

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and Colevile.

Y O R K.

WHAT is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis *Gaultree* forest.

York. Here stand, my lords, and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

York. 'Tis well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New dated letters from *Northumberland*;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:
Here he doth wish his person, with such powers
As might hold fortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To *Scotland*: and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may overlive the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

VOL. III.

H h h

Mowb.