

Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone:  
 While as the filly owner of the goods  
 Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,  
 And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,  
 While all is shar'd, and all is born away;  
 Ready to starve, and dares not touch his own.  
 So *York* must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,  
 While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.  
 Methinks, the realms of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*,  
 Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,  
 As did the fatal brand *Althea* burnt,  
 Unto the prince's heart of *Calydon*.  
*Anjou* and *Maine* both given unto the *French*!  
 Cold news for me: for I had hope of *France*,  
 Ev'n as I have of fertile *England's* soil.  
 A day will come, when *York* shall claim his own;  
 And therefore I will take the *Nevills'* parts,  
 And make a show of love to proud duke *Humphry*,  
 And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown;  
 For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.  
 Nor shall proud *Lancaster* usurp my right,  
 Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,  
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,  
 Whose church-like humour fits not for a crown.  
 Then, *York*, be still a while, till time do serve:  
 Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,  
 To pry into the secrets of the state;  
 Till *Henry* surfeit in the joys of love,  
 With his new bride and *England's* dear-bought queen,  
 And *Humphry* with the peers be fall'n at jars.  
 Then will I raise aloft the milkwhite rose,  
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;  
 And in my standard bear the arms of *York*,  
 To grapple with the house of *Lancaster*;  
 And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,  
 Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair *England* down. [*Exit York.*  
SCENE