

Glou. Compassion on the king commands me stoop,
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of *Winchester*, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear.
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Glou. Here, *Winchester*, I offer thee my hand.

K. Henry. Fie, uncle *Beaufort*! I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king! — the bishop hath a kindly gird. —
For shame, my lord of *Winchester*! relent;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, duke of *Gloster*, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glou. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart. —
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen,
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers:
So help me god, as I dissemble not!

Win. So help me god, as I intend it not!

K. Henry. O loving uncle, gentle duke of *Gloster*,
How joyful am I made by this contract! —
Away, my masters, trouble us no more,
But join in friendship as your lords have done.

1 Serv. Content, I'll to the surgeons.

2 Serv. So will I.

3 Serv. And I'll see what physick the tavern affords. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in right of *Richard Plantagenet*
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glou.