

SCENE II.

Enter sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My coufin *Vernon*, welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray god, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The earl of *Westmorland*, sev'n thousand strong,
Is marching hither, with prince *John* of *Lancaster*.

Hot. No harm: what more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person hath set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too: where is his son?
The nimble-footed madcap prince of *Wales*,
And his comrades, that daffe the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges^a, and with the wind
Baiting, like eagles having lately bath'd:
Glittering in golden coats like images;
As full of spirit as the month of *May*,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer,
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young *Harry*, with his beaver up,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd *Mercury*;
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel drop'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegasus*,
And^b witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in *March*,
This praise doth nourish agues: let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,

^a [i. e. all dress'd like the prince himself. The ostrich feather being the cognizance of the prince of *Wales*.] Dr. Grey.

^b Witch, for bewitch, charm.