

To execute the noble duke at *Calais*.

*Aum.* Some honest christian trust me with a gage,  
That *Norfolk* lies: here do I throw down this,  
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

*Boling.* These diff'rences shall all rest under gage,  
Till *Norfolk* be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,  
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again  
To all his signories; when he's return'd,  
Against *Aumerle* we will enforce his trial.

*Carl.* That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.  
Many a time hath banish'd *Norfolk* fought  
For *Jesu Christ*, in glorious christian field  
Streaming the ensign of the christian cross,  
Against black pagans, *Turks*, and *Saracens*:  
Then, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself  
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gave  
His body to that pleasant country's earth,  
And his pure soul unto his captain *Christ*,  
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

*Boling.* Why, bishop, is *Norfolk* dead?

*Carl.* Sure as I live, my lord.

*Boling.* Sweet peace conduct his soul  
To th' bosom of good *Abraham*! — Lords appealants,  
Your diff'rences shall all rest under gage,  
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter York.*

*York.* Great duke of *Lancaster*, I come to thee  
From plume-pluck'd *Richard*, who with willing soul  
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields  
To the possession of thy royal hand:  
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,  
And long live *Henry*, of that name the fourth!

*Boling.* In god's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

*Carl.*