

*War.* Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

*Clif.* You said so much before, and yet you fled.

*War.* 'Twas not your valour, *Clifford*, drove me thence.

*North.* No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

*Rich.* *Northumberland*, I hold thee reverently.

Break off the parley; scarce I can refrain

The execution of my bigswoln heart

Upon that *Clifford*, that cruel child-killer.

*Clif.* I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?

*Rich.* Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,  
As thou didst kill our tender brother *Rutland*:  
But ere sun set I'll make thee curse the deed.

*K. Henry.* Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

*Q. Mar.* Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

*K. Henry.* I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;  
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

*Clif.* My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here  
Cannot be cur'd by words, therefore be still.

*Rich.* Then, execution, reuntheath thy sword:  
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd  
That *Clifford's* manhood lies upon his tongue.

*Edw.* Say, *Henry*, shall I have my right or no?  
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,  
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

*War.* If thou deny, their blood upon thy head!  
For *York* in justice puts his armour on.

*Prince.* If that be right which *Warwick* says is right,  
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

*Rich.* Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;  
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

*Q. Mar.* But thou art neither like thy fire nor dam,  
But like a foul mishapen stigmatick,  
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,  
As venomous toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

*Rich.* Iron of *Naples* hid with *English* gilt,  
Whose father bears the title of a king,

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