

(As if a channel should be call'd the sea)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy baseborn heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callat know herself. —

Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be *Menelaus*;
And ne'er was *Agamemnon's* brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.

His father revell'd in the heart of *France*,
And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin stoop :
And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day.

But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor fire with his bridal day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a show'r for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of *France*,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home :
For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept,
And we in pity of the gentle king
Had slip'd our claim until another age.

Cla. But, when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root :
And, though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this resolution I defy thee,
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak. —
Sound trumpets! — let our bloody colours wave! —
And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, *Edward* —

Edw.