

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time when *Glo'ster's* death was plotted,
I heard you say, *Is not my arm of length,*
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais to my uncle's head?
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, you rather had refuse
The offer of a hundred thousand crowns,
Than *Bolingbroke* return to *England*; adding
Withal, how blest this land would be in this
Your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords!
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips. —
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell. Thou liest, *Bagot*,
And I'll maintain, what thou hast said is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. *Bagot*, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath mov'd me so.

Fitzw. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
There is my gage, *Aumerle*, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun, that shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble *Glo'ster's* death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.