

York. The king is now in progress tow'ards faint *Alban's*,
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of *York*,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. My lord, at your good pleasure.—Who's within there?

Enter a Serving-man.

Invite my lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*,
To sup with me to-morrow night. — Away!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE. I.

At Saint Alban's.

*Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Protector, Cardinal, and
Suffolk, with Falconers hallowing.*

Q. MARGARET.

BELIEVE me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw no better sport these seven years' day;
Yet by your leave, the wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old *Joan* had not gone out.

K. Henry. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest?
To see how god in all his creatures works!

Well, to the rest:

Tell me what fate awaits the duke of *Suffolk*?

By water shall he die and take his end.

What shall betide the duke of *Somerset*?

Let him shun castles:

Safer shall he be on the plains,

Than where a castle mounted stands.

Come, come, my lords,

These oracles are hardly attain'd,

And hardly understood.

The king is now &c.

*This repetition of the prophecies, which is altogether unnecessary after what the spectators have heard in
the scene immediately preceding, is not to be found in the first editions of this play.*