

In mortal fury half so peremptory,  
As we to keep this city.

*Bast.* Here's a stay,  
That shakes the rotten carcass of old death  
Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth, indeed,  
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas,  
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.  
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?  
He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoke, and bounce;  
He gives the bastinado with his tongue:  
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his  
But buffets better than a fist of *France*:  
Zounds, I was never so bethump'd with words,  
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

*Eli.* Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;  
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:  
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie  
Thy now unfur'd assurance to the crown,  
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe  
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.  
I see a yielding in the looks of *France*:  
Mark how they whisper; urge them while their souls  
Are capable of this ambition,  
Left zeal, now melted, by the windy breath  
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,  
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

*Cit.* Why answer not the double majesties  
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

*K. Philip.* Speak *England* first, that hath been forward first  
To speak unto this city: what say you?

*K. John.* If that the dauphin there, thy princely son,  
Can in this book of beauty read *I love*;  
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen.  
For *Anjou*, and fair *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poictiers*,  
And all that we upon this side the sea,