

His champions are the prophets and apostles ;
 His weapons holy saws of sacred writ ;
 His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
 Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
 I would the college of the cardinals
 Would choose him pope, and carry him to *Rome*,
 And set the triple crown upon his head !
 That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient ; as I was the cause
 Your highness came to *England*, so will I
 In *England* work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the proud protector, have we *Beaufort*
 Th' imperious churchman ; *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,
 And grumbling *York* : and not the least of these
 But can do more in *England* than the king.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all,
 Cannot do more in *England* than the *Nevills* ;
Salisbury and *Warwick* are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
 As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife :
 She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
 More like an empress than duke *Humphry's* wife.
 Strangers in court do take her for the queen :
 She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
 And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
 Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her ?
 Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
 She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,
 The very train of her worst wearing gown
 Was better worth than all my father's lands,
 Till *Suffolk* gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her,
 And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
 That she will light to listen to their lays,
 And never mount to trouble you again.
 So let her rest ; and, madam, list to me,