

# King John

## Act IV, sc. 1 (line 45 - intercut)

### ARTHUR

Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

### *HUBERT*

*Young boy, I must.*

### ARTHUR

And will you?

### *HUBERT*

*And I will.*

### ARTHUR

Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,

I knit my handkercher about your brows,

The best I had, a princess wrought it me,

And I did never ask it you again;

And with my hand at midnight held your head,

And like the watchful minutes to the hour,

Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,

Saying, 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your grief?'

Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'

Many a poor man's son would have lien still

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;

But you at your sick service had a prince.

Nay, you may think my love was crafty love

And call it cunning: do, an if you will:

If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,

Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?

These eyes that never did nor never shall

So much as frown on you.

**HUBERT**

*I have sworn to do it;*

*And with hot irons must I burn them out.*

**ARTHUR**

Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,

Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears

And quench his fiery indignation

Even in the matter of mine innocence;

Nay, after that, consume away in rust

But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?

An if an angel should have come to me

And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,

I would not have believed him,--no tongue but Hubert's.

**HUBERT**

*Come forth.*

*Stamps. Re-enter Executioners, with a cord, irons, & c*

*Do as I bid you do.*

**ARTHUR**

O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

**HUBERT**

*Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.*

**ARTHUR**

Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angerly:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.