

# King John

Act IV, sc. 3 (line 152)

## BASTARD

Go, bear him in thine arms.

I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way

Among the thorns and dangers of this world.

How easy dost thou take all England up!

From forth this morsel of dead royalty,

The life, the right and truth of all this realm

Is fled to heaven; and England now is left

To tug and scramble and to part by the teeth

The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.

Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty

Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest

And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:

Now powers from home and discontents at home

Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,

As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,

The imminent decay of wrested pomp.

Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can

Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child

And follow me with speed: I'll to the king:

A thousand businesses are brief in hand,

And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.