

Don—My father's name is William, and
My mother's name is Anne, and I am
Lest you be here, I have a letter to you
And come you shall see it is a letter to you

Give—Leave that, then, good William, if you dare
To the old lady, she is a woman of war
Tell him that we are here, that on the plain
Nathan's undoubted right you will maintain
To-day great William's name shall be renowned,
With his own hands shall adorn his crown.

Don—My lord, I take my leave, but not ere night
You'll have your own hands and do the fight

[Exit Donnington]
Hark—Then, my lords, to the field; but rise my lords,
Attack the old lady, she is a woman of war
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Mac—My lords, to the field, to the field
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For on our own hands we shall do the fight
[They all draw]