

# УИЛЬЯМ ШЕКСПИР

KING JOHN

# Уильям Шекспир

## King John

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*King John:*

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# William Shakespeare

## King John

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING JOHN

PRINCE HENRY, his son

ARTHUR, DUKE OF BRITAINNE, son of Geffrey, late Duke  
of Britaine, the elder brother of King John

EARL OF PEMBROKE

EARL OF ESSEX

EARL OF SALISBURY

LORD BIGOT

HUBERT DE BURGH

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, son to Sir Robert  
Faulconbridge

PHILIP THE BASTARD, his half-brother

JAMES GURNEY, servant to Lady Faulconbridge

PETER OF POMFRET, a prophet

KING PHILIP OF FRANCE

LEWIS, the Dauphin

LYMOGES, Duke of Austria

CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's legate

MELUN, a French lord

CHATILLON, ambassador from France to King John

QUEEN ELINOR, widow of King Henry II and mother to King John

CONSTANCE, Mother to Arthur

BLANCH OF SPAIN, daughter to the King of Castile and niece to King John

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, widow of Sir Robert Faulconbridge

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Executioners, Messengers, Attendants

# SCENE: England and France

## ACT I. SCENE 1

KING JOHN's palace

Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and others, with CHATILLON

KING JOHN. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

CHATILLON. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France

In my behaviour to the majesty,  
The borrowed majesty, of England here.

ELINOR. A strange beginning- 'borrowed majesty'!

KING JOHN. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

CHATILLON. Philip of France, in right and true behalf  
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,  
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim  
To this fair island and the territories,  
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,  
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword  
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,  
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,  
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

KING JOHN. What follows if we disallow of this?

CHATILLON. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,  
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

KING JOHN. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,

Controlment for controlment- so answer France.

CHATILLON. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth-

The farthest limit of my embassy.

KING JOHN. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace;

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;

For ere thou canst report I will be there,

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.

So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath

And sullen presage of your own decay.

An honourable conduct let him have-

Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon.

## **Exeunt CHATILLON and PEMBROKE**

ELINOR. What now, my son! Have I not ever said

How that ambitious Constance would not cease

Till she had kindled France and all the world

Upon the right and party of her son?

This might have been prevented and made whole

With very easy arguments of love,

Which now the manage of two kingdoms must  
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

KING JOHN. Our strong possession and our right for us!

ELINOR. Your strong possession much more than your  
right,

Or else it must go wrong with you and me;  
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,  
Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

Enter a SHERIFF

ESSEX. My liege, here is the strangest controversy  
Come from the country to be judg'd by you  
That e'er I heard. Shall I produce the men?

KING JOHN. Let them approach. Exit

SHERIFF

Our abbeyes and our priories shall pay  
This expedition's charge.

Enter ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE and PHILIP, his  
bastard brother

What men are you?

BASTARD. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman  
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,  
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge-  
A soldier by the honour-giving hand  
Of Coeur-de-lion knighted in the field.

KING JOHN. What art thou?



ROBERT. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

KING JOHN. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

BASTARD. Most certain of one mother, mighty king-

That is well known- and, as I think, one father;

But for the certain knowledge of that truth

I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother.

Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

ELINOR. Out on thee, rude man! Thou dost shame thy mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

BASTARD. I, madam? No, I have no reason for it-

That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;

The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out

At least from fair five hundred pound a year.

Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land!

KING JOHN. A good blunt fellow. Why, being younger born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

BASTARD. I know not why, except to get the land.

But once he slander'd me with bastardy;

But whe'er I be as true begot or no,

That still I lay upon my mother's head;

But that I am as well begot, my liege-

Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me! -

Compare our faces and be judge yourself.

If old Sir Robert did beget us both

And were our father, and this son like him-

O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee

I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

KING JOHN. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

ELINOR. He hath a trick of Coeur-de-lion's face;

The accent of his tongue affecteth him.

Do you not read some tokens of my son

In the large composition of this man?

KING JOHN. Mine eye hath well examined his parts

And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak,

What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

BASTARD. Because he hath a half-face, like my father.

With half that face would he have all my land:

A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year!

ROBERT. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,

Your brother did employ my father much-

BASTARD. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:

Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

ROBERT. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy

To Germany, there with the Emperor

To treat of high affairs touching that time.

Th' advantage of his absence took the King,

And in the meantime sojourn'd at my father's;

Where how he did prevail I shame to speak-

But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores

Between my father and my mother lay,

As I have heard my father speak himself,

When this same lusty gentleman was got.

Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd

His lands to me, and took it on his death

That this my mother's son was none of his;

And if he were, he came into the world  
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.  
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,  
My father's land, as was my father's will.

KING JOHN. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate:  
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him,  
And if she did play false, the fault was hers;  
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands  
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,  
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,  
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?  
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept  
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;  
In sooth, he might; then, if he were my brother's,  
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,  
Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes:  
My mother's son did get your father's heir;  
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

ROBERT. Shall then my father's will be of no force  
To dispossess that child which is not his?

BASTARD. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,  
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

ELINOR. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,  
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,  
Or the reputed son of Coeur-de-lion,  
Lord of thy presence and no land beside?

BASTARD. Madam, an if my brother had my shape  
And I had his, Sir Robert's his, like him;  
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,

My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin  
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose  
Lest men should say 'Look where three-farthings goes!'  
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land-  
Would I might never stir from off this place,  
I would give it every foot to have this face!  
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

ELINOR. I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,  
Bequeath thy land to him and follow me?

I am a soldier and now bound to France.

BASTARD. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance.  
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,  
Yet sell your face for fivepence and 'tis dear.  
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

ELINOR. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

BASTARD. Our country manners give our betters way.

KING JOHN. What is thy name?

BASTARD. Philip, my liege, so is my name begun:

Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

KING JOHN. From henceforth bear his name whose form  
thou  
bearest:

Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great-  
Arise Sir Richard and Plantagenet.

BASTARD. Brother by th' mother's side, give me your hand;  
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.  
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,  
When I was got, Sir Robert was away!

ELINOR. The very spirit of Plantagenet!

I am thy grandam, Richard: call me so.

BASTARD. Madam, by chance, but not by truth; what though?

Something about, a little from the right,  
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch;  
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night;  
And have is have, however men do catch.  
Near or far off, well won is still well shot;  
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

KING JOHN. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy desire:  
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.

Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must speed  
For France, for France, for it is more than need.

BASTARD. Brother, adieu. Good fortune come to thee!  
For thou wast got i' th' way of honesty.

## **Exeunt all but the BASTARD**

A foot of honour better than I was;  
But many a many foot of land the worse.  
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.  
'Good den, Sir Richard!'-'God-a-mercy, fellow!'  
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;  
For new-made honour doth forget men's names:  
'Tis too respective and too sociable  
For your conversion. Now your traveller,

He and his toothpick at my worship's mess-  
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,  
Why then I suck my teeth and catechize  
My picked man of countries: 'My dear sir,'  
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin  
'I shall beseech you'-That is question now;  
And then comes answer like an Absey book:  
'O sir,' says answer 'at your best command,  
At your employment, at your service, sir!'  
'No, sir,' says question 'I, sweet sir, at yours.'  
And so, ere answer knows what question would,  
Saving in dialogue of compliment,  
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,  
The Pyrenean and the river Po-  
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.  
But this is worshipful society,  
And fits the mounting spirit like myself;  
For he is but a bastard to the time  
That doth not smack of observation-  
And so am I, whether I smack or no;  
And not alone in habit and device,  
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,  
But from the inward motion to deliver  
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth;  
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,  
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;  
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.  
But who comes in such haste in riding-robes?  
What woman-post is this? Hath she no husband

That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, and JAMES GURNEY

O me, 'tis my mother! How now, good lady!

What brings you here to court so hastily?

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE. Where is that slave, thy brother?

Where is he

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

BASTARD. My brother Robert, old Sir Robert's son?

Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?

Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,

Sir Robert's son! Why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?

He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

BASTARD. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

GURNEY. Good leave, good Philip.

BASTARD. Philip-Sparrow! James,

There's toys abroad-anon I'll tell thee more.

**Exit GURNEY**

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son;

Sir Robert might have eat his part in me

Upon Good Friday, and ne'er broke his fast.  
Sir Robert could do: well-marry, to confess-  
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it:  
We know his handiwork. Therefore, good mother,  
To whom am I beholding for these limbs?  
Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE. Hast thou conspired with thy  
brother too,

That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?  
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

BASTARD. Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.  
What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son:  
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert and my land;  
Legitimation, name, and all is gone.

Then, good my mother, let me know my father-  
Some proper man, I hope. Who was it, mother?

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE. Hast thou denied thyself a  
Faulconbridge?

BASTARD. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE. King Richard Coeur-de-lion  
was thy father.

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd  
To make room for him in my husband's bed.  
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!  
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,  
Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.

BASTARD. Now, by this light, were I to get again,  
Madam, I would not wish a better father.



Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,  
And so doth yours: your fault was not your folly;  
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,  
Subjected tribute to commanding love,  
Against whose fury and unmatched force  
The aweless lion could not wage the fight  
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.  
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts  
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,  
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!  
Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well  
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.  
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;  
And they shall say when Richard me begot,  
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin.  
Who says it was, he lies; I say 'twas not.

Exeunt

## ACT II. SCENE 1

France. Before Angiers

Enter, on one side, AUSTRIA and forces; on the other, KING PHILIP OF FRANCE, LEWIS the Dauphin, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and forces

KING PHILIP. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.

Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,  
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart  
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,  
By this brave duke came early to his grave;  
And for amends to his posterity,  
At our importance hither is he come  
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;  
And to rebuke the usurpation  
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John.

Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

ARTHUR. God shall forgive you Coeur-de-lion's death

The rather that you give his offspring life,  
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.  
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,  
But with a heart full of unstained love;  
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, Duke.

KING PHILIP. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

AUSTRIA. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss  
As seal to this indenture of my love:

That to my home I will no more return  
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,  
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,  
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides  
And coops from other lands her islanders-  
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,  
That water-walled bulwark, still secure  
And confident from foreign purposes-  
Even till that utmost corner of the west  
Salute thee for her king. Till then, fair boy,  
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

CONSTANCE. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's  
thanks,

Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength  
To make a more requital to your love!

AUSTRIA. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their  
swords

In such a just and charitable war.

KING PHILIP. Well then, to work! Our cannon shall be  
bent

Against the brows of this resisting town;  
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,  
To cull the plots of best advantages.

We'll lay before this town our royal bones,  
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,  
But we will make it subject to this boy.

CONSTANCE. Stay for an answer to your embassy,  
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood;  
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring

That right in peace which here we urge in war,  
And then we shall repent each drop of blood  
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON

KING PHILIP. A wonder, lady! Lo, upon thy wish,  
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.  
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;  
We coldly pause for thee. Chatillon, speak.

CHATILLON. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege  
And stir them up against a mightier task.  
England, impatient of your just demands,  
Hath put himself in arms. The adverse winds,  
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time  
To land his legions all as soon as I;  
His marches are expedient to this town,  
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.  
With him along is come the mother-queen,  
An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;  
With her the Lady Blanch of Spain;  
With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd;  
And all th' unsettled humours of the land-  
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens-  
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,  
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.  
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits

Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er  
Did never float upon the swelling tide  
To do offence and scathe in Christendom. [Drum  
beats]

The interruption of their churlish drums  
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand;  
To parley or to fight, therefore prepare.

KING PHILIP. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

AUSTRIA. By how much unexpected, by so much

We must awake endeavour for defence,  
For courage mounteth with occasion.

Let them be welcome then; we are prepar'd.

## **Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the BASTARD, PEMBROKE, and others**

KING JOHN. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own!

If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,

Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct

Their proud contempt that beats His peace to heaven!

KING PHILIP. Peace be to England, if that war return

From France to England, there to live in peace!

England we love, and for that England's sake

With burden of our armour here we sweat.

This toil of ours should be a work of thine;

But thou from loving England art so far  
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,  
Cut off the sequence of posterity,  
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape  
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.  
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face:  
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his;  
This little abstract doth contain that large  
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time  
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.  
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,  
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,  
And this is Geffrey's. In the name of God,  
How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,  
When living blood doth in these temples beat  
Which owe the crown that thou o'er-masterest?

KING JOHN. From whom hast thou this great commission,  
France,

To draw my answer from thy articles?

KING PHILIP. From that supernal judge that stirs good  
thoughts

In any breast of strong authority  
To look into the blots and stains of right.  
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy,  
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,  
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

KING JOHN. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

KING PHILIP. Excuse it is to beat usurping down.

ELINOR. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

CONSTANCE. Let me make answer: thy usurping son.

ELINOR. Out, insolent! Thy bastard shall be king,

That thou mayst be a queen and check the world!

CONSTANCE. My bed was ever to thy son as true

As thine was to thy husband; and this boy

Liker in feature to his father Geffrey

Than thou and John in manners-being as Eke

As rain to water, or devil to his dam.

My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think

His father never was so true begot;

It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

ELINOR. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

CONSTANCE. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

AUSTRIA. Peace!

BASTARD. Hear the crier.

AUSTRIA. What the devil art thou?

BASTARD. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,

An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,

Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard;

I'll smoke your skin-coat an I catch you right;

Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith I will, i' faith.

BLANCH. O, well did he become that lion's robe

That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

BASTARD. It lies as sightly on the back of him

As great Alcides' shows upon an ass;

But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,

Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

AUSTRIA. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears  
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.

KING PHILIP. Women and fools, break off your  
conference.

King John, this is the very sum of all:

England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,

In right of Arthur, do I claim of thee;

Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?

KING JOHN. My life as soon. I do defy thee, France.

Arthur of Britaine, yield thee to my hand,

And out of my dear love I'll give thee more

Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.

Submit thee, boy.

ELINOR. Come to thy grandam, child.

CONSTANCE. Do, child, go to it grandam, child;

Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will

Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig.

There's a good grandam!

ARTHUR. Good my mother, peace!

I would that I were low laid in my grave:

I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

ELINOR. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

CONSTANCE. Now shame upon you, whe'er she does or  
no!

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,

Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,

Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;

Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd



To do him justice and revenge on you.

ELINOR. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

CONSTANCE. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth,

Call not me slanderer! Thou and thine usurp  
The dominations, royalties, and rights,  
Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest son's son,  
Infortunate in nothing but in thee.  
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;  
The canon of the law is laid on him,  
Being but the second generation  
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

KING JOHN. Bedlam, have done.

CONSTANCE. I have but this to say-  
That he is not only plagued for her sin,  
But God hath made her sin and her the plague  
On this removed issue, plagued for her  
And with her plague; her sin his injury,  
Her injury the beadle to her sin;  
All punish'd in the person of this child,  
And all for her-a plague upon her!

ELINOR. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce

A will that bars the title of thy son.

CONSTANCE. Ay, who doubts that? A will, a wicked will;  
A woman's will; a cank' red grandam's will!

KING PHILIP. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate.

It ill beseems this presence to cry aim

To these ill-tuned repetitions.

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls

These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak  
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet sounds. Enter citizens upon the walls

CITIZEN. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

KING PHILIP. 'Tis France, for England.

KING JOHN. England for itself.

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects-

KING PHILIP. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's  
subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle-

KING JOHN. For our advantage; therefore hear us first.

These flags of France, that are advanced here

Before the eye and prospect of your town,

Have hither march'd to your endamage;

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,

And ready mounted are they to spit forth

Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls;

All preparation for a bloody siege

And merciless proceeding by these French

Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;

And but for our approach those sleeping stones

That as a waist doth girdle you about

By the compulsion of their ordinance

By this time from their fixed beds of lime

Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made

For bloody power to rush upon your peace.

But on the sight of us your lawful king,

Who painfully with much expedient march  
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,  
To save unscratch'd your city's threat'ned cheeks-  
Behold, the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle;  
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,  
To make a shaking fever in your walls,  
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,  
To make a faithless error in your cars;  
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,  
And let us in-your King, whose labour'd spirits,  
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,  
Craves harbourage within your city walls.

KING PHILIP. When I have said, make answer to us both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection  
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right  
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,  
Son to the elder brother of this man,  
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys;  
For this down-trodden equity we tread  
In warlike march these greens before your town,  
Being no further enemy to you  
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal  
In the relief of this oppressed child  
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then  
To pay that duty which you truly owe  
To him that owes it, namely, this young prince;  
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,  
Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up;  
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent

Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven;  
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,  
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruish'd,  
We will bear home that lusty blood again  
Which here we came to spout against your town,  
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.  
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,  
'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls  
Can hide you from our messengers of war,  
Though all these English and their discipline  
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.  
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord  
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it;  
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,  
And stalk in blood to our possession?

CITIZEN. In brief: we are the King of England's subjects;  
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

KING JOHN. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

CITIZEN. That can we not; but he that proves the King,  
To him will we prove loyal. Till that time  
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

KING JOHN. Doth not the crown of England prove the  
King?

And if not that, I bring you witnesses:

Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed-  
BASTARD. Bastards and else.

KING JOHN. To verify our title with their lives.

KING PHILIP. As many and as well-born bloods as those-  
BASTARD. Some bastards too.

KING PHILIP. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

CITIZEN. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,

We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

KING JOHN. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls

That to their everlasting residence,

Before the dew of evening fall shall fleet

In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

KING PHILIP. Amen, Amen! Mount, chevaliers; to arms!

BASTARD. Saint George, that swing'd the dragon, and e'er  
since

Sits on's horse back at mine hostess' door,

Teach us some fence! [To AUSTRIA] Sirrah, were I at  
home,

At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,

I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,

And make a monster of you.

AUSTRIA. Peace! no more.

BASTARD. O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar!

KING JOHN. Up higher to the plain, where we'll set forth

In best appointment all our regiments.

BASTARD. Speed then to take advantage of the field.

KING PHILIP. It shall be so; and at the other hill

Command the rest to stand. God and our right!

Exeunt

## **Here, after excursions, enter the HERALD OF FRANCE, with trumpets, to the gates**

FRENCH HERALD. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates

And let young Arthur, Duke of Britaine, in,  
Who by the hand of France this day hath made  
Much work for tears in many an English mother,  
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground;  
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,  
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth;  
And victory with little loss doth play  
Upon the dancing banners of the French,  
Who are at hand, triumphantly displayed,  
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim  
Arthur of Britaine England's King and yours.

Enter ENGLISH HERALD, with trumpet

ENGLISH HERALD. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells:

King John, your king and England's, doth approach,  
Commander of this hot malicious day.  
Their armours that march'd hence so silver-bright  
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.  
There stuck no plume in any English crest

That is removed by a staff of France;  
Our colours do return in those same hands  
That did display them when we first march'd forth;  
And like a jolly troop of huntsmen come  
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,  
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.  
Open your gates and give the victors way.

CITIZEN. Heralds, from off our tow'rs we might behold  
From first to last the onset and retire  
Of both your armies, whose equality  
By our best eyes cannot be censured.  
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;  
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted  
power;  
Both are alike, and both alike we like.  
One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,  
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Enter the two KINGS, with their powers, at several doors

KING JOHN. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast  
away?

Say, shall the current of our right run on?  
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,  
Shall leave his native channel and o'erswell  
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,  
Unless thou let his silver water keep  
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

KING PHILIP. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of

blood

In this hot trial more than we of France;  
Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,  
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,  
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,  
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,  
Or add a royal number to the dead,  
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss  
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

BASTARD. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory tow'rs  
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!  
O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;  
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;



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