

O, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste:
I conjure thee but slowy; run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

A Street before a Prison.

Enter Arthur on the walls, disguis'd.

Arth. **T**HE wall is high, and yet will I leap down.
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This shipboy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die, and go; as die, and stay. [leaps down.
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones: —
Heav'n take my soul, and *England* keep my bones! [dies.

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at faint *Edmondsbury*;
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pemb. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. The count *Melun*, a noble lord of *France*,
Whose private with me of the dauphin's love
Is much more than these gen'ral lines import.

Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or, rather, then set forward; for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet.

^a i. e. Whose private account of the dauphin's affection to our cause is much more ample than the letters.

Enter