

Post. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
*Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.*

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is *Warwick* friends with *Margaret*?

Post. Ay, gracious sov'reign, they're so link'd in friendship,
The young prince *Edward* marries *Warwick's* daughter.

Cla. Belike, the younger; *Clarence* will have the elder.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to *Warwick's* other daughter,
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferiour to yourself. —
You that love me and *Warwick*, follow me.

[*Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.*

Glo. Not I: my thoughts aim at a further matter:
I stay not for the love of *Edward*, but the crown.

[*aside.*

K. Edw. *Clarence* and *Somerset* both gone to *Warwick*!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desp'rate case:
Pembroke, and *Stafford*, you in our behalf
Go, levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or will soon be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*

But, ere I go, *Hastings*, and *Montague*,
Resolve my doubt: you twain of all the rest
Are near to *Warwick* by blood and by alliance;
Tell me, if you love *Warwick* more than me.
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends.
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont.