

And my good lord of *Worcester*, will set forth,
 To meet your father and the *Scottish* power,
 As is appointed us, at *Shrewsbury*.
 My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
 Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days: —
 Within that space, you may have drawn together
 Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords:
 And in my conduct shall your ladies come,
 From whom you now must steal and take no leave;
 For there will be a world of water shed,
 Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my portion, north from *Burton* here,
 In quantity equals not one of yours:
 See, how this river comes me cranking in,
 And cuts me, from the best of all my land
 A huge half moon, a monstrous cantle out.
 I'll have the current in this place damm'd up:
 And here the smug and silver *Trent* shall run
 In a new channel, fair and evenly:
 It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
 To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.

Mort. But mark, he bears his course, and runs me up
 With like advantage on the other side,
 Gelding th' opposed continent as much,
 As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yes, but a little charge will trench him here,
 And on this north side win this cape of land;
 Then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me, nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot.