

As my sweet *Richard*: yet again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming tow'rd me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles, yet at something grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Busby. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire, to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself to wail,
Which, look'd on as they are, are nought but shadows
Of what they are not. Gracious queen, then weep not
More than your lord's departure; more's not seen:
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me otherwise: howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; most heavy sad.^a

Busby. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some fore-father grief; mine is not so,^b
But what it is not known; 'tis nameless wo.

^a ----- heavy sad.

As though on thinking, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Busby. 'Tis nothing -----

^b ----- mine is not so,

For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:

'Tis in reversion that I do possess;

But what it is, that is not yet known, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameless wo I wot.

Enter. Green -----

SCENE