

Urge the necessity and state of times;
And be not peevish found in great designs.

Queen. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt you to do good.

Queen. Shall I forget myself to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Queen. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them;
Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Queen. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Queen. I go, write to me shortly. [Exit Queen.]

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell; —
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

S C E N E VI.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. Most mighty sov'reign on the western coast
Rides a puissant navy: to our shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.
'Tis thought that *Richmond* is their admiral:
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some lightfoot friend post to the duke of *Norfolk*,
Ratcliff, thyself, or *Catesby*; where is he?

Cates. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. *Catesby*, fly to the duke.

Cates. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. *Ratcliff*, come hither, post to *Salisbury*;
When thou com'st thither, — dull unmindful villain, [to *Catesby*.
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

Cates. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich.