

*K. Henry. Humphry, my son of Gloucester,*  
Where is the prince your brother?

*Glou.* I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at *Windsor*.

*K. Henry.* And how accompanied?

*Glou.* I do not know, my lord.

*K. Henry.* Is not his brother, *Thomas of Clarence*, with him?

*Glou.* No, my good lord, he is in presence here.

*Cla.* What would my lord and father?

*K. Henry.* Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas of Clarence*.  
How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?  
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, *Thomas*;  
Thou hast a better place in his affection  
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,  
And noble offices thou may'st effect  
Of mediation, after I am dead,  
Between his greatness and thy other brethren.  
Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love,  
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,  
By seeming cold, or careless of his will.  
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd:  
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as day, for melting charity:  
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint,  
As humourous as winter, and as sudden  
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.<sup>a</sup>  
His temper therefore must be well observ'd:  
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,  
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:  
But, being moody, give him line and scope,  
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,  
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, *Thomas*,  
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;  
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,

<sup>a</sup> Alluding to the opinion of some philosophers that the vapours being congealed in the air by cold (which is most intense towards the morning) and being afterwards rarefied and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden impetuous gusts of wind which are call'd flaws.

That