

Fitzw. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. *Fitzwater*, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. *Aumerle*, thou liest; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:

And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage
To prove it on thee, to th' extremest point
Of mortal breathing: seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Who sets me else? by heav'n, I'll throw at all.
I have a thousand spirits in my breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My lord *Fitzwater*, I remember well
The very time *Aumerle* and you did talk.

Fitzw. My lord, 'tis true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heav'n, as heav'n itself is true.

Fitzw. *Surrey*, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, rest
In earth as quiet, as thy father's scull.
In proof whereof, there is mine honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitzw. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet *Surrey* in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction. —
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.
Besides, I heard the banish'd *Norfolk* say,
That thou, *Aumerle*, didst send two of thy men

To