

And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
 Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work,
 The graceless action of a heavy hand,
 If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?
 We had a kind of light what would ensue.
 It is the shameful work of *Hubert's* hand;
 The practice, and the purpose of the king:
 From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
 Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
 And breathing to this breathless excellence
 The incense of a vow, a holy vow!
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
 Never to be infected with delight,
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
 Till I have set a glory to this hand,
 By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pemb. Bigot. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you;
Arthur doth live, the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death:
 Avant, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law? [drawing his sword.]

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murd'rer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord *Salisbury*, stand back, I say;
 By heav'n, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours.
 I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
 Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
 Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget

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