

The duke of *York*, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

S C E N E X.

Enter York.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you.
Here comes his grace in person. — Noble uncle! [*kneels.*]

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle!

York. I am no traitor's uncle; and that word *grace*,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have these banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of *England's* ground?
But more then, why, why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despiteful arms?
Com'st thou because th' anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave *Gaunt* thy father, and myself,
Rescued the black prince, that young *Mars* of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand *French*;
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Ev'n in condition of the worst degree;
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,

In