

Into this chieftest thicket of the park.
 Thus stands the case: you know, our king, my brother,
 Is pris'ner to the bishop, at whose hands
 He hath good usage and great liberty;
 And often, but attended with weak guard,
 Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
 I have advertis'd him by secret means,
 That if, about this hour, he make this way
 Under the colour of his usual game,
 He shall here find his friends with horse and men
 To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.

Hunt. This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.—
 Now, brother *Glo'ster*, *Hastings*, and the rest,
 Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste;
 Your horse stands ready here at the park corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To *Lyn*, my lord,
 And ship from thence to *Flanders*.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me, for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. *Stanley*, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then away, let's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell; shield thee from *Warwick's* frown,
 And pray that I may repossess the crown. [Exeunt.]

SCENE