

Saddle white *Surrey* for the field to-morrow:  
Look that my staves be found, and not too heavy. —

*Ratcliff*, —

*Rat*. My lord?

*K. Rich*. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord *Northumberland*?

*Rat*. *Thomas* the earl of *Surrey*, and himself,  
Much about cockshut time, from troop to troop  
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

*K. Rich*. I'm satisfy'd: give me a bowl of wine.  
I have not that alacrity of spirit,  
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have. —  
There, set it down. — Is ink and paper ready?

*Rat*. It is, my lord.

*K. Rich*. Bid my guard watch, and leave me.  
About the mid of night come to my tent,  
And help to arm me. Leave me now, I say. [*Exit Ratcliff.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Richmond's Tent.*

*Enter Stanley to Richmond in his Tent.*

*Stan.* FORTUNE and victory sit on thy helm!

*Richm.* All comfort that the dark night can afford,  
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!  
Tell me, how fares it with our loving mother?

*Stan.* I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,  
Who prays continually for *Richmond's* good:  
So much for that. — The silent hours steal on,  
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.  
In brief, for so the season bids us be,  
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,  
And put thy fortune to th' arbitrement  
Of bloody strokes, and mortal staring war.  
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot)

With