

I count myself in nothing else so happy,
 As in a foul rememb'ring my good friends:
 And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
 It shall be still thy true love's recompence.
 My heart this cov'nant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to *Barkley*? and what stir
 Keeps good old *York* there with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle by yond tuft of trees,
 Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
 And in it are the lords, *York*, *Barkley*, *Seymour*;
 None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of *Ross* and *Willoughby*,
 Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wot, your love pursues
 A banish'd traitor; all my treasury
 Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
 Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Willoughby. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, (th' exchequer of the poor)
 Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
 Stands for my bounty. But who now comes here?

Enter Barkley.

North. It is my lord of *Barkley*, as I guess.

Barkley. Lord *Hereford*, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is to *Lancaster*:
 And I am come to seek that name in *England*;
 And I must find that title in your tongue,
 Before I make reply to aught you say.

Barkley. Mistake me not, my lord, 'tis not my meaning
 To raze one title of your honour out.
 To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,
 From the most glorious of all this land,

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