

Post you to *London*, and you'll find it so;  
I speak no more than every one doth know.

*Queen.* Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,  
Doth not thy embassy belong to me?  
And am I last that know it? O, thou think'st  
To serve me last, that I may longest keep  
The sorrow in my breast. — Come, ladies, go,  
To meet, at *London*, *London's* king in wo.  
What, was I born to this! that my sad look  
Should grace the triumph of great *Bolingbroke*! —  
Gard'ner, for telling me these news of wo,  
I would the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Ex. Queen and Ladies.*]

*Gard.* Poor queen, so that thy state might be no worse,  
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.  
Here did she drop a tear; here in this place  
I'll set a bank of rue, four *herb of grace*:  
Rue, ev'n for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,  
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Ex. Gard. and Serv.*]

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## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*London.*

*Enter as to the Parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, Herald, Officers, and Bagot.*

BOLINGBROKE.

CALL *Bagot* forth. — Now freely speak thy mind,  
What thou dost know of noble *Gloster's* death:  
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd  
The bloody office of his timeless end.

*Bagot.* Then set before my face the lord *Aumerle*.

*Boling.*