

I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.
O me! come near me, now I am much ill.

Glou. Comfort your majesty!

Cla. O, my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.

War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air: he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs:
Th' incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

Glou. The people fear it; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk (time's doting chronicles)
Say, it did so a little time before

That our great grandfire *Edward* sick'd and dy'd.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

Glou. This apoplex will, certain, be his end.

K. Henry. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, 'pray.

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,
Unless some slow and favourable hand

Will whisper musick to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the musick in the other room.

K. Henry. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.