

That she was coming, with a full intent  
 To dash our late decree in parliament,  
 Touching king *Henry's* oath, and your succession.  
 Short tale to make, we at saint *Alban's* met,  
 Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:  
 But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,  
 Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,  
 That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;  
 Or whether 'twas report of her success,  
 Or more than common fear of *Clifford's* rigour,  
 Who thunders to his captives blood and death,  
 I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,  
 Their weapons like to lightning came and went;  
 Our soldiers', like the nightowl's lazy flight,  
 Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,  
 Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.  
 I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,  
 With promise of high pay and great reward:  
 But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,  
 And we, in them, no hope to win the day,  
 So that we fled; the king unto the queen,  
 Lord *George* your brother, *Norfolk*, and myself,  
 In haste, post haste, are come to join with you:  
 For in the marches here we heard you were,  
 Making another head to fight again.

*Edw.* Where is the duke of *Norfolk*, gentle *Warwick*?  
 And when came *George* from *Burgundy* to *England*?

*War.* Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;  
 And for your brother, he was lately sent  
 From your kind aunt, dutchess of *Burgundy*,  
 With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

*Rich.* 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant *Warwick* fled:  
 Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit;  
 But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

*War.* Nor now my scandal, *Richard*, dost thou hear:  
 For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine