

That late broke from the duke of *Exeter*,  
 His brother, archbishop late of *Canterbury*,  
 Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, with sir *John Rainston*,  
 And sir *John Norberie*, sir *Robert Waterton*,  
 And *Francis Coines*,  
 All these well furnish'd by the duke of *Bretagne*,  
 With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,  
 Are making hither with all due expedience,  
 And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:  
 Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they stay  
 The first departing of the king for *Ireland*.  
 If then we will shake off our slavish yoke,  
 Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,  
 Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,  
 Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,  
 And make high majesty look like itself;  
 Away with me in haste to *Ravenespurg*.  
 But if you faint, as fearing to do so,  
 Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

*Rofs.* To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

*Willo.* Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E V.

*The Court of England.*

*Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.*

*Bushy.* **M**ADAM, your majesty is much too fad:  
 You promis'd, when you parted with the king,  
 To lay aside self-harming heaviness,  
 And entertain a cheerful disposition.

*Queen.* To please the king, I did; to please myself,  
 I cannot do it; yet I know no cause  
 Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,  
 Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest

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