

King John abbreviated

Act 3, Scene 4

Grief

Situation: With Angiers lost, Arthur taken by King John, and King John and his forces back in England, a discouraged King Philip says “Are we not beaten?” Constance has lashed out at Pandulph.

KING PHILIP: Look who comes here! A grave unto a soul. I prithee, lady, go away with me.

CONSTANCE: Lo, now, now see the issue of your peace!

KING PHILIP: Patience, good lady.

CONSTANCE: No, I defy all counsel. O amiable, lovely death, come grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st, and kiss thee as thy wife. Misery's love, O come to me!

KING PHILIP: O fair affliction, peace!

PANDULPH: Lady, you utter madness and not sorrow.

Constance to Pandulph, No. 1

Thou art not holy to so belie me.
I'm not mad. I was the wife of Geoffrey;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost.
I wish to heaven I were mad, for then
I might faint and die, ending the high cost
Of this sorrow. You'll be canonized when
You can preach philosophy to make me
Mad, cardinal! Knowing I'm sad and be
Not mad, my reasonable part teaches me
To be delivered of these woes is to
Kill myself. I'd forget him, or madly
Think him a rag doll, if mad. I am too
Well, cardinal. I am so well that I
Harbor the pain of each calamity.