

I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord *Northumberland*?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.

[*stabbing him.*

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.

[*stabs him also.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious god!
My soul flies through these wounds, to seek out thee. [*dies.*

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on *York* gates;
So *York* may overlook the town of *York*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Marches of Wales.

A March. Enter *Edward Plantagenet*, *Richard Plantagenet*,
and their *Power*.

EDWARD.

I Wonder, how our princely father scap'd;
Or whether he be scap'd away, or no,
From *Clifford's* and *Northumberland's* pursuit.
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or, had he scap'd, methinks, we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape. —
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about,
And watch'd him how he singled *Clifford* forth:
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,

As