

Richard III

5.2

*Enter Henry Earl of Richmond with a letter, the
Earl of Oxford, Sir James Blunt, Sir Walter
Herbert, and others, with drum and colours*

HENRY EARL OF RICHMOND

Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we marched on without impediment,
And here receive we from our father Stanley 5
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoils your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his
trough
In your inbowelled bosoms, this foul swine 10
Lies now even in the centry of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn.
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace 15
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

OXFORD

Every man's conscience is a thousand swords
To fight against this guilty homicide.

HERBERT

I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

BLUNT

He hath no friends but what are friends for fear, 20
Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

HENRY EARL OF RICHMOND

All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march.
True hope is swift, and flies with swallows' wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
Exeunt [marching]