

SCENE VII.

The Street.

Enter Duke Humphry and his Men, in Mourning Cloaks.

Glou. **T**HUS sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
 And after summer evermore succeeds
 The barren winter with his nipping cold:
 So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet. —
 Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glou. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
 To watch the coming of my punish'd dutchess:
 Unneath may she endure the flinty streets,
 To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
 Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy noble mind a-brook
 The abject people gazing on thy face,
 With envious looks still laughing at thy shame;
 That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
 When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
 But, soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepare
 My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Dutches in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with a Sheriff, and Officers, and Sir John Stanley.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glou. No, stir not for your lives, let her pass by.

Elean. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
 Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!
 See how the giddy multitude do point,
 And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
 Ah, *Glo'ster*, hide thee from their hateful looks,
 And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
 And ban our enemies, both mine and thine.

Glou.