

So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

*North.* What would your grace have done unto him now?

*Q. Mar.* Brave warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,  
Come make him stand upon this molehill here,  
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,  
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand. —

What, was it you that would be *England's* king?

Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,

And made a preachment of your high descent?

Where are your messes of sons to back you now,

The wanton *Edward*, and the lusty *George*?

And where's that valiant crookback prodigy,

*Dicky* your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling *Rutland*?

Look, *York*; I stain'd this napkin with the blood

That valiant *Clifford* with his rapier's point

Made issue from the bosom of the boy:

And, if thine eyes can water for his death,

I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

Alas, poor *York*! but that I hate thee deadly,

I should lament thy miserable state.

I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, *York*.

What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,

That not a tear can fall for *Rutland's* death?

Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;

And I, to make thee mad do mock thee thus:

Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;

*York* cannot speak unless he wear a crown.

A crown for *York*; — and, lords, bow low to him:

Hold you his hands whilst I do set it on.

[*putting a paper crown on his head.*]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king:

Ay, this is he that took king *Henry's* chair,

And this is he was his adopted heir.

But