

What you will have I'll give, and willing too;
 For do we must what force will have us do. —
 Set on towards *London*. — Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say, no.

[*flourish.* *Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

A Garden.

Enter Queen, and two Ladies.

Queen. WHAT sport shall we devise here in this garden,
 To drive away the heavy thought of care?

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think, the world is full of rubs,
 And that my fortune runs against the bias.

Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
 When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
 Therefore no dancing, girl; some other sport.

Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?

Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl.

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
 It doth remember me the more of sorrow:
 Or if of grief, being altogether had,
 It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
 For what I have I need not to repeat;
 And of what I want it boots not to complain.

Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause:
 But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.

Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,

And