

And are the cities that I got with wounds,  
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?<sup>a</sup>

*York.* *France* should have torn and rent my very heart,  
Before I would have yielded to this league.  
I never read but *England's* kings have had  
Large sums of gold, and dowries with their wives:  
And our king *Henry* gives away his own,  
To match with her that brings no vantages.

*Glou.* A proper jest, and never heard before,  
That *Suffolk* should demand a whole fifteenth,  
For cost and charges in transporting her!  
She should have stay'd in *France*, and starv'd in *France*,  
Before —

*Car.* My lord of *Glo'ster*, now ye grow too hot:  
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

*Glou.* My lord of *Winchester*, I know your mind:  
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,  
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.  
Rancour will out, proud prelate; in thy face  
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,  
We shall begin our ancient bickerings. —  
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,  
I prophesy'd, *France* will be lost ere long.

[*Exit.*

*Car.* So, there goes our protector in a rage:  
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy;  
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,  
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.  
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,  
And heir apparent to the *English* crown.  
Had *Henry* got an empire by his marriage,  
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,  
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.  
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words

<sup>a</sup> ----- peaceful words?

*York.* For *Suffolk's* duke, may he be suffocate,  
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!  
*France* should &c.