

The breath of heav'n hath blown its spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on its head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.^a

Arth. All things that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owns:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like *Hubert*: all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu!
Your uncle must not know but you are dead.
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That *Hubert*, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heav'n! I thank you, *Hubert*.

Hub. Silence; no more: go closely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Court of England.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

K. John. **H**ERE once again we sit, crown'd once again,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

^a ----- I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, *Hubert*:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes:
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you, &c.

Pemb.