

- 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:
Guyen, Champagne, Rheimes, Orleance,
Paris Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.
- 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 yeelled 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