

# King John

Act III, sc. 4 (line 70)

## CONSTANCE

I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud  
'O that these hands could so redeem my son,  
As they have given these hairs their liberty!  
But now I envy at their liberty,  
And will again commit them to their bonds,  
Because my poor child is a prisoner.  
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say  
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:  
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;  
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,  
To him that did but yesterday suspire,  
There was not such a gracious creature born.  
But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud  
And chase the native beauty from his cheek  
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,  
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,  
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,  
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven  
I shall not know him: therefore never, never  
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.