

A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heav'n still guards the right.

S C E N E III.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord, how far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm; discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair:

One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.

O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men.

To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state.

For all the *Welshmen*, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bolingbroke*, dispers'd and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled.^a

All souls, that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege, remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: am I not king?
Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest:

Is not the king's name forty thousand names?

Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory. — Look not to the ground,
Ye fav'rites of a king! are we not high?

High be our thoughts! I know, my uncle *York*
Hath pow'r to serve our turn. But who comes here?

^a ----- and they are fled,
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale, and dead?
All souls -----