

K. Henry. How now, my lords?

Car. Believe me, cousin Glo'ster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We'd had more sport. — Come with thy two-hand sword.

[*aside to Gloucester.*]

Glou. True, uncle.

Car. Are ye advis'd? — The east side of the grove. [*aside.*]

Glou. Cardinal, I am with you. [*aside.*]

K. Henry. Why, how now, uncle Glo'ster?

Glou. Talking of hawking, nothing else, my lord. —
Now, by god's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown
For this, or all my fence shall fail.

[*aside.*]

Car. Protector, see to't well, protect yourself. [*aside.*]

K. Henry. The winds grow high, so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this musick to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

SCENE II.

Enter One crying, A miracle!

Glou. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

One. A miracle, a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blind man at saint *Alban's* shrine,
Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight,
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Henry. Now god be prais'd, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the Mayor of saint Alban's, and his brethren, bearing Simpcox
between two in a chair, Simpcox's wife following.*

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
Before your highness to present the man.

K. Henry. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though