

- GLOUCESTER** The Church? where is it?  
Had not Church-men pray'd,  
His thred of Life had not so soone decay'd.
- WINCHESTER** Gloster, what ere we like, thou art Protector,  
And lookest to command the Prince and Realme.
- GLOUCESTER** Name not Religion, for thou lou'st the Flesh,  
And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'st,  
Except it be to pray against thy foes.
- BEDFORD** Cease, cease these larres, & rest your minds in peace:  
Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on vs;  
In stead of Gold, wee'le offer vp our Armes,  
Since Armes auayle not, now that Henry's dead.  
Henry the Fift, thy Ghost I inuocate:  
Prosper this Realme, keepe it from Ciuill Broyles,  
Combat with aduerse Planets in the Heauens;  
A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,  
Then Iulius Cæsar, or bright---
- Enter a Messenger.*
- 1MESS** My honourable Lords, health to you all:  
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,  
Of losse, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
- BEDFORD** What say'st thou man, before dead Henry's Coarse?  
Speake softly, or the losse of those great Townes  
Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from death.
- GLOUCESTER** Is Paris lost? is Roan yeelded vp?
- WARWICK** How were they lost? what trecherie was vs'd?
- 1MESS** No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.  
Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered,  
That here you maintaine seuerall Factions:  
And whil'st a Field should be dispatcht and fought,  
You are disputing of your Generals.  
Awake, awake, English Nobilitie,  
Let not slouth dimme your Honors, new begot;  
Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes