

And *William de la Pole* first duke of *Suffolk*.

This was the dream; what it doth bode, god knows.

Elean. Tut! this was nothing but an argument
That he, that breaks a stick of *Glo'ster's* grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my *Humphry*, my sweet duke:
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of *Westminster*,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
Where *Henry* and *Margaret* kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glou. Nay, *Eleanor*, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame, illnatur'd *Eleanor*,
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more!

Elean. What, what, my lord, are you so cholerick
With *Eleanor*, for telling but her dream?
Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glou. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto saint *Alban's*,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glou. I go. — Come, *Nell*, thou too wilt ride with us?

[*Exit Gloucester.*

Elean. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently. —
Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While *Glo'ster* bears this base and humble mind.

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