

Her pasture's grafs with faithful *English* blood.

North. The king of heav'n forbid, our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! no, thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry of Bolingbroke, doth kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandfire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
(Currents that spring from one most gracious head)
And by the bury'd hand of warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn, or said,
His coming hither hath no farther scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glitt'ring arms he will commend to rust;
His barbed steeds to stables; and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.

This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say, thus the king returns:
His noble cousin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends. —
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

[to Aum.]

Aum. No, good my lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O god, o god! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That lay'd the sentence of dread banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off again.

With