

The First Part of the Contention

5.3

[Alarum again.] Enter the Earl of Warwick

WARWICK

Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
An if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms!

5

CLIFFORD *(within)*

Warwick, stand still; and stir not till I come.
Enter the Duke of York

WARWICK

How now, my noble lord? What, all afoot?

YORK

The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed.
But match to match I have encountered him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

10

Enter Lord Clifford

WARWICK *(to Clifford)*

Of one or both of us the time is come.

YORK

Hold, Warwick—seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

15

WARWICK

Then nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.
(To Clifford) As I intend, Clifford, to thrive today,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassailed.

Exit

YORK

Clifford, since we are singled here alone,
Be this the day of doom to one of us.
For know my heart hath sworn immortal hate
To thee and all the house of Lancaster.

20

CLIFFORD

And here I stand and pitch my foot to thine,

Vowing not to stir till thou or I be slain. 25
For never shall my heart be safe at rest
Till I have spoiled the hateful house of York.

Alarums. They fight. York kills Clifford

YORK

Now, Lancaster, sit sure±±thy sinews shrink.
Come, fearful Henry, grovelling on thy face±±
Yield up thy crown unto the prince of York. 30

Exit

Alarums, then enter Young Clifford

YOUNG CLIFFORD

Shame and confusion, all is on the rout!
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O, war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part 35
Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly!
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.

He sees his father's body

O, let the vile world end,

40

And the premiseÁd flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together.
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease! Wast thou ordaineÁd, dear father, 45
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of adviseÁd age,
And in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight
My heart is turned to stone, and while 'tis mine 50
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes. Tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,
And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax. 55
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity.

Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did.
In cruelty will I seek out my fame. 60

Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house,
He takes his father's body up on his back

As did Aeneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders.
But then Aeneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

65

Exit with the body