

*K. Henry.* 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave her comb  
In the dead carrion. — Who's here? *Westmorland?*

## S C E N E IX.

*Enter Westmorland.*

*West.* Health to my sovereign, and new happiness  
Added to that, which I am to deliver!  
Prince *John*, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:  
*Mowbray*, the bishop *Scroop*, *Hastings*, and all,  
Are brought to the correction of your law;  
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,  
But peace puts forth her olive ev'ry where.  
The manner how this action hath been born,  
Here, at more leisure, may your highness read,  
With every course, in his particular.

*K. Henry.* O *Westmorland*, thou art a summer bird,  
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings  
The lifting up of day.

*Enter Harcourt.*

Look, here's more news.

*Har.* From enemies heav'n keep your majesty!  
And, when they stand against you, may they fall  
As those that I am come to tell you of!  
The earl *Northumberland*, and the lord *Bardolph*,  
With a great pow'r of *English*, and of *Scots*,  
Are by the sheriff of *Yorkshire* overthrown:  
The manner and true order of the fight,  
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

*K. Henry.* And wherefore should these good news make me sick?  
Will fortune never come with both hands full,  
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?  
She either gives a stomach, and no food;  
(Such are the poor in health) or else a feast,  
And takes away the stomach; such the rich,  
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

I should