

*K. Henry.* Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:  
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,  
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

*Tal.* I go, my lord, in heart desiring still  
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit Talbot.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Vernon, and Bassett.*

*Ver.* Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign.

*Bas.* And me, my lord, grant me the combat too.

*York.* This is my servant, hear him, noble prince.

*Som.* And this is mine, sweet *Henry*, favour him.

*K. Henry.* Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.  
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?  
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

*Ver.* With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

*Bas.* And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

*K. Henry.* What is the wrong whereon you both complain?  
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

*Bas.* Crossing the sea from *England* into *France*,  
This fellow here with sharp and carping tongue  
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;  
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves  
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks;  
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth  
About a certain question in the law,  
Argu'd betwixt the duke of *York* and him;  
With other vile and ignominious terms:  
In confutation of which rude reproach,  
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,  
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

*Ver.* And that is my petition, noble lord;  
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,  
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,  
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him,