

Have won the greatest favour of the commons,
 Excepting none but good duke *Humphry*. —
 And, brother *York*, thy acts in *Ireland*,
 In bringing them to civil discipline;
 Thy late exploits done in the heart of *France*,
 When thou wert regent for our sovereign;
 Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people. —
 Join we together for the publick good,
 In what we can to bridle and suppress
 The pride of *Suffolk*, and the cardinal,
 With *Somerſet's* and *Buckingham's* ambition;
 And, as we may, cherish duke *Humphry's* deeds,
 While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So god help *Warwick*, as he loves the land,
 And common profit of his country!

York. And ſo ſays *York*, for he hath greateſt cauſe.

Sal. Then let's make haſte, and look unto the main.^a

[*Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.*]

S C E N E III.

Manet York.

York. *Anjou* and *Maine* are given to the *French*,
Paris is loſt, the ſtate of *Normandy*
 Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
 The peers agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd
 To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
 I cannot blame them all; what is't to them?
 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
 Pirates may make cheap penn'worths of their pillage,
 And purchaſe friends, and give to courtezans,

^a ----- unto the main.

War. Unto the main? O father, *Maine* is loſt,
 That *Maine*, which by main force *Warwick* did win,
 And would have kept, ſo long as breath did laſt:
 Main-chance, father, you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
 Which I will win from *France*, or elſe be ſlain.

Still