

And never borrow any tear of thee.

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

But stay, here come the gardeners.
Let's step into the shadow of these trees :
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state ; for every one doth so,
Against a change : wo is forerun with wo.

[queen and ladies retire.]

Gard. Go, bind thou up yond dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their fire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight :
Give some supportance to the bending twigs. —
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth :
All must be even in our government.
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm state ?
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars ?

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf :
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter
(That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,)
Are pull'd up, root and all, by *Bolingbroke* ;
I mean, the earl of *Wiltshire*, *Bushy*, *Green*.

Serv. What, are they dead ?

Gard.