

# Richard Duke of York

## 4.2

*Enter the Earls of Warwick and Oxford in England,  
with French soldiers*

**WARWICK**

Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well.  
The common sort by numbers swarm to us.  
*Enter the Dukes of Clarence and Somerset*  
But see where Somerset and Clarence comes.  
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

**GEORGE OF CLARENCE** Fear not that, my lord. 5

**WARWICK**

Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick±±  
And welcome, Somerset. I hold it cowardice  
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart  
Hath pawned an open hand in sign of love,  
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother, 10  
Were but a feigneÁd friend to our proceedings.  
But come, sweet Clarence, my daughter shall be thine.  
And now what rests but, in night's coverture,  
Thy brother being carelessly encamped,  
His soldiers lurking in the towns about, 15  
And but attended by a simple guard,  
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?  
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy;  
That, as Ulysses and stout Diomed  
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents 20  
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,  
So we, well covered with the night's black mantle,  
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard  
And seize himself±±I say not `slaughter him',  
For I intend but only to surprise him. 25  
You that will follow me to this attempt,  
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

*They all cry `Henry'*

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort,  
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!  
*Exeunt*