

And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flow'r
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, *Somerſet*, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of *York*, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Henry. Good lord! what madness rules in brainſick men!
When for so slight and frivolous a cause
Such factious emulations shall arise! —

Good cousins both, of *York* and *Somerſet*,
Quiet yourselves and be again at peace.

York. Let this dissention first be try'd by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone,
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, *Somerſet*.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Baſ. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glou. Confirm it so? confounded be your strife,
And perish ye with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals! are you not ashamed
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us? —
And you, my lords, methinks, you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections:
Much less, to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness: good my lords, be friends.

K. Henry. Come hither, you that would be combatants:
Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause. —
And you, my lords, remember where we are,
In *France*, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissention in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,

How