

## Side 14: Player King & Player Queen

	<b>PLAYER KING</b>	Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orb'd ground, Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands Unite commutual in most sacred bands.
	<b>PLAYER QUEEN</b>	So many journeys may the sun and moon Make us again count o'er ere love be done! But, woe is me, you are so sick of late, So far from cheer and from your former state, That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust, Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must: Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear; Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
	<b>PLAYER KING</b>	'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too; My operant powers their functions leave to do: And thou shalt live in this fair world behind, Honour'd, beloved; and haply one as kind For husband shalt thou--
	<b>PLAYER QUEEN</b>	O, confound the rest! Such love must needs be treason in my breast: In second husband let me be accurst! None wed the second but who kill'd the first. The instances that second marriage move Are base respects of thrift, but none of love: A second time I kill my husband dead, When second husband kisses me in bed.
	<b>PLAYER KING</b>	I do believe you think what now you speak; But what we do determine oft we break. The violence of either grief or joy Their own enactures with themselves destroy: Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament; Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident. This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange That even our loves should with our fortunes change; For 'tis a question left us yet to prove, Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love. So think thou wilt no second husband wed; But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.
	<b>PLAYER QUEEN</b>	Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light! Sport and repose lock from me day and night! Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife, If, once a widow, ever I be wife!