

K. Edw. Nay, stay, sir *John*, a while; and we'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit, now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And *Henry* but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be *Edward's* champion.

Hast. Sound trumpet; *Edward* shall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation. [flourish.]

Sold. *Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of England
and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.*

Mont. And whoso'er gainsays king *Edward's* right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[throws down his gauntlet.]

All. Long live *Edward* the fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave *Montgomery*; and thanks to all:
If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here at *York*:
And, when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards *Warwick* and his mates;
For well I wot that *Henry* is no soldier. —
Ah, froward *Clarence*, evil it befalls thee
To flatter *Henry*, and forsake thy brother!
Yet as we may, we'll meet both thee and *Warwick*. —

Come