

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the *English* short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

S C E N E V.

Enter Exeter.

Fr. King. From our brother *England*?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty:
He wills you, in the name of god almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all the wide stretch'd honours that pertain
By custom, and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of *France*. That you may know,
'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd;
He sends you this most memorable line,
In every branch truly demonstrative,
Willing you overlook his pedigree: [*gives the King a paper.*]
And, when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Ev'n in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
And therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Jove*:
That, if requiring fail, he may compel.
He bids you, in the bowels of the lord,

Deliver