

S C E N E VII.

*Lord Stanley's House.**Enter Lord Stanley, and Sir Christopher Urswick.*

Stan. **S**IR Christopher, tell *Richmond* this from me;
 That, in the sty of this most bloody boar,
 My son *George Stanley* is frank'd up in hold:
 If I revolt, off goes young *George's* head;
 The fear of that holds off my present aid.
 So get thee gone; commend me to thy lord:
 Say too, the queen hath heartily consented
 He should espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter.
 But, tell me, where is princely *Richmond* now?

Chri. At *Pembroke*, or at *Hav'rford-West* in *Wales*.

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned soldier,
 Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, and sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembroke*, sir *James Blunt*,
 And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant crew,
 And many other of great name and worth:
 And towards *London* do they bend their power,
 If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord: I kiss his hand;
 My letter will resolve him of my mind.
 Farewel!

[*Exeunt.*]