue found a bloody day of this.

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

**BURGUNDY** Doubtlesse he would haue made a noble Knight:  
See where he lyes inherced in the armes  
Of the most bloody Nursser of his harmes.

**BASTARD** Hew them to peeces, hack their bones assunder,  
Whose life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder.

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

*Enter Lucie.*

**LUCY** I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,  
And to suruey the bodies of the dead.

**DAUPHIN** But tell me whom thou seek'st?

**LUCY** But where's the great Alcides of the field,  
Valiant Lord Talbot Earle of Shrewsbury?  
Great Marshall to Henry the sixt,  
Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.

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

**LUCY** Is Talbot slaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge,  
Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke Nemesis?  
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,  
It were enough to fright the Realme of France.  
Giue me their Bodyes, that I may beare them hence,  
And giue them Buriall, as beseemes their worth.



**JOAN**

For Gods sake let him haue 'em to keepe them here,  
They would but stinke, and putrifie the ayre.  
Go take their bodies hence.

*Exit.*

**BLOCK 5.1a**

*Scena secunda.*

*SENNET.*

*Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter.*

**HENRY VI**      Haue you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,  
The Emperor, and the Earle of Arminack?

**GLOUCESTER**   I haue my Lord,  
They haue a godly peace concluded of,  
Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France.  
Beside my Lord, the sooner to effect,  
And surer binde this knot of amitie,  
The Earle of Arminacke  
Proffers his onely daughter to your Grace,  
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowrie.

**HENRY VI**      Marriage Vnckle? Alas my yeares are yong:  
And fitter is my studie, and my Bookes,  
Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.  
Yet call th' Embassadors, and as you please,

*Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.*

My Lords Ambassadors, your seuerall suites  
Haue bin consider'd and debated on,  
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:  
And therefore are we certainly resolu'd,  
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,  
Which by my Lord of Winchester we meane  
Shall be transported presently to France.

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

**HENRY VI**      Beare her this lewell, pledge of my affection.  
And so my Lord Protector see them guarded,  
And safely brought to Douer, wherein ship'd  
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

*Exeunt.*

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

*Exeunt*

**BLOCK 5.2a**

*Scœna Tertia.*

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

**DAUPHIN** These newes (my Lords) may cheere our drooping  
spirits:  
'Tis said, the stout Parisians do reuolt,  
And turne againe vnto the warlike French.

**JOAN** Peace be amongst them if they turne to vs.

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

**DAUPHIN** But we will presently prouide for them.

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

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

**DAUPHIN** Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.

*Exeunt. Alarum. Excursions.*

**BLOCK 5.3a**

*Enter Ione de Pucell.*

**JOAN**

The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye.  
Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapts,  
And ye choise spirits that admonish me,  
And giue me signes of future accidents.

*Thunder.*

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes  
Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North,  
Appeare, and ayde me in this enterprize.

*Enter Fiends.*

Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are cull'd  
Out of the powerfull Regions vnder earth,  
Helpe me this once, that France may get the field.

*They walke, and speake not.*

Oh hold me not with silence ouer-long:

*They hang their heads.*

No hope to haue redresse?

*They shake their heads.*

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

*They depart.*

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

**BLOCK 5.3b**

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

**YORK** Damsell of France, I thinke I haue you fast,  
Vnchaine your spirits now with spelling Charmes,  
And try if they can gaine your liberty.

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

**YORK** Fell banning Hagge, Inchantresse hold thy  
tongue.

**JOAN** I prethee giue me leaue to curse awhile.

**YORK** Curse Miscreant, when thou comst to the stake

*Exeunt.*

**BLOCK 5.4a**

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

**SUFFOLK** Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

*Gazes on her.*

Oh Fairest Beautie, do not feare, nor flye:  
For I will touch thee but with reuerend hands,  
Who art thou, say? that I may honor thee.

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

**SUFFOLK** An Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call'd.  
Be not offended Natures myracle,  
Thou art allotted to be tane by me:  
So doth the Swan her downie Signets saue,  
Keeping them prisoner vnderneath her wings:  
Yet if this seruile vsage once offend,  
Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend.

*She is going*

Oh stay: I haue no power to let her passe,

**MARGARET** Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be so,  
What ransome must I pay before I passe?

**SUFFOLK** How canst thou tell she will deny thy suite,  
Before thou make a triall of her loue?

**MARGARET** Why speak'st thou not? What ransom must I pay?

**SUFFOLK** She's beautiful; and therefore to be Wooed:  
She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.

**MARGARET** Wilt thou accept of ransome, yea or no?

**SUFFOLK** Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,  
Then how can Margaret be thy Paramour?

**MARGARET** He talkes at randon: sure the man is mad.

**SUFFOLK** And yet a dispensation may bee had.

**MARGARET** And yet I would that you would answer me.

**SUFFOLK** Ile win this Lady Margaret. For whom?  
Why for my King: Tush, that's a wooden thing.

**MARGARET** He talkes of wood: It is some Carpenter.

**SUFFOLK** Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,  
And peace established betweene these Realmes.  
But there remains a scruple in that too:  
Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

**MARGARET** Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French,  
And then I need not craue his curtesie.

**SUFFOLK** Sweet Madam, giue me hearing in a cause.

**MARGARET** Tush, women haue bene captiuatē ere now.

**SUFFOLK** Lady, wherefore talke you so?

**MARGARET** I cry you mercy, 'tis but Quid pro Quo.

**SUFFOLK** Say gentle Princesse, would you not suppose  
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?

**MARGARET** To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,  
Than is a slaue, in base seruility:  
For Princes should be free.

**SUFFOLK** And so shall you,  
Ile vndertake to make thee Henries Queene,  
To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,  
And set a precious Crowne vpon thy head,  
If thou wilt condescend to be my---

**MARGARET** What?



**SUFFOLK** His loue.

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

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

**MARGARET** And if my Father please, I am content.

**SUFFOLK** I'll craue a parley and compound with him.

*Shee is going.*

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

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

**SUFFOLK** Words sweetly plac'd, and modestie directed,  
But Madame, I must trouble you againe,  
No louing Token to his Maiestie?

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

**SUFFOLK** And this withall.

*Kisse her.*

**MARGARET** That for thy selfe, I will not so presume,  
To send such peeuish tokens to a King.  
Farewell my lord, good wishes, praise and prayers;  
Shall Suffolk ever haue of Margaret.

**SUFFOLK** Oh wert thou for my selfe: but Suffolke stay,  
Thou mayest not wander in that Labyrinth,  
There Minotaurs and vgly Treasons lurke,  
Without I find some thread of strategem  
To lead me through the perils of the maze.  
Then, Pole, Solicit Henry with her praises

That thou mayst reave him of his wits with wonder --  
Thus Suffolk shall prevail.

**BLOCK 5.5a**

*Enter Yorke, Warwicke, Shepheard, Pucell.*

**YORK** Bring forth that Sorceresse condemn'd to burne.

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

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

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

**WARWICK** Gracelesse, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?

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

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

**JOAN** Pezant auant. You haue suborn'd this man  
Of purpose, to obscure my Noble birth.

**SHEPHERD** Tis true, I gaue a Noble to the Priest,  
The morne that I was wedded to her mother.  
Kneele downe and take my blessing, good my Gyrle.  
Wilt thou not stoope? Now cursed be the time  
Of thy natiuitie: I would the Milke  
Thy mother gaue thee when thou suck'st her brest,  
Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy sake.  
Or else, when thou didst keepe my Lambes a-field,  
I wish some rauinous Wolfe had eaten thee.

Doest thou deny thy Father, cursed Drab?  
O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good.

*Exit.*

**YORK** Take her away, for she hath liu'd too long.

**JOAN** First let me tell you whom you haue condemn'd;  
Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swaine,  
But issued from the Progeny of Kings.  
Vertuous and Holy, chosen from aboue,  
To worke exceeding myracles on earth.  
Because you want the grace that others haue,  
You iudge it straight a thing impossible  
To compasse Wonders, but by helpe of diuels.  
No misconceyued, lone of Aire hath beene  
A Virgin from her tender infancie,  
Chaste, and immaculate in very thought,  
Whose Maiden-blood thus rigorously effus'd,  
Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heauen.

**WARWICK** Place barrelles of pitch vpon the fatall stake,  
That so her torture may be shortned.

**YORK** I, I: away with her to execution.

**JOAN** Will nothing turne your vnrelenting hearts?  
I am with childe ye bloody Homicides.

**YORK** Now heauen forfend, the holy Maid with child?  
She and the Dauphin haue bin iugling!

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

**JOAN** You are deceyu'd, my childe is none of his.

**YORK** And yet forsooth she is a Virgin pure.  
Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee.  
Vse no intreaty, for it is in vaine.

**JOAN** Then lead me hence: with whom I leaue my curse.  
May neuer glorious Sunne reflex his beames

Vpon the Countrey where you make abode:  
But darknesse, and the gloomy shade of death  
Inuiron you, till Mischeefe and Dispaire,  
Drue you to break your necks, or hang your selues.

*Exit*

**BLOCK 5.5b**

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

*Enter Cardinall.*

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

**YORK** Is all our trauell turn'd to this effect,  
After the slaughter of so many Peeres,  
So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,  
That in this quarrell haue beene ouerthrowne,  
And sold their bodyes for their Countryes benefit,  
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?  
Oh Warwicke, Warwicke, I foresee with greefe  
The vtter losse of all the Realme of France.

**WARWICK** Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace  
It shall be with such strict and seure Couenants,  
As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.

**BLOCK 5.5c**

*Enter Charles, Bastard, Reignier.*

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

**WINCHESTER** Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:  
That in regard King Henry giues consent,  
To ease your Countrie of distressefull Warre,  
And suffer you to breath in fruitfull peace,  
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.  
And Charles, vpon condition thou wilt sweare  
To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe,  
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy vnder him,  
And still enioy thy Regall dignity.

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

**DAUPHIN** Shall I for lucre of the rest vn-vanquisht,  
Detract so much from that prerogatiue,  
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?  
No Lord Ambassador, Ile rather keepe  
That which I haue, than coueting for more  
Be cast from possibility of all.

**YORK** Insulting Charles,  
Either accept the Title thou vsurp'st,  
Of benefit proceeding from our King,  
Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres.

**REIGNIER** My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy,  
We shall not finde like opportunity.

**BASTARD** Saue your Subiects from such massacre  
And ruthlesse slaughters as are dayly seene  
By our proceeding in Hostility,  
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,  
Although you breake it, when your pleasure serues.

**WARWICK** How sayst thou Charles?  
Shall our Condition stand?

**DAUPHIN** It Shall:  
Onely reseru'd, you claime no interest

In any of our Townes of Garrison.

**YORK**

Then sweare Allegiance to his Maiesty,  
As thou art Knight, neuer to disobey,  
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,  
So, now dismisse your Army when ye please:  
For heere we entertaine a solemne peace.

*Exeunt*

**BLOCK 5.6a**

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

- HENRY VI** Your wondrous rare description (noble Earle)  
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me.
- SUFFOLK** Yet I dare vow she is not so Diuine,  
So full replete with choice of all delights,  
But with as humble lowlinesse of minde,  
She is content to be at your command:  
Command I meane, of Vertuous chaste intents,  
To Loue, and Honor Henry as her Lord.
- HENRY VI** And otherwise, will Henry ne're presume:  
Therefore my Lord Protector, giue consent,  
That Marg'ret may be Englands Royall Queene.
- GLOUCESTER** So should I giue consent to flatter sinne,  
You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroath'd  
Vnto another Lady of esteeme,
- SUFFOLK** A poore Earles daughter, Lord, is nothing fit  
To be the royal partner of a king.
- GLOUCESTER** Why what (I pray) is Margaret more  
then that?
- SUFFOLK** Why yes my Lord, her Father is a King,  
The King of Naples, and Ierusalem,  
And of such great Authoritie in France,  
As his alliance will confirme our peace,
- EXETER** Methinks, my liege, ere this contract be seal'd  
Tis meet you settle on her highness' dower.
- SUFFOLK** Her Dowre my Lords? Disgrace not so your King,  
That he should be so abiect, base, and poore,  
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Loue.  
Whom should we match with Henry being a King,  
But Margaret, that is daughter to a King:  
For Henry, sonne vnto a Conqueror,



Is likely to beget more Conquerors,  
If with a Lady of so high resolute,  
(As is faire Margaret) he be link'd in loue.

**HENRY VI** Whether it be through force of your report,  
My Noble Lord of Suffolke: Or for that  
My tender youth was neuer yet attain'd  
With any passion of inflaming loue,  
I cannot tell: but this I am assur'd,  
I feele such sharpe dissention in my breast,  
Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare,  
As I am sicke with working of my thoughts.  
Go, therefore, Suffolk, bring her to my presence.  
I cannot rest until I see this maid.

**SUFFOLK** I'll bring her presently, and look to find  
How far she doth exceed by churlish praise:  
I swear, my liege, you will not rue this choice.

*Exit.*

Thus Suffolke hath preuail'd, and thus he goes  
As did the youthfull Paris once to Greece,  
With hope to finde the like euent in loue,  
But prosper better than the Troian did:  
Margaret shall now be Queene, and rule the King:  
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme.

*Exit.*  
*FINIS.*