

And then return lamenting to my love. —
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pass.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

The Palace.

Enter the Queen, Lord Rivers, Lord Gray, and Dorset.

Riv. **H**AVE patience, madam; there's no doubt, his majesty
 Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Gray. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse;
 Therefore, for god's sake, entertain good comfort,
 And cheer his grace with quick and merry eyes.

Queen. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Gray. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

Queen. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Gray. The heav'ns have bless'd you with a goodly son
 To be your comforter when he is gone.

Queen. Ah! he is young, and his minority
 Is put unto the trust of *Richard Glo'ster*,
 A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?

Queen. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
 But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter Buckingham, and Stanley.

Gray. Here come the lords of *Buckingham* and *Stanley*.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Queen. The countess *Richmond*, good my lord of *Stanley*,
 To your good prayer will scarcely say, amen;
 Yet, *Stanley*, notwithstanding she's your wife,
 And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
 I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan.