

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

S C E N E II.

Enter Westmorland.

York. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think, it is my lord of *Westmorland*.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord *John*, and duke of *Lancaster*!

York. Say on, my lord of *Westmorland*, in peace:
What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody infurrection
With your fair honours. You, my lord archbishop,
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace;
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?
Turning your books to glaives, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

York. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.

Briefly