

But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. [Exit.

K. Rich. Go, *Busby*, to the earl of *Wiltshire* straight;
Bid him repair to us to *Ely-house*,
To see this business done: to-morrow next
We will for *Ireland*; and 'tis time I trow:
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle *York* lord-governor of *England*;
For he is just, and always lov'd us well. —
Come on, our queen, to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [flourish.
[Exeunt King, Queen, &c.

S C E N E IV.

Manent Northumberland, Willoughby, and Rofs.

North. Well, lords, the duke of *Lancaster* is dead.

Rofs. And living too, for now his son is duke.

Will. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Rofs. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburden'd with a lib'ral tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!

Will. Tends what you'd speak, to th' duke of *Hereford*?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man:

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Rofs. No good at all that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heav'n, it's shame such wrongs are born
In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land:
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform
Merely in hate 'gainst any of us all,