

That will the king severely prosecute  
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

*Rofs.* The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,  
And lost their hearts; the nobles hath he fin'd  
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

*Willo.* And daily new exactions are devis'd;  
As, blanks, benevolences, I wot not what:  
But what, o' god's name, doth become of this?

*North.* Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,  
But basely yielded upon compromise  
That which his ancestors atchiev'd with blows:  
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

*Rofs.* The earl of *Wiltshire* hath the realm in farm.

*Willo.* The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

*North.* Reproach and dissolution hang o'er him.

*Rofs.* He hath not money for these *Irish* wars,  
(His burdenous taxations notwithstanding)  
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

*North.* His noble kinsman — most degenerate king!  
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,  
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:  
We see the wind sit fore upon our sails,  
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

*Rofs.* We see the very wreck that we must suffer;  
And unavoidable the danger now,  
For suff'ring so the causes of our wreck.

*North.* Not so: ev'n through the hollow eyes of death  
I spy life peering; but I dare not say  
How near the tidings of our comfort are.

*Willo.* Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

*Rofs.* Be confident to speak, *Northumberland*:  
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,  
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore be bold.

*North.* Then thus, my friends. I have from port *le blanc*,  
A bay in *Bretagne*, had intelligence,  
That *Harry Hereford*, *Rainald* lord *Cobham*,

That