

SCENE IV.

*The Duke of Gloucester's house.**Enter Duke Humphry, and his Wife Eleanor.*

Elean. WHY droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn
 Hanging the head with *Ceres'* plenteous load?
 Why doth the great duke *Humphry* knit his brows,
 As frowning at the favours of the world?
 Why are thine eyes fix'd to the fullen earth,
 Gazing at that which seems to dim thy sight?
 What see'st thou there? king *Henry's* diadem,
 Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
 Until thy head be circled with the same.
 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:
 What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine.
 And, having both together heav'd it up,
 We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
 And never more abase our sight so low,
 As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glou. O *Nell*, sweet *Nell*, if thou dost love thy lord,
 Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
 And may that thought, when I imagine ill
 Against my king and nephew, virtuous *Henry*,
 Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
 My troublous dreams this night do make me sad.

Elean. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
 With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glou. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in court,
 Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot:
 But, as I think, it was by th' cardinal;
 And on the pieces of the broken wand
 Were plac'd the heads of *Edmund* duke of *Somerset*,

And