

*Glo.* See how the surly *Warwick* mans the wall.

*War.* O unbid spite! is sportful *Edward* come?  
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,  
That we could hear no news of his repair?

*K. Edw.* Now, *Warwick*, wilt thou ope the city gates,  
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,  
Call *Edward* king, and at his hands beg mercy?  
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

*War.* Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,  
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,  
Call *Warwick* patron, and be penitent?  
And thou shalt still remain the duke of *York*.

*Glo.* I thought, at least he would have said the king;  
Or did he make the jest against his will?

*War.* Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

*Glo.* Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:  
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

*War.* 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

*K. Edw.* Why, then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwick's* gift.

*War.* Thou art no *Atlas* for so great a weight:  
And, weakling! *Warwick* takes his gift again,  
And *Henry* is my king, *Warwick* his subject.

*K. Edw.* But *Warwick's* king is *Edward's* prisoner:  
And, gallant *Warwick*, do but answer this,  
What is the body when the head is off?

*Glo.* Alas! that *Warwick* had no more forecast,  
But, while he thought to steal the single ten,  
The king was sily finger'd from the deck;  
You left poor *Henry* at the bishop's palace,  
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the tower.

*K. Edw.* 'Tis even so; yet you are *Warwick* still.

*Glo.* Come, *Warwick*, take the time, kneel down, kneel down:  
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

*War.* I'd rather chop this hand off at a blow,  
And with the other fling it at thy face,  
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.

*K. Edw.*