

That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign *Richard, England's king!*

York. We thank you, lords: but I am not your king
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of *Lancaster*:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice, and silent secrecy.

Do you, as I do, in these dang'rous days,
Wink at the duke of *Suffolk's* insolence,
At *Beaufort's* pride, at *Somerset's* ambition,
At *Buckingham*, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good duke *Humphry*:
'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if *York* can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, here break we off; we know your mind.

War. My heart assures me, that the earl of *Warwick*
Shall one day make the duke of *York* a king.

York. And, *Nevill*, this I do assure myself:
Richard shall live to make the earl of *Warwick*
The greatest man in *England* but the king.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Room of State.

*Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret and state,
Duke of Glo'ster, York, Suffolk, Salisbury, and others: The
Dutchess of Glo'ster, mother Jordan, Southwel, Hume, and
Bolingbrook, with Guard.*

K. Henry. **S**TAND forth, dame *Eleanor Cobham*, *Glo'ster's* wife:
In sight of god and us your guilt is great;
Receive the sentence of the law for sins,
Such as by god's book are adjudg'd to death. —
You four from hence to prison back again;
From thence unto the place of execution:

The