

(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)
 The king had cut off my head with my brother's. —
 What, are there posts despatch'd for *Ireland*?
 How shall we do for money for these wars? —
 Come, sister; (cousin, I would say;) pray, pardon me. —
 Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts, [*to the servant*.
 And bring away the armour that is there. —
 Gentlemen, will you go, and muster men?
 If I know how to order these affairs,
 Disorderly thus thrust into my hands,
 Never believe me. They are both my kinsmen;
 The one my sovereign, whom both my oath
 And duty bid defend; th' other again
 My kinsman is, one whom the king hath wrong'd,
 Whom conscience and my kindred bid to right.
 Well, somewhat we must do: — come, cousin, I'll
 Dispose of you. — Go, muster up your men,
 And meet me presently at *Barkley* castle:
 I should to *Plashie* too, —
 But time will not permit. All is uneven,
 And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt York and Queen.*

S C E N E VIII.

Busby. The wind fits fair for news to go to *Ireland*,
 But none returns: for us to levy power
 Proportionable to the enemy,
 Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love
 Is near the hate of those, love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wav'ring commons, for their love
 Lies in their purses; and who empties them
 By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Busby. Wherein the king stands gen'rally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,

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Because