

Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss,  
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

*Bast.* Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,  
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!  
O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;  
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his phangs;  
And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men  
In undetermin'd differences of kings. —  
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?  
Cry, havock, kings! back to the stained field,  
You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!  
Then let confusion of one part confirm  
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

*K. John.* Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

*K. Philip.* Speak, citizens, for *England*; who's your king?

*Cit.* The king of *England*, when we know the king.

*K. Philip.* Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

*K. John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,  
And bear possession of our person here,  
Lord of our presence, *Angiers*, and of you.

*Cit.* A greater power than ye denies all this;  
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock  
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates.\*

*Bast.* By heav'n, these scroyles of *Angiers* flout you, kings;  
And stand securely on their battlements  
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point  
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.  
You royal presences, be rul'd by me;  
Do like the mutines of *Jerusalem*,  
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend  
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.  
By east and west let *France* and *England* mount  
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,

\* ---- in our strong-barr'd gates;  
Kings of our fear, until our fears resolv'd  
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.  
*Bast.* By heav'n, &c.