

*Glou.* Be patient, gentle *Nell*; forget this grief.

*Elean.* Ah, *Glo'ster*, teach me to forget myself:  
 For, whilst I think I am thy marry'd wife,  
 And thou a prince, protector of this land;  
 Methinks, I should not thus be led along,  
 Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,  
 And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice  
 To see my tears, and hear my deepfetched groans.  
 The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;  
 And, when I start, the cruel people laugh,  
 And bid me be advised how I tread.  
 Ah, *Humphry*, can I bear this shameful yoke?  
 Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world,  
 Or count them happy that enjoy the fun?  
 No; dark shall be my light, and night my day:  
 To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.  
 Sometime I'll say, I am duke *Humphry's* wife,  
 And he a prince and ruler of the land:  
 Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,  
 That he stood by, whilst I his forlorn dutcheſs  
 Was made a wonder and a pointingstock  
 To every idle, rascal follower.  
 But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame,  
 Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death  
 Hang over thee, as (sure) it shortly will.  
 For *Suffolk*, (he that can do all in all  
 With her that hateth thee and hates us all)  
 And *York*, and impious *Beaufort* that false priest,  
 Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings;  
 And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:  
 But fear thou not until thy foot be snar'd,  
 Nor ever seek prevention of thy foes.

*Glou.* Ah, *Nell*, forbear; thou aimest all awry.  
 I must offend, before I be attainted:  
 And had I twenty times so many foes,  
 And each of them had twenty times their power,