

SCENE VIII.

*The Palace in London.**Enter King Edward, Queen, Clarence, Gloucester, Hastings, Nurse, and Attendants.*

K. Edw. **O**NCE more we sit on *England's* royal throne,
 Repurchas'd with the blood of enemies :
 What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
 Have we mow'd down in top of all their pride ?
 Three dukes of *Somerset*, threefold renown'd
 For hardy and undoubted champions :
 Two *Cliffords*, as the father and the son ;
 And two *Northumberlands* ; two braver men
 Ne'er spur'd their courfers at the trumpet's sound :
 With them the two brave bears, *Warwick* and *Montague*,
 That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
 And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
 Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
 And made our footstool of security. —
 Come hither, *Bess*, and let me kiss my boy : —
 Young *Ned*, for thee, thine uncles and myself
 Have in our armours watch'd the winter night,
 Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
 That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace ;
 And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were lay'd ; [*aside.*]
 For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
 This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave ;
 And heave it shall some weight, or break my back : —
 Work thou the way, and that shall execute. [*pointing to his head.*]

K. Edw. *Clarence* and *Glo'ster*, love my lovely queen,
 And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Cla. The duty that I owe your majesty
 I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Queen.