

Where peremptory *Warwick* now remains.  
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,  
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

*Glo.* Away betimes, before his forces join,  
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:  
Brave warriors, march amain towards *Coventry*. [Exeunt.

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## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Before the walls of Coventry.*

*Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers and others, upon the Walls.*

WARWICK.

WHERE is the post that came from valiant *Oxford*?  
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1 *Mess.* By this at *Dunsmore*, marching hitherward.

*War.* How far off is our brother *Montague*?

Where is the post that came from *Montague*?

2 *Mess.* By this at *Daintry*, with a puissant troop.

*Enter Somerville.*

*War.* Say, *Somerville*, what says my loving son?  
And, by thy guess, how nigh is *Clarence* now?

*Somerv.* At *Southam* I did leave him with his forces,  
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

*War.* Then *Clarence* is at hand, I hear his drum.

*Somerv.* It is not his, my lord; here *Southam* lies:  
The drum your honour hears, marcheth from *Warwick*.

*War.* Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

*Somerv.* They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

*March. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and Soldiers.*

*K. Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

*Glo.*