

K. Henry. Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord, and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Henry. Sweet *Oxford*, and my loving *Montague*,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell!

War. Farewel, sweet lords; let's meet at *Coventry*. [*Exeunt.*

K. Henry. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of *Exeter*, what thinks your lordship?

Methinks, the pow'r that *Edward* hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Henry. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame:
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears.
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
Then why should they love *Edward* more than me?
No, *Exeter*, these graces challenge grace:
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within: a Lancaster! a Lancaster!*

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, &c. with Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd *Henry*, bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us king of *England*. —
You are the fount that make small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher, by their ebb. —
Hence with him to the tower; let him not speak.

[*Ex. with King Henry.*

And, lords, to *Coventry* bend we our course,

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