

Mont. So god help *Montague*, as he proves true!

Hast. And *Hastings*, as he favours *Edward's* cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother *Richard*, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why, so; then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence, and lose no hour

Till we meet *Warwick* with his foreign power.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

In Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick, and Oxford, with French Soldiers.

War. **T**RUST me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people swarm by numbers to us.

Enter Clarence, and Somerset.

But see where *Somerset* and *Clarence* come:—

Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Cla. O! fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle *Clarence*, welcome unto *Warwick*;
And welcome, *Somerset*: I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful, where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think, that *Clarence*, *Edward's* brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, friend, my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprize and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found th' adventure very easy:
That as *Ulysses* and stout *Diomedes*
With flight and manhood stole to *Rhesus's* tents,

VOL. IV.

K k

And