

*When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Marg'ret was a prophetess. —
Come, firs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[Exit Buckingham, with Officers.*

S C E N E II.

The Camp, near Tamworth.

*Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with
Drum and Colours.*

Richm. **F**ELLOWS in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father *Stanley*
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
Swill'd your warm blood like wash, and made his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms; this foul swine
Lies now ev'n in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of *Leicester*, as we learn:
From *Tamworth* thither is but one day's march.
In god's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Ev'ry man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear,
Which in his greatest need will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in god's name, march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E