

Edw. O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all.

Mef. Environed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of *Troy*
Against the *Greeks* that would have enter'd *Troy*.
But *Hercules* himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd,
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting *Clifford* and the queen;
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite,
Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheek,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* slain:
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of *York*
They set the same; and there it doth remain
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of *York*, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay. —
O *Clifford* boist'rous *Clifford*, thou hast slain
The flower of *Europe* for his chivalry,
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him;
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee. —
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again;
Never, o, never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden:
For th' selfsame wind that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fire up all my breast,

And