

The First Part of the Contention

4.3

Alarums to the fight; [excursions,] wherein both the Staffords are slain. Enter Jack Cade, Dick the Butcher, and the rest

CADE Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

BUTCHER Here, sir.

CADE They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behaved'st thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughterhouse. Therefore, thus will I reward thee±± 5
the Lent shall be as long again as it is. Thou shalt have licence to kill for a hundred, lacking one.

BUTCHER I desire no more.

CADE And to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less.

[He apparels himself in the Staffords' armour]

This monument of the victory will I bear, and the 10
bodies shall be dragged at my horse heels till I do come to London, where we will have the Mayor's sword borne before us.

BUTCHER If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the jails and let out the prisoners. 15

CADE Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London.

Exeunt, [dragging the Staffords' bodies]