

York. Good my lord of *Lancaster*,
 I am not here against your father's peace :
 But, as I told my lord of *Westmorland*,
 The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
 Croud us and crush us to this monstrous form,
 To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
 The parcels and particulars of our grief ;
 The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court :
 Whereon this *Hydra* son of war is born,
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
 With grant of our most just and right desire ;
 And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
 Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
 To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
 We have supplies to second our attempt ;
 If they miscarry, theirs shall second them :
 And so, ^a success of mischief shall be born ;
 And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
 While *England* shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, *Hastings*, much too shallow,
 To found the bottom of the aftertimes.

West Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,
 How far-forth you do like their articles ?

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well :
 And swear here by the honour of my blood,
 My father's purposes have been mistook ;
 And some about him have too lavishly
 Wrested his meaning, and authority. —
 My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd ;
 Upon my life, they shall. If this may please you,
 Discharge your pow'rs unto their several counties,
 As we will ours : and here, between the armies,
 Let's drink together friendly, and embrace ;

^a Success here is to be understood in the same sense as Succession.