

Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

*Bigot.* Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

*Hub.* Not for my life; but yet I dare defend  
My innocent life against an emperor.

*Sal.* Thou art a murd'rer.

*Hub.* Do not prove me so;  
Yet, I am none. Whose tongue foe'er speaks false,  
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

*Pemb.* Cut him to pieces.

*Bast.* Keep the peace, I say.

*Sal.* Stand by, or I shall gaul you, *Faulconbridge.*

*Bast.* Thou wert better gaul the devil, *Salisbury*:  
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,  
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,  
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,  
Or I'll so maul you, and your toasting-iron,  
'That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

*Bigot.* What will you do, renowned *Faulconbridge*?  
Second a villain, and a murderer?

*Hub.* Lord *Bigot*, I am none.

*Bigot.* Who kill'd this prince?

*Hub.* 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:  
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep  
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

*Sal.* Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
For villany is not without such rheum;  
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem  
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.  
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor  
Th'uncleanly favour of a slaughterhouse,  
For I am stifled with the smell of sin.

*Bigot.* Away tow'rd *Bury*, to the dauphin there.

*Pemb.* There tell the king he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

SCENE