

K. Rich. O, true, good *Catesby*; — bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at *Salisbury*.

Cates. I go.

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at *Salisbury*? [Exit.]

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd. —

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing,
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!
Why dost thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. *Richmond* is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sov'reign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess.

Stan. Stirr'd up by *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,
He makes for *England*, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of *York* is there alive, but we?
And who is *England's* king, but great *York's* heir?
Then, tell me, what makes him upon the sea?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You can not guess wherefore the *Welshman* comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege, therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then to beat him back?
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers?

Are