

With some few private friends upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord;

Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the lord *Northumberland*,
To say, king *Richard*. Ah, the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

North. Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief to shorten you the head.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,
Left you mistake; the heav'ns are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle, nor oppose myself
Against their will. — But who comes here? 'tis *Percy*.

Enter Percy,

Well, *Harry*; what, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against your entrance.

Boling. Royally? why, it doth contain no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king: king *Richard* lies
Within the limits of yond lime and stone;
And with him lord *Aumerle*, lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroop*, besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike, it is the bishop of *Carlisle*.

Boling. Noble lord,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle

[to North.

croop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say:
I play -----

VOL. III.

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