

When I look back, 'tis terrible retreating;
I cannot bear the thought, nor dare repent: *x* *Act II.*
— I am but man; and fate do thou dispose me.

Enter CATESBY, R.H.

Who's there? *

(Rises.)
Cates. 'Tis I, my lord; the early village ~~crowd~~
Hath thrice done salutation to the morn:

Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. Oh, Catesby: I have had such hor-
rid dreams.

Cates. Shadows, my lord,—below the soldier's

K. Rich. Now, by my this day's hopes,—sha-
dows to-night

Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Arm'd all in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

Cates. Be more yourself, my lord: consider,
sir,

Were it but known a dream had frightened you,
How would your animated foes presume on't!

K. Rich. Perish the thought:—no, never be
it said

That fate itself could awe the soul of Richard,
Hence, babbling dreams! you threaten here in
vain!

* Conscience, avaunt Richard's himself again: *x* *Act II.*

(Trumpets sound a call.)

Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds to horse; away;
My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray.

(Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, Exeunt, R.H.)

* This whole line is actually given in one continued
chiasm of hapiness, within "Conscience avaunt!"
should be uttered over lower to be expressive of anti-
9 Cal. agony - the latter part only with triumphant
moderation, which not only gives variety, but force to
the expression. *J.H.H.*

* Starts as if from extreme ner-
-vousness "Who's there?" turn
lies Catesby utter "Oh!" - *scats*
against L. 76. pillar, *coming in face*
comes by his dream
— comes forward -

→ His sword which lay across and
is supported by his left arm, is
seen grasped firmly in the day
"Richard himself again!"
expressly brandishing his sword