

SCENE V.

Reenter Westmorland.

Now, coufin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

Lan. They know their duties.

Reenter Hastings.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already :
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they took their course
East, west, north, south : or like a school broke up,
Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place.

West. Good tidings, my lord *Hastings* ; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason : —
And you, lord archbishop, — and you, lord *Mowbray*, —
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?

York. Will you thus break your faith?

Lan. I pawn'd you none :

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain ; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most christian care.
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence. —
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray,
Heav'n and not we have safely fought to-day. —
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.

[*Exeunt.*[*alarm, excursions.*