

Richard Duke of York

5.2

Alarum and excursions. Enter King Edward bringing forth the Earl of Warwick, wounded

KING EDWARD

So lie thou there. Die thou, and die our fear±±
For Warwick was a bug that feared us all.
Now, Montague, sit fast±±I seek for thee
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

Exit

WARWICK

Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend or foe, 5
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? My mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth
And by my fall the conquest to my foe. 10
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch over-peered Jove's spreading tree
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind. 15
These eyes, that now are dimmed with death's black
veil,
Have been as piercing as the midday sun
To search the secret treasons of the world.
The wrinkles in my brows, now filled with blood,
Were likened oft to kingly sepulchres±± 20
For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo now my glory smeared in dust and blood.
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands 25
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter the Earl of Oxford and the Duke of Somerset

SOMERSET

Ah, Warwick, Warwick±±wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again. 30
The Queen from France hath brought a puissant
power.

Even now we heard the news. Ah, couldst thou fly!

WARWICK

Why, then I would not fly. Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while. 35
Thou lov'st me not±±for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealeÁd blood
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

SOMERSET

Ah, Warwick±±Montague hath breathed his last, 40
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said `Commend me to my valiant brother.'
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a canon in a vault,
That mote not be distinguished; but at last 45
I well might hear, delivered with a groan,
`O, farewell, Warwick.'

WARWICK

Sweet rest his soul. Fly, lords, and save yourselves±±
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.
He dies

OXFORD

Away, away±±to meet the Queen's great power! 50
Here they bear away Warwick's body. Exeunt