

S C E N E III.

*Bosworth Field.**Enter King Richard in arms, with Norfolk, Ratcliff, and Catesby.*

K. Rich. **H**ERE pitch our tents, even here in *Bosworth* field.—
 Why how now, *Catesby*, why look'st thou so sad?

Catesb. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My lord of *Norfolk*,—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. *Norfolk*, we must have knocks: ha, must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent: here will I lie to-night;
 But where to-morrow?—well, all's one for that.—

Who hath descry'd the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or sev'n thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalion trebles that account:

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse faction want.—

Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground.

Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's want no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, Dorset, Blunt,
 and others.*

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,

And, by the bright tract of his fiery car,

Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.—

Sir *William Brandon*, you shall bear my standard:—

The earl of *Pembroke* keep his regiment;—

Good captain *Blunt*, bear my good night to him,

And by the second hour in the morning

Desire the earl to see me in my tent.

Yet one thing more, good *Blunt*, before thou goest;

Where