

## HENRY VI, PART 1

A line-by-line translation

## Act 1, Scene 1

## Shakespeare

*Dead March. Enter the Funeral of KING HENRY the Fifth, attended on by Dukes of BEDFORD, Regent of France; GLOUCESTER, Protector; and EXETER, Earl of WARWICK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, Heralds, & c*

**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  
5 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:  
10 His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams:  
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;  
His sparking eyes, replete with wrathful fire,  
More dazzled and drove back his enemies  
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.  
15 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,  
20 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?  
25 Or shall we think the subtle-witted French  
Conjurers and sorcerers, that afraid of him  
By magic verses have contrived his end?

**WINCHESTER**

He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.  
Unto the French the dreadful judgement-day  
30 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:  
35 None do you like but an effeminate prince,  
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.


**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,  
40 More than God or religious churchmen may.

## Shakescleare Translation

*Funeral procession. The funeral of KING HENRY V takes place. The Duke of BEDFORD (acting as ruler of France), the Duke of GLOUCESTER (Protector), the Duke of EXETER, Earl of WARWICK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, messengers and others enter with the funeral procession.*

**BEDFORD**


The skies are covered with darkness, day has passed into night now! Comets, which announce change, you should move frantically through the sky and punish those that are responsible for Henry's death! King Henry V was too famous to grow old . Never has England lost a better king.


 Henry V died at the age of 35.

**GLOUCESTER**


England has never had such a king before him. He was virtuous and good, a born leader. His sword shined, its light could blind men around him. His arms were wider than a dragon's wings. His bright eyes were so full of angry fire that his glare blinded and drove away his enemies. The fire in his eyes was brighter than the sun shining in his enemies' faces at noon. What else can I say? Words don't do his actions justice. He succeeded every time he set out to do something.


**EXETER**

We mourn dressed in black, but shouldn't we mourn by shedding blood ? Henry is dead and will never live again. We are here around a wooden coffin, honoring the dishonest victory of death over our king. We are attached to the coffin like slaves bound to a chariot processing through the streets in triumph. What!? Should we curse the planets that bring bad luck, because they planned to ruin our triumph? Or should we think that it was the crafty and clever French magicians and wizards that cast magic spells on him to end his life, because they were so afraid of him?


 Exeter believes they should mourn and honor Henry by going to war and through violence/bloodshed.


**WINCHESTER**

He was lucky because he was the best of kings . For the French, he was worse than the end of the world, they were so terrified to see him. He fought battles in the name of God and the prayers of the church made him successful.

 Henry is described here as "the King of Kings," which was a name for Christ.

**GLOUCESTER**

The church! Where is the church? Wasn't it the churchmen who prayed  for his death? Men of the church only like a weak prince who they can control as if he were a school boy.

 The churchmen "prayed" for Henry to lose his power, but Shakespeare may also be punning on "preyed."

**WINCHESTER**

Gloucester, let's consider you for a moment. You are the new king's protector and so you must guide the prince and rule the realm. Your wife is proud, she admires you more than God or churchmen might.

**GLOUCESTER**

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

**BEDFORD**

Cease, cease these jars and rest your minds in peace:  
45 Let's to the altar: heralds, wait on us:  
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms:  
Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead.  
Posterity, await for wretched years,  
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,  
50 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!  
55 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:  
60 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**

65 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 used?

**MESSENGER**

No treachery; but want of men and money.  
70 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 lingering wars with little cost;  
75 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 horrors new-begot:  
80 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.  
85 Give me my steeled coat. I'll fight for France.  
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!  
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,  
To weep their intermissive miseries.

*Enter to them another Messenger*

**GLOUCESTER**

Do not call on religion. You love only objects and money  
and sex and you only go to church during the year to pray  
against your enemies.

**BEDFORD**

Stop, stop these arguments, you two and relax a little. Let's  
get on with the funeral, messengers are waiting for us. We  
will offer our weapons to the altar instead of gold, since  
there is no use for weapons now that Henry is dead. Future  
generations, years of misery await you, when babies will  
only be fed by their mothers' tears. Our island will feed on  
salty tears, and only women will be left to mourn the dead. I  
call on your ghost, Henry the Fifth. Make this country rich  
and keep it free of conflict. Fight with the planets in the sky  
that try to prevent this! After all, your soul will transform  
into a more famous star than Julius Caesar or shining—

*A Messenger enters.*

**MESSENGER**

Honorable lords, I wish you all well! I bring bad news to you  
from France; news of loss, killings and absolute defeat. We  
have lost Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans, Paris,  
Guysors, and Poitiers.

**BEDFORD**

What are you saying? And why are you saying it before the  
body of the dead Henry? Speak quietly, or else he might  
break out of his lead-lined coffin and rise from the dead, if  
he hears about the loss of those great towns.


**GLOUCESTER**

Has Paris been lost? And did Rouen surrender? If Henry  
were brought back to life, that news would make him die  
again.

**EXETER**

How were they lost? Was treason involved?

**MESSENGER**

No treason—there weren't enough men and we needed  
more money. The soldiers were saying that you have  
opposing groups here, and instead of sending out men to  
fight, you are arguing about your generals. One general  
wants to delay the war and save money. Another wants to  
act quickly and fly, but has no wings to do so. A third one  
thinks that peace can be brought about with deceitful  
words and with no money spent at all. You have to wake up,  
English aristocrats! Don't let your laziness cloud your vision  
of these new horrors. The flower-de-luces  are cut out of  
your coat of arms, so half of England's coat of arms is  
already gone.


**EXETER**

If we didn't cry enough at this funeral, this news will surely  
make us cry more.

**BEDFORD**

As Regent of France, I am concerned about this. Give me my  
armor. I'll fight for France. Put away these shameful  
mourning clothes! I will not cry for the miseries in France  
but will instead fight for them and offer up my body.

*Another Messenger enters.*

 The Fleur-de-lis (lily of France) was part of the coat of arms of the King of England.

**MESSENGER**

Lords, view these letters full of bad mischance.

- 90 France is revolted from the English quite,  
Except some petty towns of no import:  
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king of Rheims;  
The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;  
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;  
95 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**

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

*Enter another Messenger*

**MESSENGER**

- 105 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?

**MESSENGER**

- O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:  
110 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  
115 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,  
120 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;  
125 Here, there, and every where, enraged he flew:  
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;  
All the whole army stood agazed on him:  
His soldiers spying his undaunted spirit  
A Talbot! A Talbot! Cried out amain  
130 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, placed behind  
With purpose to relieve and follow them,  
135 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,  
140 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,  
145 Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

**MESSENGER**

Lords, take a look at these letters which tell of horror.  
France is rebelling against the English, other than some  
small towns of no importance. The Dauphin Charles is  
crowned king of Rheims and he is joined by the Bastard of  
Orleans. Reignier, Duke of Anjou is also with them, and the  
Duke of Alencon ran to support him.

**EXETER**

The Dauphin has been made king! And they all run to him!  
Oh, how can we escape this shame?

**GLOUCESTER**

We won't run, unless we run toward the throats of our  
enemies. Bedford, if you're too lazy, I will fight.

**BEDFORD**

Why do you doubt that I am ready to fight, Gloucester? In  
my mind, I imagine that I have already gathered an army  
and invaded France.

*Another Messenger enters.*

**MESSENGER**

Kind lords, I bring more sad news to add to your sorrows.  
While you were here, mourning King Henry's coffin and  
crying over him, there was a disastrous fight between the  
bold Lord Talbot and the French.

**WINCHESTER**


What? And Talbot lost this fight? Is that right?


**MESSENGER**

Oh no, I will tell you more about how Talbot was defeated.  
On the 10th of August, this frightening man left the  
blockade at Orleans. He had barely 6000 soldiers. They  
were completely surrounded by 23,000 French soldiers. He  
couldn't put his men back into battle formation. He wanted  
to put pikes in the ground in front of his archers to protect  
them from the enemy, but sharp spears attacked them from  
the hedges. So, they sank to the ground, confused, to try  
and keep the men on horses from breaking in. The fight  
continued for more than three hours, when brave Talbot,  
seemingly superhuman, carried out wonders with his sword  
and spear. He sent hundreds of men to hell and none dared  
to stand against him. He was flying around angrily, all over  
the place. "The devil is here!" cried the French. The whole  
army was looking at him, amazed. His soldiers were  
carefully watching his unbreakable spirit. "Talbot! Talbot!"  
they cried out with all their strength and hurried to the  
center of the battle. This is where the battle would have  
ended, if John Fastolfe had not been such a coward. He  
should have followed and helped them, since he was at the  
front of the troops. But instead he ran away like a coward  
and didn't even use his sword once. This is when the real  
ruin and massacre started—once they were surrounded by  
their enemies. A lowly Walloon wanted to win the  
Dauphin's favor and so he thrust his spear into Talbot's  
back. Now all of France does not want to look Talbot in the  
face, not even after they have gathered all their strength.

**BEDFORD**

Is Talbot dead? Then, I will kill myself, because being lazy  
and living in luxurious comfort, while such a noble leader is  
destroyed by his cowardly enemies, is betrayal.

 "Dauphin" was the title given to the heir of the French throne during this time period.

 At this time, the Walloons were the inhabitants of the area, known as the "Pays wallon" which is located in the south of Belgium, although they spoke French.

**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:  
150 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,  
155 To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:  
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,  
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

**MESSENGER**

So you had need; for Orleans is besieged;  
The English army is grown weak and faint:  
160 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,  
165 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,  
170 To view the 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,  
175 And for his safety there I'll best devise.


*Exit***WINCHESTER**


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:  
180 The king from Eltham I intend to steal  
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.

*Exeunt***MESSENGER**

Oh, no, he lives. But he is a prisoner, along with Lord Scales and Lord Hungerford. The others were either killed or also taken prisoner.

**BEDFORD**

I don't care how much I have to pay to get him out, I will pay it. I'll drag the Dauphin from his throne and his crown will be the price I pay to bring back my friend. I will exchange four of their lords for one of ours. Goodbye, my lords, I need to carry out this job. I will make fires in France, to celebrate our holiday—Saint George's celebration . I will take 10,000 soldiers with me and their bloody actions will shake all of Europe.

 St. George's Day is the feast day of Saint George celebrated by the several nations, kingdoms, countries, and cities of which Saint George is the patron saint, including England.

**MESSENGER**

You should do that, since Orleans is surrounded. The English army is becoming weak. The Earl of Salisbury needs help. He can't stop his men from rebelling, since the few he has left have to watch such a huge army.

**EXETER**

You should remember what you swore to Henry, lords. Either we crush the Dauphin completely, or we make him our obedient slave.

**BEDFORD**

I remember it and am leaving now to prepare.

*BEDFORD exits.***GLOUCESTER**

I'll go to the Tower, as fast as I can, to check out the state of our weapons. And then I will announce that young Henry is king.

*GLOUCESTER exits.***EXETER**

I will go to Eltham, where the young king is. I am his guardian, after all and am in charge of his safety.

*EXETER exits.***WINCHESTER**

Each of you has somewhere to go and something to do. I am the only one left out, there is nothing for me to do. But I will not be like someone who has been told to leave his rightful place. I am planning to steal the king from Eltham and so assume the highest position from Exeter and control the state.

*BISHOP OF WINCHESTER exits.*

## Act 1, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*Sound a flourish. Enter CHARLES, 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;

### Shakescleare Translation

*A trumpet sounds. CHARLES, ALENCON, and REIGNIER, enter, walking with drummers and Soldiers.*

**CHARLES**

We still don't know the exact way in which Mars moves in the heavens or on earth. Recently, he has shown favor to the English, but now we have won and he seems to smile on

Now we are victors; upon us he smiles.

- 5 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:  
10 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:  
15 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 alarm! we will rush on them.  
Now for the honour of the forlorn French!  
20 Him I forgive my death that killeth me  
When he sees me go back one foot or fly.

*Exeunt*

*Here alarm; they are beaten back by the English with great loss. Re-enter CHARLES, ALENCON, and REIGNIER*

**CHARLES**

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

**REIGNIER**

- 25 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,  
30 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!  
35 Lean, raw-boned 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:  
40 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 gimmors or device  
Their arms are set like clocks, stiff to strike on;  
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.  
45 By my consent, we'll even let them alone.

**ALENCON**

Be it so.

us. What important towns do we have? We are happily here  
near Orleans. Otherwise the starving English, looking like  
pale ghosts, would surround us slowly, in their weak state.

**ALENCON**

They only want to eat their porridge and beef. We must  
either feed them as if they were mules and have their  
animal food tied close to their mouths, or they will look  
miserable, like drowned mice.

**REIGNIER**

Let's increase our attacks. Why are we so lazy these days?  
We used to be scared of Talbot, but he is captured. The only  
one left is the crazy Salisbury and he is so impatient that he  
will probably lose his anger. Plus, he hasn't got any men or  
money to start a war.

**CHARLES**

Call our men to battle! We will hurry towards them. We fight  
for the honor of the hopeless French! I forgive whoever will  
kill me, when he sees that I step one foot back and run  
away.

*CHARLES, ALENCON, and REIGNIER exit.*

*An alarm is heard. The French are overthrown by the  
English, suffering great losses. CHARLES, ALENCON, and  
REIGNIER re-enter.*

**CHARLES**

Who has ever seen anything like this before? What kind of  
men do I have? Dogs! Cowards! I wouldn't have run away if  
they hadn't left me alone surrounded by my enemies.

**REIGNIER**

Salisbury is a desperate murderer. He fought as if he were  
tired of his own life. The other lords were like lions who  
want food—they hurried towards us. They were the hungry  
lions, we were the prey.

**ALENCON**

Our countryman, [Froissart](#) <sup>1</sup>, writes that England brought  
to life all [Olivers and Rowlands](#) <sup>2</sup>, during Edward the  
Third's rule. Now, we can confirm this is true, because  
England have sent out only [Samsons and Goliases to fight](#). <sup>3</sup>  
One English man for every ten French ones! Thin,  
skeleton-like [villains](#) <sup>4</sup>! Who would have thought they had  
such courage and boldness?

<sup>1</sup> *Froissart was a chronicler who, ironically, was the main source of inspiration for Elizabethan codes of chivalry, or knighthood.*

<sup>2</sup> *Alencon is saying that Edward III's reign bred only strong and noble warriors in England.*

<sup>3</sup> *Samson and Goliath are biblical characters famed for their strength.*

<sup>4</sup> *In the original, Shakespeare uses the term "rascals," which can mean both a "villain" and a thin, inferior deer in a herd.*

**CHARLES**

Let's leave this town, because they are reckless villains.  
Hunger will make them even more eager. I have known  
them for a while. They would rather tear down the walls  
with their teeth than give up this attack.

**REIGNIER**

I think that by some mechanism or device their arms are  
like clocks. Their arms remain firm when you hit them.  
Otherwise, they could not last as long as they do now. I say,  
let's leave them alone.

**ALENCON**

Let's.

*Enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS***BASTARD OF ORLEANS**

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

**CHARLES**

Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

**BASTARD OF ORLEANS**

50 Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd:  
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?  
Be not dismay'd, for succor is at hand:  
A holy maid hither with me I bring,  
Which by a vision sent to her from heaven  
55 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.  
60 Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,  
For they are certain and unfallible.

**CHARLES**

Go, call her in.

*Exit BASTARD OF ORLEANS***CHARLES**

But first, to try her skill,  
65 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?

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?  
70 Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind;  
I know thee well, though never seen before.  
Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me:  
In private will I talk with thee apart.  
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

**REIGNIER**

75 She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

**JOAN LA 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 pleased  
To shine on my contemptible estate:  
80 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  
85 And free my country from calamity:  
Her aid she promised and assured success:  
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;  
And, whereas I was black and swart before,  
With those clear rays which she infused on me  
90 That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.  
Ask me what question thou canst possible,  
And I will answer unpremeditated:  
My courage try by combat, if thou darest,  
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.  
95 Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,  
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

*The BASTARD OF ORLEANS enters.***BASTARD OF ORLEANS**

Where is the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

**CHARLES**

You're very welcome, Bastard of Orleans.

**BASTARD OF ORLEANS**

I think you look sad, and your face is pale. Did our recent loss cause this? Don't fear! Help is on its way. I bring a holy girl with me. She has been sent a vision from heaven by which God appointed her to end this battle and drive the English out of France. She is a prophet, even more powerful than the nine sibyls of old Rome <sup>5</sup> and she sees the past and the future. Tell me, should I ask her to come in? Believe the words I speak, because they are true and reliable.

<sup>5</sup> The nine sibyls of Rome were women believed to be prophets by the ancient Greeks. They were supposedly granted divine inspiration from a God or deity.

**CHARLES**

Go, tell her to come in.

*BASTARD OF ORLEANS exits.***CHARLES**

But let's test how good she is first. Reignier, pretend that you are the Dauphin and sit in my place. Ask her proud questions and look harshly on her. This way, we can test her skills.

*The BASTARD OF ORLEANS re-enters, with JOAN LA PUCELLE.***REIGNIER**

Pretty girl, is it you who will perform these miraculous actions?

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Reignier, do you think that you can deceive me? Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind. I know you well although I have never seen you before. Don't be surprised, you can't hide anything from me. I will talk to you alone. Stand back, you lords, and leave us for a while.

**REIGNIER**

For her first meeting, she plays her part well.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Dauphin, I am a shepherd's daughter, I am unintelligent and uneducated. But Heaven and the Virgin Mary have decided to shine on my low status. While I was taking care of my young lambs, and the sun's heat burned my cheeks, God's mother appeared to me in an impressive vision. She wanted me to leave my poor job and save my country from disaster. In her perfect glory, she promised me her help and said it was guaranteed that I would succeed. I was dark and ugly before but she made me beautiful, as you can see, with her bright rays. Ask me anything you want and I will answer it straight away. Test my courage in a fight, if you dare to and you will find that I am better at it than other women. If you agree, you will be lucky, because you can have me as your partner <sup>6</sup> in this war.

<sup>6</sup> "Mate" in the original can mean both a "companion," or a "brother-in-arms" but it is also playing with the meaning of a "sexual partner."

**CHARLES**

100 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.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

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

**CHARLES**

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

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

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

*Here they fight, and JOAN LA PUCELLE overcomes*

**CHARLES**

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

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

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

**CHARLES**

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

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

120 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**

125 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**

130 My lord, where are you? What devise you on?  
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

**CHARLES**

I am amazed by your well-spoken words. I will only test your courage in one fight with you. If you overcome me and win, your words are true. If not, you lose all my trust.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

I am ready. Here is my sharp sword, decorated with five flower-de-luces on each side. I picked this sword out of old iron at Touraine, in Saint Katherine's churchyard.

**CHARLES**

Then let's do this, in God's name! I am not afraid of any woman.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

And while I am alive, I will never run away from any man.

*Now they fight and JOAN LA PUCELLE wins.*

**CHARLES**

Stop, stop your hands! You are an Amazon and you fight with the sword of Deborah.

<sup>7</sup> The Amazons were a mythical society of female warriors. They were known for being brutal, and only used men for breeding.

<sup>8</sup> Deborah appears in the Old Testament as a prophetess who leads the Israelites in a fight against their oppressors.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

I would be too weak without the help of the Virgin Mary.

**CHARLES**

Whoever is it that helps you, it is you that must help me. The same urge to fight that you feel now burns in me, impatiently. You have conquered my heart and my hands. You are excellent, Pucelle—if that is your name. Let me be your servant instead of your ruler. The French Dauphin begs you so.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

I must not give in to love, because my purpose is blessed from the heavens. When I have frightened away all your enemies, then I will think about a payment.

**CHARLES**

In the meantime, look with favor on your kneeling slave.

**REIGNIER**

I think my lord is talking too much.

**ALENCON**

He must be hearing her confession and offering her forgiveness, otherwise he wouldn't speak for so long.

**REIGNIER**

Should we interrupt him, since he is taking so long?

**ALENCON**

He may know more than us poor men do. These women can tempt with their sharp tongues.

**REIGNIER**

My lord, what are your intentions? What are you planning to do? Should we abandon Orleans or not?

**JOAN LA 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.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

- 135 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,  
140 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  
145 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.  
150 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 immortalized.

**CHARLES**

- 155 Presently we'll try: come, let's away about it:  
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.

*Exeunt*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

I say: "No!" you doubting cowards! You will fight until your  
last breath. I will be your guard.

**CHARLES**

I can confirm what she says. We will fight!

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

I have been chosen to punish the English. I will start the  
attack tonight. Expect Saint Martin's summer<sup>9</sup> and calm  
days, now that I have come to fight in these battles. Glory is  
like a circle in the water, which never stops making itself  
bigger until by spreading widely it vanishes into nothing.  
The English circle ended with Henry's death and his glories  
will soon vanish. Now I am like that proud, mocking ship<sup>10</sup>  
that once carried Caesar and all his good luck.

<sup>9</sup> This expression is similar to the modern day "Indian summer."

<sup>10</sup> The Greek biographer Plutarch wrote that Caesar told the captain of the ship that no harm would come to him, for he had "Caesar's fortune."

**CHARLES**

Was Mahomet inspired by a dove<sup>11</sup>? Then you are inspired  
by an eagle. Neither Helen<sup>12</sup>, the mother of the great  
Constantine, nor Saint Philip's daughters<sup>13</sup> were as good  
as you. Venus, you shining star, that has fallen onto the  
earth, how can I worship you properly?

<sup>11</sup> The Prophet Mahomet had a dove which he fed with wheat out of his ear. He used this to convince the Arabs that he was inspired by the Holy Ghost.

<sup>12</sup> St. Helen was Empress of the Roman Empire, and the mother of Constantine the Great, one of the most well-regarded Roman Emperors.

<sup>13</sup> St. Philip the Evangelist was a figure in the New Testament; his four daughters were fortune tellers, the most famous perhaps being St. Hermione.

**ALENCON**

Let's not waste time and let's start the attack.

**REIGNIER**

Woman, do what you can to save our honor. Drive them  
away from Orleans and gain immortal fame.

**CHARLES**

Immediately, we'll try to do it. Come, let's go! I will trust no  
prophet if she turns out to be wrong.

*All exit.*

## Act 1, Scene 3

### Shakespeare

*Enter 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**

- 5 *[Within]* Who's there that knocks so imperiously?

**First Serving-Man**

It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

### Shakescleare Translation

*GLOUCESTER enters, followed by his servants in  
blue uniforms<sup>1</sup>.*

<sup>1</sup> Blue coats was Gloucester's uniform and also the typical color of Elizabethan servants' uniforms.

**GLOUCESTER**

I came to have a look at the Tower today. Ever since Henry's  
death, I am afraid there is only trickery in the world. Where  
are the guards? Why aren't they waiting here? Open the  
gates, Gloucester calls you!

**FIRST WARDER**

*[Inside]* Who is knocking in such an arrogant manner?

**First Serving-Man**

It's 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?  
10 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 WOODVILE the Lieutenant speaks within*

**WOODVILE**

What noise is this? What traitors have we here?

**GLOUCESTER**

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

**WOODVILE**

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**

- 20 Faint-hearted Woodvile, 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.  
25 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, BISHOP OF 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,  
30 And not protector, of the king or realm.

**GLOUCESTER**

- Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,  
Thou that contrivedst to murder our dead lord;  
Thou that givest whores indulgences to sin:  
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,  
35 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:  
40 Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth

**SECOND WARDER**

*[Inside]* I don't care who he is. You can't go in.

**First Serving-Man**

Villains, is that how you answer your lord protector?

**FIRST WARDER**

*[Inside]* Our answer is that the Lord will protect him. We only do what we are ordered.

**GLOUCESTER**

Who ordered you? Whose order should you follow apart from mine? I am the only protector of the kingdom. Open the gates, I can guarantee that it will be fine. Should I be made fun of by some boys who take care of the horses?

*Gloucester's men run towards the Tower Gate and WOODVILE, the Lieutenant speaks from the inside.*

**WOODVILE**

What is this noise? What traitors do we have here?


**GLOUCESTER**


Lieutenant, is it your voice that I hear? Open the gates. It's me, Gloucester, and I'd like to come in.

**WOODVILE**

Be patient, great duke. I can't open the gate because the Cardinal of Winchester forbids it. He gave me an order that neither you nor your men should be allowed inside.

**GLOUCESTER**

Woodvile, you coward! Does he mean more to you than I do? Arrogant Winchester, he is a proud priest . Henry, our last king, couldn't stand him! You are not a friend to God or to the king. Open the gates or I will have you thrown out immediately. Open the gates to your lord protector, servants. Or else we'll break them, if you aren't quick!

*The Protector enters at the Tower Gates, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER and his men in yellow coats  also enter.*

**WINCHESTER**

What's going on, ambitious Humphry! What is the meaning of all this?


**GLOUCESTER**

You, bald priest, command me to be kept outside?


**WINCHESTER**

I do, you traitor! Yes, you are a traitor and not a protector of the king and the kingdom.

**GLOUCESTER**


Stand back! You are obviously scheming against me. You plotted to murder our dead lord, you allowed  whores to sin. I'll watch you, in your cardinal's hat, if you carry on with your disrespect towards me.


**WINCHESTER**


No, you stand back! I will not move one inch. Imagine, if you want, that this is Damascus  and you are the cursed Cain, who will kill your brother Abel.


**GLOUCESTER**

I won't kill you, but I will push you back. I'll use your red clothes to carry you out of here like a child.

 "Prelate" means a senior clergyman, someone above an ordinary priest.

 The color of the uniform worn by church officers.

 Winchester gives whores "indulgences," which were official documents that could be bought from the Church. They granted absolution from sin.

 The city of Damascus has been suggested as the place where Cain murdered Abel.

I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

**WINCHESTER**

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

**GLOUCESTER**

What! am I dared and bearded to my face?  
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;  
45 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**

50 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 WINCHESTER's men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and his Officers*

**MAYOR**

55 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**

60 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,  
65 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**

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

**OFFICER**

All manner of men assembled here in arms this day  
against God's peace and the king's, we charge and  
75 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:  
80 But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

**WINCHESTER**

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

**WINCHESTER**

Do what you wish but I will defy you.

**GLOUCESTER**


What? You challenge me and defy me? Attack, men, even  
though we are in a location where it's illegal to draw  
swords! Blue coats against brown. Priest, be careful with  
your beard, I plan on pulling it and handcuffing you. I will  
stamp on your cardinal's hat, even though to do so goes  
against the pope and the church. Here, I pull your cheeks  
and drag you up and down.

**WINCHESTER**

Gloucester, you will answer for this before the pope.

**GLOUCESTER**


Winchester, you goose! Bring me a rope, a rope! Fight  
them here! Why do you let them stay? I'll chase after you,  
you wolf in sheep's skin. Leave, brown coats! Leave, you  
hypocrite!

 "Winchester goose" means a client of prostitutes.

*Here GLOUCESTER's men beat WINCHESTER'S men. In the middle of this uproar, the MAYOR of London and his Officers enter.*

**MAYOR**

Ugh, lords! How could you, as the supreme magistrates,  
so disgracefully break the peace?

 The term magistrate is used to refer to any officer who administers the law.

**GLOUCESTER**

Calm down, mayor. You don't know how badly I've been  
treated. Here we have Beaufort, who doesn't respect God or  
the king. He took over the Tower for his own use.

**WINCHESTER**

Here we have Gloucester, an enemy to the people. He still  
promotes war instead of peace, and charges you high taxes.  
He wants to eliminate religion because he is the protector  
of the kingdom and wants weapons from the Tower, so he  
can crown himself king and crush the prince.

**GLOUCESTER**

I won't answer you with words, but with my sword.

*They fight again.*

**MAYOR**

All that remains for me to do in this disorderly conflict is  
give a statement. Come, officer, and scream as loud as you  
can.

**OFFICER**

We order every armed man gathered here today against  
God's peace and the king's, to go back to your homes, in the  
name of his highness. Don't wear, handle or use any sword,  
weapon, or dagger from now on, or you will be punished  
with death.

**GLOUCESTER**

Cardinal, I will not break the law. But we shall meet and  
share our thoughts.

**WINCHESTER**

Gloucester, we will meet, for sure. I will have your blood 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**

85 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 Serving-men*

**MAYOR**

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

*Exeunt*

**MAYOR**

I will call for weapons, if you won't go away. This cardinal is more disdainful than the devil.

**GLOUCESTER**

Goodbye, Mayor. You are only doing what you have to.

**WINCHESTER**

Hateful Gloucester, watch out for your head because I intend to have it soon.

*GLOUCESTER and WINCHESTER exit separately, with their servants.*

**MAYOR**

Now make sure the coast is clear and then we will leave.  
Good God, these noble lords have such a bad temper! I myself have not fought in forty years.

*MAYOR exits.*

## Act 1, Scene 4

### Shakespeare

*Enter, on the walls, a Master Gunner and his Boy*

**MASTER GUNNER**

Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged,  
And how the English have the suburbs won.

**BOY**

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

**MASTER-GUNNER**

5 But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled by me:  
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;  
Something I must do to procure me grace.  
The prince's espials have informed me  
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,  
10 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,  
15 A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have placed;  
And even these three days have I watch'd,  
If I could see them.  
Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.  
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;  
20 And thou shalt find me at the governor's.

*Exit*

**BOY**

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

*Exit*

*Enter, on the turrets, SALISBURY and TALBOT, GLANSDALE, GARGRAVE, and others*

**SALISBURY**

Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!  
25 How wert thou handled being prisoner?  
Or by what means got'st thou to be released?

### Shakescleare Translation

*A MASTER GUNNER and his BOY enter on the walls of the city of Orléans, France.*

**MASTER GUNNER**

Sir, you know that Orleans was attacked, and that the English won in the outskirts of the city.

**BOY**

Father, I know and I kept shooting at them. But it is unfortunate that my aim was off.

**MASTER-GUNNER**

But now you won't miss. Let me tell you what to do. I am the chief master-gunner of this town and I must do something to gain honor. The prince's spies have told me how the English, in the outskirts fortified nearby, are able to go through a secret framework of iron bars to overlook the city from that tower over there. From there, they have an advantage and so they realized how they may surprise us with guns, or with an attack. To stop them from doing this, I put a cannon against it, and I watched these last three days, to see if I could see them. Now you watch them, because I can't stay any longer. If you see any of them, run and tell me. You will find me at the governor's.

*MASTER-GUNNER exits.*

**BOY**

I promise you, father, do not worry. I won't trouble you if I see them.

*BOY exits.*

*SALISBURY and TALBOT, GLANSDALE, GARGRAVE and others enter in the towers.*

**SALISBURY**

Talbot—my life, my joy, you have returned again! How did they treat you while you were prisoner? Or, how were you

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

**TALBOT**

The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner  
Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;  
30 For him was I exchanged and ransomed.  
But with a baser man of arms by far  
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:  
Which I, disdainingly, scorn'd; and craved death,  
Rather than I would be so vile esteem'd.  
35 In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired.  
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart,  
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,  
If I now had him brought into my power.

**SALISBURY**

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

**TALBOT**

40 With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts.  
In open market-place produced 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.  
45 Then broke I from the officers that led me,  
And with my nails digg'd stoned 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.  
50 In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;  
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,  
That they supposed I could rend bars of steel,  
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:  
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,  
55 That walked 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 endured,  
But we will be revenged sufficiently  
60 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,  
65 Let me have your express opinions  
Where is best place to make our battery 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,  
70 Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

*Here they shoot. SALISBURY and GARGRAVE fall*

**SALISBURY**

O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

**GARGRAVE**

O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

released? Tell me, please, while we stand on the top of this tower.

**TALBOT**


The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner who, the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles. I was exchanged for him. But they would have exchanged me for a man of lower birth if I hadn't mocked them for it and said that I wished to die instead. In short, I was exchanged as I desired it. But, oh, the treasonous Fastolfe breaks my heart. I would kill him with my bare hands, if he was brought in front of me now.


**SALISBURY**

But you didn't tell us how you were treated.

**TALBOT**

They mocked me and laughed at me and teased me constantly. They paraded me through the market place, to be a public spectacle to everyone. "Here is the terror of the French," they said, "The scarecrow that scares our children." Then I broke away from the officers that led me and dug stones out of the ground with my nails, so I could throw them at the people who came to embarrass me. My terrifying appearance made people run away. They didn't want to come near me for fear that I would kill them. They didn't think I could be contained by their iron walls. Even my name scared them, and they thought that I could bend the bars of steel and kick the unbreakable posts into pieces. That is why I had a guard assigned to me, who walked around me at every minute. If I so much as moved slightly out of my bed, they were ready to shoot me in the heart.

*The BOY enters with a stick .*

 A "linstock" is a forked stick for holding the gunner's lighted match.

**SALISBURY**


It makes me sad to hear the horrors you went through. But we will get our revenge. It is now dinner time in Orleans. Here, through this gate, I see them all and see how the Frenchmen are reinforcing their troops. Let us look inside, you'll be delighted by what you see.


*[To GARGRAVE and GLANSDALE] Sir Thomas Gargrave and Sir William Glansdale, give me your considered opinions on the best place for our next assault.*

**GARGRAVE**

I think at the north gate, because that's where the lords stand.

**GLANSDALE**

And I think here, at the barrier  of the bridge.

 "Bulwark" is a fortification made out of stone.

**TALBOT**

From what I can see, this city must be starving. Or it has been weakened from the small battles.

*They shoot. SALISBURY and GARGRAVE fall.*

**SALISBURY**

Oh god, pity us, miserable sinners!

**GARGRAVE**

Oh god, pity me, lamentable man!

**TALBOT**

What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?  
 75 Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:  
 How farest thou, mirror of all martial men?  
 One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!  
 Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand  
 That hath contrived this woful tragedy!  
 80 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 livest thou, Salisbury? Though thy speech doth  
 85 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!  
 90 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--  
 95 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:  
 100 Wretched shall France be only in my name.

*Here an alarm, and it thunders and lightens*

**TALBOT**

What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?  
 Whence cometh this alarm and the noise?

*Enter a Messenger*

**MESSENGER**

My lord, my lord, the French have gathered head:  
 The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,  
 105 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 revenged.  
 Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:  
 110 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.

*Alarm. Exeunt*

**TALBOT**

What just happened here? Speak, Salisbury, at least if you can. How are you, model of all soldiers? One of your eyes and a side of your cheek has been shot off! Curse that tower! Curse that deadly hand that brought this miserable tragedy! Salisbury won thirteen battles. He first trained Henry the Fifth for war. As long as he heard the sound of the trumpet or the drum, his sword never stopped fighting in the field. Do you still live, Salisbury? Although you cannot speak, you still have one eye, to look to heaven for grace. The sun looks on all the world with just one eye. Heaven, don't be kind to anyone alive, if Salisbury needs your mercy! Carry his body, I will help to bury it. Sir Thomas Gargrave, are you still alive? Speak to Talbot, no, look up at him too! Salisbury, you can cheer yourself up with this comfort, you will not die while—he gestures with his hand and smiles at me, as if he wants to say: "When I am dead and gone, remember to take revenge on the French for me." Plantagenet, I will, and like Nero  I will play on the lute, watching towns burn. France will be distressed at the mere sound of my name.

 Nero was a Roman emperor who is said to have "fiddled while Rome burned."

*An alarm sounds. There is thunder and lightning.*

**TALBOT**

What disorder is this? What disturbance is in the heavens?  
 Where does this alarm and noise come from?



*A Messenger enters.*


**MESSENGER**


My lord, my lord, the French have raised an army! The Dauphin has joined with one called Joan la Pucelle. She is a holy prophetess, newly discovered. She is coming with a great power to end this blockade.

*SALISBURY lifts himself up and moans.*

**TALBOT**

Can you hear how the dying Salisbury moans? It distresses him that he cannot be revenged. Frenchmen, I'll be like a Salisbury to you. Whore or maiden,  dolphin  or dogfish, I will crush your hearts with the heels of my horse. I'll make a swamp out of your mixed brains. Bear Salisbury to the tent for me and then we'll attempt what these cowardly French only dare.

 "Pucelle" or "puzzel" were terms that took on the meaning of "whore" or "prostitute," although it actually meant "virgin."

 "Dauphin" would have been pronounced identically to "dolphin."

*Alarm sounds. All exit.*

## Act 1, Scene 5

### Shakespeare

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

**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.

### Shakescleare Translation

*An alarm sounds again. TALBOT is chasing after the DAUPHIN. Then, JOAN LA PUCELLE enters, driving Englishmen in front of her. She exits after them and then TALBOT re-enters.*

**TALBOT**

Where is my strength, my courage and my spirit? Our English troops are leaving, I can't make them stay. A woman dressed in armor is chasing them away.

Re-enter JOAN LA PUCELLE

**TALBOT**

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

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

10 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*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

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

*A short alarm; then enter the town with soldiers*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

20 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,  
25 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 alarm*

**TALBOT**

30 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,  
35 As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

*Alarm. Here another skirmish*

**TALBOT**

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

*Exit TALBOT. Alarm; retreat; flourish*

JOAN LA PUCELLE re-enters.

**TALBOT**

Here she comes. I'll fight with you. Be you devil or devil's mother, I'll defeat you. I will draw blood from you, you are a witch and will give your soul to whoever it is you serve.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Come, come, it is only me that must shame you!

*They fight.*

**TALBOT**

Heavens, how can you let hell win? My chest will burst from straining my courage and my arms will crack in two from my shoulders. But I will punish this noble-minded whore.

*They fight again.*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Goodbye, Talbot. Your hour hasn't come yet. I must go to Orleans at once to supply them with provisions.

*A short alarm sounds, then they enter the town with soldiers.*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Catch up with me if you can, I laugh at your "strength." Go, go! Cheer up your hungry men, help Salisbury give his final statement. This victory is ours and many more will be too!

*JOAN LA PUCELLE exits.*

**TALBOT**

My thoughts are spinning like the wheel of a potter. I don't know where I am or what I'm doing. A witch, using fear and not force like Hannibal, drives back our troops and she conquers as she pleases. We are like bees being driven away from their hives with smoke, or doves with disgusting stink from their houses. They called us English dogs because of our fierceness. Now, like puppies we are running away, crying.

*A short alarm sounds.*

**TALBOT**


Listen, countrymen! Either carry on fighting or tear the lions out of England's coat of arms, give up your land, provide sheep in their place. But even sheep don't run half as cowardly from the wolf, or horse, or oxen from the leopard, as you now run from slaves that you have frequently overcome in the past.

*Alarm sounds. Another fight.*

**TALBOT**

This is not how it will be. Go back to your trenches. You all allowed Salisbury to die because none of you would fight to revenge him. Pucelle has entered Orleans, in spite of us or our best efforts. Oh, if only I could have died with Salisbury! This shame will make me hide my face.

*TALBOT exits. Alarm sounds, retreat and trumpets.*

 Hannibal was a renowned general of Carthage from the third century.

## Act 1, Scene 6

## Shakespeare

*Enter, on the walls, JOAN LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENCON, and Soldiers*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

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

**CHARLES**

Divinest creature, Astraea's daughter,  
5 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:  
10 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**

15 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  
20 Shall in procession sing her endless praise.  
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear  
Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was:  
In memory of her when she is dead,  
Her ashes, in an urn more precious  
25 Than the rich-jewel'd 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.  
30 Come in, and let us banquet royally,  
After this golden day of victory.

*Flourish. Exeunt*

## Shakescleare Translation

*JOAN LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENCON, and Soldiers enter on the walls.*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Raise our military flags on the walls! Orleans is rescued from the English and so Joan la Pucelle has carried out her promise.

**CHARLES**

You, most heavenly creature! Astraea's<sup>1</sup> daughter! How shall I honor you for your success? Your promises are like Adonis' gardens<sup>2</sup>, that bloomed one day and ripened the day after. France, you should celebrate your glorious prophetess! The town of Orleans is recovered. Our fortune has never been better.

**REIGNIER**

Why are the bells not ringing through the town? Dauphin, command the citizens to light bonfires and eat and have a banquet in the streets, to celebrate the joy that God has given us.

**ALENCON**

All of France will be full of merriment and joy, when they hear how we have performed our role as soldiers.

**CHARLES**

It is Joan and not us who won this day. For her actions, I will share my crown with her and all the priests in my kingdom shall sing her endless praise through the streets. I'll build more magnificent pyramids for her than Rhodope's of Memphis<sup>3</sup> ever were. In memory of her when she is dead, her ashes will be stored in an urn more precious than the rich jewel of Darius.<sup>4</sup> They will be presented at important festivals before the kings and queens of France. We will no longer pray to "Saint Denis<sup>5</sup>" but Joan la Pucelle will be the new saint of France. Come in, and let us banquet in royal fashion, after this golden day of victory.

*Trumpets sound. All exit.*

<sup>1</sup> Astraea was the Greek goddess of justice.

<sup>2</sup> Adonis' garden was a garden in Greek mythology that was known for its incredibly quick growth and flowering.

<sup>3</sup> Rhodope was a Greek courtesan who was thought to have constructed a pyramid in Egypt when she wed a King of Memphis.

<sup>4</sup> Darius was the King of Persia. He was overthrown by Alexander the Great.

<sup>5</sup> Saint Denis is the patron saint of France.

## Act 2, Scene 1

## Shakespeare

*Enter a Sergeant of a band with 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**

5 Sergeant, you shall.

*Exit Sergeant*

## Shakescleare Translation

*A SERGEANT enters with two Watchmen.*

**SERGEANT**

Sirs, take your places and be on your guard. If you hear any noise or see a soldier near the walls, give us an obvious sign so we—at the court of guard—know what's happening.

**FIRST SENTINEL**

Sergeant, you will know it.

*SERGEANT exits.*

**FIRST SENTINEL**

Thus are poor servitors,  
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,  
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain and cold.

10

*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,  
15 Having all day caroused and banqueted:  
Embrace we then this opportunity  
As fitting best to quittance their deceit  
Contrived by art and baleful sorcery.

**BEDFORD**

20 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**

25 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**

30 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;  
35 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.  
40 Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right  
Of English Henry, shall this night appear  
How much in duty I am bound to both.

**SENTINELS**

Arm! Arm! The enemy doth make assault!

*Cry: 'St. George,' 'A Talbot.'*

**FIRST SENTINEL**

And so poor servants have to watch in darkness, in rain and cold,  
while others sleep quietly in their beds.

*TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY enter, with soldiers with ladders*. Their drums are playing a funeral march.

<sup>1</sup> "Scaling-ladders" were used by soldiers to climb town walls.

**TALBOT**

Lord Regent and doubtful Burgundy, thanks to your efforts, the regions of Artois, Wallon, and Picardy are our allies. Frenchmen are carefree on this happy night, since they partied the whole day and had a feast. We should therefore take this opportunity to repay their trickery, which was enacted by magic and deadly witchcraft.

**BEDFORD**

French coward <sup>2</sup>! He hurts his own reputation by not trusting in his own ability and instead enlisting witches and accepting help from hell!

<sup>2</sup> The "coward of France" refers to the Dauphin.

**BURGUNDY**

Traitors never have company. But who is that Pucelle, of whom they all speak of as being so virtuous?

**TALBOT**

A simple girl, they say.

**BEDFORD**

A girl! And she is a warrior!

**BURGUNDY**

Let's pray to God that she does not turn out to be a man soon, if under the military banner of the French she wore armor from the very beginning.

**TALBOT**

Well, let them scheme and talk with devilish spirits. God is our protection. Let us, in his conquering name, remove their hard barriers.

**BEDFORD**

Rise, brave Talbot and we will follow you.

**TALBOT**

Let's not go all together. I think it may be better if we all enter from different directions. That way, if one of us fails, the others may still fight against them.

**BEDFORD**

I agree. I'll go to that corner over there.

**BURGUNDY**

And I'll go to this one.

**TALBOT**

And here will Talbot climb, or die. Now, Salisbury, for you and for the right of English Henry, you will see tonight how much I am bound in duty to both of you.

**SENTINELS**

Arm yourself! The enemy is attacking!

*They cry: "Saint George!" "Talbot!"*



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

**ALENCON**

How now, my lords! What, all unready so?

**BASTARD OF ORLEANS**

45 Unready! Ay, and glad we 'scaped 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  
50 More venturous or desperate than this.

**BASTARD OF ORLEANS**

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.

**BASTARD OF ORLEANS**

55 Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

*Enter CHARLES and JOAN LA PUCELLE*

**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?

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

60 Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend!  
At all times will you have my power alike?  
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,  
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?  
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,  
65 This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

**CHARLES**

Duke of Alencon, this was your default,  
That, being captain of the watch to-night,  
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

**ALENCON**

Had all your quarters been as safely kept  
70 As that whereof I had the government,  
We had not been thus shamefully surprised.

**BASTARD OF ORLEANS**

Mine was secure.

**REIGNIER**

And so was mine, my lord.

**CHARLES**

And, for myself, most part of all this night,  
75 Within her quarter and mine own precinct  
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,  
About relieving of the sentinels:  
Then how or which way should they first break in?

*The French jump over the walls in their shirts. The BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENCON, and REIGNIER enter through different ways, half dressed.*

**ALENCON**

What's going on, my lords? What?! Are you not ready?

**BASTARD OF ORLEANS**

Not ready indeed! We're glad that we managed to escape.

**REIGNIER**

It is time that we wake up and leave our beds, since we hear alarms at the doors to our rooms.

**ALENCON**

I have never heard of a plan more reckless or desperate than this, ever since I first fought in battle myself.

**BASTARD OF ORLEANS**

I think this Talbot is a demon from hell.

**REIGNIER**

If he isn't from hell, the heavens favor him, for sure.

**ALENCON**

Here comes Charles! I wonder how it went for him.

**BASTARD OF ORLEANS**

Oh please, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

*CHARLES and JOAN LA PUCELLE enter.*

**CHARLES**

Is this your magic, you deceitful woman? Did you at first falsely encourage us with your magic, give us a little victory, so that our loss now might be ten times as bad?

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Why is Charles angry with his friend!? Is my power supposed to work all the time? Should I always be victorious, whether I am sleeping or awake, will you blame it all on me? Careless soldiers! If your watch had been better, this sudden attack would have never happened.

**CHARLES**

Duke of Alencon, this is your fault. You were the captain of the watch tonight and you carry the responsibility for what happened.

**ALENCON**

If all the rooms had been as guarded as they were when I was in charge, we wouldn't have been so disgracefully surprised.

**BASTARD OF ORLEANS**

Mine was guarded.

**REIGNIER**

And so was mine, my lord.

**CHARLES**

I myself, for most of this night, was in her rooms and in my own area of control, I was moving to and from, concerned about relieving the guards. Then, how or where did they first break in?

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Question, my lords, no further of the case,  
 80 How or which way: 'tis sure they found some place  
 But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.  
 And now there rests no other shift but this;  
 To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispersed,  
 And lay new platforms to endamage them.

*Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying 'A Talbot! a Talbot!' They fly, leaving their clothes behind*

**SOLDIER**

85 I'll be so bold to take what they have left.  
 The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;  
 For I have loaden me with many spoils,  
 Using no other weapon but his name.

*Exit*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Do not question this case any longer, my lords. It doesn't matter how they did this. What is certain is that they found a place that wasn't guarded enough and that is where they attacked. And now we have no other strategy but this: let's gather all our soldiers, who have been spread all over, and let's make new plans about how to hurt our enemy.

*Alarm sounds. An English Soldier enters, shouting "A Talbot! A Talbot!" They run away, leaving their clothes behind.*

**SOLDIER**

I'll be so bold to take what they have left. The call of Talbot alone acts as my sword. I am burdened with many stolen goods from this war and I use no other weapon but his name.

*All exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain, and others*

**BEDFORD**

The day begins to break, and night is fled,  
 Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.  
 Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

*Retreat sounded*

**TALBOT**

5 Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,  
 And here advance it in the market-place,  
 The middle centre of this cursed town.  
 Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;  
 For every drop of blood was drawn from him,  
 10 There hath at least five Frenchmen died tonight.  
 And that hereafter ages may behold  
 What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,  
 Within their chiefest temple I'll erect  
 A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:  
 15 Upon the which, that every one may read,  
 Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,  
 The treacherous manner of his mournful death  
 And what a terror he had been to France.  
 But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,  
 20 I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,  
 His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,  
 Nor any of his false confederates.

**BEDFORD**

'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,  
 Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,  
 25 They did amongst the troops of armed men  
 Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

**BURGUNDY**

Myself, as far as I could well discern  
 For smoke and dusky vapours of the night,  
 Am sure I scared the Dauphin and his trull,  
 30 When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,  
 Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves  
 That could not live asunder day or night.  
 After that things are set in order here,  
 We'll follow them with all the power we have.

*Enter a Messenger*

### Shakesclore Translation

*TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain and others enter.*

**BEDFORD**

The day is almost here and the night, whose black cloak covered the earth, has passed. Sound the trumpets to signal retreat and end our chase.

*The trumpets signal retreat.*

**TALBOT**

Bring forward the body of old Salisbury and display it here in the market square, which is the center of this cursed town. I have now fulfilled the vow that I made to him. For every drop of his spilled blood, I killed at least five Frenchmen tonight. And from now on, people will see the death that happened in his name. I will put up a tomb, in the main temple, where his corpse will be placed. On the tomb, where everyone may read it, the destruction of Orleans will be engraved—it will remind people of the treasonous manner in which he died and what a terror he was to France. But, lords, in our bloody massacre, I am surprised we didn't meet the Dauphin's grace—his newly arrived champion, the "virtuous" Joan of Arc, or any of his other false accomplices.

**BEDFORD**

People think, Lord Talbot, that when the fight began, they rose suddenly from their sleepy beds, and among the troops of armed men, they jumped over the walls to find shelter in the field.

**BURGUNDY**

As far as I could tell, by looking through the smoke and dark vapors of the night, I am sure I scared the Dauphin and his whore, when they came quickly running, hand in hand, like a pair of loving turtle-doves that couldn't be separated during the day night. After we sort out everything here, we'll follow them with all the military force we have.

*A Messenger enters.*

**MESSENGER**

35 All hail, my lords! which of this princely train  
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts  
So much applauded through the realm of France?

**TALBOT**

Here is the Talbot: who would speak with him?

**MESSENGER**

40 The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,  
With modesty admiring thy renown,  
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe  
To visit her poor castle where she lies,  
That she may boast she hath beheld the man  
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

**BURGUNDY**

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

**TALBOT**

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

**BEDFORD**

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

**TALBOT**

60 Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,  
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.  
Come hither, captain.

*Whispers*

**TALBOT**

You perceive my mind?

**CAPTAIN**

65 I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.

*Exeunt*

**MESSENGER**

Greetings, my lords! Which one of this princely group do you call the warrior Talbot? His actions are praised throughout all of France!

**TALBOT**

Here is that Talbot. Who would like to speak with him?

**MESSENGER**

The virtuous lady Countess of Auvergne, who modestly admires your fame. In my name she begs you, great lord, if you would agree to visit the poor castle where she lives, so she can brag that she saw the man whose glory is announced throughout the entire world.

**BURGUNDY**

Is it? Well, then, I see that our wars turn into nothing more than amusing entertainment, when ladies want to meet with us. My lord, you shouldn't disrespect her kind offer.

**TALBOT**

Don't ever trust me then, since where many men could not succeed with their rhetorical skills, a woman's kindness did! And therefore, tell her that I thank her greatly and I will obediently visit her. Will you come with me so I have company, my lords?

**BEDFORD**

No, really, it is not polite for us to do so. And I hear it's said that guests who are not invited are often the most welcomed once they are gone.

**TALBOT**

Well, then, since there's no alternative, I will test this Lady's politeness. Come here, Captain.

*TALBOT whispers to the Captain.*

**TALBOT**

Do you understand my intention?

**CAPTAIN**

I do, my lord, and I mean to act correspondingly to it.

*All exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 3

### Shakespeare

*Enter the COUNTESS and her Porter*

**COUNTESS**

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

**PORTER**

Madam, I will.

*Exit.*

**COUNTESS**

5 The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,  
I shall as famous be by this exploit

### Shakescleare Translation

*The COUNTESS of Auvergne and her Porter enter.*

**COUNTESS**

Porter, remember what task I have set you. When you have done it, bring the keys back to me.


**PORTER**

I will, madam.

*Porter exits.*

**COUNTESS**

The plot is in place. If everything works out correctly, I will be as famous as [Queen Tomyris after the death of Cyrus](#).

 *Queen Tomyris revenged the murder of her son by slaying the Persian king Cyrus. She then filled a*

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

*Enter Messenger and TALBOT*

**MESSENGER**

Madam,  
According as your ladyship desired,  
By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.

**COUNTESS**

15 And he is welcome. What! Is this the man?

**MESSENGER**

Madam, it is.

**COUNTESS**

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

**TALBOT**

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

**COUNTESS**

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

**MESSENGER**

Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves  
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

**TALBOT**

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

*Re-enter Porter with keys*

**COUNTESS**

If thou be he, then thou art a prisoner.

**TALBOT**

Prisoner! To whom?

**COUNTESS**

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

**TALBOT**

Ha, ha, ha!

**COUNTESS**

50 Laughest thou, wretch? Thy mirth shall turn to moan.

The rumors about this dreadful knight are great and his achievements are also worth mentioning. Willingly would my eyes and ears see and hear to give their opinion of these exceptional reports of him.

*wineskin (a bag made out of animal skin to hold wine) with blood and placed her victim's head inside of it.*

*A Messenger and TALBOT enter.*

**MESSENGER**

Madam, as your ladyship wanted, and desired by my message, here comes Lord Talbot.


**COUNTESS**


And he is welcome. What!? Is *this* the man?

**MESSENGER**

Madam, it is him.

**COUNTESS**

Is this the person who causes fear in France? Is this the Talbot that is so feared all around the world that mothers hush their babies with his name? I can see that the report was only a false fantasy. I thought I would see a Hercules, a second Hector ! I expected to see his stern expression and his large, powerfully built legs and arms. But, unfortunately, this is only a child! A feeble dwarf! It can't be that this weak and twisted shrimp brings so much terror to his enemies.

 *Hector was the most celebrated warrior of Troy in the Trojan War.*

**TALBOT**

Madam, I have been a bit forward, to come and bother you here. But since your ladyship doesn't find this convenient, I'll find some other time to come visit you.

**COUNTESS**

What does he mean now? Go ask him where he is going.

**MESSENGER**

Stay, my lord Talbot! My Lady wishes to know the reason for your sudden departure.

**TALBOT**

Well, because she is under a misconception. I'm leaving to guarantee that Talbot is here.

*Porter re-enters, with keys.*

**COUNTESS**

If you are him, then you are a prisoner.

**TALBOT**

Prisoner! To whom?

**COUNTESS**

To me, you blood-thirsty lord. That is why I lured you to my house. For a long time, your image has been a slave to me, because your picture hangs in my gallery. But now you are here in the flesh, and I will chain your legs and arms, that have with cruelty for many years exhausted our country and killed our citizens and captured our sons and husbands.

**TALBOT**

Hahaha!

**COUNTESS**

Villain, why do you laugh? Your joy will turn to moaning.

**TALBOT**

I laugh to see your ladyship so fond  
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow  
Whereon to practise your severity.

**COUNTESS**

Why, art not thou the man?

**TALBOT**

55 I am indeed.

**COUNTESS**

Then have I substance too.

**TALBOT**

No, no, I am but shadow of myself:  
You are deceived, my substance is not here;  
For what you see is but the smallest part  
60 And least proportion of humanity:  
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,  
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,  
Your roof were not sufficient to contain't.

**COUNTESS**

This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;  
65 He will be here, and yet he is not here:  
How can these contrarities agree?

**TALBOT**

That will I show you presently.

*Winds his horn. Drums strike up: a peal of ordnance. Enter soldiers*

**TALBOT**

How say you, madam? Are you now persuaded  
70 That Talbot is but shadow of himself?  
These are his substance, sinews, arms and strength,  
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,  
Razeth your cities and subverts your towns  
And in a moment makes them desolate.

**COUNTESS**

Victorious Talbot! Pardon my abuse:  
75 I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited  
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.  
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;  
For I am sorry that with reverence  
80 I did not entertain thee as thou art.

**TALBOT**

Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue  
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake  
The outward composition of his body.  
What you have done hath not offended me;  
85 Nor other satisfaction do I crave,  
But only, with your patience, that we may  
Taste of your wine and see what cates you have;  
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

**COUNTESS**

90 With all my heart, and think me honoured  
To feast so great a warrior in my house.

*Exeunt*

**TALBOT**

I laugh because I see your ladyship is foolish to think that  
you have anything but Talbot's shadow on which to  
practice your cruelty.

**COUNTESS**

Why, are you not him?


**TALBOT**


I am indeed.

**COUNTESS**

Then I have the body too.

**TALBOT**

No, no, I am only a shadow of myself. You are misled, my  
essence is not here, because what you see is only the  
smallest part and the smallest portion of humankind.  
Madam, I tell you, if the whole body  were here, since it is  
of such large height, your roof would not be enough to  
contain it.

 "Frame" means the structure, for  
example the body, or the army, both  
of which are applicable here.

**COUNTESS**

This is a fellow who likes riddles as the occasion requires.  
He is here and yet he is not here. How can those two  
contradictions work together?

**TALBOT**

I will show you that immediately.

*TALBOT blows his horn. The drums begin to play the ringing  
of artillery. Soldiers enter.*

**TALBOT**

What do you say, madam? Are you not persuaded that  
Talbot is only a shadow of himself? These are his  
substances, ligaments, arms and strength, with which he  
imprisons your rebellious necks, wipes out your cities and  
destroys your towns and in only a moment turns them into  
ruins.

**COUNTESS**

Victorious Talbot! Excuse my delusion. I see that you are no  
less than the stories reported and in fact even more, as I can  
see from your shape. Let my assumptions not provoke your  
anger, as I am sorry that I didn't receive you as you  
deserved, with admiration.

**TALBOT**

Don't alarm yourself, fair lady. Don't misinterpret Talbot's  
mind, as you already did mistake the outside form of his  
body. What you have done hasn't insulted me, and I don't  
wish any other satisfaction; only that we may, if you give us  
permission, taste your wine and see what delicacies you  
have because soldiers' appetites are always happy to taste  
them.

**COUNTESS**

I will do so with all my heart and I will be honored to offer  
food to such a great warrior in my house.

*All exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 4

*Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and another Lawyer*

**PLANTAGENET**

Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?  
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

**SUFFOLK**

Within the Temple-hall we were too loud;  
The garden here is more convenient.

**PLANTAGENET**

5 Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth;  
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?

**SUFFOLK**

Faith, I have been a truant in the law,  
And never yet could frame my will to it;  
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

**SOMERSET**

10 Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then, between us.

**WARWICK**

Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;  
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;  
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;  
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;  
15 Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;  
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgement;  
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,  
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

**PLANTAGENET**

Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:  
20 The truth appears so naked on my side  
That any purblind eye may find it out.

**SOMERSET**

And on my side it is so well apparell'd,  
So clear, so shining and so evident  
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

**PLANTAGENET**

25 Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak,  
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:  
Let him that is a true-born gentleman  
And stands upon the honour of his birth,  
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,  
30 From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

**SOMERSET**

Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,  
But dare maintain the party of the truth,  
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

**WARWICK**

I love no colours, and without all colour  
35 Of base insinuating flattery  
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

**SUFFOLK**

I pluck this red rose with young Somerset  
And say withal I think he held the right.

**VERNON**

Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,  
40 Till you conclude that he upon whose side  
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree  
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

*Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK and WARWICK, and RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON and a Lawyer.*

**PLANTAGENET**

What do you mean by this silence, great lords and gentlemen? Do none of you dare to answer in the name of truth?

**SUFFOLK**

We were too loud inside the Temple hall, so here in the garden is more convenient.

**PLANTAGENET**

Then tell me immediately if I told the truth, or to put it another way: was the argumentative Somerset wrong?

**SUFFOLK**

It is true that I have been negligent in the law, and never could adapt my will to it, and instead I adapt the law onto my will.

**SOMERSET**

My lord of Warwick, decide, then between us.

**WARWICK**

Between two hawks, which flies to the higher point?  
Between two dogs, which has the deeper bark? Between two swords' blades, which has the better quality? Between two horses, which carries himself best? Between two girls, which has the prettier eye? Maybe I have a naive sense of judgement, but in these precise, sharp, fine distinctions of the law, I'm no smarter than a jackdaw.

**PLANTAGENET**

Tut tut! Here is a courteous reluctance to be involved. The truth looks so obvious from where I'm standing that anyone, even someone partially blind, could discover it.

**SOMERSET**

And from where I'm standing, it is so well dressed, so clear, shining and evident that it could shine through a blind man's eye.

**PLANTAGENET**

Since you are unable to express yourself clearly and hate to speak, show us your thoughts in dumb signs. Let him—a true-born gentleman who values the honor of his birth—pluck a white rose with me from this bush here, if he thinks that I have spoken the truth.

**SOMERSET**

Let him that is no coward or flatterer, but who dares to tell the real truth, pluck a red rose with me, from this thorn.

**WARWICK**

I don't love any color and without all colors of lowly subtle flattery, I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

**SUFFOLK**

I pluck this red rose with young Somerset and I will also say that I think he is in the right.

**VERNON**

Stop, lords and gentlemen and don't pluck any more, until you agree that whichever side has the fewest roses taken from the tree, shall admit to the other that he is right.

**SOMERSET**

Good Master Vernon, it is well objected:  
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

**PLANTAGENET**

45 And I.

**VERNON**

Then for the truth and plainness of the case,  
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,  
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

**SOMERSET**

50 Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,  
Lest bleeding you do 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 keep me on the side where still I am.

**SOMERSET**

55 Well, well, come on: who else?

**LAWYER**

Unless my study and my books be false,  
The argument you held was wrong in you:

*To SOMERSET*

**LAWYER**

In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

**PLANTAGENET**

60 Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

**SOMERSET**

Here in my scabbard, meditating that  
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

**PLANTAGENET**

65 Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;  
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing  
The truth on our side.

**SOMERSET**

No, Plantagenet,  
'Tis not for fear but anger that thy cheeks  
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,  
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

**PLANTAGENET**

70 Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

**SOMERSET**

Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

**PLANTAGENET**

Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;  
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

**SOMERSET**

75 Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,  
That shall maintain what I have said is true,  
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

**PLANTAGENET**

Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,  
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

**SOMERSET**

Good master Vernon, that's a good argument that you bring forward. If I have the fewest, I submit in silence.

**PLANTAGENET**

As will I.

**VERNON**

Then, for the sake of the truth and the plainness of the case,  
I pluck this pale and pure blossom here, by which I give a verdict on the white rose side.

**SOMERSET**

Don't prick your finger as you pluck it off, or else your bleeding may paint the white rose red and put you on my side, against your will.

**VERNON**

If I bleed for my opinion, my lord, opinion shall be the doctor to my wound and keep me on the side I was on before.

**SOMERSET**

Well, well, come on! Anyone else?

**LAWYER**

Unless my studies and my books were incorrect, the argument you believed in was wrong.

*Lawyer says to SOMERSET.*

**LAWYER**

As a sign of that, I also pluck a white rose.

**PLANTAGENET**

Somerset, where is your argument *now*?

**SOMERSET**

Here, in the sheath of my sword, thinking on that which shall dye your white rose a bloody red.


**PLANTAGENET**


In the meantime, your cheeks imitate our roses, since they look white with fear, as they can see that the truth is on our side.

**SOMERSET**

No, Plantagenet. It is not with fear but with anger that your cheeks blush out of pure shame, which imitates *our* roses. And yet your tongue will not admit that you're wrong.

**PLANTAGENET**

Does not your rose have a canker , Somerset?

 A "canker" is a parasitic worm that kills plants.

**SOMERSET**

Does not your rose have a thorn, Plantagenet?

**PLANTAGENET**

Ah yes, sharp and piercing to maintain its truth, while your hungry canker eats all its falsehood.

**SOMERSET**

Well, I'll find friends who will wear my bleeding roses and they shall maintain that what I have said is true, where the dishonest Plantagenet doesn't dare to be seen.

**PLANTAGENET**

Now, by this pure blossom in my hand, I shall mock you and your fashion of wearing a red rose, you foolish boy.

**SUFFOLK**

Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

**PLANTAGENET**

80 Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.

**SUFFOLK**

I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

**SOMERSET**

Away, away, good William de la Pole!  
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

**WARWICK**

Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;  
85 His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,  
Third son to the third Edward King of England:  
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

**PLANTAGENET**

He bears him on the place's privilege,  
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

**SOMERSET**

90 By him that made me, I'll maintain my words  
On any plot of ground in Christendom.  
Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,  
For treason executed in our late king's days?  
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,  
95 Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?  
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;  
And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.

**PLANTAGENET**

My father was attached, not attainted,  
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;  
100 And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,  
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.  
For your partaker Pole and you yourself,  
I'll note you in my book of memory,  
To scourge you for this apprehension:  
105 Look to it well and say you are well warn'd.

**SOMERSET**

Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;  
And know us by these colours for thy foes,  
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

**PLANTAGENET**

And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,  
110 As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,  
Will I for ever and my faction wear,  
Until it wither with me to my grave  
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

**SUFFOLK**

Go forward and be choked with thy ambition!  
115 And so farewell until I meet thee next.

*Exit*

**SOMERSET**

Have with thee, Pole. Farewell, ambitious Richard.

*Exit*

**PLANTAGENET**

How I am braved and must perforce endure it!


**WARWICK**

120 This blot that they object against your house  
Shall be wiped out in the next parliament

**SUFFOLK**

Don't point your mockery this way, Plantagenet.

**PLANTAGENET**

Proud Pole , I will and mock both him and you.

 "Pole" was Suffolk's family name.

**SUFFOLK**

I'll throw the mockery back down your throat.


**SOMERSET**


Let's go away, good William de la Pole! We favor the  
gentleman by talking to him.

**WARWICK**


Now, by God's will, you do him wrong, Somerset. His  
grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence, third son to the  
third Edward King of England. Do yeomen without a  
heraldic base to their family tree come from such a line?


**PLANTAGENET**

He relies on the fact that this is a privileged place , but  
does not, since he has a heart of a coward, say so.

 In "the palace's privilege," it was  
illegal to draw weapons.

**SOMERSET**

I'll keep to my word on any plot on the ground in the  
Christian land, by him that made me. Wasn't your father,  
Richard Earl of Cambridge, executed for treason in the days  
of our last king? And because of this treason, are you not  
stained, corrupted and excluded from the ancient  
aristocracy? His sin still lives in your blood, full of guilt. And  
until you are reinstated , you are only a servant.

 If he were to "be restored," he  
would have his title and property  
returned to him.


**PLANTAGENET**


My father was arrested, not stained. He was condemned to  
die for treason, but he was no traitor. And I'll prove that to  
men better than you, Somerset, given the opportunity. Your  
supporter Pole and yourself, I will make sure to remember  
so I can punish you for your opinion. Beware of it and don't  
say that you weren't warned.

**SOMERSET**

Ah, you will find out that we'll be ready for you and you'll  
know us by the colors of your enemies, because we *will*  
wear these in spite of you.

**PLANTAGENET**

And I swear by my soul that I will wear this pale and angry  
rose as a badge  of my blood-drinking hate forever, until  
it goes with me to my grave, or grow to the highest point of  
my rank.

 A badge was known as a  
"cognizance" as people would wear  
them on their sleeves to indicate who  
they served.

**SUFFOLK**

Go ahead and suffocate on your ambition! And so, goodbye,  
until I see you next time.

*SUFFOLK exits.*

**SOMERSET**

I will go with you, Pole. Goodbye, ambitious Richard.

*SOMERSET exits.*

**PLANTAGENET**

Now I am insulted and must therefore bear it!

**WARWICK**

This claim that they bring forward to accuse your house will  
be eliminated in the next parliament. Make peace between



Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester;  
 And if thou be not then created York,  
 I will not live to be accounted Warwick.  
 125 Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,  
 Against proud Somerset and William Pole,  
 Will I upon thy party wear this rose:  
 And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,  
 Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden,  
 130 Shall send between the red rose and the white  
 A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

**PLANTAGENET**

Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,  
 That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

**VERNON**

In your behalf still will I wear the same.

**LAWYER**

135 And so will I.

**PLANTAGENET**

Thanks, gentle sir.  
 Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say  
 This quarrel will drink blood another day.

*Exeunt*

Winchester and Gloucester, and if you will not be named  
 York, then I won't live to be called Warwick. In the  
 meantime, as a sign of my love for you, against the proud  
 Somerset and William Pole, I will wear the rose of your side.  
 I predict that this argument here today, the forming of two  
 opposing sides in the Temple garden, will send a thousand  
 people between the red rose and the white, to death and  
 deadly night.

**PLANTAGENET**

Good master Vernon, I thank you that you would pluck a  
 flower in my name.

**VERNON**

In your name I will continue to wear it.

**LAWYER**

And so will I.

**PLANTAGENET**

Thanks, gentlemen. Come, let's go to dinner. I dare say that  
 this argument will draw blood some other day.

*All exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 5

### Shakespeare

*Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair, and Gaolers*

**MORTIMER**

Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,  
 Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.  
 Even like a man new haled from the rack,  
 So fare my limbs with long imprisonment.  
 5 And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,  
 Nestor-like aged in an age of care,  
 Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.  
 These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,  
 Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;  
 10 Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening grief,  
 And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine  
 That droops his sapless branches to the ground;  
 Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,  
 Unable to support this lump of clay,  
 15 Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,  
 As witting I no other comfort have.  
 But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

**FIRST GAOLER**

Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:  
 We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber;  
 20 And answer was return'd that he will come.

**MORTIMER**

Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied.  
 Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.  
 Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,  
 Before whose glory I was great in arms,  
 25 This loathsome sequestration have I had:  
 And even since then hath Richard been obscured,  
 Deprived of honour and inheritance.  
 But now the arbitrator of despairs,  
 Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,  
 30 With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:  
 I would his troubles likewise were expired,

### Shakesclore Translation

*Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair, and Wardens.*

**MORTIMER**


You kind caretakers of my weak body, let the dying  
 Mortimer rest here alone. It's as if I were a man just dragged  
 from the rack, so my arms and legs suffer from the long  
 imprisonment. And these gray hairs, the messengers of  
 death, are like Nestor's, aged with the weight of sorrow.  
 They symbolize the end of Edmund Mortimer. These eyes  
 are like lamps whose dying oil has run out, they grow dark,  
 as they are burning out. These weak shoulders are  
 overburdened with overwhelming grief, and my feeble arms  
 look like the dried up climbing plant that hangs down its  
 weak branches to the ground. But these feet, whose  
 powerless support is paralyzed, unable to support this  
 body, are flying fast with a desire to find a grave for  
 themselves. I have no other comfort, as far as I know. But,  
 do you know if my nephew will come, warden?


**FIRST GAOLER**

My lord, Richard Plantagenet will come. We sent a message  
 to the Temple, to his room and he responded saying that he  
 will come.

**MORTIMER**

Enough! I will soon be satisfied, then. He is a poor  
 gentleman. He was almost as wronged as I was. Since  
 Henry Monmouth began to rule—I was powerful before  
 he was—I have been in this disgusting prison. And ever  
 since then, Richard has been overshadowed, denied his  
 honor and inheritance. But now the judge of all despair and  
 death, the kind referee who decides on men's miseries,  
 sends me away with sweet release here. I wish Richard's  
 troubles would disappear like mine, so that he might get  
 back what he lost.

 Nestor was an elderly, wise Greek soldier in the mythical Trojan War.

 Henry Monmouth is a nickname for Henry V because he was born in a town called Monmouth.

That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET

**FIRST GAOLER**

My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

**MORTIMER**

Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

**PLANTAGENET**

35 Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,  
Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.

**MORTIMER**

Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,  
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:  
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,  
40 That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.  
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,  
Why didst thou say, of late thou wert despised?

**PLANTAGENET**

First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;  
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.  
45 This day, in argument upon a case,  
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;  
Among which terms he used his lavish tongue  
And did upbraid me with my father's death:  
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,  
50 Else with the like I had requited him.  
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,  
In honour of a true Plantagenet  
And for alliance sake, declare the cause  
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

**MORTIMER**

55 That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me  
And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth  
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,  
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

**PLANTAGENET**

60 Discover more at large what cause that was,  
For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

**MORTIMER**

I will, if that my fading breath permit  
And death approach not ere my tale be done.  
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,  
Deposed his nephew Richard, Edward's son,  
65 The first-begotten and the lawful heir,  
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:  
During whose reign the Percies of the north,  
Finding his usurpation most unjust,  
Endeavor'd my advancement to the throne:  
70 The reason moved these warlike lords to this  
Was, for that--young King Richard thus removed,  
Leaving no heir begotten of his body--  
I was the next by birth and parentage;  
For by my mother I derived am  
75 From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son  
To King Edward the Third; whereas he  
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,  
Being but fourth of that heroic line.  
But mark: as in this haughty attempt  
80 They laboured to plant the rightful heir,  
I lost my liberty and they their lives.  
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,  
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,  
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then derived  
85 From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,  
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,  
Again in pity of my hard distress

RICHARD PLANTAGENET enters.

**FIRST GAOLER**

My lord, your loving nephew is here.

**MORTIMER**

Is Richard Plantagenet, my friend here?

**PLANTAGENET**

Yes, great uncle, so lowly treated. Your nephew Richard,  
who is recently hated by others, is here.

**MORTIMER**

Point my arms towards him so I may hug his neck, and  
breath my last breath on his chest. Oh, tell me when my lips  
touch his cheeks, so I may give my last weak kiss to him in  
kinship. And now tell me, you sweet stem of York's lineage,  
why did you say that you were recently hated by others?

**PLANTAGENET**

First, rest your old back against my arm, and when I am  
relaxed, I will tell you of my sickness. Today, in an argument  
over the truth, Somerset and I exchanged some words,  
during which he used some excessive language and so used  
my father's death to accuse me. This disgrace left me  
speechless, otherwise I would have answered him similarly.  
Therefore, good uncle, in honor of my father and the true  
Plantagenet, tell me why my father the Earl of Cambridge  
lost his head.

**MORTIMER**

The reason, my good nephew, that imprisoned me and  
confined me in all of my young days in this horrible  
dungeon, here to die, was a cursed aftermath of your  
father's death.

**PLANTAGENET**

Tell me more of the reason, because I know nothing of it  
and can't guess what it may be.

**MORTIMER**

I will tell you, if my weak breath will allow me and death  
doesn't come for me before I finish my story. Henry the  
fourth, grandfather to our current king, removed his cousin  
Richard, Edward's son [📖](#), from the throne. Richard was the  
first-born and the lawful heir of King Edward, the third in  
that line. During Henry the Fourth's rule, the Percies [📖](#)  
of the north thought that his wrongful takeover of the throne  
was unfair, so they tried to put me on the throne. These  
warriors were encouraged to do so because young King  
Richard was removed from the throne, and he left no heirs  
behind, so I was the next in line thanks to my birth and  
family. Thanks to my mother I come from Lionel Duke of  
Clarence, the third son of king Edward, while he comes  
from John of Gaunt and is only the fourth of that line of  
heroes. But pay attention, now. In this proud attempt to put  
me on the throne as the rightful heir, I lost all my freedom  
and they lost their lives. After this, Henry the Fifth  
succeeded his father Bolingbroke [📖](#) and ruled. At the same  
time, your father, the Earl of Cambridge, who came from  
the line of the famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,  
married my sister, your mother. Again, feeling sorry for my  
sadness, he led an army, wanting to restore my position  
and put the crown on my head. But, the good lord fell, like  
the others did, and was beheaded. And so the Mortimers,  
who were once favored, were suppressed.

[📖](#) Richard, Edward's son is Richard II, son to Edward III. His removal from the throne is depicted in Shakespeare's "Richard II."

[📖](#) The Percies, in Henry IV Parts 1 and 2, fought for the Mortimer claim to the throne.

[📖](#) Bolingbroke was the name by which Henry IV was known before he became the king.

Levied an army, weening to redeem  
 And have install'd me in the diadem:  
 90 But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl  
 And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,  
 In whom the tide rested, were suppress'd.

**PLANTAGENET**

Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

**MORTIMER**

True; and thou seest that I no issue have  
 95 And that my fainting words do warrant death;  
 Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:  
 But yet be wary in thy studious care.

**PLANTAGENET**

Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:  
 But yet, methinks, my father's execution  
 100 Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

**MORTIMER**

With silence, nephew, be thou politic:  
 Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,  
 And like a mountain, not to be removed.  
 But now thy uncle is removing hence:  
 105 As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd  
 With long continuance in a settled place.

**PLANTAGENET**

O, uncle, would some part of my young years  
 Might but redeem the passage of your age!

**MORTIMER**

Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaughterer doth  
 110 Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.  
 Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;  
 Only give order for my funeral:  
 And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes  
 And prosperous be thy life in peace and war!

*Dies*

**PLANTAGENET**

And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!  
 In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage  
 And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.  
 Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;  
 And what I do imagine let that rest.  
 120 Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself  
 Will see his burial better than his life.

*Exeunt Gaolers, bearing out the body of MORTIMER*

**PLANTAGENET**

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,  
 Choked with ambition of the meaner sort:  
 And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,  
 125 Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house:  
 I doubt not but with honour to redress;  
 And therefore haste I to the parliament,  
 Either to be restored to my blood,  
 Or make my ill the advantage of my good.

*Exit*

**PLANTAGENET**

And you, my lord, are the last of the Mortimers.

**MORTIMER**

That's true. And you know that I have no son and that my  
 failing words signal death. You are my heir, I want you to  
 regain all the rest but be careful and pay close attention.

**PLANTAGENET**

Your serious warnings have convinced me. But I still think  
 that my father's execution was nothing but bloody tyranny.

**MORTIMER**

Be quiet, nephew, when you speak so sensibly. The house  
 of Lancaster is standing strong and won't be easily moved,  
 they are like a mountain. But now your uncle is dying here,  
 as princes do in their courts when they are sick from staying  
 in the same place all the time.

**PLANTAGENET**

Oh uncle, if only some part of my youth could be  
 transferred to you to make up for your old age!

**MORTIMER**

Then you would wrong me, like the murderer who gives you  
 many wounds even when one would be enough to kill you.  
 Don't mourn me, but mourn for the good in me. I only want  
 you to make arrangements for my funeral, and so goodbye!  
 I hope that your life is successful in both peace and war!

*MORTIMER dies.*

**PLANTAGENET**

And let peace, not war rest on your departed soul! You have  
 spent your crusade in prison and lived your last days as a  
 loner. Well, I will lock his advice in my chest and what I do  
 with it will remain a secret. Wardens, take him away from  
 here and I personally will make sure his burial is better than  
 his life was.

*Gaolers exit, carrying the body of MORTIMER out.*

**PLANTAGENET**

The flickering torch of Mortimer dies here. He was  
 suffocating with ambition that was fitting of less noble  
 people. And as for the wrongs and those bitter wounds  
 which Somerset directed at my family, I will, doubt you not,  
 answer honorably. And therefore I hurry to the parliament,  
 either to be restored to my rightful position or to turn my  
 unfavorable situation into an advantage.

*RICHARD exits.*

## Act 3, Scene 1

Shakespeare

Shakescleare Translation

*Flourish. Enter KING HENRY VI, EXETER, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and others. GLOUCESTER offers to put up a bill; BISHOP OF WINCHESTER snatches it, and tears it*

**WINCHESTER**

Comest thou with deep premeditated lines,  
With written pamphlets studiously devised,  
Humphrey of Gloucester? If thou canst accuse,  
Or ought intend'st to lay unto my charge,  
5 Do it without invention, suddenly;  
As I with sudden and extemporal speech  
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

**GLOUCESTER**

Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,  
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.  
10 Think not, although in writing I prefer'd  
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,  
That therefore I have forged, or am not able  
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:  
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,  
15 Thy lewd, pestiferous and dissentious pranks,  
As very infants prattle of thy pride.  
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,  
Forward by nature, enemy to peace;  
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems  
20 A man of thy profession and degree;  
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?  
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,  
As well at London bridge as at the Tower.  
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,  
25 The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt  
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

**WINCHESTER**

Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe  
To give me hearing what I shall reply.  
If I were covetous, ambitious or perverse,  
30 As he will have me, how am I so poor?  
Or how haps it I seek not to advance  
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?  
And for dissension, who preferreth peace  
More than I do?—except I be provoked.  
35 No, my good lords, it is not that offends:  
It is, because no one should sway but he;  
No one but he should be about the king;  
And that engenders thunder in his breast  
40 And makes him roar these accusations forth.  
But he shall know I am as good—

**GLOUCESTER**

As good!  
Thou bastard of my grandfather!

**WINCHESTER**

Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,  
45 But one imperious in another's throne?

**GLOUCESTER**

Am I not protector, saucy priest?

**WINCHESTER**

And am not I a prelate of the church?

**GLOUCESTER**

Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps  
And useth it to patronage his theft.

*Trumpet sounds. Enter KING HENRY VI, EXETER, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and others. GLOUCESTER attempts to present a list of accusations, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER snatches it, and tears it.*

**WINCHESTER**

Do you come with carefully planned statements, with written pamphlets that you carefully created, Humphrey of Gloucester? If you want to accuse me or plan to interrupt my command, do it without these made up reasons. Do it spontaneously, like I plan to spontaneously and unprepared answer what you can't object to.

**GLOUCESTER**


You arrogant priest! This place obliges me to endure it or else you would find out just how much you have dishonored me. And although I have already put forward in writing the manner of your shameful and shocking crimes, do not think that I have invented them or that I am not able to repeat what I have written down, word for word. No, priest, your wickedness is reckless, your low, poisonous, and argumentative wicked actions are proof of your pride. You are the most destructive moneylender, stubborn by nature, enemy to peace, lustful and careless—more than a man of your profession and status should be. And as for your treason, what more evidence do you need? You laid a trap to kill me, both at London Bridge and at the Tower. Also, I worry that if your thoughts were closely examined, the king, your ruler, would not be entirely excluded from the jealous cruelty of your arrogant heart.

**WINCHESTER**

Gloucester, I dare you. Lords, listen to my reply to him. If I were greedy, ambitious or stubborn, as he described me, why am I so poor? Or why do I not try to rise above my status, but instead keep my low position? And in a disagreement, who prefers peace more than I do—unless I am provoked? No, my good lords, this is not what offends him. It is not this that made the duke angry. It is because he believes no one but him should rule, no one but him should be around the king. *That's* what causes thunder in his chest and makes him scream these accusations at us. But he shall know that I am as good—

**GLOUCESTER**

As good!? You are a bastard of my grandfather! 

 Winchester was the illegitimate son of the Duke of Lancaster, John of Gaunt.

**WINCHESTER**

Yes, my lord, but what are you if not one acting like a king in someone else's throne?

**GLOUCESTER**

Am I not the protector, you insolent priest?

**WINCHESTER**

Am I not the representative of the church?

**GLOUCESTER**

Yes, you are like a criminal who lives in a castle and uses it to protect what he stole.

**WINCHESTER**

50 Unreverent Gloucester!

**GLOUCESTER**

Thou art reverent  
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

**WINCHESTER**

Rome shall remedy this.

**WARWICK**

Roam thither, then.

**SOMERSET**

55 My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

**WARWICK**

Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

**SOMERSET**

Methinks my lord should be religious  
And know the office that belongs to such.

**WARWICK**

60 Methinks his lordship should be humbler;  
it fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

**SOMERSET**

Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

**WARWICK**

State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?  
Is not his grace protector to the king?

**PLANTAGENET**

65 *[Aside]* Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue,  
Lest it be said 'Speak, sirrah, when you should;  
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?'  
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

**KING HENRY VI**

Uncles of Gloucester and of Winchester,  
The special watchmen of our English weal,  
70 I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,  
To join your hearts in love and amity.  
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,  
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!  
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell  
75 Civil dissension is a viperous worm  
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.

*A noise within, 'Down with the tawny-coats!'*

**KING HENRY VI**

What tumult's this?

**WARWICK**

80 An uproar, I dare warrant,  
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

*A noise again, 'Stones! stones!' Enter Mayor*

**MAYOR**

85 O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,  
Pity the city of London, pity us!  
The bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's men,

**WINCHESTER**

You are not worthy of respect, Gloucester!

**GLOUCESTER**

You *are* worthy of respect, when it comes to your spiritual  
function but not your life.

**WINCHESTER**

Rome <sup>2</sup> shall fix this.

**WARWICK**

Wander over there <sup>3</sup>, then.

**SOMERSET**

My lord, it is your duty to refrain yourself.

**WARWICK**

Yes, the bishop should not be overruled.

**SOMERSET**

I think my lord should be religious and know that the office  
belongs to such religious persons.

**WARWICK**

I think his lordship should be more modest, a priest should  
not beg so much.

**SOMERSET**

Yes, especially when his holy status is so closely concerned.

**WARWICK**

Holy or unholy status, who cares about that? Isn't his grace  
the protector to the king?

**PLANTAGENET**

*[To himself]* I see that a Plantagenet must remain quiet  
unless they would say "Speak, sir, when you should. Why  
must your daring judgement interrupt the lords' talk?"  
Otherwise, I would attack Winchester with my words.

**KING HENRY VI**

Uncles Gloucester and Winchester, you are the special men  
who watch over our commonwealth. I would successfully  
persuade you, with the help of my prayers, to join your  
hearts in love and friendship. Oh, it is a scandal to our  
crown that two good lords should argue! Believe me, my  
lords, even my youth recognizes that civil disagreement is  
like a poisonous snake that chews the insides of the  
commonwealth.

*A noise from the inside: "Down with the brown coats <sup>4</sup>!"*

**KING HENRY VI**

What noise is that?

**WARWICK**

I'd say it is a hubbub that began as a result of the bitterness  
of the bishop's men.

*Another noise: "Stones, stones!" MAYOR enters.*

**MAYOR**

Oh, my good lords and virtuous Henry! Feel sorry for the  
city of London, feel sorry for us! The bishop and the Duke of  
Gloucester's men, who have recently been forbidden from

<sup>2</sup> By "Rome," Winchester means the Pope.

<sup>3</sup> Playing on the similarity between the words "Rome" and "roam," Rome was also a common destination for holy pilgrimages.

<sup>4</sup> "Tawny-coats" refers to the church officers and the followers of Winchester.

Forbidden late to carry any weapon,  
 Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones  
 And banding themselves in contrary parts  
 Do pelt so fast at one another's pate  
 That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:  
 90 Our windows are broke down in every street  
 And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

*Enter Serving-men, in skirmish, with bloody pates*

**KING HENRY VI**

We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,  
 To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the peace.  
 Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife.

**FIRST SERVING-MAN**

95 Nay, if we be forbidden stones,  
 We'll fall to it with our teeth.

**SECOND SERVING-MAN**

Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

*Skirmish again*

**GLOUCESTER**

You of my household, leave this peevish broil  
 And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

**THIRD SERVING-MAN**

100 My lord, we know your grace to be a man  
 Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,  
 Inferior to none but to his majesty:  
 And ere that we will suffer such a prince,  
 So kind a father of the commonweal,  
 105 To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,  
 We and our wives and children all will fight  
 And have our bodies slaughtered by thy foes.

**FIRST SERVING-MAN**

Ay, and the very parings of our nails  
 Shall pitch a field when we are dead.

*Begin again*

**GLOUCESTER**

110 Stay, stay, I say!  
 And if you love me, as you say you do,  
 Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

**KING HENRY VI**

O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!  
 Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold  
 115 My sighs and tears and will not once relent?  
 Who should be pitiful, if you be not?  
 Or who should study to prefer a peace.  
 If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

**WARWICK**

Yield, my lord protector; yield, Winchester;  
 120 Except you mean with obstinate repulse  
 To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.  
 You see what mischief and what murder too  
 Hath been enacted through your enmity;  
 Then be at peace except ye thirst for blood.

**WINCHESTER**

125 He shall submit, or I will never yield.

**GLOUCESTER**

Compassion on the king commands me stoop;  
 Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest  
 Should ever get that privilege of me.

carrying weapons, have filled their pockets with small  
 stones. They formed groups of the two opposing parties  
 and threw the stones at each others' heads so that many of  
 their mad brains were knocked out of them. In every street,  
 our windows are broken and we were so afraid of them that  
 we had to close our shops.

*The servants enter, fighting and with bloody heads.*

**KING HENRY VI**

We command you, based on your loyalty to us, to stop your  
 murdering hands and to maintain peace. Please, uncle  
 Gloucester, calm down this fight.

**FIRST SERVING-MAN**

No! If we are forbidden from using stones, we will fight with  
 our own teeth!

**SECOND SERVING-MAN**

Do what you want! We are determined.

*They fight again.*

**GLOUCESTER**

Those of you who are from my house, leave this foolish and  
 unusual fight behind.

**Third Serving-man**

My lord, we know that your grace is a good fair man and  
 that only the king has a higher royal birth than you do. And  
 before we allow such a prince, such a kind father to the  
 commonwealth to be disgraced by someone of a low  
 status, we and our wives and children will *all* fight and have  
 ourselves killed by your enemies.

**FIRST SERVING-MAN**

Yes! And the trimmings of our nails will prepare a battle for  
 us when we are dead.

*They begin to fight again.*

**GLOUCESTER**

Stay, stay, I say! And if you love me as much as you say you  
 do, let me persuade you to stop for a while.

**KING HENRY VI**

Oh, how this disorder upsets my soul! Lord Winchester, can  
 you watch me sigh and cry and not soften at the sight of it?  
 Who will be sympathetic if not you? Or who will work  
 towards peace, if holy churchmen take pleasure in fights?

**WARWICK**

Surrender, my lord protector, and surrender Winchester. Or  
 do you mean to kill your king and destroy the country with  
 your stubborn refusal? If you see what evil and murder have  
 occurred here because of your hatred, then be at peace and  
 stop your thirst for blood.

**WINCHESTER**

He should obey, otherwise I will never surrender.

**GLOUCESTER**

The king's kindness makes me bow. Otherwise I would keep  
 fighting against him before the priest would have an  
 advantage over me.

**WARWICK**

Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke  
 130 Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,  
 As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:  
 Why look you still so stern and tragical?

**GLOUCESTER**

Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

**KING HENRY VI**

Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach  
 135 That malice was a great and grievous sin;  
 And will not you maintain the thing you teach,  
 But prove a chief offender in the same?

**WARWICK**

Sweet king! the bishop hath a kindly gird.  
 For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent!  
 140 What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

**WINCHESTER**

Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield to thee;  
 Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.

**GLOUCESTER**

*[Aside]* Ay, but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.--  
 See here, my friends and loving countrymen,  
 145 This token serveth for a flag of truce  
 Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:  
 So help me God, as I dissemble not!

**WINCHESTER**

*[Aside]* So help me God, as I intend it not!

**KING HENRY VI**

O, loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,  
 150 How joyful am I made by this contract!  
 Away, my masters! trouble us no more;  
 But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

**FIRST SERVING-MAN**

I'll to the surgeon's.

**second SERVING-MAN**

And so will I.

**third SERVING-MAN**

155 And I will see what physic the tavern affords.

*Exeunt Serving-men, Mayor, & c*

**WARWICK**

Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,  
 Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet  
 We do exhibit to your majesty.

**GLOUCESTER**

Well urged, my Lord of Warwick: or sweet prince,  
 160 And if your grace mark every circumstance,  
 You have great reason to do Richard right;  
 Especially for those occasions  
 At Eltham Place I told your majesty.

**KING HENRY VI**

And those occasions, uncle, were of force:  
 165 Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is  
 That Richard be restored to his blood.

**WARWICK**

Let Richard be restored to his blood;  
 So shall his father's wrongs be recompensed.

**WARWICK**

Look, my lord of Winchester, the duke has let go of his  
 anger, as you can tell by looking at his calm expression. Why  
 do you still look so strict and full of sorrow, though?


**GLOUCESTER**


Winchester, here. I offer you my hand.

**KING HENRY VI**

Shame on you, uncle Beaufort! I've heard you preach that  
 evil was a great and dreadful sin and you still won't live  
 according to what you preach, but instead turn into the  
 sinner yourself?

**WARWICK**

Sweet king, the bishop has been told off enough . Shame  
 on you, my lord of Winchester, give up! What, will a child  
 instruct you what to do?

 A "gird" typically means a taunt, so is used here in a rather contradictory manner. Warwick might mean it is an appropriate retort.

**WINCHESTER**

Well, Duke of Gloucester, I surrender to you. I give you my  
 hand for your hand and my love for your love.

**GLOUCESTER**

*[To himself]* Yes, but I fear that you don't mean this and do  
 it with an empty heart. See, my friends and loving  
 countrymen, this sign that represents a flag of peace  
 between us and our followers. God help me, I am not  
 pretending!

**WINCHESTER**

*[To himself]* God help me, I didn't mean it!

**KING HENRY VI**

Oh, loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester! I am so happy  
 about this agreement! Go away now, my masters. Don't  
 make any more problems but make friends with one  
 another, as your lords have done here.

**FIRST SERVING-MAN**

I am happy about this. I'll go to the surgeon.

**SECOND SERVING-MAN**

And so will I.

**THIRD SERVING-MAN**


And I will see what type of medicine the pub might offer.


*The servants, MAYOR and company exit.*

**WARWICK**

Accept this document, my most gracious king. It shows the  
 right of Richard Plantagenet.

**GLOUCESTER**

Good timing, Lord of Warwick. Sweet prince, if you consider  
 every detail, you have good reason to treat Richard well,  
 especially for those reasons I told your majesty about at  
Eltham Palace .

 Eltham Palace is located in the London borough of Greenwich. It was Henry IV's favorite palace, and often used for Christmas celebrations.

**KING HENRY VI**

And those reasons, uncle, were convincing. Therefore, my  
 loving lords, it is our pleasure that Richard shall be given his  
 property and titles back.

**WARWICK**

Let Richard have his rights back, so that his father's wrongs  
 will be repaid.

**WINCHESTER**

As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

**KING HENRY VI**

170 If Richard will be true, not that alone  
But all the whole inheritance I give  
That doth belong unto the house of York,  
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

**PLANTAGENET**

Thy humble servant vows obedience  
175 And humble service till the point of death.

**KING HENRY VI**

Stoop then and set your knee against my foot;  
And, in requerdon of that duty done,  
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York:  
Rise Richard, like a true Plantagenet,  
180 And rise created princely Duke of York.

**PLANTAGENET**

And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!  
And as my duty springs, so perish they  
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

**ALL**

Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York!

**SOMERSET**

185 *[Aside]* Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of York!

**GLOUCESTER**

Now will it best avail your majesty  
To cross the seas and to be crown'd in France:  
The presence of a king engenders love  
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,  
190 As it disanimates his enemies.

**KING HENRY VI**

When Gloucester says the word, King Henry goes;  
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

**GLOUCESTER**

Your ships already are in readiness.

*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but EXETER*

**EXETER**

195 Ay, we may march in England or in France,  
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.  
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers  
Burns under feigned ashes of forged love  
And will at last break out into a flame:  
200 As fester'd members rot but by degree,  
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,  
So will this base and envious discord breed.  
And now I fear that fatal prophecy  
Which in the time of Henry named the Fifth  
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe;  
205 That Henry born at Monmouth should win all  
And Henry born at Windsor lose all:  
Which is so plain that Exeter doth wish  
His days may finish ere that hapless time.

*Exit*

**WINCHESTER**

And all the rest, Winchester wants it that way.

**KING HENRY VI**

If Richard is truthful, I will give him not only that but also all  
the inheritance that rightfully belongs to the family of York,  
from where his bloodline began.

**PLANTAGENET**

Your poor servant swears that he will be obedient and I  
offer my lowly service until the day I die.

**KING HENRY VI**

Bow then and put your knee against my foot. As a reward,  
with this brave sword of York, I give you a title. Richard,  
stand up, like a true Plantagenet and rise as the newly titled  
Duke of York.

**PLANTAGENET**

And so Richard prospers while your enemies fall! And as it is  
my duty, so those that have even one hateful thought  
against your majesty will die!

**ALL**

Welcome, high prince, the powerful Duke of York!

**SOMERSET**

*[To himself]* Die, lowly prince, dishonorable Duke of York!

**GLOUCESTER**

Now it may be good time for your majesty to travel across  
the sea and be crowned in France. The king's presence  
brings about love among his people and his loyal friends,  
and it discourages his enemies.

**KING HENRY VI**



Wherever Gloucester will tell me to go, I will go. Friendly  
advice helps you get rid of many enemies.


**GLOUCESTER**

Your ships are ready.

*Trumpet calls signalling a procession. All exit apart from  
EXETER.*

**EXETER**

Ah, yes, we may go to fight in England or in France, but we  
can't predict what will happen afterwards. This recent  
disagreement that has grown between the lords burns  
under ashes of false love and will finally turn into a flame!  
Like rotten arms and legs slowly decompose, until bones  
and ligaments fall apart, so this lowly and malicious  
disorder will spread. And now I am afraid of that the deadly  
prophecy which was spread around during Henry the Fifth's  
reign and heard from the mouth of every new born  
baby; that Henry born at Monmouth  should win it all  
while Henry born at Windsor  should lose it all. It is so  
clear that Exeter wishes that his days may end before that  
unlucky time.

 Henry born at Monmouth is Henry V.

 Henry born at Windsor is Henry VI.

*EXETER exits.*



## Act 3, Scene 2

## Shakespeare

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE disguised, with four Soldiers with sacks upon their backs

## JOAN LA PUCELLE

These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,  
Through which our policy must make a breach:  
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;  
Talk like the vulgar sort of market men  
5 That come to gather money for their corn.  
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,  
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,  
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,  
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

## FIRST SOLDIER

10 Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,  
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;  
Therefore we'll knock.

*Knocks*

## WATCH

*[Within]* Qui est la?

## JOAN LA PUCELLE

15 Paysans, pauvres gens de France;  
Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.

## WATCH

Enter, go in; the market bell is rung.

## JOAN LA PUCELLE

Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.

*Exeunt*

Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENCON, REIGNIER, and forces

## CHARLES

20 Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!  
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

## BASTARD OF ORLEANS

Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants;  
Now she is there, how will she specify  
Where is the best and safest passage in?

## REIGNIER

25 By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;  
Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is,  
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

*Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE on the top, thrusting out a torch burning*

## JOAN LA PUCELLE

30 Behold, this is the happy wedding torch  
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,  
But burning fatal to the Talbotites!

*Exit*

## Shakescleare Translation

JOAN LA PUCELLE enters, masked, with four Soldiers with bags on their backs.

## JOAN LA PUCELLE

These are the gates of the city Rouen, through which, according to our strategy, we must make an opening to get into. Be careful how you construct your sentences and what words you use. Talk like the commoners, like the people at markets who come to collect money for their wheat. If we enter, and I really hope we do, and if we find that the lazy guards are weak, I'll give a sign to our friends that Charles the Dauphin can confront them.

## FIRST SOLDIER

Our bags will be used to attack the city and we'll be lords and rulers of Rouen. And so, I'll knock.

*The First Soldier knocks.*

## WATCH

*[Inside]* Who is there?

## JOAN LA PUCELLE

Peasants, the poor people of France. Poor market people who come here to sell their wheat.

## WATCH

Go in, then. [The market bell](#) <sup>1</sup> is ringing.

<sup>1</sup> The market bell was rung just before dawn to signal the opening of the market.

## JOAN LA PUCELLE

Now I will destroy your walls, Rouen.

*JOAN LA PUCELLE exits.*

CHARLES, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENCON, REIGNIER, and forces enter.

## CHARLES

Bless this happy plan, Saint Denis! And once again, we'll sleep safely in Rouen.

## BASTARD OF ORLEANS

Pucelle and her [conspirators](#) <sup>2</sup> entered the city here. Now that she's in the city, how will she let us know the safest and best way to get in?

<sup>2</sup> The word "practisants" is likely unique to this instance, which adds to its sinister connotations.

## REIGNIER

By signaling a burning torch from that tower over there, so we will recognize what she means. No entrance is as weakly guarded as the one she entered.

*JOAN LA PUCELLE enters on the upper level, signalling a burning torch.*

## JOAN LA PUCELLE

Look! This is the happy [wedding torch](#) <sup>3</sup> that joined Rouen and its countrymen but now it burns a deadly fire to Talbot and his men.

<sup>3</sup> "Wedding torch" refers to the torch carried in images of the Greek/Roman god of marriage Hymen.

*JOAN LA PUCELLE exits.*

**BASTARD OF ORLEANS**

See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;  
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

**CHARLES**

35 Now shine it like a comet of revenge,  
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

**REIGNIER**

Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;  
Enter, and cry 'The Dauphin!' presently,  
And then do execution on the watch.

40

*Alarum. Exeunt*

*An alarum. Enter TALBOT in an excursion*

**TALBOT**

France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,  
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.  
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,  
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,  
45 That hardly we escaped the pride of France.

*Exit*

*An alarum: excursions. BEDFORD, brought in sick in a chair. Enter TALBOT and BURGUNDY without: within JOAN LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENCON, and REIGNIER, on the walls*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?  
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast  
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:  
'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?

**BURGUNDY**

50 Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtesan!  
I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own  
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

**CHARLES**

Your grace may starve perhaps before that time.

**BEDFORD**

O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

55 What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,  
And run a tilt at death within a chair?

**TALBOT**

Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,  
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!  
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age  
60 And twit with cowardice a man half dead?  
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,  
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**


65 Are ye so hot, sir? yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;  
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.


*The English whisper together in council*

**BASTARD OF ORLEANS**

See, noble Charles, the torch of our friend! The burning  
torch is over there at that tower.

**CHARLES**

Now it shines like a [comet of revenge](#) , it predicts the fall  
of all our enemies!

 Such an image was believed to be  
a sign of vengeance.

**REIGNIER**

Let's not waste time, wasting time has dangerous  
consequences. Enter the city and immediately scream "The  
Dauphin!" and then kill all the guards.

*Alarm sounds. They exit.*

*Another alarm sounds. TALBOT enters among others  
fighting.*

**TALBOT**

France, you will regret this treason with your tears, if Talbot  
survives your betrayal. The witch Pucelle, that cursed  
sorceress has brought this evil mischief so unexpectedly on  
us, that we barely escaped the French.

*TALBOT exits.*

*An alarm sounds. A chaos of battle. BEDFORD is brought in  
sick in a chair. TALBOT and BURGUNDY enter on the main  
stage. JOAN LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD OF ORLEANS,  
ALENCON, and REIGNIER enter on the walls.*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Good morning, you fine young gentlemen! Do you want  
wheat instead of bread? I think the Duke of Burgundy would  
rather starve than buy food again at that cost. It was full of  
weeds, do you like the taste of it?

**BURGUNDY**

Make fun of me as much as you want, you disgusting devil  
and shameless prostitute! Trust me, I will soon choke you  
with your own weapon and I'll make sure that you regret  
the outcome of your actions.

**CHARLES**

Your king will starve before that will happen.

**BEDFORD**

Oh, you should let actions and not words revenge this  
treason!


**JOAN LA PUCELLE**


What are you going to do, good man with the grey beard?  
Break a spear in two and fight in a tournament with it until  
you die?

**TALBOT**

You dirty demon from France and witch filled with hate! You  
are surrounded by your passionate lovers! Do you think it's  
appropriate for you to mock his incredible age and insult a  
half dead man by talking of him being a coward? Girl, I'll  
fight you again. If I don't then I will die of shame.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Are you so hot-tempered, sir?  And still, Pucelle, be calm,  
if Talbot is only like a thunder now, then it will be followed  
by rain.

 Joan is mocking Talbot, picking  
up on his use of the word "bout,"  
which could also mean a sexual  
encounter.

*The English whisper and discuss together.*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

**TALBOT**

Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

70 Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,  
To try if that our own be ours or no.

**TALBOT**

I speak not to that railing Hecate,  
But unto thee, Alencon, and the rest;  
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

**ALENCON**

Signior, no.

**TALBOT**

75 Signior, hang! base muleters of France!  
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls  
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

80 Away, captains! let's get us from the walls;  
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.  
God be wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell you  
That we are here.

*Exeunt from the walls*

**TALBOT**

85 And there will we be too, ere it be long,  
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!  
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,  
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,  
Either to get the town again or die:  
And I, as sure as English Henry lives  
And as his father here was conqueror,  
As sure as in this late-betrayed town  
90 Great Coeur-de-lion's heart was buried,  
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

**BURGUNDY**

My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

**TALBOT**

95 But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,  
The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my lord,  
We will bestow you in some better place,  
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

**BEDFORD**

Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:  
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen  
And will be partner of your weal or woe.

**BURGUNDY**

100 Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

**BEDFORD**

105 Not to be gone from hence; for once I read  
That stout Pendragon in his litter sick  
Came to the field and vanquished his foes:  
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,  
Because I ever found them as myself.

**TALBOT**

Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!  
Then be it so: heavens keep old Bedford safe!  
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

God, hurry up the parliament! Who will be the speaker?

**TALBOT**

Do you come forward and meet us in battle?

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

It looks like your lordship thinks we are idiots! He thinks  
we're going to try our luck.

**TALBOT**

I don't want to speak to that swearing Hecate <sup>6</sup>, but to  
you, Alencon, and the rest of you. Will you, like soldiers,  
come and fight us?

**ALENCON**

No, we won't, my lord.

**TALBOT**

Hang then, "my lord!" Lowly French mule-drivers! They  
stand near the walls like peasant boy servants and don't  
dare to grasp their weapons and fight like gentlemen.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Stand back, captains! Go away from the walls! It looks like  
Talbot doesn't mean us well. God be with you, my lord! We  
only came to tell you that we are here.

*JOAN LA PUCELLE exits from the walls.*

**TALBOT**

And we will be where you are, very soon. Or otherwise  
Talbot will be most famous for his disgrace.

[To BURGUNDY] Swear to me, Burgundy, on the honor of  
your family, that you will regain the town or die, even  
though you are still injured by the public abuse you  
endured in France. As sure as King Henry lives, and that his  
father was a hero, and as sure that the great Cour-de-lion's  
heart <sup>7</sup> was buried here in this town we lost. I swear to  
conquer this town or die!

**BURGUNDY**

My promise is as sure as yours.

**TALBOT**

But, before we go, look towards this dying prince—the  
brave Duke of Bedford. My lord, come! We will carry you to a  
nicer place than this; a place better suited to your sickness  
and your weak old age.

**BEDFORD**

Lord Talbot, don't dishonor me. I will sit here, on the walls  
of Rouen and will also swear, like you did, in the name of  
happiness or misery.

**BURGUNDY**

Brave Bedford, please let us change your mind!

**BEDFORD**

I won't leave this place. I read somewhere that the strong  
Pendragon <sup>8</sup> was carried onto the battle field in his sick  
bed and killed all his enemies. I think that I should renew  
the hearts of our soldiers, because I feel so similar to them.

**TALBOT**

The spirit coming from your dying chest is unbreakable!  
Then, let it be so. Keep the old Bedford safe, heavens! And

<sup>6</sup> Hecate, in classical mythology, was the goddess of light and the underworld.

<sup>7</sup> Richard Cour-de-lion was Richard I of England. He was known as "the Lionheart" because he allegedly fought and killed a lion, before taking its heart. He had his own heart buried in the town of Rouen.

<sup>8</sup> Here Bedford is referring to Uther Pendragon, who was the father of the legendary King Arthur.

110 But gather we our forces out of hand  
And set upon our boasting enemy.

*Exeunt all but BEDFORD and Attendants*

*An alarm: excursions. Enter FASTOLFE and a Captain*

**CAPTAIN**

Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

**FASTOLFE**

Whither away! to save myself by flight:  
We are like to have the overthrow again.

**CAPTAIN**

What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

**FASTOLFE**

115 Ay,  
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life!

*Exit*

**CAPTAIN**

Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!

*Exit*

*Retreat: excursions. JOAN LA PUCELLE, ALENCON, and CHARLES fly*

**BEDFORD**

120 Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,  
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.  
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?  
They that of late were daring with their scoffs  
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

*BEDFORD dies, and is carried in by two in his chair*

*An alarm. Re-enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the rest*

**TALBOT**

125 Lost, and recover'd in a day again!  
This is a double honour, Burgundy:  
Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

**BURGUNDY**

130 Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy  
Enshrines thee in his heart and there erects  
Thy noble deeds as valour's monuments.

**TALBOT**

135 Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?  
I think her old familiar is asleep:  
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his  
gleeks?  
140 What, all amort? Rouen hangs her head for grief  
That such a valiant company are fled.  
Now will we take some order in the town,  
Placing therein some expert officers,  
And then depart to Paris to the king,  
For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

**BURGUNDY**

What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

**TALBOT**

145 But yet, before we go, let's not forget  
The noble Duke of Bedford late deceased,  
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:

now, no more fuss. Brave Burgundy, let's gather our soldiers  
immediately and march towards our bragging enemy.

*All exit apart from BEDFORD and Servants.*

*An alarm sounds. Soldiers fighting. FASTOLFE and a Captain enter.*

**CAPTAIN**

Where are you going in such a hurry, Sir John Fastolfe?

**FASTOLFE**

Which way!? I have to save myself by running away because  
it seems like we're about to be defeated again.

**CAPTAIN**

What!? You will run away and leave Lord Talbot?

**FASTOLFE**

Yes. I will leave all the Talbots in the world to save my life!

*FASTOLFE exits.*

**CAPTAIN**

That knight is such a coward! I hope bad luck follows him.

*Captain exits.*

*They withdraw. Fighting again. JOAN LA PUCELLE,  
ALENCON, and CHARLES run away.*

**BEDFORD**

Now, my quiet soul, please die when heaven tells you to,  
because I have seen our enemies conquered. What does the  
trust or strength of a foolish man mean? Those who  
recently challenged us with their mockery are relieved and  
want to run away to save themselves.

*BEDFORD dies and is carried away by two men in his chair.*

*An alarm sounds. TALBOT, BURGUNDY and the others re-  
enter.*

**TALBOT**

We have both lost and won in only one day! This is a double  
honor, Burgundy. But we must thank heavens for this  
victory!

**BURGUNDY**

Talbot—our warrior and leader—Burgundy will keep you in  
his heart like a saint and there will build a monument to  
your bravery and all your great acts.

**TALBOT**

Thanks, kind duke. But where is Pucelle now? I think her old  
trusted spirit <sup>9</sup> is asleep. Where is the laughter of the  
Bastard and Charles' jokes now? What? Are they all  
depressed now? Rouen lowers her head in grief that such a  
courageous company ran away. Now we will establish order  
in the town. We'll place some experienced officers here and  
then go to Paris to meet the king, because that's where  
young Henry and his dukes are.

**BURGUNDY**

Whatever Talbot wants to do, Burgundy agrees to.

**TALBOT**

But before we go, let's not forget the kind Duke of Bedford  
who has recently died. Let's arrange a funeral for him here  
in Rouen. A braver soldier has never risen his spear in an

<sup>9</sup> A "familiar" is a spirit associated with witches, often taking on the form of a small animal.

A braver soldier never couched lance,  
A gentler heart did never sway in court;  
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,  
For that's the end of human misery.

*Exeunt*

attack and a gentler heart never ruled over the court than  
he. But even kings and the most powerful rulers must die  
one day, as that's the end of human misery.

*All exit.*

## Act 3, Scene 3

### Shakespeare

*Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENCON, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and forces*

#### JOAN LA PUCELLE

Dismay not, princes, at this accident,  
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:  
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,  
For things that are not to be remedied.

5 Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while  
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;  
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,  
If Dauphin and the rest will be but ruled.

#### CHARLES

10 We have been guided by thee hitherto,  
And of thy cunning had no diffidence:  
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

#### BASTARD OF ORLEANS

Search out thy wit for secret policies,  
And we will make thee famous through the world.

#### ALENCON

15 We'll set thy statue in some holy place,  
And have thee revered like a blessed saint:  
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

#### JOAN LA PUCELLE

20 Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:  
By fair persuasions mix'd with sugar'd words  
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy  
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.

#### CHARLES

Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,  
France were no place for Henry's warriors;  
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,  
But be extirped from our provinces.

#### ALENCON

25 For ever should they be expelled from France  
And not have title of an earldom here.

#### JOAN LA PUCELLE

Your honours shall perceive how I will work  
To bring this matter to the wished end.

*Drum sounds afar off*

#### JOAN LA PUCELLE



30 Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive  
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.


*Here sound an English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance,  
TALBOT and his forces*


### Shakescleare Translation

*CHARLES, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENCON, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and the army enter.*

#### JOAN LA PUCELLE

Princes, don't despair over this unpredictable event. And  
don't grieve that they took back Rouen. Caring about it  
won't help us, but will make it even worse, for the things  
that have happened cannot be changed. Let the excited  
Talbot celebrate his victory, like a peacock  swinging his  
tail around, for a while. We'll tear his feathers and take  
away his tail , so long as the Dauphin and the rest of you  
follow my advice.

 Peacocks are symbols of pride.

 Meaning they will take away his  
followers and his strength.

#### CHARLES

We have been guided by you until now and have not once  
mistrusted your magical powers. One unexpected defeat  
won't make us stop believing in you.

#### BASTARD OF ORLEANS

Think of some surprise strategies and we will make you  
famous around the world.

#### ALENCON

We'll put up a statue of you in some holy place. And we'll  
worship you like a blessed saint. Do your best, sweet virgin,  
for our sake.

#### JOAN LA PUCELLE

Then it must be so. Joan plans to persuade the Duke of  
Burgundy with sweet words and convince him to leave  
Talbot and follow us instead.

#### CHARLES

Ah, my darling! If we could do that, there would be no place  
for Henry's warriors in France. And England would not show  
off in front of us, but instead would be removed from our  
provinces.

#### ALENCON

They should be expelled from France forever and not hold  
any title here.

#### JOAN LA PUCELLE

Your honors will observe how I plan to carry this out until  
we achieve what we want.

*Drums are heard from far away.*

#### JOAN LA PUCELLE

Listen! That sound of the drum tells us that their armies are  
marching towards Paris.

*The sound of an English procession is heard here. The army  
and TALBOT enter and walk across in a distance.*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,  
And all the troops of English after him.

35

*French march. Enter BURGUNDY and forces*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his:  
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.  
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

*Trumpets sound a parley*

**CHARLES**

40 A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!

**BURGUNDY**

Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

**BURGUNDY**

What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

**CHARLES**

Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

45 Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!  
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

**BURGUNDY**

Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Look on thy country, look on fertile France,  
And see the cities and the towns defaced  
50 By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.  
As looks the mother on her lowly babe  
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,  
See, see the pining malady of France;  
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,  
55 Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.  
O, turn thy edged sword another way;  
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.  
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom  
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:  
60 Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,  
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

**BURGUNDY**

Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,  
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,  
65 Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.  
Who joint'st thou with but with a lordly nation  
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?  
When Talbot hath set footing once in France  
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,  
70 Who then but English Henry will be lord  
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?  
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,  
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?  
And was he not in England prisoner?  
75 But when they heard he was thine enemy,  
They set him free without his ransom paid,

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

There goes Talbot, carrying his flags, and all the English  
soldiers are following after him.

*French procession. BURGUNDY and his army enter.*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Now at the back comes the duke and his luck makes him  
fall behind, which is good for us. Ask to negotiate and we'll  
talk to him.

*Trumpets sound for a negotiation.*

**CHARLES**

We want to negotiate with the Duke of Burgundy!

**BURGUNDY**

Who wants to negotiate with Burgundy?

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**


The prince Charles of France, your countryman.

**BURGUNDY**

What do you have to say to me, Charles? See, I am walking  
towards you now.

**CHARLES**

Pucelle, speak and bewitch  him with your words.

 Charles' rhetoric furthers the notion that Joan is a witch who possesses magical powers.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Brave Burgundy, you are the unquestionable hope of  
France! Stay here and let me—your lowly servant girl speak  
to you.

**BURGUNDY**

Speak then. But don't speak too much.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Look at your country, look at fruitful France and see that the  
cities and towns are destroyed by the destructive ruin of its  
cruel enemy. Look at the wasting French disease as if you  
were a mother looking at her poor baby when death is  
closing his young dying eyes. See the wounds, the most  
unnatural wounds, which you yourself have given her  
miserable breasts. Oh, turn your sharp sword in another  
direction! Attack those who hurt and don't hurt those who  
help. One drop of blood from your country's breasts should  
make you more miserable than rivers of foreign blood.  
Return with a flood of tears and wash away the staining  
spots of your country.

**BURGUNDY**

She has either charmed me with her words or nature  
suddenly makes me regret everything.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Also, all the French and France accuse you, they are  
doubting your birth and the legitimacy of your lineage. And  
you join a proud nation that only trusts you for the sake of  
profit? Once Talbot has set up a base in France and made  
you into that tool of destruction, who but the English Henry  
will be lord and you will be cast away like a refugee! Let's  
use an example. Do you remember your enemy the Duke of  
Orleans? Wasn't he prisoner in England? But when they  
heard that he was your enemy, they let him go and they  
didn't pay for his release, despite Burgundy and all his  
friends. Can you see, then, that you fight against your  
countrymen, and when you join with them they will  
become your murderers. Come here! Come back, come

In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.  
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen  
And joint'st with them will be thy slaughtermen.  
80 Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord:  
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

**BURGUNDY**

I am vanquished; these haughty words of hers  
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,  
And made me almost yield upon my knees.  
85 Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen,  
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:  
My forces and my power of men are yours:  
So farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

*[Aside]* Done like a Frenchman: turn, and turn again!

**CHARLES**

90 Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

**BASTARD OF ORLEANS**

And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

**ALENCON**

Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,  
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

**CHARLES**

Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,  
95 And seek how we may prejudice the foe.

*Exeunt*

back, you restless lord. Charles and the others will welcome  
you into their arms.

**BURGUNDY**

I am defeated. Her arrogant words have beaten me like a  
loud shot from a cannon. They made me almost fall down  
onto my knees. Forgive me, my country and my sweet  
countrymen! And lords, accept this sincere kind embrace.  
My army is yours. So, goodbye Talbot! I don't trust you  
anymore.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

*[To herself]* He's like a Frenchman! He turns and then turns  
again.

**CHARLES**

Welcome, brave duke! Your friendship renews us.

**BASTARD OF ORLEANS**

And it makes us feel new courage in our chests.

**ALENCON**

Pucelle has played her part in this splendidly. She deserves  
a golden crown.

**CHARLES**

Let's go now, my lords. And let's combine our powers and  
find out how we may damage the enemy.

*All exit.*

## Act 3, Scene 4

### Shakespeare

*Enter KING HENRY VI, GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, EXETER, VERNON BASSET, and others. To them with his Soldiers, TALBOT*

**TALBOT**

My gracious prince, and honourable peers,  
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,  
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,  
To do my duty to my sovereign:  
5 In sign, whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim'd  
To your obedience fifty fortresses,  
Twelve cities and seven walled towns of strength,  
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,  
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet,  
10 And with submissive loyalty of heart  
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got  
First to my God and next unto your grace.

*Kneels*

**KING HENRY VI**

Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,  
That hath so long been resident in France?

**GLOUCESTER**

15 Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

### Shakescleare Translation

*KING HENRY VI, GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, EXETER, VERNON BASSET, and others enter. TALBOT walks towards them with his Soldiers.*

**TALBOT**

My kind prince, and honest lords! I have heard about your  
arrival in this country and so I have made peace for a while  
in my wars, so I can pay my respects to my king. I show you  
a sign of my respects here—this arm that regained fifty  
fortresses, twelve cities and seven powerful towns  
surrounded by a wall. On top of that, we have taken five  
hundred prisoners of high rank. I let my sword fall before  
your highness' feet and with the obedient loyalty of my  
heart, I give credit first to my God and then to your grace,  
for the glory of my victory.

*TALBOT kneels.*

**KING HENRY VI**

Uncle Gloucester, is this the Lord Talbot, that has been in  
France for so long?

**GLOUCESTER**

Yes, if you are happy with that, my lord.

**KING HENRY VI**

Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!  
When I was young, as yet I am not old,  
I do remember how my father said  
A stouter champion never handled sword.

20 Long since we were resolved of your truth,  
Your faithful service and your toil in war;  
Yet never have you tasted our reward,  
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,  
Because till now we never saw your face:  
25 Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,  
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;  
And in our coronation take your place.

*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but VERNON and BASSET*

**VERNON**

Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,  
Disgracing of these colours that I wear

30 In honour of my noble Lord of York:  
Darest thou maintain the former words thou spakest?

**BASSET**

Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage  
The envious barking of your saucy tongue  
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

**VERNON**

35 Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

**BASSET**

Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

**VERNON**

Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.

*Strikes him*

**BASSET**


Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such  
40 That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death,  
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.  
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave  
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;  
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.


**VERNON**

45 Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;  
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

*Exeunt*

**KING HENRY VI**

Brave captain and victorious lord, welcome! When I was young—not that I am old now—I remember how my father used to say  that a bolder champion had never held a sword than you. Ever since then, we have been convinced that this is true because of your faithful service and your efforts in war. And yet you've never been rewarded, and we have never thanked you for all you've done, because we have never seen your face until now. Therefore, stand up and for these good actions, we make you Earl of Shrewsbury. Take your place in our procession.

 Henry VI was nine months old when his father died, so if he truly remembers this, it speaks to a mystical power.

*A triumphant trumpet sounds. All exit apart from VERNON and BASSET.*

**VERNON**

Now, sir! You were so angry when we were at sea, insulting the colors of the badge that I wear in the name of my kind Lord of York. Do you stand by the words you spoke then?

**BASSET**

Yes, sir, I dare as much as you dare to defend the jealous barking of your insolent tongue that spoke against my lord, the Duke of Somerset.

**VERNON**

Boy, I honor your lord for what he's worth.

**BASSET**

Why? What is he worth? He is as good a man as York.

**VERNON**

Listen, I don't think so. Take this from me!

*VERNON hits BASSET.*

**BASSET**

You're a villain! You know the law of weapons here. Whoever uses a sword, must die immediately or else I would use mine and make your dearest blood flow. But I'll go to his majesty and request permission to revenge what you've done to me. When you see me next, I'll repay you for this.

**VERNON**

Well, you villain! I'll be there as soon as you will. And afterwards, I'll meet you sooner than you would meet me.

*VERNON and BASSET exit.*

## Act 4, Scene 1

### Shakespeare

*Enter KING HENRY VI, GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, TALBOT, EXETER, the Governor, of Paris, and others*

**GLOUCESTER**

Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

**WINCHESTER**

God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!

### Shakescleare Translation

*KING HENRY VI, GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, TALBOT, EXETER, the Governor of Paris, and others enter.*

**GLOUCESTER**

Put the crown on his head, lord bishop.

**WINCHESTER**

God save King Henry! He is the sixth one with that name.



**GLOUCESTER**

Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,  
That you elect no other king but him;  
5 Esteem 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 help you righteous God!

*Enter FASTOLFE*

**FASTOLFE**

My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,  
10 To haste unto your coronation,  
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,  
Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.

**TALBOT**

Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!  
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,  
15 To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,

*Plucking it off*

**TALBOT**

Which I have done, because unworthily  
Thou wast installed in that high degree.  
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest  
20 This dastard, at the battle of Patay,  
When but in all I was six thousand strong  
And that the French were almost ten to one,  
Before we met or that a stroke was given,  
Like to a trusty squire did run away:  
25 In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;  
Myself and divers gentlemen beside  
Were there surprised and taken prisoners.  
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;  
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear  
30 This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

**GLOUCESTER**

To say the truth, this fact was infamous  
And ill beseeming any common man,  
Much more a knight, a captain and a leader.

**TALBOT**

When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,  
35 Knights of the garter were of noble birth,  
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,  
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;  
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,  
But always resolute in most extremes.  
40 He then that is not furnish'd in this sort  
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,  
Profaning this most honourable order,  
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,  
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain  
45 That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

**KING HENRY VI**

Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom!  
Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight:  
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.

*Exit FASTOLFE*

**KING HENRY VI**

50 And now, my lord protector, view the letter  
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

**GLOUCESTER**

What means his grace, that he hath changed his style?  
No more but, plain and bluntly, 'To the king!'  
55 Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?

**GLOUCESTER**

Now, governor of Paris, make a promise, that you accept no  
other king but him. Consider no other friends but his  
friends and your enemies should be those who plot to harm  
him. You shall do this! God be with you!

*FASTOLFE enters.*

**FASTOLFE**



I came from Calais to hurry to your coronation, my gentle  
king, and I was given this letter from the Duke of Burgundy.  
It's addressed to you.


**TALBOT**


Shame on you and the Duke of Burgundy! I swore to you  
when I last met you, lowly knight, that I would pull off the  
knight's garter, that ribbon, from your coward's leg.

*TALBOT pulls the garter off.*

**TALBOT**

I've done this because you don't deserve such high status.  
Prince Henry and the rest of you, excuse me. During the  
battle of Patay , this coward, when I was alone among six  
thousand men and the French had a ten to one advantage,  
this "reliable" attendant  ran away from me before we  
even attacked. In that battle we lost twelve hundred men  
and myself and some other gentlemen were unexpectedly  
taken prisoner. Great lords, judge then, if what I did was  
wrong and if cowards like him should be allowed to wear  
this symbol of knighthood. Yes or no?

 The Battle of Patay was part of the Hundred Years War between the French and English that resulted in a major victory for France.

 "Trusty squire" is being used condescendingly and sarcastically by Talbot.

**GLOUCESTER**

To be honest, that crime is shameful and doesn't suit any  
ordinary man, let alone a knight, a captain, and a leader!

**TALBOT**

When the order of the Garters was first set up, my lords,  
knights of that order were of noble birth, they were virtuous  
and good and had courage. These knights rose in honor  
through the wars, they weren't scared of death and they  
didn't run away from hardship. They were always  
determined in difficult situations. He, who does not possess  
those qualities, assumes the precious name of knight  
falsely. He pollutes this most honorable order and if I could  
decide what to do with him, his position would be lowered,  
and he would become a person of very low birth who only  
thinks he can brag about his highborn blood.

**KING HENRY VI**

Do you hear the judgement? Your countrymen will be  
marked by this! Therefore, go pack your things. You were  
once a knight but now we cast you out and if you return,  
you'll die.

*FASTOLFE exits.*

**KING HENRY VI**

And now, my lord protector, read the letter that the Duke of  
Burgundy sent us.

**GLOUCESTER**

What does he mean, why has he changed his form of  
address? Does he say nothing more than a simple "To the  
king?" Has he forgotten that Henry is his king? Or does this

Or doth this churlish superscription  
Pretend some alteration in good will?  
What's here?

*Reads*

**GLOUCESTER**

'I have, upon especial cause,  
60 Moved with compassion of my country's wreck,  
Together with the pitiful complaints  
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,  
Forsaken your pernicious faction  
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of France!  
65 O monstrous treachery! can this be so,  
That in alliance, amity and oaths,  
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

**KING HENRY VI**

What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

**GLOUCESTER**

He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.

**KING HENRY VI**

70 Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

**GLOUCESTER**

It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

**KING HENRY VI**

Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with him  
And give him chastisement for this abuse.  
How say you, my lord? are you not content?

**TALBOT**

75 Content, my liege! yes, but that I am prevented,  
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

**KING HENRY VI**

Then gather strength and march unto him straight:  
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason  
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

**TALBOT**

80 I go, my lord, in heart desiring still  
You may behold confusion of your foes.

*Exit*

*Enter VERNON and BASSET*

**VERNON**

Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign.

**BASSET**

And me, my lord, grant me the combat too.

**YORK**

85 This is my servant: hear him, noble prince.

**SOMERSET**

And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him.

**KING HENRY VI**

Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak.  
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?  
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

**VERNON**

90 With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

blunt address mean that his good intentions have changed?  
What do we have here?

*GLOUCESTER reads.*

**GLOUCESTER**

"I have moved away from the ruin of my country, as well as the pathetic complaints that encourage your oppression. I have abandoned your destructive group and joined Charles, the true King of France." Oh, this is terrible treason! How can there be such trickery among what should be unity, friendship and promises?

**KING HENRY VI**

My uncle Burgundy rebels against me?

**GLOUCESTER**

He does, my lord. And now he is your enemy.

**KING HENRY VI**

Is anything worse written in this letter?

**GLOUCESTER**

That is the worst that he writes, my lord.

**KING HENRY VI**

Well, then, you will talk with him, Talbot and punish him for this betrayal. What do you say to that, my lord? Are you not happy about it?

**TALBOT**

Happy, my king! Yes! It's only that I would have liked to have begged to do what you have ordered.

**KING HENRY VI**

Gather all your men and meet him immediately. Let him see how badly we think of his treason and how he insulted us by mocking his friends.

**TALBOT**

My lord, I am off! With all my heart I hope that you may see the destruction of your enemies.

*TALBOT exits.*

*VERNON and BASSET enter.*

**VERNON**

My gracious king, give me permission to fight in a duel.

**BASSET**

My lord, grant me permission too.

**YORK**

This is my servant. Listen to what he has to say, kind prince.

**SOMERSET**

And this is my servant. Sweet Henry, give him what he wants.

**KING HENRY VI**

Lords, be patient and let them speak. Gentlemen, tell me what makes you ask for this? And why do you want to fight or with whom do you want to fight?

**VERNON**

With him, because he has harmed me, my lord.

**BASSET**

And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

**KING HENRY VI**

What is that wrong whereof you both complain?  
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

**BASSET**

95 Crossing the sea from England into France,  
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,  
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;  
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves  
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,  
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth  
100 About a certain question in the law  
Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him;  
With other vile and ignominious terms:  
In confutation of which rude reproach  
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,  
105 I crave the benefit of law of arms.

**VERNON**

And that is my petition, noble lord:  
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit  
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,  
Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him;  
110 And he first took exceptions at this badge,  
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower  
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

**YORK**

Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

**SOMERSET**

115 Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,  
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

**KING HENRY VI**

Good Lord, what madness rules in brainsick men,  
When for so slight and frivolous a cause  
Such factious emulations shall arise!  
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,  
120 Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

**YORK**

Let this dissension first be tried by fight,  
And then your highness shall command a peace.

**SOMERSET**

The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;  
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

**YORK**

125 There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

**VERNON**

Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

**BASSET**

Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

**GLOUCESTER**

Confirm it so! Confounded be your strife!  
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!  
130 Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed  
With this immodest clamorous outrage  
To trouble and disturb the king and us?  
And you, my lords, methinks you do not well  
To bear with their perverse objections;  
135 Much less to take occasion from their mouths

**BASSET**

And I want to fight with him, because he has harmed me.

**KING HENRY VI**

What is the cause of this wrongdoing, that you both  
complain about? Tell me about it first and then I'll reply to  
your request.

**BASSET**

While I was traveling across the sea from England to France,  
this hateful and critical man who stands before you accused  
me about the rose that I wear. He said that the blood-red  
color of the petals looked like the blushing cheeks of my  
master. He stubbornly rejected the truth about the question  
of succession that had been discussed between himself and  
the Duke of York. He used vulgar and degrading words. In  
order to prove him wrong and to defend the name of my  
lord, I wish to challenge him to a duel.

**VERNON**

And that's my request too, kind lord. Although he gives an  
attractive interpretation of his daring plan, using false and  
cunning rhetoric. You should know, my lord, that I was  
provoked by *him*. He started objecting to my badge first,  
saying that the white color of this flower revealed my  
master's cowardly heart.

**YORK**

Won't you stop this hate, Somerset?

**SOMERSET**

Your personal resentment will end, although you won't be  
the one who suppresses it, my Lord of York.

**KING HENRY VI**

Good lord, what kind of madness is ruling these foolish  
men? Why does such a small and silly argument cause this  
divisive rivalry!? My good kinsmen, York and Somerset, I ask  
you now to be quiet and to be at peace.

**YORK**

Let this disagreement be tested in a fight and then your  
highness can ask for peace.

**SOMERSET**

This argument doesn't concern anyone but us. We can  
decide it between us, then.

**YORK**

Here is my [glove](#) . Accept it, Somerset.

**VERNON**


No, let it remain where it was before.

**BASSET**

Let us do this, then, my honorable lord.

**GLOUCESTER**

Let you do this!? Your argument should be destroyed! And  
you should die along with your reckless chatter! Aren't you  
ashamed, you arrogant servants, that you trouble and  
disturb the king and us with this shameless noisy insult?! As  
for you, my lords, I don't think you should take their wicked  
accusations and definitely don't take it as an opportunity to  
start a fight between yourselves. Let me persuade you to do  
something better.

 "Pledge" refers to an item that would challenge the recipient to a duel. This item was often a glove.

To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:  
Let me persuade you take a better course.

**EXETER**

It grieves his highness: good my lords, be friends.

**KING HENRY VI**

Come hither, you that would be combatants:  
140 Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,  
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.  
And you, my lords, remember where we are,  
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:  
If they perceive dissension in our looks  
145 And that within ourselves we disagree,  
How will their grudging stomachs be provoked  
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!  
Beside, what infamy will there arise,  
When foreign princes shall be certified  
150 That for a toy, a thing of no regard,  
King Henry's peers and chief nobility  
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!  
O, think upon the conquest of my father,  
My tender years, and let us not forego  
155 That for a trifle that was bought with blood  
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.  
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

*Putting on a red rose*

**KING HENRY VI**

That any one should therefore be suspicious  
I more incline to Somerset than York:  
160 Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:  
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,  
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.  
But your discretions better can persuade  
Than I am able to instruct or teach:  
165 And therefore, as we hither came in peace,  
So let us still continue peace and love.  
Cousin of York, we institute your grace  
To be our regent in these parts of France:  
And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite  
170 Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;  
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,  
Go cheerfully together and digest.  
Your angry choler on your enemies.  
Ourselves, my lord protector and the rest  
175 After some respite will return to Calais;  
From thence to England; where I hope ere long  
To be presented, by your victories,  
With Charles, Alencon and that traitorous rout.

*Flourish. Exeunt all but YORK, WARWICK, EXETER and VERNON*

**WARWICK**

180 My Lord of York, I promise you, the king  
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

**YORK**

And so he did; but yet I like it not,  
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

**WARWICK**

Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;  
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

**YORK**

185 An if I wist he did,—but let it rest;  
Other affairs must now be managed.

*Exeunt all but EXETER*

**EXETER**

It makes his highness sad and so, my good lords, be  
friends.


**KING HENRY VI**

Come here, you that want to fight each other. Here I order  
you to forget this argument and the reason for it, if you love  
us. And you, my lords, remember where we are. We're in  
France at the center of a changeable and hesitant nation. If  
they see that we are arguing and that we can't agree among  
ourselves, their resentful tempers will be provoked to  
intentional disobedience and rebellion! Also, can you  
imagine what a scandal it would be abroad if foreign  
princes found out that King Henry's lords and the highest  
aristocracy destroyed themselves and lost France over  
something so small and unimportant? You should  
remember my father's victories and my young age. And let  
us not lose something that we bought with blood over a  
small argument. Let me be the judge in this fearful  
argument. I don't see why, if I wear this rose—

*KING HENRY VI puts on a red rose.*

**KING HENRY VI**

...you should think that I lean more towards Somerset than  
York. Both are my lords and I love them both. They might as  
well condemn me for my crown, because the King of  
Scotland has a crown as well. But you can observe the  
differences better than I can explain them to you; and so as  
we now come together in peace, let us continue similarly in  
peace and love. We appoint you, cousin of York, to be our  
representative in these parts of France. And, my good Lord  
of Somerset, bring together your soldiers on horses with his  
soldiers on foot. Cheerfully go together and take our  
your anger on your enemies. Behave like my faithful  
subjects, sons of your forefathers. I will return to Calais,  
after some delay, with my lord protector and the rest of you.  
From Calais, I'll go to England, where soon I hope to be told  
of your victories against Charles, Alencon and that  
treasonous crowd.

 When he says "[y]our angry choler", Henry is telling them to get rid of their anger, but is also referring to the idea of choler as one of the four humors of the body.

*Trumpets sound. Exit all apart from YORK, WARWICK,  
EXETER and VERNON.*

**WARWICK**

I thought that the king played the role of the public speaker  
rather well, my lord of York.

**YORK**

Yes, he did. But I don't like that he is wearing Somerset's  
badge.

**WARWICK**

Oh, come on! He only did it on a whim. Don't blame him for  
it. I dare say, sweet prince, that he didn't mean harm by it.

**YORK**


From what I know, he did—but let's forget about that. We  
must manage other things now.


*Exit all apart from EXETER.*

**EXETER**

Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;  
 For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,  
 190 I fear we should have seen decipher'd there  
 More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,  
 Than yet can be imagined or supposed.  
 But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees  
 This jarring discord of nobility,  
 195 This shouldering of each other in the court,  
 This factious bandying of their favourites,  
 But that it doth presage some ill event.  
 'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands;  
 But more when envy breeds unkind division;  
 200 There comes the rain, there begins confusion.

*Exit***EXETER**

You did well, Richard, to stop speaking, because if the passions of your heart were to come to the surface, I am afraid it would have revealed more hateful malice and a fight more angry and furious than can be imagined or assumed. But anyway, any ordinary man who sees this disturbing conflict between the lords, this pushing of each other in court and the competition  between their favorites, can see that this will have some terrible outcome. It's bad enough when children are kings, but it is even worse when jealousy creates unnatural divisions. That one starts the rain, but this one starts destruction.

 "Bandyng" was to toss something, like a ball, from side to side.

*EXETER exits.*

## Act 4, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*Enter TALBOT, with trump and drum***TALBOT**

Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter:  
 Summon their general unto the wall.

*Trumpet sounds. Enter General and others, aloft***TALBOT**

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,  
 5 Servant in arms to Harry King of England;  
 And thus he would: Open your city gates;  
 Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,  
 And do him homage as obedient subjects;  
 And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:  
 10 But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,  
 You tempt the fury of my three attendants,  
 Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;  
 Who in a moment even with the earth  
 Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,  
 15 If you forsake the offer of their love.

**GENERAL**

Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,  
 Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge!  
 The period of thy tyranny approacheth.  
 On us thou canst not enter but by death;  
 20 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 war to tangle thee:  
 On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,  
 25 To wall thee from the liberty of flight;  
 And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,  
 But death doth front thee with apparent spoil  
 And pale destruction meets thee in the face.  
 Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament  
 30 To rive their dangerous artillery  
 Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.  
 Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,  
 Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!  
 This is the latest glory of thy praise  
 35 That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;  
 For ere the glass, that now begins to run,  
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,  
 These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,  
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead.

*Drum afar off*

### Shakescleare Translation


*TALBOT enters, with a trumpet and a drum.***TALBOT**


Trumpeter, go to the gates of Bourdeaux and call their general to the wall.

*Trumpet sounds. General and others enter on the wall.***TALBOT**

Captains, the English John Talbot, Harry King of England's armed servant, called you here. He says to open your city gates and be respectful to us. Call my king your king and do him the honor as his obedient subjects, and I and my blood-thirsty soldiers will pull back. But if you don't accept my offer of peace, you will make my three guards here angry. You risk starvation, the anger of swords that can divide your body into pieces, and fire that can climb up that wall. They will kill you in a moment and strike you down from those high towers, if you refuse the love they offer you.

**GENERAL**

You predict death , our nation's terror and their bloody whips! The end of your tyranny is almost here. You'll enter over our dead bodies. I can tell you, we are secure behind these walls and strong enough to come forward and fight. If you get tired, the Dauphin will be fully equipped to catch you in his trap. There are army units drawn up in battle formation on either side of you, to prevent you from running away. And you can't run for help! Death is staring you in the face with a look of obvious destruction and deadly massacre. Ten thousand Frenchmen have taken Communion and are ready to use their dangerous weapons against no other Christian soul but the English Talbot. Look, there you stand, a breathing, fearless man who is never defeated! This is the last bit of praise I—your enemy—give you. Before the sand in the hourglass, that has just begun to run, ends its life when the last sand grains fall, these eyes that now see well, shall see you shrunk, bloody, white and dead.

 "The fearful owl of death": the owl's cry was imagined to predict death or evil.

*Drum is heard from far away.*

**GENERAL**

40 Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,  
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;  
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

*Exeunt General, & c*

**TALBOT**

He fables not; I hear the enemy:  
45 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.  
O, negligent and heedless discipline!  
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,  
A little herd of England's timorous deer,  
Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs!  
50 If we be English deer, be then in blood;  
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,  
But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,  
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel  
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:  
55 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,  
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.  
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,  
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

*Exeunt*

**GENERAL**


Listen! Listen! It's the Dauphin's drum, it's the warning bell  
ringing to warn us of an invasion. It signs a sad tune to your  
fearful soul and mine shall ring for your dreadful death!


*General and others exit.*


**TALBOT**

He is not making this up. I can hear the enemy. Go, some  
horsemen, and investigate the forces at the sides of the  
army. Oh, what a neglectful and careless strategy! How is it  
possible that we are fenced in and confined inside! We're  
like a little flock of England's timid deer, confused by a  
barking pack of French dogs! If we are English deer, let's be  
full of their life too. Not like young, inferior deer that fall  
down when they are bitten, but rather like deer wild with  
anger and desperation. We'll attack the bloody dogs with  
antlers like swords and make the cowards back off. Give  
every man his life which is as dear as mine and they'll  
find dear deer in us, my friends! God and Saint George,  
, Talbot and England's right, help us win this dangerous  
fight!

*TALBOT exits.*

 Talbot is punning on "deer" and "dear."

 Another obvious pun on "deer."

 Saint George was the patron saint of England.

## Act 4, Scene 3

### Shakespeare

*Enter a Messenger that meets YORK. Enter YORK with trumpet and many Soldiers*

**YORK**

Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,  
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

**MESSENGER**

They are return'd, my lord, and give it out  
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,  
5 To fight with Talbot: as he march'd along,  
By your espials were discovered  
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,  
Which join'd with him and made their march for  
Bourdeaux.

**YORK**

10 A plague upon that villain Somerset,  
That thus delays my promised supply  
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!  
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,  
And I am lowtd by a traitor villain  
15 And cannot help the noble chevalier:  
God comfort him in this necessity!  
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

*Enter Sir William LUCY*

**LUCY**

Thou princely leader of our English strength,  
Never so needful on the earth of France,  
20 Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,  
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron  
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:  
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!  
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

**YORK**

25 O God, that Somerset, who in proud heart  
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!

### Shakesclare Translation

*A Messenger enters and meets YORK. YORK enters to sound of a trumpet and many Soldiers.*

**YORK**

Have the lively guards that followed the powerful army of  
the Dauphin not returned yet?

**MESSENGER**

They have returned, my lord and report that he is heading  
to Bourdeaux with his army, to fight Talbot. As he marched  
on, our spies discovered two bigger armies than the one  
that the Dauphin is in charge of, which joined him and  
continued with him to Bourdeaux.

**YORK**

Curse that villain Somerset who delays my promised supply  
of horsemen, who are required for this attack! The famous  
Talbot expects my help, and I am mocked by a treasonous  
villain and can't help the noble knight. I hope God will be  
his comfort when he needs it! If he is harmed, we can say  
goodbye to our victory in France.

*Sir William LUCY enters.*

**LUCY**

You princely leader of our English armies, you have never  
been this needed in France! You should hurry to save the  
noble Talbot, since he is now shackled and imprisoned and  
surrounded by promises of horrible death. Go to  
Bourdeaux, you duke warrior! York, go to Bourdeaux! Or  
otherwise, we can say goodbye to Talbot and to England's  
honor.

**YORK**

Oh God, if only Somerset, whose pride stopped him from  
delivering my horsemen, was in Talbot's place! Then we

So should we save a valiant gentleman  
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.  
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,  
30 That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

**LUCY**

O, send some succor to the distress'd lord!

**YORK**

He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;  
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;  
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

**LUCY**

35 Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul;  
And on his son young John, who two hours since  
I met in travel toward his warlike father!  
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;  
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

**YORK**

40 Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have  
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?  
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,  
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.  
Lucy, farewell; no more my fortune can,  
45 But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.  
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,  
'Long all of Somerset and his delay.

*Exit, with his soldiers*

**LUCY**

Thus, while the vulture of sedition  
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,  
50 Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss  
The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror,  
That ever living man of memory,  
Henry the Fifth: whiles they each other cross,  
Lives, honours, lands and all hurry to loss.

*Exit*

would save a noble gentlemen and instead lose a traitor  
and a coward. Mad anger and incredible fury makes me cry  
because we will die like this, while careless traitors sleep.


**LUCY**


Oh, send some help to the worried lord!

**YORK**

If he dies, we lose, I break the word of a soldier, we grieve,  
France smiles, we lose, they win....All because of this evil  
traitor Somerset!

**LUCY**

Then, let God take pity on the soul of brave Talbot and also  
on his young son John, who I met two hours ago as he was  
traveling to see his father. Talbot hasn't seen his son for  
seven years  and now when they finally meet both of  
their lives are nearly over.


 As with the rest of the play, the historical timing is extremely inaccurate. The point is merely that Talbot has missed his son's growth.


**YORK**

Ah, well! What joy will noble Talbot have to share with his  
young son when he's about to die? Let's go! Agony almost  
stops me from breathing, thinking about separated  
relatives that meet in the hour of their death. Goodbye,  
Lucy. I can't do much but curse the reason I can't help the  
man. Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours have been  
conquered all because of Somerset and his inaction.

*YORK exits with his Soldiers.*

**LUCY**

And so, while the vulture of rebellion  eats out the hearts  
of these great commanders, lazy neglect dishonors the  
conquests of our recently dead king, a man who will live  
forever in our memory—Henry the Fifth. While the lords  
argue with each other, his life, honors, and lands all hurry to  
their ends.

 Lucy would seem to be referencing the myth of Prometheus, who was punished for stealing fire from the gods, by being tied to a rock and having his liver constantly eaten by vultures. However, vultures can also refer to treasured pets.

*LUCY exits.*

## Act 4, Scene 4

### Shakespeare

*Enter SOMERSET, with his army; a Captain of TALBOT's with him*

**SOMERSET**

It is too late; I cannot send them now:  
This expedition was by York and Talbot  
Too rashly plotted: all our general force  
Might with a sally of the very town  
5 Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot  
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour  
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:  
York set him on to fight and die in shame,  
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

**CAPTAIN**

10 Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me  
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.

*Enter Sir William LUCY*

**SOMERSET**

How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?

### Shakescleare Translation

*Enter SOMERSET with his army and TALBOT'S Captain with him.*

**SOMERSET**

It's too late, I can't send them now. This military action was  
planned too hastily by York and Talbot. All of our general  
army might be surprised by a sudden attack. Talbot risks  
too much and he has stained all the shine of his previous  
honor with this careless, desperate and wild move. York  
sent Talbot to go fight and die in shame, so that when  
Talbot is dead, great York may have his title.

**CAPTAIN**

Here is Sir William Lucy. He was sent with me from our  
outnumbered army to ask for help.

*Sir William LUCY enters.*

**SOMERSET**

How is it going, Sir William? Where are you coming from?

**LUCY**

Whither, my lord? from bought and sold Lord Talbot;  
 15 Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,  
 Cries out for noble York and Somerset,  
 To beat assailing death from his weak legions:  
 And whiles the honourable captain there  
 Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,  
 20 And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,  
 You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,  
 Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.  
 Let not your private discord keep away  
 The levied succors that should lend him aid,  
 25 While he, renowned noble gentleman,  
 Yields up his life unto a world of odds:  
 Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,  
 Alencon, Reignier, compass him about,  
 And Talbot perisheth by your default.

**SOMERSET**

30 York set him on; York should have sent him aid.

**LUCY**

And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;  
 Swearing that you withhold his levied host,  
 Collected for this expedition.

**SOMERSET**

York lies; he might have sent and had the horse;  
 35 I owe him little duty, and less love;  
 And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

**LUCY**

The fraud of England, not the force of France,  
 Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:  
 Never to England shall he bear his life;  
 40 But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

**SOMERSET**

Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight:  
 Within six hours they will be at his aid.

**LUCY**

Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en or slain;  
 For fly he could not, if he would have fled;  
 45 And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

**SOMERSET**

If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!


**LUCY**

His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

*Exeunt*

**LUCY**

Where, my lord? From the betrayed Lord Talbot, who, in his brave misfortune is crying out for noble York and Somerset so they can conquer the death that has attacked his weak troops. And while the honorable captain drops bloody sweat from his tired arms and legs, as he is desperately trying to hold onto his superior military position, you—his false hopes, the guardians of England's honor, stand aside due to your foolish rivalry. Don't let your personal disagreement stop you from gathering military assistance to help him out. While he, a famous noble gentleman, gives up his life for a huge risk, Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy, Alencon and Reignier surround him and Talbot dies because you failed to act.

 A Biblical reference; Talbot is here compared to Christ.

**SOMERSET**

York sent him there, York should have sent him help.

**LUCY**

And York also reacted as quickly against you, swearing that you withheld the army that was reserved for this military action.

**SOMERSET**

York lies, he should have sent for help. I don't owe him anything—no duty and even less love. And I find it disgraceful that he didn't send for help.

**LUCY**

It is England that has tricked and trapped the noble Talbot, not France. He will never return to England alive, but he dies betrayed by your argument.

**SOMERSET**

Come, let's go! I will send the horsemen immediately. They will be at his side in six hours.

**LUCY**

The rescue will be too late. He is already taken or killed, because he did not run away; and he would not have even if he had been able to, because Talbot would never run away.

**SOMERSET**

If he is dead, then brave Talbot goodbye!

**LUCY**

His fame will continue on in the world and his shame will live in you.

*All exit.*

## Act 4, Scene 5

### Shakespeare

*Enter TALBOT and JOHN his son*

**TALBOT**

O young John Talbot! I did send for thee  
 To tutor thee in stratagems of war,  
 That Talbot's name might be in thee revived  
 When sapless age and weak unable limbs  
 5 Should bring thy father to his drooping c hair.  
 But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!  
 Now thou art come unto a feast of death,

### Shakescleare Translation

*TALBOT and his son JOHN enter.*

**TALBOT**

Oh, young Talbot! I sent for you so I could teach you the strategies of war, so that the name of Talbot might be brought back to life in you when weak age and incapable arms and legs put your father in his grave. But, oh, you evil and wicked stars! You have now come to a celebration of death, which is a terrible danger that cannot be avoided. That's why, my dear boy, you have to get on my fastest



A terrible and unavowed danger:  
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;  
10 And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape  
By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.

**JOHN TALBOT**

Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?  
And shall I fly? O if you love my mother,  
Dishonour not her honourable name,  
15 To make a bastard and a slave of me!  
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,  
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

**TALBOT**

Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

**JOHN TALBOT**

He that flies so will ne'er return again.

**TALBOT**

20 If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

**JOHN TALBOT**

Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:  
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;  
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.  
Upon my death the French can little boast;  
25 In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.  
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;  
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:  
You fled for vantage, everyone will swear;  
But, if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.  
30 There is no hope that ever I will stay,  
If the first hour I shrink and run away.  
Here on my knee I beg mortality,  
Rather than life preserved with infamy.

**TALBOT**

Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

**JOHN TALBOT**

35 Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

**TALBOT**

Upon my blessing, I command thee go.

**JOHN TALBOT**

To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

**TALBOT**

Part of thy father may be saved in thee.

**JOHN TALBOT**

No part of him but will be shame in me.

**TALBOT**

40 Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

**JOHN TALBOT**

Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?

**TALBOT**

Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

**JOHN TALBOT**

You cannot witness for me, being slain.  
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

horse and I'll instruct you how on how to escape and run  
away. Come, don't delay, and go!

**JOHN TALBOT**

Isn't my name Talbot? And am I not your son? And I should  
run away? Oh, if you love my mother, don't dishonor her  
honorable name. Don't make a bastard and a slave out of  
me! The world will say that I am not of Talbot's blood  
because I ran away like a coward while noble Talbot stayed.

**TALBOT**

If I am killed, you have to fly to avenge my death.

**JOHN TALBOT**

The one that runs away will never come back.

**TALBOT**

If both of us stay, we are both going to die, I'm sure of that.

**JOHN TALBOT**

Then let me stay and you run away, father. The loss of you  
would have a devastating impact and so your self-regard  
should be high. Nobody knows what I'm worth and my loss  
would have no impact. The French can't boast about my  
death but they will with yours because all hope is lost with  
you. If you run away, it won't ruin the honor you have  
already earned. But my honor would because I have done  
no heroic deeds. You ran away because of a military  
advantage, everyone will say so. But if I retreat, they'll say it  
was because I was afraid. I'll never stay during future  
battles, if in the first hour I decide to run away. I ask for my  
death, rather than for a life protected by shame.

*[He kneels]* Here I am on my knees.

**TALBOT**

Shall all your mother's hopes lie in one grave?

**JOHN TALBOT**

Yes, rather than if I were to shame my mother's womb.

**TALBOT**

I give you my blessings and order you to go.

**JOHN TALBOT**

*[He rises]* I will go to fight, but not to run away from the  
enemy.

**TALBOT**

Part of your father may be saved in you.

**JOHN TALBOT**

Every part of him would only be shameful to me.

**TALBOT**

You've never known it, so you can't lose it.

**JOHN TALBOT**

Yes, your famous name! Should running away dishonor it?

**TALBOT**

Your father's order shall clean you from that stain.

**JOHN TALBOT**

You can't know what I'll do, when you're dead. If death is so  
certain, we should both run away.

**TALBOT**

45 And leave my followers here to fight and die?  
My age was never tainted with such shame.

**JOHN TALBOT**

And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?  
No more can I be sever'd from your side,  
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:  
50 Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;  
For live I will not, if my father die.

**TALBOT**

Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,  
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.  
Come, side by side together live and die.  
55 And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

*Exeunt*

**TALBOT**

And leave my men here to fight and die? I've never been  
marked with so much shame.

**JOHN TALBOT**

And should my young age be guilty of that? I cannot be  
more separated from you than you can separate and divide  
yourself in two. One says stay, the other says go. Do what  
you wish, and I'll do the same. I know I won't live if my  
father dies.

**TALBOT**

Then, here I leave you my great son. I was born to  
extinguish your life this afternoon. Come, we will live and  
die side by side. And our souls will fly from France to heaven  
together.

*Exit TALBOT and JOHN.*

## Act 4, Scene 6

### Shakespeare

*Alarm: excursions, wherein JOHN TALBOT is hemmed about, and  
TALBOT rescues him*

**TALBOT**

Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight.  
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word  
And left us to the rage of France his sword.  
Where is John Talbot? Pause, and take thy breath;  
5 I gave thee life and rescued thee from death.

**JOHN TALBOT**

O, twice my father, twice am I thy son!  
The life thou gavest me first was lost and done,  
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of late,  
To my determined time thou gavest new date.

**TALBOT**

10 When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,  
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire  
Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,  
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,  
Beat down Alencon, Orleans, Burgundy,  
15 And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.  
The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood  
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood  
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,  
And interchanging blows I quickly shed  
20 Some of his bastard blood; and in disgrace  
Bespoke him thus; 'Contaminated, base  
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,  
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine  
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:'  
25 Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,  
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,  
Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?  
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,  
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?  
30 Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead:  
The help of one stands me in little stead.  
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,  
To hazard all our lives in one small boat!  
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,  
35 To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:  
By me they nothing gain an if I stay;  
'Tis but the shortening of my life one day:  
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,  
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:  
40

### Shakescleare Translation

*Alarm sounds. In the middle of the fighting, JOHN TALBOT  
is surrounded and TALBOT saves him.*

**TALBOT**


Saint George and victory! Fight, soldiers, fight. York has  
broken his word to me and left us to angrily fight the  
French. Where is my son? Stop for a moment and take a  
deep breath. I gave you life and saved you from death.

**JOHN TALBOT**

Oh, you are twice my father and I am twice your son! The  
life that you first gave me was lost until your warrior's  
sword, despite recent events, prolonged my life, which  
seemed to have an appointed ending.

**TALBOT**

When you attacked the Dauphin's helmet with your sword,  
it warmed your father's heart with pride for such a bold  
victory. Then old age, made fast with youthful anger,  
defeated Alencon, Orleans, Burgundy and saved you from  
the best of France. The enraged bastard Orleans, that  
took blood from you, my boy, and took the virginity of your  
first fight, I met him soon after that and we exchanged some  
blows. I quickly drew some of his bastard blood and  
insultingly told him: "I spill your poisonous, lowly and  
illegitimate blood in revenge for my pure blood which you  
took from Talbot, my brave son." Then, I intended to  
destroy the Bastard but he was saved. Speak to me, are you  
not tired, John? How are you? Will you leave the battle, boy,  
or run away now that you have proven yourself to be brave?  
Run away to avenge my death when I'm dead. The help of  
one person doesn't really matter to me. Oh, it's too insane, I  
know, to gamble away our lives in one small boat. If I don't  
die today from the anger of the French, tomorrow I'll die of  
old age. They don't gain anything by killing me and if I stay,  
it only shortens my life by one day. Your mother dies with  
you, as does the name of our family. The revenge of my  
death, your young age, England's fame—we gamble all  
those and more away if you stay here! But they will all be  
saved if you run away.

 The use of "pride" has  
connotations of French  
pretentiousness, and also of a pride,  
or pack, of lions.

All these and more we hazard by thy stay;  
All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.

**JOHN TALBOT**

The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;  
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:  
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,  
45 To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,  
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,  
The coward horse that bears me fail and die!  
And like me to the peasant boys of France,  
To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!  
50 Surely, by all the glory you have won,  
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:  
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;  
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

**TALBOT**


Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,  
55 Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:  
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;  
And, commendable proved, let's die in pride.


*Exeunt*

**JOHN TALBOT**

I don't feel pain from the sword of Orleans. It is your words that draw blood from my heart. I would be ashamed if I saved my own life at the expense of your death and reputation. Before young Talbot runs from old Talbot, may the cowardly horse that takes me away fall and die! Compare me to the poor French boys, I will also be an object of mockery and a victim of misfortune! Isn't it certain, by all the fame you have won, that if I run away, I'm not Talbot's son? So, don't talk of running away any more, it's of no use. If Talbot's son should die, he'll die by Talbot's feet.

**TALBOT**

Then follow your desperate son of Crete, your Icarus . Your life is too dear to me. If you will fight, fight at your father's side and we'll die admirably and honorably.

 Talbot refers to the Greek myth of Icarus. Icarus' father Daedalus made Icarus a pair of wings, but Icarus flew too close to the sun and the wax material of the wings burned and Icarus fell to his death in the sea.

*All exit.*

## Act 4, Scene 7

### Shakespeare

*Alarm: excursions. Enter TALBOT led by a Servant*

**TALBOT**

Where is my other life? mine own is gone;  
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?  
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,  
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:  
5 When he perceived me shrink and on my knee,  
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,  
And, like a hungry lion, did commence  
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;  
But when my angry guardant stood alone,  
10 Tendering my ruin and assail'd of none,  
Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart  
Suddenly made him from my side to start  
Into the clustering battle of the French;  
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench  
15 His over-mounting spirit, and there died,  
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

**SERVANT**

O, my dear lord, lo, where your son is borne!

*Enter Soldiers, with the body of JOHN TALBOT*


**TALBOT**


Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,  
20 Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,  
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,  
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,  
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.  
O, thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,  
25 Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!  
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;  
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.  
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,  
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.  
30 Come, come and lay him in his father's arms:  
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.  
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,

### Shakescleare Translation

*Alarm sounds. Fighting. TALBOT enters, led by a Servant.*

**TALBOT**

Where is my other life? I have lost my own. Oh, where is young Talbot? Where is brave John? Victorious death, that has me in its grasp, the courage of young John makes me smile at you. When he saw me fall down on my knees, he waved his bloody sword over me and like a hungry lion he started moving with violent, angry acts of rage and cruel fury. But when my angry protector stood alone, taking care of me when I fell, he attacked nobody. With dazzled eyes and a great anger of his heart he suddenly moved from me and went into the crowded French battle. And my son drowned his over-ambitious spirit in that sea of blood and in his pride died, my Icarus  and my blooming flower.

 Talbot continues the image of the Icarus myth from the previous scene; in this instance, the blood of the battle is the sea in which Icarus (his son) drowned.

**SERVANT**

Oh, my dear lord, look, your son is being carried here!

*The Soldiers enter, carrying the body of JOHN TALBOT.*

**TALBOT**

It is grinning death, which laughs at us and mocks us here. Soon, because of your insulting tyranny two Talbots will fly through the sky, joined together forever, escaping death. Oh you, whose wounds are mortal, speak to your father before you stop breathing! Win over death by speaking, whether he wants you to or not; imagine that death is only a Frenchman and your enemy. Poor boy! I think he smiles, as if he agreed with what I said—if death had been French then death would have died today. Come, come and put him in his father's arms. My spirit can't stand this pain any longer. Goodbye, soldiers! I have what I wanted. Now my old arms serve as a grave for young John Talbot.

Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

*Dies*

Enter CHARLES, ALENCON, BURGUNDY, BASTARD OF ORLEANS, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and forces

**CHARLES**

Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,  
35 We should have found a bloody day of this.

**BASTARD OF ORLEANS**

How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,  
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:  
'Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:'  
40 But, with a proud majestic high scorn,  
He answer'd thus: 'Young Talbot was not born  
To be the pillage of a giglot wench!'  
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,  
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

**BURGUNDY**

45 Doubtless he would have made a noble knight;  
See, where he lies inhers'd in the arms  
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms!

**BASTARD OF ORLEANS**

Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder  
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

**CHARLES**

50 O, no, forbear! for that which we have fled  
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

*Enter Sir William LUCY, attended; Herald of the French preceding*

**LUCY**

Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,  
To know who hath obtained the glory of the day.

**CHARLES**

55 On what submissive message art thou sent?

**LUCY**

Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;  
We English warriors wot not what it means.  
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en  
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

**CHARLES**

60 For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.  
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

**LUCY**

But where's the great Alcides of the field,  
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,  
Created, for his rare success in arms,  
65 Great Earl of Washford, Waterford and Valence;  
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,  
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,  
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,  
The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;  
70 Knight of the noble order of Saint George,

*TALBOT dies.*

Enter CHARLES, ALENCON, BURGUNDY, BASTARD OF ORLEANS, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and the army.

**CHARLES**

If York and Somerset brought help, this would have been a  
bloody day.


**BASTARD OF ORLEANS**


Did you see Talbot's young puppy? He was furious when he  
dug his inexperienced sword in Frenchmen's blood!

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

I met him once and I said to him: "You are a virginal young  
boy, so be killed by a virgin." But he answered with a proud  
noble sneer: "Young Talbot wasn't born to be some whore's  
prey." And then he hurried into the depths of the French,  
leaving me proudly as if I wasn't worth his fight.

**BURGUNDY**

He would have made a good knight, for sure. Look where he  
lies, laid as in a coffin, in the arms of the [bloodthirsty](#)  
[person](#)  who caused his injuries.

 The "bloody nurser" is Talbot; he is both physically nursing his son, and also the cause of John's injuries. The blood here functions as mother's milk, and the image created is that of the Virgin Mary holding the dead Christ in her arms.

**BASTARD OF ORLEANS**

Cut them down to pieces, break their bones apart. Their life  
was the glory of England and now it's the source of wonder  
in France.

**CHARLES**

Oh, no, let it go! Let us not harm the dead, since we ran  
away from him when he was alive.

*Sir William LUCY enters, escorted by a French Messenger who comes in front of him.*

**LUCY**

Messenger, take me to the Dauphin's tent, so I can find out  
who won today.


**CHARLES**


What message of surrender do you bring?

**LUCY**


Surrender, Dauphin! That's exclusively a French word.  
English warriors don't know what it means. I came to find out  
what prisoners you've taken and to examine the bodies  
of the dead.


**CHARLES**


You're asking for prisoners? [Our prison is hell.](#)  But tell  
me who you're looking for.

 They have killed all the English and left none alive, so no prison is needed.

**LUCY**

Where is the great Alcides  of the battle, the brave Lord  
Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, for he was made an earl for his  
extraordinary success in battle, Great Earl of Washford,  
Waterford and Valence, Lord Talbot of Goodrig and  
Urchinfield, Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of  
Alton, Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of  
Sheffield, Lord of Falconbridge who won three times, the  
knight of the noble order of Saint George, worthy of [Saint](#)

 Alcides is another name for Hercules, the mythical hero famed for great deeds of strength.

 Saint Michael was a French chivalric order.

Worthy Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece;  
Great marshal to Henry the Sixth  
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Here is a silly stately style indeed!  
75 The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,  
Writes not so tedious a style as this.  
Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles  
Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.

**LUCY**

Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only scourge,  
80 Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?  
O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,  
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!  
O, that I could but call these dead to life!  
It were enough to fright the realm of France:  
85 Were but his picture left amongst you here,  
It would amaze the proudest of you all.  
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence  
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,  
90 He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.  
For God's sake let him have 'em; to keep them here,  
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

**CHARLES**

Go, take their bodies hence.

**LUCY**

I'll bear them hence; but from their ashes shall be  
95 rear'd  
A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.

**CHARLES**

So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.  
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:  
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

100

*Exeunt*

Michael <sup>5</sup> and the Golden Fleece <sup>6</sup>, the great marshal to  
Henry the Sixth and all his wars in France?

<sup>5</sup> The Golden Fleece was another French order of knights, named after the Golden Fleece of Greek myth, which symbolized authority and kingship.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

This is a silly stately list of titles! The Turk <sup>7</sup> who had fifty  
two kingdoms did not write in a style as dull as this. The  
one that you describe so elaborately with all these titles is  
lying at your feet, stinking and rotting.

<sup>7</sup> "The Turk" was another name for the Turkish sultan.

**LUCY**

Has Talbot been killed? He was the only weapon we had  
against the French, he was your country's terror and black  
Nemesis <sup>8</sup>. Oh, if only my eyeballs were turned into  
bullets, so I could shoot them in anger at your faces! Oh, if  
only I had the power to bring the dead back to life! It would  
be enough to scare France to have only his picture left here,  
it would terrify the proudest of you. Give me their bodies, so  
that I may take them from here and give them the burial  
they deserve.

<sup>8</sup> "Nemesis" was the Greek word for "divine punishment" and was often personified as a female figure.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

I think this arrogant person is old Talbot's ghost. He speaks  
in such a proud and controlling way. For God's sake, let him  
have the bodies. They would smell and infect the air if we  
kept them here.

**CHARLES**

Go and take their bodies away.

**LUCY**

I'll take them from here, but from their ashes will rise like a  
phoenix that will scare the whole of France.

**CHARLES**

Now that we're rid of them, do what you want with them.  
And now, let's go to Paris, in this victorious fashion.  
Everything will be ours, now that Talbot is killed!

*All exit.*

## Act 5, Scene 1

**Shakespeare**

*Sennet. Enter KING HENRY VI, GLOUCESTER, and EXETER*

**KING HENRY VI**

Have you perused the letters from the pope,  
The emperor and the Earl of Armagnac?

**GLOUCESTER**

I have, my lord: and their intent is this:  
They humbly sue unto your excellence  
5 To have a godly peace concluded of  
Between the realms of England and of France.

**KING HENRY VI**

How doth your grace affect their motion?

**Shakesclare Translation**

*A trumpet sounds. KING HENRY VI, GLOUCESTER, and EXETER enter.*

**KING HENRY VI**

Have you read the letters from the pope, the emperor and  
the Earl of Armagnac?

**GLOUCESTER**

I have, my lord, and this is what they want: they ask your  
excellence earnestly to settle a godly peace between the  
countries of England and France.

**KING HENRY VI**

And are you inclined to agree with their proposal?

**GLOUCESTER**

Well, my good lord; and as the only means  
To stop effusion of our Christian blood  
10 And 'stablish quietness on every side.

**KING HENRY VI**

Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought  
It was both impious and unnatural  
That such immanity and bloody strife  
Should reign among professors of one faith.

**GLOUCESTER**

15 Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect  
And surer bind this knot of amity,  
The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,  
A man of great authority in France,  
Proffers his only daughter to your grace  
20 In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

**KING HENRY VI**

Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young!  
And fitter is my study and my books  
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.  
Yet call the ambassador; and, as you please,  
25 So let them have their answers every one:  
I shall be well content with any choice  
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

*Enter CARDINAL OF WINCHESTER in Cardinal's habit, a Legate and  
two Ambassadors*

**EXETER**

What! is my Lord of Winchester install'd,  
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?  
30 Then I perceive that will be verified  
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,  
'If once he come to be a cardinal,  
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.'

**KING HENRY VI**

My lords ambassadors, your several suits  
35 Have been consider'd and debated on.  
And therefore are we certainly resolved  
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;  
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean  
Shall be transported presently to France.

**GLOUCESTER**

40 And for the proffer of my lord your master,  
I have inform'd his highness so at large  
As liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,  
Her beauty and the value of her dowry,  
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

**KING HENRY VI**

45 In argument and proof of which contract,  
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.  
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded  
And safely brought to Dover; where inshipp'd  
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

*Exeunt all but CARDINAL OF WINCHESTER and Legate*

**WINCHESTER**

50 Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive  
The sum of money which I promised  
Should be deliver'd to his holiness  
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

**LEGATE**

I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.


**GLOUCESTER**


Yes, I am, my good lord. It is the only way to stop the  
outpouring of our Christian blood and establish peace on  
both sides.

**KING HENRY VI**

Ah yes, uncle. I have always thought that it was ungodly  
and unnatural that such barbarity and bloody fighting  
should rule people who hold the same faith.

**GLOUCESTER**

Also, my lord, the sooner peace is established, the stronger  
this friendship will be. The Earl of Armagnac is closely  
related to Charles, he is a man of great authority in France  
and offers his only daughter to your grace in marriage. She  
has a large and impressive dowry .

 A "dower," or "dowry" is the amount of property or money brought by a bride to her husband upon their marriage.

**KING HENRY VI**

Marriage, uncle! Ah, but I am still so young! It is better that I  
spend my time studying and buried in books than fooling  
around with a lover. But call the ambassador, and have  
them write their answers to all the letters. I will be happy  
with any choice that pleases God and my country's welfare.

*Enter CARDINAL OF WINCHESTER in Cardinal's clothes, a  
Representative and two Ambassadors.*

**EXETER**

What!? Is the Lord of Winchester inaugurated, and has he  
become a cardinal? Then I think what Henry the Fifth once  
predicted will come true: "If he becomes a cardinal one day,  
he'll make his Cardinal's hat as powerful as the crown."

**KING HENRY VI**

My lords ambassadors, your separate requests have been  
considered and debated. And therefore we can say for  
certain that we will draw up the conditions of a friendly  
peace, which shall be taken to France immediately by my  
Lord of Winchester.

**GLOUCESTER**

And as I was asked, I have informed his highness about the  
virtuous gifts of the lady, her beauty and the price of her  
dowry and he agreed that she shall be England's queen.

**KING HENRY VI**

As evidence of our contract bring her this jewel, as a  
promise of my love. And so, my lord protector, make sure  
they are protected and safely brought to Dover where once  
they have set off, leave them to be carried by the sea.

*All exit apart from CARDINAL OF WINCHESTER and a  
Representative.*

**WINCHESTER**

My lord Representative, stay. You will first get the money  
which I promised to be delivered to his holiness the Pope in  
exchange for giving me these dignified robes of office.


**LEGATE**


I will do as my lord pleases.

**OF WINCHESTER**

55 *[Aside]* Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,  
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.  
Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive  
That, neither in birth or for authority,  
The bishop will be overborne by thee:  
60 I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,  
Or sack this country with a mutiny.

*Exeunt***WINCHESTER**

*[To himself]* Now Winchester won't surrender, or be subordinate to the proudest lords, I am sure. Humphrey of Gloucester, you will soon realize that the bishop won't be overshadowed  by you, not in birth or in authority. I'll make them walk over you and sink you to your knees, or else start a rebellion in this country.

 Winchester may be punning on "borne/born" here, commenting upon his illegitimate birth.

*Exit all.*

## Act 5, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENCON, BASTARD OF ORLEANS, REIGNIER, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and forces*

**CHARLES**

These news, my lord, may cheer our drooping spirits:  
'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt  
And turn again unto the warlike French.

**ALENCON**

Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,  
5 And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;  
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

*Enter Scout***SCOUT**

Success unto our valiant general,  
10 And happiness to his accomplices!

**CHARLES**

What tidings send our scouts? I prithee, speak.

**SCOUT**

The English army, that divided was  
Into two parties, is now conjoined in one,  
And means to give you battle presently.

**CHARLES**

15 Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;  
But we will presently provide for them.

**BURGUNDY**

I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:  
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Of all base passions, fear is most accursed.  
20 Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine,  
Let Henry fret and all the world repine.

**CHARLES**

Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!

*Exeunt*

### Shakesclore Translation

*Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENCON, BASTARD OF ORLEANS, REIGNIER, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and the army.*

**CHARLES**

This news, my lords, could cheer us up. It's rumored that the brave Parisians revolt and look to the French soldiers again.

**ALENCON**

Then let's go to Paris, royal Charles of France, and don't delay your troops.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

If they turn to us for help, peace be with them! But if not, let ruin bring down their palaces!

*Scout enters.***SCOUT**

I wish success to our brave general and happiness to his allies!

**CHARLES**

What news do you bring, scout? I beg you, speak.

**SCOUT**

The English army that was divided into two parts has now merged into one and is planning on attacking you soon.

**CHARLES**

That warning seems a bit of out the blue, sirs. But we will prepare ourselves immediately anyway.

**BURGUNDY**

I hope that Talbot's ghost isn't there. Now that he is gone, you don't have to fear him, my lord.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Fear is the worst of all the main passions. Give us orders so we can win, Charles. Victory will be yours! Let Henry be scared of us and let all the world cry.

**CHARLES**

Then, off we go, my lords! Luck be with you, France!

*All exit.*

## Act 5, Scene 3

## Shakespeare

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.  
Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;  
And ye choice spirits that admonish me  
And give me signs of future accidents.

*Thunder*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

5 You speedy helpers, that are substitutes  
Under the lordly monarch of the north,  
Appear and aid me in this enterprise.

*Enter Fiends*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

10 This speedy and quick appearance argues proof  
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.  
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd  
Out of the powerful regions under earth,  
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

*They walk, and speak not*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

15 O, hold me not with silence over-long!  
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,  
I'll lop a member off and give it you  
In earnest of further benefit,  
So you do condescend to help me now.

*They hang their heads*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

20 No hope to have redress? My body shall  
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

*They shake their heads*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

25 Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice  
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?  
Then take my soul, my body, soul and all,  
Before that England give the French the foil.

*They depart*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

30 See, they forsake me! Now the time is come  
That France must veil her lofty-plumed crest  
And let her head fall into England's lap.  
My ancient incantations are too weak,  
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:  
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

*Exit*


*Excursions. Re-enter JOAN LA PUCELLE fighting hand to hand with YORK. JOAN LA PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.*

## Shakescleare Translation

*Alarm sounds. Fighting. JOAN LA PUCELLE enters.*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

The regent is victorious and the Frenchmen are running away. Now you must help, you magic spells and amulets . And you, excellent spirits that warned me and gave me signs about the future.

 "Periapts" were charms inscribed on a bandage and wrapped around a part of the body that they were meant to protect.

*The sound of thunder.*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Quick helpers, the servants of the devil, appear to me and help me with my plan.

*Demons enter.*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

This swift and quick appearance is proof of your familiar determination to help me. Now, my familiar spirits, that have been picked from the powerful spaces under the earth, help me once more so that France will win the battle.

*Demons walk but they don't speak.*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Oh, don't leave me hanging here in this silence for too long! Whereas until now I was accustomed to feed you my blood, I'll cut off a limb and give it to you as an advance payment for a later favor, so that you will agree to help me now.


*Demons lower their heads.*


**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Is there no hope of assistance? My body shall compensate for it, if you'll fulfill my request.

*Demons shake their heads.*


**JOAN LA PUCELLE**


Can't my body or blood sacrifice  convince you to assist me like you usually do? Take my soul, my body, soul and everything, then, before England defeats the French.

 It is possible Joan cuts herself at this point, physically bleeding; she may also be referring to the bloodshed of her enemies.

*Demons exit.*

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

See, they abandon me! Now it is time for France to lower her helmet decorated with feathers and let her head fall into England's lap  . My old spells are too weak and hell is too strong for me to fight against. Now, your glory falls down into the dust, France!

 Joan is admitting that France should surrender to the English, as the spirits have failed her.

*JOAN LA PUCELLE exits.*

*Fighting. JOAN LA PUCELLE re-enters, fighting hand to hand with YORK. JOAN LA PUCELLE is captured. The French run away.*



**YORK**

Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:  
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms  
And try if they can gain your liberty.  
35 A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!  
See, how the ugly wench doth bend her brows,  
As if with Circe she would change my shape!

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Changed to a worser shape thou canst not be.

**YORK**

O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;  
40 No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!  
And may ye both be suddenly surprised  
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

**YORK**

Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

45 I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.

**YORK**

Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.

*Exeunt*

*Alarum. Enter SUFFOLK with MARGARET in his hand*

**SUFFOLK**

Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

*Gazes on her*

**SUFFOLK**

50 O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!  
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands;  
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,  
And lay them gently on thy tender side.  
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

**MARGARET**

55 Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,  
The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

**SUFFOLK**


An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.  
Be not offended, nature's miracle,  
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:  
60 So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,  
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.  
Yet, if this servile usage once offend.  
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.


*She is going*

**SUFFOLK**

O, stay! I have no power to let her pass;  
65 My hand would free her, but my heart says no  
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,  
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,  
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.  
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:  
70 I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.  
Fie, de la Pole! disable not thyself;  
Hast not a tongue? is she not here?

**YORK**

You French girl, I think I have captured you. Now ask your spirits for help with conjuring spells and see if they can gain you your freedom. A great prize, good for the devil! See, how the ugly girl frowns, as if she could change my shape like Circe .

 Circe is an enchantress in *The Odyssey* who lives on an island and transforms men into swine with a magic potion.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

You can't be changed to a worse shape than you are!

**YORK**

Oh, yes, Charles the Dauphin is a handsome man and you only like his shape.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

A horrible plague on Charles and you! And I hope you'll both be suddenly surprised by bloody hands, while you're asleep!

**YORK**

Fierce cursing witch, be quiet!

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Please, let me curse for a while.

**YORK**

You can curse all you like when you are at the stake, you heretic!

*All exit.*


*Alarm sounds. SUFFOLK enters, leading MARGARET by the hand.*


**SUFFOLK**

Whatever you are, you are now my prisoner.

*SUFFOLK stares at her.*

**SUFFOLK**

Oh, what a beauty you are! Don't be afraid or run away. I will only touch you with respectful hands. I kiss these fingers  to show you I mean to be at peace with you forever. And I release your hand so that it may hang by your side. Who are you? Tell me so I can honor you.

 "These fingers" could be either Margaret's or Suffolk's own; if Margaret's, he is telling her she is free to go, if his, she is not, but he demonstrates his reverence.

**MARGARET**

My name is Margaret and I am the King of Naples' daughter. And who might you be?

**SUFFOLK**

I'm an earl and my name is Suffolk. Don't be offended, you miracle of nature, you were destined to be taken by me. I am like the swan that protects her feathery young children, keeping them prisoner under her wings. But if this treatment offends you, you are free to go and still be Suffolk's friend.

*MARGARET is about to go.*

**SUFFOLK**

Stay! *[To himself]* I don't have the power to let her go. My hand wants to let her go but my heart doesn't. Like when the sun shines on the mirror-like rivers, causing another mirrored ray to twinkle, so her gorgeous beauty is like to my eyes. I would love to flirt with her, but I am unable to speak. I'll ask for pen and paper and write down everything that's on my mind. Ah, please, de la Pole! Don't underestimate yourself. Do you not have a tongue? Isn't she right here? Will you be intimidated at the sight of a woman? Yes! The power

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?  
Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,  
75 Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.

**MARGARET**

Say, Earl of Suffolk—if thy name be so—  
What ransom must I pay before I pass?  
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

**SUFFOLK**

80 How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,  
Before thou make a trial of her love?

**MARGARET**

Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

**SUFFOLK**

She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;  
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

**MARGARET**

Wilt thou accept of ransom? yea, or no.

**SUFFOLK**

85 Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;  
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?

**MARGARET**

I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

**SUFFOLK**

There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

**MARGARET**

He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

**SUFFOLK**

90 And yet a dispensation may be had.

**MARGARET**

And yet I would that you would answer me.

**SUFFOLK**

I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?  
Why, for my king: tush, that's a wooden thing!

**MARGARET**

He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

**SUFFOLK**

95 Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,  
And peace established between these realms  
But there remains a scruple in that too;  
For though her father be the King of Naples,  
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,  
100 And our nobility will scorn the match.

**MARGARET**

Hear ye, captain, are you not at leisure?

of beauty is so strong that it destroys the power of the  
tongue and dulls all the senses.

**MARGARET**

Tell me, Earl of Suffolk—if that's your name—what price do I  
have to pay before you'll let me go? I suppose, I am your  
prisoner.

**SUFFOLK**

*[To himself]* How can you know that she will deny your  
request before you have even tested her love?

**MARGARET**

Why don't you speak? What price do I have to pay?

**SUFFOLK**

*[To himself]* She is so beautiful that I must flirt with her,  
since she is a woman and must be won over.

**MARGARET**

Will you accept some sort of price? Yes, or no?


**SUFFOLK**


*[To himself]* Foolish man, do you forget that you have a  
wife? Then how can Margaret be your lover?

**MARGARET**

I should probably leave him, since he's not listening to me.

**SUFFOLK**

*[To himself]* That's it, this ruins all my hopes of winning .

 A "cooling card" may have referred to some type of game, or anything that "cools" a person's passion.

**MARGARET**

He speaks very randomly. I'm sure that man is mad.

**SUFFOLK**

*[To himself]* And yet divorce with the Pope's permission is  
an option.


**MARGARET**


And yet I'd like him to answer me!

**SUFFOLK**

*[To himself]* I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom? Well, for  
my king! Ah, what a stupid idea!

**MARGARET**


He speaks of wood . Maybe he is some sort of a  
woodworker?


 In the previous line, Suffolk uses the phrase "wooden thing" (which means "a stupid idea") and Margaret overhears him and does not understand.

**SUFFOLK**

*[To himself]* And yet, my infatuation would be satisfied and  
peace would be established between these two countries.  
But there is a problem that stands in my way. Although her  
father is the King of Naples, Duke of Anjou and Maine, he is  
poor and the lords at court will mock this match.

**MARGARET**

Can you hear me, captain?  Are you all right?

 Here, Margaret purposefully addresses Suffolk with an unflattering title, rather than acknowledging his status as an aristocrat.

**SUFFOLK**

It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much.  
Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.  
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

**MARGARET**

105 What though I be enthralld? he seems a knight,  
And will not any way dishonour me.

**SUFFOLK**

Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

**MARGARET**

Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French;  
And then I need not crave his courtesy.

**SUFFOLK**

110 Sweet madam, give me a hearing in a cause--

**MARGARET**

Tush, women have been captivate ere now.

**SUFFOLK**

Lady, wherefore talk you so?

**MARGARET**

I cry you mercy, 'tis but Quid for Quo.

**SUFFOLK**

115 Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose  
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

**MARGARET**

To be a queen in bondage is more vile  
Than is a slave in base servility;  
For princes should be free.

**SUFFOLK**

120 And so shall you,  
If happy England's royal king be free.

**MARGARET**

Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

**SUFFOLK**

125 I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,  
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand  
And set a precious crown upon thy head,  
If thou wilt condescend to be my--

**MARGARET**

What?

**SUFFOLK**

His love.

**MARGARET**

I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

**SUFFOLK**

130 No, gentle madam; I unworthy am  
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,  
And have no portion in the choice myself.  
How say you, madam, are ye so content?

**SUFFOLK**

*[To himself]* Yes, that's how it will be, however arrogant  
they will be about it. Henry is young and will agree to this.

*[To MARGARET]* Madam, I have a secret to tell you.

**MARGARET**

*[To herself]* What, even though I am taken captive <sup>9</sup>? Well,  
he seems like a knight and won't disrespect me in any way.

<sup>9</sup> In the original, "enthralld" plays on both the literal meaning (captured) and the symbolic "spellbound."

**SUFFOLK**

Lady, please listen to what I have to say.

**MARGARET**

*[To herself]* Maybe I'll be rescued by the French and then I  
don't need to hope for his kindness.

**SUFFOLK**

Sweet madam, please hear what I have to say about--

**MARGARET**

*[To herself]* Ah, please, women have been taken prisoner  
before me.

**SUFFOLK**

Lady, why do you talk like this?

**MARGARET**

I ask for mercy, it's simply "quid pro quo." <sup>10</sup>

<sup>10</sup> The Latin expression "quid pro quo" (or here, "quid for quo") means an exchange of goods or services, where one transaction is dependent on the other.

**SUFFOLK**

Tell me, gentle princess, wouldn't you think your  
imprisonment is a good thing if you were made a queen?

**MARGARET**

To be an imprisoned queen is more low than to be a slave in  
servitude. Princes should be free.

**SUFFOLK**

And you will be free, if the happy royal king of England is  
free.

**MARGARET**

Why should I care about his freedom? What's it to me?

**SUFFOLK**

I want to make you Henry's queen and put a golden scepter  
in your hand and a precious crown on your head, if you will  
agree to be my--

**MARGARET**

Your what?

**SUFFOLK**

His love.

**MARGARET**

I am not good enough to be Henry's wife.

**SUFFOLK**

No, gentle madam, I am not good enough to court such a  
fair woman to be his wife, and have no part in the choice  
myself. What do you say, madam? Are you happy with that?

**MARGARET**

An if my father please, I am content.

**SUFFOLK**

135 Then call our captains and our colours forth.  
And, madam, at your father's castle walls  
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

*A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER on the walls*

**SUFFOLK**

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!

**REIGNIER**

140 To whom?

**SUFFOLK**

To me.

**REIGNIER**

Suffolk, what remedy?  
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,  
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

**SUFFOLK**

145 Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:  
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,  
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;  
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;  
And this her easy-held imprisonment  
150 Hath gained thy daughter princely liberty.

**REIGNIER**

Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

**SUFFOLK**

Fair Margaret knows  
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

**REIGNIER**

155 Upon thy princely warrant, I descend  
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

*Exit from the walls*

**SUFFOLK**

And here I will expect thy coming.

*Trumpets sound. Enter REIGNIER, below*

**REIGNIER**

160 Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:  
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

**SUFFOLK**

Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,  
Fit to be made companion with a king:  
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

**REIGNIER**

165 Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth  
To be the princely bride of such a lord;  
Upon condition I may quietly  
Enjoy mine own, the country Maine and Anjou,  
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,  
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

**SUFFOLK**

170 That is her ransom; I deliver her;  
And those two counties I will undertake  
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

**MARGARET**

If my father is happy, I will be too.

**SUFFOLK**

Then I'll call our captains and the bearers of our military  
flags. And we'll ask for negotiation at your father's walls,  
madam, so we can discuss this with him.

*Trumpet signals negotiation. REIGNIER enters on the walls.*

**SUFFOLK**

See, Reignier, your daughter is a prisoner!

**REIGNIER**

A prisoner to whom?

**SUFFOLK**

To me.

**REIGNIER**

Suffolk, what can I do? I am a soldier and am unable to cry  
or to accuse inconstancy of fortune.

**SUFFOLK**

Yes, there is something you can do, my lord. Agree to allow  
your daughter to marry my king. I have courted and won  
Margaret and this easily endured imprisonment has gained  
your daughter's freedom.

**REIGNIER**

Does Suffolk speak his mind?

**SUFFOLK**

Fair Margaret knows that Suffolk doesn't flatter, deceive or  
fake anything.

**REIGNIER**

On your princely guarantee, I will come down to give you an  
answer to your honorable request.

*REIGNIER exits from the walls.*

**SUFFOLK**

And I wait for your arrival here.

*Trumpets sound. REIGNIER re-enters below.*


**REIGNIER**

Welcome, brave earl, into our lands! Let me know what  
you'd like in Anjou.

**SUFFOLK**


Thanks, Reignier. Would you be happy if your sweet child  
was made a companion to a king? What is your answer to  
my suggestion?

**REIGNIER**

Since you have already put in the effort to court her and the  
little she is worth, to be the bride of such a lord, I will agree  
on the condition that I may quietly enjoy my territories  of  
Maine and Anjou, which will be free from oppression and  
the attacks of war. My daughter will be Henry's if he is  
happy with it.

**SUFFOLK**

That's her price then. I will deliver her. And I'll make sure  
that you will quietly enjoy those two territories.

 In Shakespeare's time, "country" was a less specific category than it is today; it was used simply to indicate an area of land.

**REIGNIER**

And I again, in Henry's royal name,  
As deputy unto that gracious king,  
175 Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

**SUFFOLK**

Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,  
Because this is in traffic of a king.

*[Aside]* And yet, methinks, I could be well content  
To be mine own attorney in this case.  
I'll over then to England with this news,  
And make this marriage to be solemnized.  
So farewell, Reignier: set this diamond safe  
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

**REIGNIER**

I do embrace thee, as I would embrace  
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

**MARGARET**

180 Farewell, my lord: good wishes, praise and prayers  
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret.

*Going*

**SUFFOLK**

Farewell, sweet madam: but hark you, Margaret;  
No princely commendations to my king?

**MARGARET**

185 Such commendations as becomes a maid,  
A virgin and his servant, say to him.

**SUFFOLK**

Words sweetly placed and modestly directed.  
But madam, I must trouble you again;  
No loving token to his majesty?

**MARGARET**

190 Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,  
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

**SUFFOLK**

And this withal.

*Kisses her*

**MARGARET**

195 That for thyself: I will not so presume  
To send such peevish tokens to a king.

*Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET*

**SUFFOLK**

O, wert thou for myself! But, Suffolk, stay;  
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;  
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.  
200 Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:  
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,  
And natural graces that extinguish art;  
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,  
That, when thou comest to kneel at Henry's feet,  
205 Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder.

*Exit*

**REIGNIER**

And I, in return, in Henry's royal name, since you are the  
deputy of the king, give *you* her hand as a sign of the  
promise.

**SUFFOLK**

Reignier of France, I thank you in the name of my king,  
because this is the king's business.

*[To himself]* And yet, I think I would be quite happy to  
represent myself in this case.

*[To REIGNIER]* I'll go over to England then, with this news  
and formalize this marriage. So, goodbye, Reignier! Store  
this diamond safely in golden palaces, where it belongs.

**REIGNIER**

I embrace you like I would embrace the Christian prince,  
King Henry, if he were here.

**MARGARET**

Goodbye, my lord. Suffolk will always have good wishes,  
praise and prayers from Margaret.

*MARGARET is about to go.*

**SUFFOLK**

Goodbye, sweet madam. But, listen, Margaret, don't you  
want to send any royal greetings to my king?

**MARGARET**

I send him the greetings that a girl, a virgin and his servant  
would send him. You can tell him that.

**SUFFOLK**

Those words are sweetly said and worthy of your virtue.  
But, madam, I must ask you again: No loving keepsake for  
his majesty?

**MARGARET**

Yes, my good lord, I send the king my pure and unstained  
heart, never before touched with love.

**SUFFOLK**

And also this.

*SUFFOLK kisses MARGARET.*

**MARGARET**

That you can keep for yourself. I would not dare to send  
such foolish keepsakes to a king.

*REIGNIER and MARGARET exit.*

**SUFFOLK**

Oh, if only you were mine! But Suffolk, stop. You shouldn't  
get lost in that labyrinth <sup>12</sup> because that is  
where Minotaurs <sup>13</sup> and ugly treasons hide. Persuade  
Henry by praising her wonderful qualities. Remember her  
virtues that excel and natural graces that outdo any artifice.  
Recall the image of them as you journey across the sea so  
that when you come to kneel at Henry's feet, you will  
deprive him of his senses with wonder.

*SUFFOLK exits.*

<sup>12</sup> Suffolk builds on the previous references to Icarus, who was the builder of the labyrinth that held the Minotaur. He uses it here to indicate that he is lost in a maze of inappropriate, transgressive romantic feelings for Margaret.

<sup>13</sup> The Minotaur was a Greek mythological creature with the body of a man and the head of a bull.

## Act 5, Scene 4

## Shakespeare

*Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others*

**YORK**

Bring forth that sorceress condemn'd to burn.

*Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd*

**SHEPHERD**

Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright!

Have I sought every country far and near,

5 And, now it is my chance to find thee out,

Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?

Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!

I am descended of a gentler blood:

10 Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

**SHEPHERD**

Out, out! My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;

I did beget her, all the parish knows:

Her mother liveth yet, can testify

She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

**WARWICK**

15 Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

**YORK**

This argues what her kind of life hath been,

Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

**SHEPHERD**

Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!

God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;

20 And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:

Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Peasant, avaunt! You have suborn'd this man,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

**SHEPHERD**

'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest

25 The morn that I was wedded to her mother.

Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.

Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time

Of thy nativity! I would the milk

Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,

30 Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!

Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,

I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!

Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?

O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good.

*Exit*

**YORK**

35 Take her away; for she hath lived too long,

To fill the world with vicious qualities.

## Shakescleare Translation

*YORK, WARWICK, and others enter.*

**YORK**

Bring forward the witch that has been condemned to burn.

*Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, guarded and a Shepherd.*

**SHEPHERD**

Ah, Joan, this kills your father! I have searched every region

hoping to find you and now that I have, I must watch your

early, cruel death? Ah, Joan, my sweet daughter Joan, I'll

die with you!

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

You weak miserable creature! Lowly inferior villain! I come

from a nobler bloodline. You aren't my father or my friend.

**SHEPHERD**

No, no! My lords, if it's all right with you, it's not true. I am

her father, all of the locals know that. Her mother still lives

and she can prove that Joan was the first fruit of my youth.

**WARWICK**

How awkward! Will you deny where you come from?

**YORK**

This demonstrates what kind of life she led—wicked and

wretched and so her death is a fitting end.

**SHEPHERD**

How could you be so stubborn, Joan! God knows that you

are a part of my body and I have cried so much for your

sake. Don't deny me, I beg you, gentle Joan.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Leave me, peasant! You have bribed this man to bring my

noble birth into question.

**SHEPHERD**

It's true that I gave a gold coin  to the priest that morning

when I married her mother. Kneel down and take my

blessing, my good girl. Won't you kneel? Then I curse the

moment you were born! I wish the milk your mother gave

you when you sucked her breasts had been rat poison, for

your sake! Or I wish that some hungry wolf had eaten you,

while you took care of my lambs in the field. Do you deny

your father, cursed whore? She deserves to burn, hanging is


too kind a punishment!

*Shepherd exits.*

**YORK**

Take her away, she has already lived too long and filled the

world with horrible things.

 The Shepherd seems to confuse Joan's reference to her "noble" birth with a "noble" which was a former English gold coin, or else he may be mocking her.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:  
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,  
But issued from the progeny of kings;  
40 Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,  
By inspiration of celestial grace,  
To work exceeding miracles on earth.  
I never had to do with wicked spirits:  
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,  
45 Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,  
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,  
Because you want the grace that others have,  
You judge it straight a thing impossible  
To compass wonders but by help of devils.  
50 No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been  
A virgin from her tender infancy,  
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;  
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,  
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

**YORK**

55 Ay, ay: away with her to execution!

**WARWICK**

And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,  
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:  
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,  
That so her torture may be shortened.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

60 Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?  
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,  
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.  
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:  
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,  
65 Although ye hale me to a violent death.

**YORK**

Now heaven forfend! the holy maid with child!

**WARWICK**

The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:  
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

**YORK**

70 She and the Dauphin have been juggling:  
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

**WARWICK**

Well, go to; we'll have no bastards live;  
Especially since Charles must father it.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

You are deceived; my child is none of his:  
It was Alencon that enjoy'd my love.

**YORK**

75 Alencon! that notorious Machiavel!  
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

O, give me leave, I have deluded you:  
'Twas neither Charles nor yet the duke I named,  
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

**WARWICK**

80 A married man! that's most intolerable.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

First, let me tell you who you have damned here. Not someone who was conceived by a shepherd, but a successor of kings, virtuous and holy, chosen from the heavens by intervention of heavenly grace to make exceptional miracles happen on earth. I had nothing to do with wicked spirits. But you, that are corrupted by your desires, stained with the guiltless blood of innocent people <sup>2</sup>, false and contaminated with a thousand sins, you have decided that it's an entirely impossible thing for miracles to happen unless they are done with the help of devils. No, wickedly created! Joan of Arc has been a virgin ever since she was a young girl, she's been virtuous and spotless as her virginal blood <sup>3</sup> did so savagely pour out. She will scream for revenge at the gates of heaven!

**YORK**

Yes, yes, take her away to her execution!

**WARWICK**

And pay attention, sirs. Don't spare the bundles of wood because she is a maid. Let there be enough of it. Put barrels of pitch <sup>4</sup> on the stake so that her torture can be shortened.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Will nothing change your unforgiving hearts? Then, Joan, reveal your weakness, that legally guarantees my freedom. I am pregnant, you bloody murderers! Although you drag me to a violent death, don't murder the fruit in my belly <sup>5</sup>.

**YORK**

Oh heaven forbid! A holy girl pregnant?!

**WARWICK**

It's the greatest miracle that I've ever seen. How does all your strict morality come to this?

**YORK**

She and the Dauphin have been having sex. I thought this would be her last resource.

**WARWICK**

Well, we'll have no bastards here, especially since Charles should be the father to it.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

That's not true, my child isn't his. Alencon enjoyed my love.

**YORK**

Alencon! He is a well-known schemer <sup>6</sup>! It dies, even if it had a thousand lives.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Oh, let me go, I have lied to you! It wasn't Charles or the duke I named, but Reignier, the king of Naples that seduced me.

**WARWICK**

He's a married man! That's unacceptable.

<sup>2</sup> Joan is making a Biblical reference to try and help her case; this particular phrase comes from Jeremiah 2.34.

<sup>3</sup> Here Joan utilizes a trope of martyrs, but it also becomes suggestive of the breaking of the hymen and of menstrual blood.

<sup>4</sup> Pitch is a black substance like tar.

<sup>5</sup> A reference to the Virgin Mary. Joan continues to use religious allusions and references to try and save herself.

<sup>6</sup> "Machiavel" means a schemer. Niccolò Machiavelli was the author of *The Prince*, a 1513 treatise that advocated using ruthless political deception and cunning in order to gain power.

**YORK**

Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well,  
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

**WARWICK**

It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

**YORK**

And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.  
85 Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:  
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse:  
May never glorious sun reflex his beams  
Upon the country where you make abode;  
90 But darkness and the gloomy shade of death  
Environ you, till mischief and despair  
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!

*Exit, guarded*

**YORK**

Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,  
95 Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

*Enter CARDINAL OF WINCHESTER, attended*

**WINCHESTER**

Lord regent, I do greet your excellence  
With letters of commission from the king.  
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,  
100 Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils,  
Have earnestly implored a general peace  
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;  
And here at hand the Dauphin and his train  
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

**YORK**

Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?  
105 After the slaughter of so many peers,  
So many captains, gentlemen and soldiers,  
That in this quarrel have been overthrown  
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,  
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?  
110 Have we not lost most part of all the towns,  
By treason, falsehood and by treachery,  
Our great progenitors had conquered?  
O Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief  
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

**WARWICK**

115 Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,  
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants  
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

*Enter CHARLES, ALENCON, BASTARD OF ORLEANS, REIGNIER, and others*

**CHARLES**

120 Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed  
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,  
We come to be informed by yourselves  
What the conditions of that league must be.

**YORK**

125 Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes  
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,  
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

**WINCHESTER**

Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:  
That, in regard King Henry gives consent,

**YORK**

Well, look at this girl! I think she doesn't know exactly who  
to accuse because she's slept with so many men.

**WARWICK**

It's a sign that she has been loose and promiscuous.

**YORK**

And yet she is a pure virgin. Whore, your words damn your  
child and you. Don't beg any longer, there's no use.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Then take me away. I leave my curse with you! May the  
glorious sun never shine its rays on the country where you  
decide to stay. Darkness and the gloomy shadow of death  
will surround you until mischief and despair forces you to  
break your necks or hang yourselves!

*JOAN LA PUCELLE exits, guarded.*

**YORK**

I hope you break into pieces and are burned to ashes, you  
false and cursed servant of hell!

*CARDINAL OF WINCHESTER enters, accompanied.*

**WINCHESTER**

Lord regent, I welcome your excellence with letters of  
authority to act from the king. For now, the states of  
Christendom, moved with pity out of this excessively  
violent chaos, have begged for a general peace between our  
nation and the ambitious French. And here come the  
Dauphin and his company to discuss this issue.

**YORK**

Is all our labor turned into this? After so many of our men,  
so many captains, gentlemen and soldiers have been killed  
in this battle and sacrificed their bodies for the good of their  
country, should we settle it all with an unmanly peace?  
Haven't we lost most of our towns which our ancestors  
gained through treason, falsehood and treachery? Oh,  
Warwick, Warwick! With grief, I predict the absolute loss of  
France.

**WARWICK**

Be patient, York. If we settle a peace, it will be with strict  
and harsh terms of agreement in which the Frenchmen will  
gain very little.

*Enter CHARLES, ALENCON, BASTARD OF ORLEANS, REIGNIER, and others.*

**CHARLES**

Lords of England, we heard that it has been agreed that a  
peaceful treaty will be reached in France, so we have come  
here in person to find out the conditions of this union.

**YORK**

Winchester, you speak, because the **boiling anger** began  
to choke the hollow passage of my poisoned voice, as soon  
as I saw our deadly enemies.

**WINCHESTER**

The decree says this, listen up Charles and your men: That  
King Henry agreed, out of pure compassion and

**📖** "Choler" was one of the four bodily humors which was believed to impact one's personality; it was associated with anger.



Of mere compassion and of lenity,  
To ease your country of distressful war,  
130 And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,  
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:  
And Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear  
To pay him tribute, submit thyself,  
Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him,  
135 And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

**ALENCON**

Must he be then as shadow of himself?  
Adorn his temples with a coronet,  
And yet, in substance and authority,  
Retain but privilege of a private man?  
140 This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

**CHARLES**

'Tis known already that I am possess'd  
With more than half the Gallian territories,  
And therein revered for their lawful king:  
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,  
145 Detract so much from that prerogative,  
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?  
No, lord ambassador, I'll rather keep  
That which I have than, coveting for more,  
Be cast from possibility of all.

**YORK**

Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means  
Used intercession to obtain a league,  
And, now the matter grows to compromise,  
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?  
150 Either accept the title thou usurp'st,  
Of benefit proceeding from our king  
And not of any challenge of desert,  
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

**REIGNIER**

My lord, you do not well in obstinacy  
To cavil in the course of this contract:  
160 If once it be neglected, ten to one  
We shall not find like opportunity.

**ALENCON**

To say the truth, it is your policy  
To save your subjects from such massacre  
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen  
165 By our proceeding in hostility;  
And therefore take this compact of a truce,  
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

**WARWICK**

How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

**CHARLES**

It shall;  
170 Only reserved, you claim no interest  
In any of our towns of garrison.

**YORK**

Then swear allegiance to his majesty,  
As thou art knight, never to disobey  
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,  
175 Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.  
So, now dismiss your army when ye please:  
Hang up your ensign, let your drums be still,  
For here we entertain a solemn peace.

*Exeunt*

mercifulness, to let your country be relieved after the  
stressful war and will allow you to breathe in the smell of a  
productive peace. You shall become faithful loyal followers  
to his crown. And Charles, you will swear to pay him  
homage and submit yourself, and you will be named as a  
representative of the king under him, and still maintain  
your royal status.

**ALENCON**

Must he only be a shadow of himself? Should he put a  
crown on his head and yet have no greater authority than  
any private citizen? This offer is absurd and makes no  
sense.

**CHARLES**

It's known that I am already in charge of more than half of  
the French territories and there I am respected as their  
rightful king. Should I, in the remaining undefeated  
territories, deny my own rightful place and instead be  
called merely the king's representative to the whole  
country? No, lord ambassador, I'd like to keep what I have,  
rather than desire more and lose everything in the process.

**YORK**

Insulting Charles! Have you intervened in some secret way,  
have you tried to create a union <sup>8</sup> and now that we are  
trying to reach a compromise, do you pull back and hold up  
the title you're being offered the one you currently  
hold? Either accept the title out of generosity from our king  
and don't talk about value, or we will destroy you with our  
unending wars.

**REIGNIER**

My lord, you are very stubborn to debate the terms of this  
contract. If it is underestimated, we won't present another  
such opportunity, that's for sure.

**ALENCON**

To tell you the truth, it is your desire to to save your people  
from such massacre and cruel killings, which we have seen  
daily in our hatred, that makes you accept this offer of  
peace. Although you'll break it when it suits you.

**WARWICK**

What do you say, Charles? Are you happy with our terms of  
agreement?

**CHARLES**

I am, with the only exception that you will claim no interest  
in any of our military towns.

**YORK**

Then, since you are a knight, swear loyalty to his majesty,  
never to disobey or rebel against the English crown. This is  
applicable to both yourself and your men. So, now send  
away your army when you wish, hang up your flags, let your  
drums be silent. Because we have here achieved a serious  
peace.

*All exit.*

<sup>8</sup> York seems to be implying that Charles has conspired with the Pope and the Emperor (the heads of the Catholic Church) to create a league against England. His accusations are vague and seem to have no basis in actual fact.

## Act 5, Scene 5

## Shakespeare

Enter SUFFOLK in conference with KING HENRY VI, GLOUCESTER and EXETER

**KING HENRY VI**

Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,  
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:  
Her virtues graced with external gifts  
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:  
5 And like as rigor of tempestuous gusts  
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,  
So am I driven by breath of her renown  
Either to suffer shipwreck or arrive  
Where I may have fruition of her love.

**SUFFOLK**

10 Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale  
Is but a preface of her worthy praise;  
The chief perfections of that lovely dame  
Had I sufficient skill to utter them,  
Would make a volume of enticing lines,  
15 Able to ravish any dull conceit:  
And, which is more, she is not so divine,  
So full-replete with choice of all delights,  
But with as humble lowliness of mind  
She is content to be at your command;  
20 Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,  
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

**KING HENRY VI**

And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.  
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent  
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

**GLOUCESTER**

25 So should I give consent to flatter sin.  
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd  
Unto another lady of esteem:  
How shall we then dispense with that contract,  
And not deface your honour with reproach?

**SUFFOLK**

30 As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;  
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd  
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists  
By reason of his adversary's odds:  
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,  
35 And therefore may be broke without offence.

**GLOUCESTER**

Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?  
Her father is no better than an earl,  
Although in glorious titles he excel.

**SUFFOLK**

Yes, lord, her father is a king,  
40 The King of Naples and Jerusalem;  
And of such great authority in France  
As his alliance will confirm our peace  
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

**GLOUCESTER**

And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,  
45 Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

## Shakescleare Translation

Enter SUFFOLK, in a discussion with KING HENRY VI, GLOUCESTER and EXETER.

**KING HENRY VI**

Noble earl, your wonderful description of the beautiful Margaret has astonished me. Her virtues, which seem to be enhanced with her external appearance have created feelings of love and passion in my heart. And like harsh violent winds your description provokes the largest vessel floating against the tide. So I am out of breath from her glory and am either going to suffer a shipwreck or arrive on shore where I may enjoy her love.

**SUFFOLK**

Oh please, my good lord, this shallow tale is only an introduction of the praise of her true value. The greatest perfections of that lovely woman, if I had the skill, could make a whole book of beautiful poetry, capable of captivating any dull imagination. What's more, she is so heavenly, so full with a choice of all delights, but she has a modest and lowly state of mind. She is happy to be at your command. And by that I mean she has virtuous, chaste intentions to love and honor Henry as her lord.

**KING HENRY VI**


Henry wouldn't want it any other way.

[To GLOUCESTER] Therefore, my lord protector, agree that Margaret may be the royal queen of England.

**GLOUCESTER**

I might as well agree to praise sin. You know, my lord, that your king is engaged to another respectful lady. How should we deal with that betrothal and not deform your honor in disgrace?

**SUFFOLK**

Like a ruler does with illegal promises, or one that at a jousting tournament  swore to try his strength but abandoned the designated combat arena because he saw his opponent was more likely to win. A daughter of a poor earl is a similar case and therefore may be broken off without any damage.

**GLOUCESTER**


Well, is Margaret any more than a poor earl's daughter? Her father is no better than an earl, although he does have some worthy titles.

**SUFFOLK**

Yes, lord, her father is a king. He is the King of Naples and Jerusalem and holds great sway in France. An alliance with him will confirm our peace with France and keep the Frenchmen loyal to us.

**GLOUCESTER**

But the Earl of Armagnac may do the same because he is close to Charles.

 A combat between two knights on horses, fighting against each other with lances.

**EXETER**

Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,  
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

**SUFFOLK**

A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,  
That he should be so abject, base and poor,  
50 To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.  
Henry is able to enrich his queen  
And not seek a queen to make him rich:  
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,  
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.  
55 Marriage is a matter of more worth  
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;  
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,  
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:  
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,  
60 It most of all these reasons bindeth us,  
In our opinions she should be preferred.  
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,  
An age of discord and continual strife?  
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,  
65 And is a pattern of celestial peace.  
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,  
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?  
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,  
Approves her fit for none but for a king:  
70 Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit,  
More than in women commonly is seen,  
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;  
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,  
Is likely to beget more conquerors,  
75 If with a lady of so high resolve  
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.  
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me  
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

**KING HENRY VI**

Whether it be through force of your report,  
80 My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that  
My tender youth was never yet attained  
With any passion of inflaming love,  
I cannot tell; but this I am assured,  
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,  
85 Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,  
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.  
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;  
Agree to any covenants, and procure  
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come  
90 To cross the seas to England and be crown'd  
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:  
For your expenses and sufficient charge,  
Among the people gather up a tenth.  
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,  
95 I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.  
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:  
If you do censure me by what you were,  
Not what you are, I know it will excuse  
This sudden execution of my will.  
100 And so, conduct me where, from company,  
I may revolve and ruminate my grief.

*Exit*

**GLOUCESTER**

Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

*Exeunt GLOUCESTER and EXETER*

**SUFFOLK**

Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,  
105 As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,  
With hope to find the like event in love,  
But prosper better than the Trojan did.  
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;


**EXETER**


Also, his wealth does promise a generous dower, while  
Reignier would rather receive than give.

**SUFFOLK**

A dowry, my lords! Don't disgrace your king so much as to  
think that he should be so hopeless, low, and poor to  
choose money over perfect love. Henry is perfectly able to  
give his queen money and does not need to look for one  
who would make him rich. Peasants who are worth nothing  
try to find their wives in such a way. They're like men in the  
market, selling oxen, sheep, or horse. But marriage should  
not be dealt with in negotiations between lawyers, and it's  
not about who we want but who his grace likes. She will be  
his companion in bed, after all! And therefore, lords, since  
he likes her the most, for that reason we should prefer her  
as well, and so she should be our first choice. After all, what  
is a forced marriage but a never ending battle? While the  
opposite brings joy and is a way to heavenly peace. Then,  
who else should be matched with Henry, who is a king, than  
Margaret, who is the daughter of a king? Her unique  
physical appearance and her birth makes her perfect only  
for a king. Her brave courage and fearless spirit, which isn't  
usually seen in women, will be an answer to our hope of  
giving a child to the king. Henry, a conqueror's son, is likely  
to breed more conquerors if he is joined in union with a  
lady of such courage as Margaret. Give up, then, my lords  
and here I finish by saying that Margaret shall be queen,  
and no one but her.

**KING HENRY VI**

I don't know if it's because of the power of your account of  
her, my noble Lord of Suffolk, or because my young days  
have never been touched with any passion of love's fire, I  
can't really tell but I am sure that I feel a sharp pain in my  
chest. I feel passionate alarms of both hope and fear and it  
makes me sick trying to figure out my thoughts. Therefore,  
take a ship to France, my lord, and hurry. Agree to any  
terms and ensure that Lady Margaret will come across the  
seas to England and here be crowned King Henry's faithful  
and blessed queen. For your expenses and spending money  
for the journey, collect taxes  from the people. Go, and  
until you return I will rest here puzzled by a thousand  
thoughts. And you, good uncle, let go of all your hatred. If  
you would judge me by your own former recklessness in  
your youth and not your older age, I know you will forgive  
me for my sudden change. And so, take me where I may  
consider and mediate on my melancholy of love alone.

 A "tenth," or "tithe," was a tax that could be ordered by the Church as well as the King. It was often used when there was a sudden need to raise money.



*KING HENRY VI exits.*


**GLOUCESTER**

Yes, I am afraid it is the first and the last melancholy.

*GLOUCESTER and EXETER exit.*


**SUFFOLK**

And so Suffolk has won and there he goes, like the young  
Paris  once did to Greece, hoping to find the same  
outcome  in love, but Suffolk will succeed better than the  
Trojan did. Margaret will now be queen and rule the king  
but I will rule her, the king and the country.

 In the story of the Trojan War, Paris traveled to Sparta where he stole Helen, the beautiful wife of the King of Sparta, Menelaus. This triggered the launch of the Trojan War.

But I will rule both her, the king and realm.

*Exit*

 "The like event" is also a pun on achieving sexual satisfaction.

*SUFFOLK exits.*

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