

Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart  
To hold thine own, and leave thine own to him.

K. Henry. Full well hath *Clifford* play'd the orator,  
Inferring arguments of mighty force:

But, *Clifford*, tell me, didst thou never hear,  
That things ill gotten have had bad success?

And happy *always* was it for that son,  
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;  
And would my father had left me no more!

For all the rest is held at such a rate,  
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,  
Than in possession any jot of pleasure. —

Ah, cousin *York*, 'would thy best friends did know  
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh,  
And this soft courage makes your followers faint:

You promis'd knighthood to our forward son,  
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently. —

*Edward*, kneel down.

K. Henry. *Edward Plantagenet*, arise a knight,  
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,  
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,  
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Mes. Royal commanders, be in readiness;  
For with a band of thirty thousand men

Comes *Warwick*, backing of the duke of *York*:

And in the towns as they do march along

Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.

Darraign your battle, they are near at hand.

Clif. I would your highness would depart the field:  
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar.