

my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife, and all, from me.

*Suf.* Thy wife too? that's some wrong, indeed.—What's yours? what's here? [*reads.*] *Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.* — How now, fir knave?

*2 Pet.* Alas, fir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

*3 Pet.* *Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.*

*Q. Mar.* what! did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

*3. Pet.* That my mistress was? no, forsooth: my master said, that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

*Suf.* Who is there? — Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant, presently: — we'll hear more of your matter before the king. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Q. Mar.* And as for you that love to be protected Under the wings of our protector's grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to him. [*tears the supplications.*]  
Away, base cullions! — *Suffolk*, let them go.

*All.* Come, let's be gone.

*Q. Mar.* My lord of *Suffolk*, say, is this the guise?  
Is this the fashion in the court of *England*?  
Is this the government of *Britain's* isle?  
And this the royalty of *Albion's* king?  
What, shall king *Henry* be a pupil still,  
Under the surly *Glo'ster's* governance?  
Am I a queen in title and in style,  
And must be made a subject to a duke?  
I tell thee, *Pole*, when in the city *Tours*  
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,  
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of *France*;  
I thought king *Henry* had resembled thee  
In courage, courtship, and proportion:  
But all his mind is bent to holiness,  
To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads;