

And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,  
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[*flourish.* Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

*The Duke of York's Palace.*

*Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.*

*York.* NOW, my good lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*,  
Our simple supper ended, give me leave  
In this close walk to satisfy myself  
In craving your opinion of my title,  
Which is infallible, to *England's* crown.

*Sal.* My lord, I long to hear it thus at full.

*War.* Sweet *York*, begin: and, if thy claim be good,  
The *Nevills* are thy subjects to command.

*York.* Then thus:

*Edward* the third, my lords, had seven sons:  
The first, *Edward* the black prince, prince of *Wales*;  
The second, *William* of *Hatfield*; and the third,  
*Lionel* duke of *Clarence*; next to whom  
Was *John* of *Gaunt*, the duke of *Lancaster*;  
The fifth was *Edmund Langley* duke of *York*;  
The sixth was *Thomas Woodstock* duke of *Gloster*;  
*William* of *Windsor* was the seventh and last.  
*Edward* the black prince dy'd before his father,  
And left behind him *Richard*, his only son,  
Who, after *Edward* the third's death, reign'd king,  
Till *Henry Bolingbroke* duke of *Lancaster*,  
The eldest son and heir of *John* of *Gaunt*,  
Crown'd by the name of *Henry* the fourth,  
Seiz'd on the realm, depos'd the rightful king,  
Sent his poor queen to *France* from whence she came,  
And him to *Pomfret*; where, as all you know,

Harmless