

K. *John*. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,  
 When I spake darkly what I purposed;  
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face;  
 Or bid me tell my tale in exprefs words;  
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,  
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:  
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,  
 And didst in signs again parley with sin;  
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,  
 And, consequently, thy rude hand to act  
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.  
 Out of my sight, and never see me more!  
 My nobles leave me, and my state is brav'd,  
 Ev'n at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs;  
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
 Hostility and civil tumult reign,  
 Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

*Hub*. Arm you against your other enemies,  
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.  
 Young *Arthur* is alive: this hand of mine  
 Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,  
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.  
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet  
 The dreadful motion of a murd'rer's thought.  
 And you have slander'd nature in my form,  
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,  
 Than to be butcher of a guiltless child.

K. *John*. Doth *Arthur* live? O, haste thee to the peers,  
 Throw this report on their incensed rage,  
 And make them tame to their obedience!  
 Forgive the comment that my passion made  
 Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,  
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood  
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.

O,