

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:

Within these forty hours *Surrey* durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble *Buckingham*, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for *Ireland*,
Far from his succour; from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him:
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour;
That I, i'th' way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than *Surrey* can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
My sword i'th' lifeblood of thee else. — My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? if we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewel nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol.