

# **The First Part of Henry the Sixth**

William Shakespeare, 1591

Adapted for the stage by Dr. Toby Malone

For the University of Waterloo production

Directed by Dr. Jennifer Roberts-Smith, May 2015

CUT ONE – DECEMBER 2014

## The Company Doubling

1. Talbot
2. Gloucester
3. Winchester
4. Philip, the Dauphin
5. Joan of Arc
6. The Bastard of Orleans
7. Rainier
8. Somerset/Woodville
9. Exeter/Vernon/Messenger
10. Burgundy
11. King Henry VI/Young Talbot/Gunner's Boy/Messenger
12. Bedford/Shepherd
13. York/Salisbury
14. Warwick/Gunner of Orleans

**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 Warwicke, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset. Bedford reads on a letter.*

**BEDFORD** Sad tidings out of France,  
Of losse, of slaughter, and discomfiture:  
Guyen, Champaigne, Rheimes, Orleance,  
Paris Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

**GLOUCESTER** Is Paris lost? is Roan yeelded vp?  
If Henry were recall'd to life againe,  
These news would cause him once more yeeld the Ghost.  
France is reuolted from the English quite,  
Except some petty Townes, of no import.  
The Dauphin Charles is crowned King in Rheimes.

**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:  
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.

**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 Battailles 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** Let's to the Altar:  
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---
- GLOUCESTER** 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.
- 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.
- 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.
- BEDFORD** O no, he liues, but is tooke Prisoner,

Most of the rest slaughter'd, or tooke likewise.  
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.

**EXETER** Remember Lords your Oathes to Henry sworne:  
Eytter 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.*

**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.

**RAINIER** Let's rayse the Siege: why liue we idly here?  
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to feare:  
Remayneth none but mad-brayn'd Salisbury.

**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.

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

**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 prordly, let thy Lookes be sterne,  
By this meanes shall we sound what skill she hath.

**BLOCK 1.2d**

*Enter Ioane Puzel.*

**RAINIER** 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.

**RAINIER** 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 loane 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.

**RAINIER** 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.

**RAINIER** 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.

**RAINIER** 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.

**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 tuggé 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 Woodville  
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.

**WOODVILLE** 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 dwelling  
places, and not to weare, handle, or vse any Sword, Weapon,  
or Dagger hence-forward, vpon paine of death.

**GLOUCESTER** Cardinal, 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.*

**WOODVILLE** 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 Gouernors.

*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?

**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 thou wert enter-  
tain'd.

**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.

**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.

**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?

Heauen be thou gracious to none aliue,  
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands.  
Beare hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it.  
He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:  
As who should say, When I am dead and gone,  
Remember to auenge me on the French.  
Plantaginet I will,  
beholding the Townes burne:  
Wretched shall France be onely in my Name.

*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 (EXETER).*

**MESS** 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** Conuey me Salisbury into his Tent,  
And then 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,  
Helpe Salisbury to make his Testament,  
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 with Salisbury,  
The shame hereof, will make me hide my head.

*Exit Talbot.*



**BLOCK 1.6a**

*Alarum, Retreat, Flourish.  
Enter on the Walls, Puzel, 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?

**RAINIER**       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 Woodville, with two Sentinels.*

**WOODVILLE**      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.

*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.

**WOODVILLE** 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, Alanson, Reignier,  
halfe ready, and halfe vnready.*

**RAINIER** 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.

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

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

*Enter Charles and Ioane.*

**RAINIER** Tut, holy Ioane 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.

**RAINIER**           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 endamage them.

*Exeunt.*

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

**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,  
The middle Centure of this cursed Towne.  
Now haue I pay'd my Vow vnto his Soule:  
For euery drop of blood was drawne from him,  
There hath at least fiue Frenchmen dyed to night.  
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.

*Exeunt.*

**BLOCK 2.3a**

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

- YORK** Great Lords and Gentlemen,  
What meanes this silence?  
Dare no man answer in a Case of Truth?
- VERNON** 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.
- 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 euident,  
That it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye.
- YORK** Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speake,  
In dumbe significants proclayme your thoughts:  
Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman,  
And stands vpon the honor of his 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.

*Warwick offers to the audience to pluck a rose.*

- 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 eats 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.

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

**YORK** I will, and scorne both him and  
thee.

**SOMERSET** Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat.

**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.  
Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,  
To scourge you for this apprehension:  
Looke to it well, and say you are well warn'd.

**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.

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

*Exit.*

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

**WARWICK** This blot that they obiect 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 prophecie: 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 3.1a**

*Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.*

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

**WINCHESTER** Com'st thou with deepe premeditated Lines?  
With written Pamphlets, studiously deuis'd?

**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? but keepe my wonted Calling.  
And for Dissention, who preferreth Peace  
More then I doe? except I be prouok'd.  
No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,  
It is 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** 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.

**BLOCK 3.1b**

*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.*

**HENRY VI** 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,  
Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest  
Should euer get that priuiledge of me.  
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.

*Exeunt.*

**BLOCK 3.1c**

**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 auaile 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 3.1d**

*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.

*Knock.*

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

*The gates open.  
Exeunt.*

**BLOCK 3.2b**

*Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson.*

**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.

**RAINIER** 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.*

**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.

**RAINIER** 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?

**RAINIER** 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 Towne 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 Towne, or dye.

*Exit.*

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

*An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgundy, 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 grieffe,  
That such a valiant Company are fled.

**TALBOT**

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, Pucell.*

**JOAN** Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,  
Nor grieue that Roan is so recouered:  
Care is no cure, but rather corrosiue,  
For things that are not to be remedy'd.  
Let frantike Talbot triumph for a while,  
And like a Peacock sweepe along his tayle,  
Wee'le pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,  
If 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.

**RAINIER** 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.

**ALANSON** 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,  
As lookes the Mother on her lowly Babe,  
When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes.  
See, see the pining Maladie of France:  
Behold the Wounds, the most vnnaturall Wounds,  
Which thou thy selfe hast giuen her wofull 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 ioyn'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 ioyn'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 4.1a**

*Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*

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

- GLOUCESTER** 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. But ere that,  
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.
- HENRY VI** Now Lord Protector, view the Letter  
Sent from our Vnckle Duke of Burgundy.
- GLOUCESTER** What's heere?  
*I haue vpon especiall cause,*  
*ioyn'd 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 chasticement 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.

**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 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;  
Oh thinke vpon the Conquest of my Father,  
My tender yeares, and let vs not forgoe  
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.  
Let me be Vmper in this doubtfull strife:  
I see no reason if I weare this Rose,  
That any one should therefore be 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.

**BLOCK 4.1b**

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

**WARWICK** My Lord of Yorke, I promise you the King  
Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator.)  
**YORK** And so he did, but yet I like it not,  
In that he weares the badge of Somerset.  
**WARWICK** Tush, that was but his fancie, blame him not,  
I dare presume (sweet Prince) he thought no harme.  
**YORK** And if I wish he did. But let it rest,  
Other affayres must now be managed.

*Exeunt.*

**BLOCK 4.1c**

*Flourish. Manet Exeter.*

**EXETER** Well didst thou Richard to suppress thy voice:  
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,  
I feare we should haue seene decipher'd there  
More rancorous spight, more furious raging broyles,  
Then yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd:  
But howsoere, no simple man that sees  
This iarring discord of Nobilitie,  
But that it doth presage some ill euent.  
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 Curre.  
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?  
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.  
Talbot now is girdled with a waste of Iron,  
And hem'd about with grim destruction:  
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.  
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 4.4a**

*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 4.6a**

*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 4.7a**

*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 shrinke, and on my Knee,  
His bloodie Sword he brandisht ouer mee,  
And like a hungry Lyon did commence  
Rough deeds of Rage, and sterne Impatience:  
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 4.7b**

*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.  
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.*

**HENRY VI**      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**

*Scæna 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.

**RAINIER** 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.

*Exit.*

**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**

*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?

**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.

**SHEPHERD** 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 rauenuous 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,  
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

**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.

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

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

**JOAN** Will nothing turne your vnrelenting hearts?  
 I am with childe ye bloody Homicides:  
 Murther not then the Fruite within my Wombe,  
 Although ye hale me to a violent death.

**YORK** Now heauen forfend, the holy Maid with child?

**YORK** She and the Dauphin haue bin iugling,  
 I did imagine what would be her refuge.

**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 5.4b**

*Enter Cardinall.*

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

**WINCHESTER** Lord Regent, I do greeete 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 5.4c**

*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.

**RAINIER** 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.

**RAINIER** 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 Allegeance to his Maiesty,  
As thou art Knight, neuer to disobey,

Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,  
So, now dismiss your Army when ye please:  
For heere we entertaine a solemne peace.

*Exeunt*