

His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off:
This staff of honour raught, there let it stand,
Where best it fits to be, in *Henry's* hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays,
Thus *Eleanor's* pride dies in her younger days.

York. Lords, let him go. — Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat,
And ready are th' appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel try'd.

K. Henry. O' god's name, see the lists and all things fit;
Here let them end it, and god guard the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, than is th' appellant,
The servant of the armourer, my lords.

SCENE VI.

Enter at one door the Armourer and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much, that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him, and his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it;^a and at the other door his man, with a drum and a sand-bag, and prentices drinking to him.

1 Neigh. Here, neighbour *Horner*, I drink to you in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

3 Neigh. And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour; drink, and fear not your man.

Arm. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all, and a fig for *Peter*.

1 Pren. Here, *Peter*, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

^a According to the old laws of duels this was the manner of fighting appointed for inferiour people, as those of a higher degree used the sword and lance.