

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Henry. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:

Unsheath your sword, good father; cry, saint *George*!

SCENE IV.

March. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Clarence, Norfolk,
Montague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd *Henry*, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. Mar. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy:
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him by new act of parliament
To blot out me and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the father, but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot speak.

Clif. Ay, crookback, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy fort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young *Rutland*, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old *York*, and yet not satisfy'd.

Rich. For god's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, *Henry*, wilt thou yield the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd *Warwick*, dare you
speak?

When you and I met at saint *Alban*'s last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War.