

*Harold.* Andrew ; prick your ears and list for truth unvarnished !

*Godfrey.* Conceit ! Vanity ! Egotism !

*Felix.* Think so ?

*Godfrey.* Can we not tell a pheasant's plumage from a hawk's feathers ? Are we so deaf as not discern a charger's neigh from a jackal's whine ?

*Omnes.* 'Tis true ! 'Tis good !

*Guibert.* Receive the applause for which you played !  
Take all the comfort of a merited rebuke !

*Felix.* Large game do not dread the noisy stalker.

*Godfrey.* Hares run at the bark of the beagle !

*Felix.* A dog that yelps, but does not fight.

*Guibert.* Were your sword as ready as your tongue—

*Felix.* It would shame the face of modesty, if it play pranks, on a breast, covered by a soutane and protected by the emblem of salvation.

*Godfrey.* There are others !

*Omnes.* Yes, there are !

*Felix.* The sheen of their weapons does not injure the sight.

*Omnes.* Fudge ! Retreat !

*Godfrey.* S'death ! The salmon, in the pond, is not more wary of the bait.

*Omnes.* It is so ! Deeds ; not words !

*Felix.* I mouth not the bait !

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha ! Bluster !

*Felix.* I swallow it ; so the barbed prongs of the hook sink deep into my vitals ! Here, gentlemen,—or without—do I condescend, now, to try the skill and test the wrist of your spekesman ; noble Godfrey of Sudermann !

*Omnes.* Hear him ! 'Tis well !

*Felix.* And Count ; I promise — not to kill you. Come !

*Enter HENRY D. R. 2, carrying parchment roll.*

*Omnes.* Hist—the King ! God preserve His Majesty !

*Henry.* (*Throws parchment on table*). Guibert ! Godfrey ! Conrad ! Friends ! Read ; if it blast not the sight !

*Guibert.* (*Picks up and scans roll*). Perdition ! Gregory refuses to annul your marriage !

*Omnes.* Incredible !

*Henry.* Harken !

*Guibert.* Finds no forbidden degrees of consanguinity—

*Omnes.* Stupidity !

*Guibert.* Accepts the queen's statement as to the fulfilment of the contract—

*Omnes.* Shame !

*Henry.* Disposes of our suit ! Ignores our person ! The