

Spirit. Ask what thou wilt. — That I had said and done!

Boling. First, of the king: what shall of him become?

Spirit. The duke yet lives, that *Henry* shall depose:
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[as the Spirit speaks they write the answer.]

Boling. Tell me what fates await the duke of *Suffolk*?

Spirit. By water shall he die and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the duke of *Somerset*?

Spirit. Let him shun castles:

Safer shall he be on the plains,

Than where a castle mounted stands.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:

False fiend, avoid! [thunder and lightning: spirit descends.]

*Enter the Duke of York, and the duke of Buckingham, with
their Guard, and break in.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash: —

Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch. —

What, madam, are you there? the king and realm

Are deep indebted for this piece of pains;

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Elean. Not half so bad as thine to *England's* king,
Injurious duke, that threat'ft where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all: what call you this?

Away with them, let them be clap'd up close,

And kept apart. — You, madam, shall with us. —

Stafford, take her to thee.

We'll see your trinkets here forthcoming all.

[Exeunt Guard with Jordan, Southwel, &c.]

^a ----- Southwel, &c.

York. Lord *Buckingham*, methinks, you watch'd her well:

A pretty plot, well chose to build upon!

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here?

The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose:

But him outlive, and die a violent death.

Why, this is just,

Adio te Eacidem Romanos vincere posse.

[reads.]

Well,