

WESTMORLAND Side

KING HENRY IV

Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmorland,
What yesternight our Council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.

EARL OF WESTMORLAND

My liege, this haste was hot in question.
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight, when all athwart there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news,
Whose worst was that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herfordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered,
Upon whose dead corpse' there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

KING HENRY IV

It seems then that the tidings of this broil

Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

EARL OF WESTMORLAND

This match'd with other did, 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,

Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,

That ever-valiant and approved Scot,

At Holmedon met,

Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,