

The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck :
 The dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas,
 And all the peers and nobles of the realm
 Have been as bondmen to thy sov'reignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd ; the clergy's bags
 Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
 Have cost a mass of publick treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
 Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
 And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices and towns in *France*,
 If they were known, as the suspect is great,
 Would make thee quickly hop without thy head. — [*Exit Glou.*
 Give me my fan ; what, minion ? can ye not ?

[*She gives the Dutchess a box on the ear.*

I cry you mercy, madam ; was it you ?

Elean. Was't I ? yea, I it was, proud *Frenchwoman* :
 Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
 I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Henry. Sweet aunt, be quiet ; 'twas against her will.

Elean. Against her will, good king ? look to't in time ;
 She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby :
 Though in this place most master wears no breeches,
 She shall not strike dame *Eleanor* unrevenged. [*Exit Eleanor.*

Buck. Lord cardinal, I'll follow *Eleanor*,
 And listen after *Humphry*, how he proceeds :
 She's tickled now, her fume can need no spurs,
 She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction. [*Exit Buckingham.*

SCENE VII.

Reenter Duke Humphry.

Glou. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
 With walking once about the quadrangle,
 I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.

As