

Till their foul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
 The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.
 I'd play incessantly upon these jades;
 Even till unfenced desolation
 Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
 That done, dissever your united strengths,
 And part your mingled colours once again;
 Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
 Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
 Out of one side her happy minion;
 To whom in favour she shall give the day,
 And kiss him with a glorious victory.
 How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?

K. *John*. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
 I like it well. — *France*, shall we knit our powers,
 And lay this *Angiers* even with the ground,
 Then after, fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. And if thou hast the mettle of a king,
 Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
 Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
 As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
 And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
 Why, then defy each other, and, pellmell,
 Make work upon ourselves for heav'n or hell.

K. *Philip*. Let it be so: say, where will you assault?

K. *John*. We from the west will send destruction
 Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. *Philip*. Our thunder from the south
 Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.^a

Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to stay,
 And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd league;

^a ----- bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline! from north to south;

Austria and *France* shoot in each other's mouth.

I'll stir them to it: come away, away.

Cit. Hear us, great kings, &c.