

## HENRY VI PII, I ii

### HUME

*Hume* must make merry with the Duchesse Gold:  
Marry and shall: but how now, Sir *Iohn Hume*?  
Seale vp your Lips, and giue no words but Mum,  
The businesse asketh silent secrecie.  
Dame *Elianor* giues Gold, to bring the Witch:  
Gold cannot come amisse, were she a Deuill.  
Yet haue I Gold flyes from another Coast:  
I dare not say, from the rich Cardinall,  
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolke;  
Yet I doe finde it so: for to be plaine,  
They (knowing Dame *Elianors* aspiring humor)  
Haue hyred me to vnder-mine the Duchesse,  
And buzze these Coniurations in her brayne.  
They say, A craftie Knaue do's need no Broker,  
Yet am I *Suffolke* and the Cardinalls Broker.  
*Hume*, if you take not heed, you shall goe neere  
To call them both a payre of craftie Knaues.  
Well, so it stands: and thus I feare at last,  
*Humes* Knauerie will be the Duchesse Wracke,  
And her Attainture, will be *Humphreyes* fall:  
Sort how it will, I shall haue Gold for all. [ *Exit.* ]