

Peter. By these ten bones, my lord, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of *York's* armour.

York. Base dunghil villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech: —
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Arm. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and, when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Henry. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glou. This doom, my lord, if I may judge:
Let *Somerſet* be regent o'er the *French*,
Because in *York* this breeds suspicion.
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place;
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.
This is the law, and this duke *Humphry's* doom.

K. Henry. Then be it so: my lord of *Somerſet*,
We make your grace regent over the *French*.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Arm. And I accept the combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for god's sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevaieth against me. O, lord have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: o lord, my heart!

Glou. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

K. Henry. Away with them to prison: and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month. —

Come, *Somerſet*, we'll see thee sent away. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE