



[Dies]

EDGAR He faints! My lord, my lord!

KENT Break, heart; I prithee, break!

EDGAR Look up, my lord.

KENT Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him much
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

EDGAR He is gone, indeed.

KENT The wonder is, he hath endured so long:
He but usurp'd his life.

ALBANY Bear them from hence. Our present business
Is general woe.

[To KENT and EDGAR]

Friends of my soul, you twain
Rule in this realm, and the gored state sustain.

KENT I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls me, I must not say no.

ALBANY The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[Exeunt, with a dead march]