

In storm perpetual, could not move the gods  
To look that way thou wert.

*Leo.* Go on, go on :  
Thou canst not speak too much ; I have deserv'd  
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

*Lord.* Say no more ;  
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault  
I' th' boldness of your speech.

*Pau.* I am sorry for't :  
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,  
I do repent : alas, I've show'd too much  
The rashness of a woman ; he is touch'd  
To th' noble heart. What's gone, and what's past help,  
Should be past grief : do not receive affliction  
At my petition, I beseech you ; rather  
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you  
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,  
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman  
The love I bore your queen — lo, fool again ! —  
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children :  
I'll not remember you of my own lord,  
Who is lost too. Take you your patience to you,  
And I'll say nothing.

*Leo.* Thou didst speak but well,  
When most the truth ; which I receive much better  
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me  
To the dead bodies of my queen and son ;  
One grave shall be for both : upon them shall  
The causes of their death appear unto  
Our shame perpetual : once a day, I'll visit  
The chapel where they lie ; and tears, shed there,  
Shall be my recreation. Long as nature  
Will bear up with this exercise, so long  
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me  
To these my sorrows.

[*Exeunt.*]