

And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
 Immediately he was upon his knee,
 That all the court admir'd him for submission:
 But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
 When ev'ry one will give the time of day,
 He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
 And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
 Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
 Small curs are not regarded when they grin,
 But great men tremble when the lion roars;
 And *Humphry* is no little man in *England*.
 First, note, that he is near you in descent;
 And, should you fall, he is the next will mount.
 Me seemeth then, it is no policy,
 (Respecting what a ranc'rous mind he bears,
 And his advantage following your decease)
 That he should come about your royal person,
 Or be admitted to your highness' council.
 By flatt'ry hath he won the commons' hearts:
 And, when he'll please to make commotion,
 'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
 Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted,
 Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the garden,
 And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
 The reverent care I bear unto my lord
 Makes me collect these dangers in the duke.
 If it be fond, call it a woman's fear:
 Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
 I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the duke:
 My lords of *Suffolk*, *Buckingham*, and *York*,
 Reprove my allegation if you can,
 Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke:
 And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
 I think, I should have told your grace's tale.
 The dutchess, by his subornation,

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