

*Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French  
Soldiers, silent all.*

*War.* This is his tent; and see, where stands his guard:  
Courage, my masters; honour now, or never!  
But follow me, and *Edward* shall be ours.

*1 Watch.* Who goes there?

*2 Watch.* Stay, or thou diest

*[Warwick and the rest cry all, Warwick! Warwick! and set  
upon the guard, who fly, crying, Arms! Arms! Warwick  
and the rest following them.]*

*The Drum beating, and Trumpets sounding.*

*Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out  
in a gown, sitting in a chair; Gloucester and Hastings flying  
over the Stage.*

*Som.* What are they that fly there?

*War.* *Richard* and *Hastings*: let them go, here is  
The duke.

*K. Edw.* The duke! why, *Warwick*, when we parted  
Thou call'dst me king.

*War.* Ay, but the case is alter'd:  
When you disgrac'd me in my ambassage,  
Then I degraded you from being king,  
And come now to create you duke of *York*.  
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,  
That know not how to use ambassadors,  
Nor how to be contented with one wife,  
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,  
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,  
Nor how to shrowd yourself from enemies?

*K. Edw.* Brother of *Clarence*, and art thou here too?  
Nay, then I see that *Edward* must needs down.  
Yet, *Warwick*, in despite of all mischance,  
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,

K k 2

*Edward*