

Lancaster - 4.2

**ARCHBISHOP OF YORK**

Will you thus break your faith?

**LANCASTER**

I pawn'd thee none:

I promised you redress of these same grievances  
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,  
I will perform with a most Christian care.  
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due  
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.  
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,  
Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence.  
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray:  
God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.  
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,  
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath.