

Yet *Edward*, at the least, is duke of *York*.

*Mayor*. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

*K. Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,  
As being well content with that alone.

*Glo.* But when the fox has once got in his nose,  
He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*aside*.

*Hast.* Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?  
Open the gates, we are king *Henry's* friends.

*Mayor*. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.  
[*he descends*.

*Glo.* A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon!

*Hast.* The good old man would fain that all were well,  
So 'twere not long of him: but, being enter'd,  
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade  
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

*Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen.*

*K. Edw.* So, master mayor; these gates must not be shut  
But in the night, or in the time of war.  
What, fear not, man, but yield me up the keys; [*takes his keys*.  
For *Edward* will defend the town and thee,  
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

*March. Enter Montgomery, with Drum and Soldiers.*

*Glo.* Brother, this is sir *John Montgomery*,  
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

*K. Edw.* Welcome, sir *John*; but why come you in arms?

*Mont.* To help king *Edward* in his time of storm,  
As every loyal subject ought to do.

*K. Edw.* Thanks, good *Montgom'ry*: but we now forget  
Our title to the crown, and only claim  
Our dukedom, till god please to send the rest.

*Mont.* Then fare you well, for I will hence again;  
I came to serve a king, and not a duke: —  
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*the drum begins a march*.

L 1 2

*K. Edw.*