

I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud *Plantagenet*!

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm
With downright payment shew'd unto my father.
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:

And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heav'n,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no farther;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desp'rate thieves, all hopeles of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O *Clifford*, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'errun my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue that slanders him with cowardise,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows twice two for one.

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant *Clifford*! for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the traitor's life: —
Wrath makes him deaf; speak thou, *Northumberland*.

North. Hold, *Clifford*; do not honour him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages,
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

[they take York prisoner.]

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;

VOL. IV.

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