

*Enter several in skirmish with bloody pates.*

K. Henry. We charge you on allegiance to ourselves,  
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace: —  
Pray, uncle *Glo'ster*, mitigate this strife.

1 *Serv.* Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with  
our teeth.

2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute. [*skirmish again.*

*Glou.* You of my household, leave this peevish broil,  
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3 *Serv.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man  
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,  
Inferiour to none but his majesty:

And, ere that we will suffer such a prince,  
So kind a father of the commonweal,  
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,  
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,  
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails  
Shall pitch a field when we are dead.

[*begin again.*

*Glou.* Stay, stay,  
And, if you love me as you say you do,  
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. Henry. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!  
Can you, my lord of *Winchester*, behold  
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?  
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?  
Or who should study to prefer a peace,  
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

*War.* My lord protector, yield; — yield, *Winchester*; —  
Except you mean with obstinate repulse  
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.  
You see what mischief, and what murder too,  
Hath been enacted through your enmity:  
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

*Win.* He shall submit, or I will never yield.

*Glou.*