

In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd *Hereford*;
But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old *Gaunt* alive. O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I should stand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and giv'n away
To upstart unthrifths? Werefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be king of *England*,
It must be granted, I am duke of *Lancaster*.
You have a son, *Aumerle* my noble kinsman:
Had you first dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle *Gaunt* a father,
To rouse his wrongers, chafing them to the bay.
I am deny'd to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters patents give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold;
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: attorneys are deny'd me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To mine inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

Rofs. It stands your grace upon, to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of *England*, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrongs, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North.