

The present benefit that I possess :
 And hope to joy is little less in joy,
 Than hope enjoy'd. By this the weary lords
 Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done
 By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company
 Than your good words : but who comes here ?

Enter Percy.

North. It is my son, young *Harry Percy*,
 Sent from my brother *Worcester* : whencesoever,
Harry, how fares your uncle ?

Percy. I thought, my lord, t' have learn'd his health of you.

North. Why ? is he not with the queen ?

Percy. No, my good lord, he hath forsook the court,
 Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
 The household of the king.

North. What was his reason ? he was not so resolv'd,
 When we last spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
 But he, my lord, is gone to *Ravenespurg*,
 To offer service to the duke of *Hereford*,
 And sent me o'er by *Barkley*, to discover
 What pow'r the duke of *York* had levy'd there ;
 Then with direction to repair to *Ravenespurg*.

North. Have you forgot the duke of *Hereford*, boy ?

Percy. No, my good lord ; for that is not forgot
 Which ne'er I did remember : to my knowledge,
 I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now ; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
 Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young ;
 Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
 To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle *Percy*, and be sure,