

Mef. The news I have to tell your majesty,
Is, that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Mef. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mef. Sir *Thomas Lovel*, and lord marquiss *Dorset*,
'Tis said, my liege, in *Yorkshire* are in arms:
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,
The *Bretagne* navy is dispers'd by tempest.
Richmond in *Dorsetshire* sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no?
Who answer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for *Bretagne*.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. My liege, the duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
That is the best news; that the earl of *Richmond*
Is with a mighty pow'r landed at *Milford*,
Is colder news, but yet it must be told.

K. Rich. Away tow'ards *Salisbury*; while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost: —
Some one take order, *Buckingham* be brought
To *Salisbury*; — the rest march on with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE