

brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord *Edmund Mortimer*, my lord of *York*, and *Owen Glendower*? Is there not besides, the *Dowglas*? have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel. Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, *Kate*! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my *Harry's* bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth?
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks?
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing, and curst melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, *Courage!* — *to the field!* and thou hast talk'd
Of fallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, fortins, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,

And