

Where is lord *Stanley* quarter'd, dost thou know?

*Blunt.* Unless I have mista'en his colours much,  
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done)  
His regiment lies half a mile at least  
South from the mighty power of the king.

*Richm.* If without peril it be possible,  
Sweet *Blunt*, make some good means to speak with him,  
And give him from me this most needful note.

*Blunt.* Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it.

*Richm.* Give me some ink and paper; in my tent  
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,  
Limit each leader to his several charge,  
And part in just proportion our small strength.  
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;  
In to our tent, the air is raw and cold. [*they withdraw into the tent.*]

*Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, and Catesby.*

*K. Rich.* What is't o'clock?

*Cates.* It's supper time, my lord;  
It's nine o'clock.

*K. Rich.* I will not sup to-night.  
What, is my beaver easier than it was?  
And all my armour lay'd into my tent?

*Cates.* It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

*K. Rich.* Good *Norfolk*, hie thee to thy charge,  
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

*Nor.* I go, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle *Norfolk*.

*Nor.* I warrant you, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

*K. Rich. Catesby,* —

*Cates.* My lord?

*K. Rich.* Send out a pursuivant at arms  
To *Stanley's* regiment; bid him bring his power  
Before sunrising, lest his son *George* fall  
Into the blind cave of eternal night. —

Fill me a bowl of wine: — give me a watch: — [*to Ratcliff.*  
Saddle