

The land is burning; *Percy* stands on high,  
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince, Peto, and Bardolph.*

*Fal.* Rare words! brave world! — Hostess, my breakfast,  
come: —

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum!

[*Exit.*

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## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*At Shrewsbury.*

*Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, and Dowglas.*

HOT-SPUR.

WELL said, my noble *Scot*: if speaking truth  
In this fine age were not thought flattery,  
Such attribution should the *Dowglas* have,  
As not a soldier of this season's stamp  
Should go so gen'ral current through the world.  
By heav'n, I cannot flatter; I defy  
The tongues of soothers: but a braver place  
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.  
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

*Dow.* Thou art the king of honour:  
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,  
But I will beard him.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Hot.* Do, and 'tis well: — What letters hast thou there? —  
I can but thank you.

*Mess.* These come from your father.

*Hot.* Letters from him? why comes he not himself?

*Mess.* He cannot come, my lord, he's grievous sick.

*Hot.* Heav'ns! how has he the leisure to be sick

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