

Edw. Lord *Warwick*, on thy shoulder will I lean,
And when thou fail'st (as god forbid the hour!)
Must *Edward* fall, which peril heav'n forefend!

War. No longer earl of *March*, but duke of *York*;
The next degree is *England's* royal throne:
For king of *England* shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along:
And he, that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King *Edward*, valiant *Richard*, *Montague*,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, *Clifford*, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums: — god, and saint *George* for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

Mes. The duke of *Norfolk* sends you word by me
The queen is coming with a puissant host,
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it forts; brave warriors, let's away!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III.

York.

*Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland,
and the Prince of Wales, with Drums and Trumpets.*

Q. Mar. WELCOME, my lord, to this brave town of *York*!
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

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K. Henry.