

Thou, *Richard*, shalt to th' duke of *Norfolk* go,
 And tell him privily of our intent. —
 You, *Edward*, shall unto my lord of *Cobham*,
 With whom the *Kentishmen* will willingly rise:
 In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
 Wealthy, and courteous, liberal, full of spirit. —
 While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more
 But that I seek occasion how to rise;
 As yet the king not privy to my drift,
 Nor any of the house of *Lancaster*?

Enter Messenger.

But, stay; what news? why com'st thou in such post?

Mes. The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,
 Intends here to besiege you in your castle:
 She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
 And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we fear
 them?

Edward and *Richard*, you shall stay with me;
 My brother *Montague* shall post to *London*:
 Let noble *Warwick*, *Cobham*, and the rest,
 Whom we have left protectors of the king,
 With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
 And trust not simple *Henry* nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not.
 And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit Montague.*]

Enter Sir John Mortimer, and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir *John* and sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine uncles,
 You are come to *Sandal* in a happy hour:
 The army of the queen means to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
 A woman's general; what should we fear? [*a march afar off.*
Edw.