

SCENE VI.

Alarum. Enter the Duke of York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me,
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons, god knows what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life or death.
Three times did *Richard* make a lane to me,
And thrice cry'd, *Courage, father! fight it out!*
And full as oft came *Edward* to my side,
With purple falchin painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And, when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cry'd, *Charge! and give no foot of ground!*
And cry'd, *A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!
With this we charg'd again: but, out alas!
We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with overmatching waves.

[*a short alarum within.*]

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland, the Prince of Wales, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:

I am