

Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hopes linger, in extremity.

S C E N E VII.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the duke of *York*.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;
O, full of careful business are his looks. —
Uncle, for heav'n's sake, comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts;
Comfort's in heav'n, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home.
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.
Now comes the sick hour after surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was? — why, so; go all which way it will!
The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on *Hereford's* side.
Get thee to *Plasbie*, to my sister *Glo'ster*;
Bid her send presently a thousand pound:
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot
To tell, to-day I came by, and call'd there,
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is't?

Serv. An hour before I came, the dutchess dy'd.

York. Heav'n for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woful land at once!
I know not what to do: I would to heav'n,

(So