

Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
 I would remove these tedious stumblingblocks,
 And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
 And, being a woman, I will not be slack
 To play my part in fortune's pageant.
 Where are you there? Sir *John*! nay, fear not, man,
 We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. *Jesus* preserve your royal majesty!

Elean. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of god, and *Hume's* advice,
 Your grace's title shall be multiply'd.

Elean. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
 With *Margery Jordan* the cunning witch,
 And *Roger Bolingbrook* the conjurer?
 And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised, to show your highness
 A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
 That shall make answer to such questions
 As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Elean. It is enough, I'll think upon the questions:
 When from saint *Alban's* we do make return,
 We'll see those things effected to the full.

Here, *Hume*, take this reward; make merry, man,
 With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [*Exit Eleanor.*]

Hume. *Hume* must make merry with the dutchess' gold;
 Marry, and shall: but, how now, sir *John Hume*?
 Seal up your lips, and give no words, but mum!
 The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame *Eleanor* gives gold to bring the witch:
 Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

Yet have I gold flies from another coast:
 I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
 And from the great and new-made duke of *Suffolk*;
 Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,