

And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.  
To weep, is to make less the depth of grief;  
Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me!  
*Richard*, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,  
Or die renowned by attempting it.

*Edw.* His name that valiant duke hath left with thee:  
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

*Rich.* Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,  
Show thy descent, by gazing 'gainst the sun:<sup>a</sup>  
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say,  
Either they're thine, or else thou wert not his.

*March.* Enter Warwick, Marquiss of Montague, and their Army.

*War.* How now, fair lords? what fare? what news abroad?

*Rich.* Great lord of *Warwick*, if we should recount  
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliv'rance  
Stab poniards in our flesh, till all were told,  
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.  
O valiant lord, the duke of *York* is slain.

*Edw.* O *Warwick*! *Warwick*! that *Plantagenet*  
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,  
Is by the stern lord *Clifford* done to death.

*War.* Ten days ago, I drown'd these news in tears:  
And now, to add more measure to your woes,  
I come to tell you things sith then befall'n.  
After the bloody fray at *Wakefield* fought,  
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,  
Tidings, as swiftly as the post could run,  
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.  
I then in *London*, keeper of the king,  
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,  
March'd towards saint *Alban's* t' intercept the queen,  
Bearing the king in my behalf along:  
For by my scouts I was advertised

[<sup>a</sup> It is observed by Naturalists, that the Eagle holds up its brood, as soon as hatch'd, to the sun, to prove whether they are genuine or not. Dr. Grey.]