

North. That were some love but little policy. 84
Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
 Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here; Better far off, than near, be ne'er the near. 88
 Go, count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.
Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.
K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
 And piece the way out with a heavy heart. 92
 Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief, Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief. One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
 Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. 96
[They kiss.]
Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part
 To take on me to keep and kill thy heart. *[They kiss again.]*
 So, now I have mine own again, be gone, That I may strive to kill it with a groan. 100
K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
 Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in the DUKE OF YORK'S Palace.**Enter YORK and his DUCHESS.*

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
 When weeping made you break the story off, Of our two cousins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave?
Duch. At that sad stop, my lord, 4
 Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
 Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.
York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
 Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed, 8
 Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
 With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
 While all tongues cried, 'God save thee, Bolingbroke!'
 You would have thought the very windows spake, 12
 So many greedy looks of young and old
 Through casements darted their desiring eyes
 Upon his visage, and that all the walls
 With painted imagery had said at once 16
 'Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!' Whist he, from one side to the other turning,
 Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
 Bespake them thus, 'I thank you, countrymen.'
 And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along. 21
Duch. Alack, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage, 24
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
 Did scowl on Richard: no man cried, 'God save him!'
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home; But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off, His face still combating with tears and smiles, 32
 The badges of his grief and patience,
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 And barbarism itself have pitied him. 36
 But heaven hath a hand in these events,
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
 To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow. 40
Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.
York. Aumerle that was;
 But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
 And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.
 I am in parliament pledge for his truth 44
 And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Welcome, my son: who are the violets now
 That strew the green lap of the new come spring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not: 48
 God knows I had as lief be none as one.
York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
 Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
 What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs? 52
Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.
York. You will be there, I know.
Aum. If God prevent it not, I purpose so.
York. What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom? 56
Aum. Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.
York. My lord, 'tis nothing.
Aum. No matter then, who sees it:
 I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me: 60
 It is a matter of small consequence,
 Which for some reasons I would not have seen.
York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
 I fear, I fear,—
Duch. What should you fear? 64
 'Tis nothing but some bond he's enter'd into
 For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.
York. Bound to himself! what doth he with a bond
 That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool. 68
 Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say. *[Snatches it, and reads.]*
 Treason! foul treason! villain! traitor! slave! 72
Duch. What is the matter, my lord?
York. Ho! who is within there?

Enter a Servant.

Saddle my horse.
 God for his mercy! what treachery is here!
Duch. Why, what is it, my lord? 76
York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse.
 Now, by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
 I will appeach the villain. *[Exit Servant.]*
Duch. What's the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman. 80
Duch. I will not peace. What is the matter, Aumerle?
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
 Than my poor life must answer.
Duch. Thy life answer!
York. Bring me my boots: I will unto the king. 84

Re-enter Servant with boots.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.
[To Servant.] Hence, villain! never more come in my sight. *[Exit Servant.]*
York. Give me my boots, I say.
Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do? 88
 Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own? Have we more sons, or are we like to have? Is not my teeming date drunk up with time? And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
 And rob me of a happy mother's name? 93
 Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond, mad woman,
 Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy? 96
 A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
 And interchangeably set down their hands,
 To kill the king at Oxford.
Duch. He shall be none;
 We'll keep him here: then, what is that to him?
York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times 101
 My son, I would appeach him.
Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him
 As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
 But now I know thy mind: thou dost suspect
 That I have been disloyal to thy bed, 105
 And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
 Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
 He is as like thee as a man may be, 108
 Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
 And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman! *[Exit.]*
Duch. After, Aumerle! Mount thee upon his horse;
 Spur post, and get before him to the king, 112
 And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
 I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
 I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
 And never will I rise up from the ground 116
 Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away!
 be gone. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*Windsor. A Room in the Castle.**Enter BOLINGBROKE as King; HENRY PERCY, and other Lords.*

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son? 'Tis full three months since I did see him last.
 If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
 I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
 Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
 For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
 With unrestrained loose companions,
 Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes 8
 And beat our watch and rob our passengers;
 While he, young wanton and effeminate boy,
 Takes on the point of honour to support
 So dissolute a crew. 12
H. Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
 And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.
Boling. And what said the gallant?
H. Percy. His answer was: he would unto the stews, 16
 And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
 And wear it as a favour; and with that
 He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.
Boling. As dissolute as desperate; yet, through both, 20
 I see some sparkles of a better hope,
 Which elder days may happily bring forth.
 But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE.

Aum. Where is the king?
Boling. What means
 Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?
Aum. God save your Grace! I do beseech your majesty, 25
 To have some conference with your Grace alone.
Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone. *[Exeunt H. PERCY and Lords.]*
 What is the matter with our cousin now?
Aum. *[Kneels.]* For ever may my knees grow to the earth, 29
 My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
 Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.
Boling. Intended or committed was this fault?
 If on the first, how heinous e'er it be, 33
 To win thy after-love I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
 That no man enter till my tale be done. 36
Boling. Have thy desire.

[AUMERLE locks the door.]

York. *[Within.]* My liege, beware! look to thyself;
 Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there. 39
Boling. *[Drawing.]* Villain, I'll make thee safe.
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast no cause to fear.
York. *[Within.]* Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king:
 Shall I for love speak treason to thy face? 44
 Open the door, or I will break it open.
[BOLINGBROKE unlocks the door; and afterwards relocks it.]

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak; Recover breath; tell us how near is danger, That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know

The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise pass'd:

I do repent me; read not my name there; My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;

Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.

Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove

A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!

O loyal father of a treacherous son!

Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,

From whence this stream through muddy passages

Hath held his current and defil'd himself!

Thy overflow of good converts to bad,

And thy abundant goodness shall excuse

This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd, And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,

As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.

Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,

Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:

Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,

The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [Within.] What ho, my liege! for God's sake let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

Duch. [Within.] A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door:

A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,

And now chang'd to 'The Beggar and the King.' My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:

I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

[AUMERLE unlocks the door.]

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,

More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.

This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;

This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. O king! believe not this hard-hearted man:

Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient. [Kneels.]

Hear me, gentle liege.

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech.

For ever will I walk upon my knees,

And never see day that the happy sees,

Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,

By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy. 95

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee. [Kneels.]

York. Against them both my true joints bended be. [Kneels.]

Ill mayst thou thrive if thou grant any grace!

Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest; His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:

He prays but faintly and would be denied; We pray with heart and soul and all beside:

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know; Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy; Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.

Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have

That mercy which true prayer ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say 'stand up;' But 'pardon' first, and afterwards 'stand up.'

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach, 'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now; Say 'pardon,' king; let pity teach thee how:

The word is short, but not so short as sweet; No word like 'pardon,' for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king; say, 'pardonnez moy.'

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?

Ah! my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord, That set'st the word itself against the word.

Speak 'pardon' as 'tis current in our land; The chopping French we do not understand.

Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there, Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,

That hearing how our complaints and prayers do pierce,

Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand; Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee! Yet am I sick for fear; speak it again;

Twice saying 'pardon' doth not pardon twain, But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law and the abbot,

With all the rest of that consorted crew, Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.

Good uncle, help to order several powers To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:

They shall not live within this world, I swear, But I will have them, if I once know where.

Uncle, farewell: and cousin too, adieu:

Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son: I pray God make thee new. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Another Room in the Castle.

Enter EXTON and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?

'Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?' Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. 'Have I no friend?' quoth he: he spake it twice,

And urg'd it twice together, did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And speaking it, he wistly looked on me,

As who should say, 'I would thou wert the man That would divorce this terror from my heart;'

Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go: I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.

Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare

This prison where I live unto the world: And for because the world is populous,

And here is not a creature but myself, I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer it out.

My brain I'll prove the female to my soul; My soul the father: and these two beget

A generation of still-breeding thoughts, And these same thoughts people this little world

In humours like the people of this world. For no thought is contented. The better sort,

As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd With scruples, and do set the word itself

Against the word:

As thus, 'Come, little ones;' and then again, 'It is as hard to come as for a camel

To thread the postern of a needle's eye.' Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot

Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails May tear a passage through the flinty ribs

Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls; And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.

Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,

Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,

That many have and others must sit there: And in this thought they find a kind of ease,

Bearing their own misfortune on the back Of such as have before endur'd the like.

Thus play I in one person many people, And none contented: sometimes am I king;

Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar, And so I am: then crushing penury

Persuades me I was better when a king; Then am I king'd again; and by and by

Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke, And straight am nothing: but whate'er I be,

Nor I nor any man that but man is With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd

With being nothing. Music do I hear? [Music.] Ha, ha! keep time. How sour sweet music is

When time is broke and no proportion kept! So is it in the music of men's lives.

And here have I the daintiness of ear To check time broke in a disorder'd string;

But for the concord of my state and time Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me; For now hath time made me his numbering

clock: My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar

Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point, Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.

Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart

Which is the bell: so sighs and tears and groans Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time

Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy, While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.

This music mads me: let it sound no more; For though it have help madmen to their wits,

In me it seems it will make wise men mad. Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!

For 'tis a sign of love, and love to Richard Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom of the Stable.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer; The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

What art thou? and how comest thou hither, man,

Where no man never comes but that sad dog That brings me food to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king, When thou wert king; who, travelling towards

York,

With much ado at length have gotten leave To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.

O! how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld In London streets, that coronation day

When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary, That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,

That horse that I so carefully have dress'd.

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,

How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand; This hand hath made him proud with clapping

him. Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,—

Since pride must have a fall,—and break the neck

Of that proud man that did usurp his back?

Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse; 92
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keep. [To the Groom.] Fellow, give place;
here is no longer stay.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert
away. 96

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my
heart shall say. [Exit.]

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?
K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont
to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Ex-
ton, who lately came from the king, commands
the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster,
and thee!

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. 104
[Strikes the Keeper.]

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter EXTON and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now! what means death in
this rude assault?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's in-
strument.

[Snatching a weapon and killing one.
Go thou and fill another room in hell. 108

[He kills another: then EXTON strikes
him down.]

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy
fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's
own land. 111

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to
die. [Dies.]

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I spilt; O! would the deed were good;

For now the devil, that told me I did well, 116
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear.
Take hence the rest and give them burial here.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Windsor. An Apartment in the
Castle.

Flourish. *Enter BOLINGBROKE and YORK, with
Lords and Attendants.*

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we
hear

Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire;
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not. 4

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord. What is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all
happiness.

The next news is: I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and
Kent. 8

The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy
pains,

And to thy worth will add right worthy gains. 12

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to
London

The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors

That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow. 16

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be
forgot;

Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

*Enter HENRY PERCY, with the BISHOP OF
CARLISLE.*

H. Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of
Westminster,

With clog of conscience and sour melancholy, 20
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;

But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom: 24
Choose out some secret place, some reverend

room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;

So, as thou livest in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been, 28

High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, with Attendants bearing a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies

The mightiest of thy greatest enemies, 32
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou
hast wrought

A deed of slander with thy fatal hand
Upon my head and all this famous land. 36

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did
I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison
need.

Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered. 40

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour:

With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light. 44

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:

Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent. 48

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.

March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [Exeunt.]

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE FOURTH,
HENRY, Prince of Wales, } Sons to the King.
JOHN OF LANCASTER,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
SIR WALTER BLUNT.
THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.
HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.
HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotspur, his son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
RICHARD SCROOP, Archbishop of York.
ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.
OWEN GLENDOWER.
SIR RICHARD VERNON.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

SIR MICHAEL, a Friend to the Archbishop of York.

POINS.

GADSHILL.

PETO.

BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, Wife to Hotspur, and Sister to Mortimer.

LADY MORTIMER, Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to
Mortimer.

MISTRESS QUICKLY, Hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern
in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers,
two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE.—England.

ACT I

SCENE I.—London. The Palace.

*Enter KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, and
Others.*

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with
care,

Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils

To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote. 4
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil

Shall daub her lips with her own children's
blood;

No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs 8

Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,

All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock 12

And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,

March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies: 16

The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore,

friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,—

Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,— 21

Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's

womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields 24

Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd 28

For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,

And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear

Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree 32

In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in ques-
tion,

And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight; when all athwart there came

A post from Wales loaden with heavy news; 37
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,

Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower, 40

Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered;

Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation 44

By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems then that the tidings of
this broil

Brake off our business for the Holy Land. 48
West. This match'd with other like, my

gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news

Came from the north and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there, 52

Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,

At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;

As by discharge of their artillery, 57
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;

For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse, 60

Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true industrious
friend,

Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil 64

Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;