

K. Henry. Uncle, how now?

Glou. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me to the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read on further.

K. Henry. Uncle of *Winchester*, I pray, read on.

Car. Item, *That the dutchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father, and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.*

K. Henry. They please us well.—Lord marquifs, kneel you down:
We here create thee the first duke of *Suffolk*,
And gird thee with the sword. — Cousin of *York*,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I'th' parts of *France*, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. — Thanks, uncle *Winchester*,
Glo'ster, *York*, *Buckingham*, and *Somerset*,
Salisbury, and *Warwick*,
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*]

SCENE II.

Manent the rest.

Glou. Brave peers of *England*, pillars of the state,
To you duke *Humphry* must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother *Henry* spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer *France*, his true inheritance?
And did my brother *Bedford* toil his wits
To keep by policy what *Henry* got?

VOL. IV.

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