

Then threw he down himself, and all their lives,
That, by indictment, or by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under *Bolingbroke*.

West. You speak, lord *Mowbray*, now, you know not what:
The earl of *Hereford* was reputed then
In *England* the most valiant gentleman.
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have smil'd?
But, if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had born it out of *Coventry*,
For all the country in a general voice
Cry'd hate upon him; all their pray'rs, and love,
Were set on *Hereford*, whom they doted on,
And bless'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience: and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
That might so much as mark you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. *Mowbray*, you overween to take it so:
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear.
For, lo! within a ken our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good.
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince *John* a full commission,

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