

Glou. Then fend for one presently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight. [*Exit Mess.*]

Glou. Now fetch me a stool hither. — Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone: you go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a beadle with whips.

Glou. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. — Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord. — Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand. [*after the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and they follow, and cry, A miracle!*]

K. Henry. O god, see'st thou this, and bear'st so long!

Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glou. Follow the knave, and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glou. Let them be whip'd through every market town, till they come to *Berwick*, from whence they came.

[*Exit Beadle with the Woman.*]

Car. Duke *Humphry* hath done a miracle to day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glou. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

SCENE III.

Enter Buckingham.

K. Henry. What tidings with our cousin *Buckingham*?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of lady *Eleanor*, the protector's wife,

(The