

# King John

Act V, sc. 2 (line 40)

## LEWIS

A noble temper dost thou show in this;  
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom  
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.  
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought  
Between compulsion and a brave respect!  
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,  
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:  
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,  
Being an ordinary inundation;  
But this effusion of such manly drops,  
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,  
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed  
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven  
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.  
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,  
And with a great heart heave away the storm:  
Commend these waters to those baby eyes  
That never saw the giant world enraged;  
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,  
Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.  
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep

Into the purse of rich prosperity  
As Lewis himself: so, nobles, shall you all,  
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.  
And even there, methinks, an angel spake:

*Enter CARDINAL PANDULPH*

Look, where the holy legate comes apace,  
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven  
And on our actions set the name of right  
With holy breath.