

In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the general's name:
I muse, you make so slight a question.

York. Then take, my lord of *Westmorland*, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd,
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are infixed into this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form;
And present executions of our wills,
To us, and to our properties confirm'd;
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In fight of both our battles, we may meet;
And either end in peace, (which heav'n so frame!)
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

York. My lord, we will do so. [Exit *West.*

SCENE III.

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall infix upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That ev'ry slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, ev'ry idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action.
That, were our loyal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,

That