

Henry VI, Part 2

by William Shakespeare

Act 1, sc. 2 (line 91 - Verse)

Hume

Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;

Marry, and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume!

Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:

The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:

Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

Yet have I gold flies from another coast;

I dare not say, from the rich cardinal

And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk,

Yet I do find it so; for to be plain,

They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,

Have hired me to undermine the duchess

And buz these conjurations in her brain.

They say 'A crafty knave does need no broker;'

Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near

To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.

Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last

Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,

And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:

Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.