

How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd  
 To wilful disobedience, and rebel!  
 Beside, what infamy will there arise,  
 When foreign princes shall be certify'd,  
 That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,  
 King *Henry's* peers and chief nobility  
 Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of *France*!  
 O, think upon the conquest of my father,  
 My tender years; and let us not forego  
 That for a trifle, which was bought with blood.  
 Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.  
 I see no reason, if I wear this rose,  
 That any one should therefore be suspicious  
 I more incline to *Somerset* than *York*:  
 Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.  
 As well they may upbraid me with my crown,  
 Because, forsooth, the king of *Scots* is crown'd.  
 But your discretions better can persuade,  
 Than I am able to instruct or teach:  
 And therefore as we hither came in peace,  
 So let us still continue peace and love. —  
 Cousin of *York*, we institute your grace  
 To be our regent in these parts of *France*:  
 And good my lord of *Somerset*, unite  
 Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;  
 And like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,  
 Go cheerfully together, and digest  
 Your angry choler on your enemies.  
 Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,  
 After some respite, will return to *Calais*;  
 From thence to *England*, where I hope ere long  
 To be presented, by your victories,  
 With *Charles*, *Alançon*, and that trait'rous rout.

[flourish.  
 [Exeunt.

Manent