

*Queen.* Thanks, noble *Clarence*; worthy brother, thanks.

*Glo.* And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,  
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit. —

To say the truth, so *Judas* kiss'd his master, [aside:  
And cry'd, all hail! when as he meant all harm.

*K. Edw.* Now am I seated as my soul delights,  
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

*Cla.* What will your grace have done with *Margaret*?  
*Reignier*, her father, to the king of *France*  
Hath pawn'd the *Sicils* and *Jerusalem*,  
And hither have they sent it for her ransome.

*K. Edw.* Away with her, and waft her hence to *France*.  
And now what rests, but that we spend the time  
With stately triumphs, mirthful comick shows,  
Such as besit the pleasure of the court? —  
Sound, drums and trumpets! — farewell, four annoy!  
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [Exeunt omnes.

