

Because we have been ever near the king.

*Green.* Well; I'll for refuge straight to *Bristol* castle;  
The earl of *Wiltshire* is already there.

*Busby.* Thither will I with you; for little office  
The hateful commons will perform for us,  
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces: —  
Will you go with us?

*Bagot.* No: I'll to *Ireland* to his majesty.  
Farewel: if heart's presages be not vain,  
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

*Busby.* That's as *York* thrives, to beat back *Bolingbroke*.

*Green.* Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes  
Is numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry;  
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

*Busby.* Farewel at once, for once, for all, and ever!

*Green.* Well, we may meet again.

*Bagot.* I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*]

# SCENE IX.

*In Gloucestershire.*

*Enter Bolingbroke, and Northumberland.*

*Boling.* **H**OW far is it, my lord, to *Barkley* now?

*North.* I am a stranger here in *Glostershire*:  
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,  
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:  
And yet our fair discourse has been as sugar,  
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.  
But, I bethink me, what a weary way  
From *Ravenspurge* to *Cotswold* will be found  
By *Ross* and *Willoughby*, wanting your company;  
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd  
The tediousness and process of my travel:  
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have

The