

УИЛЪЯМ ШЕКСПИР

THE FIRST PART OF
HENRY THE SIXTH

Уильям Шекспир

The First Part of Henry the Sixth

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William Shakespeare

The First Part of Henry the Sixth

Dramatis Personae

KING HENRY THE SIXTH

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, uncle to the King, and Protector

DUKE OF BEDFORD, uncle to the King, and Regent of France

THOMAS BEAUFORT, DUKE OF EXETER, great-uncle to the king

HENRY BEAUFORT, great-uncle to the King, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,
and afterwards CARDINAL

JOHN BEAUFORT, EARL OF SOMERSET, afterwards Duke

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, son of Richard late Earl of Cambridge,
afterwards DUKE OF YORK

EARL OF WARWICK

EARL OF SALISBURY

EARL OF SUFFOLK

LORD TALBOT, afterwards EARL OF SHREWSBURY

JOHN TALBOT, his son

EDMUND MORTIMER, EARL OF MARCH

SIR JOHN FASTOLFE

SIR WILLIAM LUCY

SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE

SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE

MAYOR of LONDON

WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower

VERNON, of the White Rose or York faction

BASSET, of the Red Rose or Lancaster faction

A LAWYER

GAOLERS, to Mortimer

CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France

REIGNIER, DUKE OF ANJOU, and titular King of Naples

DUKE OF BURGUNDY

DUKE OF ALENCON

BASTARD OF ORLEANS

GOVERNOR OF PARIS

MASTER-GUNNER OF ORLEANS, and his SON

GENERAL OF THE FRENCH FORCES in Bordeaux

A FRENCH SERGEANT

A PORTER

AN OLD SHEPHERD, father to Joan la Pucelle

MARGARET, daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to
King Henry

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE

JOAN LA PUCELLE, Commonly called JOAN OF ARC

Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers,
Messengers, English and French Attendants. Fiends appearing

to La Pucelle

SCENE: England and France

The First Part of King Henry the Sixth

ACT I.

SCENE 1

Westminster Abbey

Dead March. Enter the funeral of KING HENRY THE FIFTH, attended on by the DUKE OF BEDFORD, Regent of France, the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, Protector, the DUKE OF EXETER, the EARL OF WARWICK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER

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

GLOUCESTER. England ne'er had a king until his time. Virtue he had, deserving to command; His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams; His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings; His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire, More dazzled and drove back his enemies Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces. What should I say? His deeds exceed all speech: He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

EXETER. We mourn in black; why mourn we not in blood? Henry is dead and never shall revive. Upon a wooden coffin we attend; And death's dishonourable victory We with our stately presence glorify, Like captives bound to a triumphant car. What! shall we curse the planets of mishap That plotted thus our glory's overthrow? Or shall we think the subtle-witted French Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him, By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

WINCHESTER. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings; Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day So dreadful will not be as was his sight. The battles of the Lord of Hosts he fought; The Church's prayers made him so prosperous.

GLOUCESTER. The Church! Where is it? Had not churchmen
pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd.
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom like a school-boy you may overawe.

WINCHESTER. Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou art
Protector
And lookest to command the Prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe
More than God or religious churchmen may.

GLOUCESTER. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

BEDFORD. Cease, cease these jars and rest your minds in peace;
Let's to the altar. Heralds, wait on us.
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist'ned eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.

HENRY the Fifth, thy ghost I invoke:
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens.
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Caesar or bright

Enter a MESSENGER

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

BEDFORD. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.

GLOUCESTER. Is Paris lost? Is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

EXETER. How were they lost? What treachery was us'd?

MESSENGER. No treachery, but want of men and money.

Amongst the soldiers this is muttered
That here you maintain several factions;
And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals:
One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot.
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

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

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

Enter a second MESSENGER

SECOND MESSENGER. Lords, view these letters full of bad
mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import.
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The Duke of Alencon flieth to his side.

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

GLOUCESTER. We will not fly but to our enemies' throats.
Bedford, if thou be slack I'll fight it out.

BEDFORD. Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter a third MESSENGER

THIRD MESSENGER. My gracious lords, to add to your
laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight

Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

WINCHESTER. What! Wherein Talbot overcame? Is't so?

THIRD MESSENGER. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was
o'erthrown.

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance:
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and everywhere, enrag'd he slew
The French exclaim'd the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him.
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
'A Talbot! a Talbot!' cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward.
He, being in the vaward plac'd behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them-
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke;
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre.
Enclosed were they with their enemies.
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

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

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

BEDFORD. His ransom there is none but I shall pay.

I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne;
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal.
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make an Europe quake.

THIRD MESSENGER. So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;
The English army is grown weak and faint;
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

EXETER. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

BEDFORD. I do remember it, and here take my leave
To go about my preparation. Exit

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

EXETER. To Eltham will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. Exit

WINCHESTER. [Aside] Each hath his place and function to
attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack out of office.
The King from Eltham I intend to steal,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. Exeunt

SCENE 2

France. Before Orleans

Sound a flourish. Enter CHARLES THE DAUPHIN, ALENCON, and REIGNIER, marching with drum and soldiers

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

ALENCON. They want their porridge and their fat bull
beeves.
Either they must be dieted like mules
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

REIGNIER. Let's raise the siege. Why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear;
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

CHARLES. Sound, sound alarum; we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French!
Him I forgive my death that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot or flee. Exeunt

Here alarum. They are beaten hack by the English, with great loss. Re-enter CHARLES, ALENCON, and REIGNIER

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

REIGNIER. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

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

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

CHARLES. Let's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd
slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager.
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege.

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

ALENCON. Be it so.

Enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS

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

CHARLES. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

BASTARD. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd.
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand.
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:
What's past and what's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.

CHARLES. Go, call her in. [Exit BASTARD]
But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place;
Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern;
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Re-enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS with JOAN LA PUCELLE

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

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

Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me.
In private will I talk with thee apart.
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

REIGNIER. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

PUCELLE. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's Mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a vision full of majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation
And free my country from calamity
Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success.
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me
That beauty am I bless'd with which you may see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated.
My courage try by combat if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this: thou shalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

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

PUCELLE. I am prepar'd; here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side,
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katherine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

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

PUCELLE. And while I live I'll ne'er fly from a man.
[Here they fight and JOAN LA PUCELLE overcomes]

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

PUCELLE. Christ's Mother helps me, else I were too weak.

CHARLES. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me.
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant and not sovereign be.
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

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

CHARLES. Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

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

ALENCON. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

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

ALENCON. He may mean more than we poor men do know;
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

REIGNIER. My lord, where are you? What devise you on?
Shall we give o'er Orleans, or no?

PUCELLE. Why, no, I say; distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

CHARLES. What she says I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.

PUCELLE. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise.
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship
Which Caesar and his fortune bare at once.

CHARLES. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,

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

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

REIGNIER. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

CHARLES. Presently we'll try. Come, let's away about it.
No prophet will I trust if she prove false. Exeunt

SCENE 3

London. Before the Tower gates

Enter the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, with his serving-men in blue coats

GLOUCESTER. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.
Where be these warders that they wait not here?
Open the gates; 'tis Gloucester that calls.

FIRST WARDER. [Within] Who's there that knocks so
imperiously?

FIRST SERVING-MAN. It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

SECOND WARDER. [Within] Whoe'er he be, you may not be
let in.

FIRST SERVING-MAN. Villains, answer you so the Lord
Protector?

FIRST WARDER. [Within] The Lord protect him! so we
answer him.
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

GLOUCESTER. Who willed you, or whose will stands but
mine?

There's none Protector of the realm but I.

Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize.

Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

[GLOUCESTER'S men rush at the Tower gates, and
WOODVILLE the Lieutenant speaks within]

WOODVILLE. [Within] What noise is this? What traitors
have we here?

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

WOODVILLE. [Within] Have patience, noble Duke, I may
not open;
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids.
From him I have express commandment
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

GLOUCESTER. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate

Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook!
Thou art no friend to God or to the King.
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

SERVING-MEN. Open the gates unto the Lord Protector,
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the PROTECTOR at the Tower gates WINCHESTER and his men in tawny coats

WINCHESTER. How now, ambitious Humphry! What means this?

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

WINCHESTER. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not Protector of the King or realm.

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

WINCHESTER. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot.
This be Damascus; be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

GLOUCESTER. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back.
Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

WINCHESTER. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.

GLOUCESTER. What! am I dar'd and bearded to my face?
Draw, men, for all this privileged place
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard;
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly;
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat;
In spite of Pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

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

GLOUCESTER. Winchester goose! I cry 'A rope, a rope!'
Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.
Out, tawny-coats! Out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here GLOUCESTER'S men beat out the CARDINAL'S men; and enter in the hurly burly the MAYOR OF LONDON and his OFFICERS

MAYOR. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

GLOUCESTER. Peace, Mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor King,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

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

GLOUCESTER. I Will not answer thee with words, but blows.
[Here they skirmish again]

MAYOR. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife
But to make open proclamation.
Come, officer, as loud as e'er thou canst,
Cry.

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

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

WINCHESTER. Gloucester, we'll meet to thy cost, be sure;
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

MAYOR. I'll call for clubs if you will not away.
This Cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

GLOUCESTER. Mayor, farewell; thou dost but what thou
mayst.

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

Exeunt, severally, GLOUCESTER and WINCHESTER with their servants

MAYOR. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. Exeunt

SCENE 4

France. Before Orleans

Enter, on the walls, the MASTER-GUNNER OF ORLEANS and his BOY

MASTER-GUNNER. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is
besieg'd,
And how the English have the suburbs won.

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

MASTER-GUNNER. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd
by me.
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The Prince's espials have informed me
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city,
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And even these three days have I watch'd
If I could see them. Now do thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the Governor's. Exit

BOY. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them. Exit

Enter SALISBURY and TALBOT on the turrets, with SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR
THOMAS GARGRAVE, and others

SALISBURY. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

TALBOT. The Earl of Bedford had a prisoner
Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him was I exchang'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me;
Which I disdaining scorn'd, and craved death

Rather than I would be so vile esteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

SALISBURY. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

TALBOT. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts,
In open market-place produc'd they me
To be a public spectacle to all;
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground
To hurl at the beholders of my shame;
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread
That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant;
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had
That walk'd about me every minute-while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the BOY with a linstock

SALISBURY. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd;
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, through this grate, I count each one
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify.
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.
Sir Thomas Gargrave and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions
Where is best place to make our batt'ry next.

GARGRAVE. I think at the North Gate; for there stand lords.

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

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

[Here they shoot and SALISBURY and GARGRAVE
fall down]

SALISBURY. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

GARGRAVE. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man!

TALBOT. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak.
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand
That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? Though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace;
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!
Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort,
Thou shalt not die whiles
He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,
As who should say 'When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.'
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn.
Wretched shall France be only in my name.
[Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens]
What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum and the noise?

Enter a MESSENGER

MESSENGER. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd
head
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
A holy prophetess new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.
[Here SALISBURY lifteth himself up and groans]

TALBOT. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan.
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you.
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,

And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

Alarum. Exeunt

SCENE 5

Before Orleans

Here an alarum again, and TALBOT pursueth the DAUPHIN and driveth him. Then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE driving Englishmen before her. Then enter TALBOT

TALBOT. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE

Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout with thee.
Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee;
Blood will I draw on thee-thou art a witch
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

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

TALBOT. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage.
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high minded strumpet.
[They fight again]

PUCELLE. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come.
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
[A short alarum; then enter the town with soldiers]
O'ertake me if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hungry starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament.
This day is ours, as many more shall be. Exit

TALBOT. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am nor what I do.
A witch by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists.
So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
Now like to whelps we crying run away.
[A short alarum]
Hark, countrymen! Either renew the fight
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:

Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft subdued slaves.

[Alarum. Here another skirmish]

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

Exit TALBOT. Alarum; retreat

SCENE 6

ORLEANS

Flourish. Enter on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENCON, and soldiers

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

CHARLES. Divinest creature, Astraea's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess.
Recover'd is the town of Orleans.
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

REIGNIER. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires
And feast and banquet in the open streets
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

ALENCON. All France will be replete with mirth and joy
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

CHARLES. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which I will divide my crown with her;
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear
Than Rhodope's of Memphis ever was.
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich jewel'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally
After this golden day of victory. Flourish. Exeunt

ACT II.

SCENE 1

Before Orleans

Enter a FRENCH SERGEANT and two SENTINELS

SERGEANT. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant.
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

FIRST SENTINEL. Sergeant, you shall. [Exit SERGEANT]
Thus are poor servitors,
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

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

TALBOT. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Wallon, and Picardy, are friends to us,
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted;
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.

BEDFORD. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!

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

TALBOT. A maid, they say.

BEDFORD. A maid! and be so martial!

BURGUNDY. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long,
If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour as she hath begun.

TALBOT. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name

Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

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

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

BEDFORD. Agreed; I'll to yond corner.

BURGUNDY. And I to this.

TALBOT. And here will Talbot mount or make his grave.
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.
[The English scale the walls and cry 'Saint George!
a Talbot!']

SENTINEL. Arm! arm! The enemy doth make assault.

The French leap o'er the walls in their shirts.

Enter, several ways, BASTARD, ALENCON, REIGNIER, half ready and half unready

ALENCON. How now, my lords? What, all unready so?

BASTARD. Unready! Ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

REIGNIER. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

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

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

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

ALENCON. Here cometh Charles; I marvel how he sped.

Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE

BASTARD. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

CHARLES. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

PUCELLE. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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