

SCENE VII.

The Tower in London.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant of the Tower.

K. Henry. MASTER lieutenant, now that god and friends
Have shaken *Edward* from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sov'reigns;
But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Henry. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty. —
But, *Warwick*, after god, thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank god and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous,
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice;

For