

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious flanders of her false accusers :
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness ; which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Queen. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of *Stanley* ?

Stan. But now the duke of *Buckingham* and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Queen. What likelihood of his amendment, lords ?

Buck. Madam, good hope ; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Queen. God grant him health ! did you confer with him ?

Buck. Madam, we did : he seeks to make atonement
Between the duke of *Gloster* and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain ;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Queen. 'Would all were well ! but that will never be :
I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter Gloucester, and Hastings.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it. —
Who are they that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not ?
By holy *Paul*, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and look fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with *French* nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a ranc'rous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By filken, fly, insinuating jacks ?

Gray. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace ?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace :
When have I injur'd thee ? when done thee wrong ?
Or thee ? or thee ? or any of your faction ?
A plague upon you all ! His royal person,