

# Richard III

## 5.3

*Enter King Richard in arms, with the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Richard Ratcliffe, [Sir William Catesby, and others]*

**KING RICHARD**

Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field.

*Soldiers begin to pitch [a tent]*

Why, how now, Catesby? Why look you so sad?

**[CATESBY]**

My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

**KING RICHARD**

My lord of Norfolk.

**NORFOLK**

Here, most gracious liege.

**KING RICHARD**

Norfolk, we must have knocks. Ha, must we not?

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**NORFOLK**

We must both give and take, my loving lord.

**KING RICHARD**

Up with my tent! Here will I lie tonight.

But where tomorrow? Well, all's one for that.

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

**NORFOLK**

Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

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**KING RICHARD**

Why, our battalia 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.

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Call for some men of sound direction.

Let's lack no discipline, make no delay±±

For, lords, tomorrow is a busy day.

*Exeunt [at one door]*