

SCENE V.

*An Antechamber of the Queen's Apartment.**Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.*

Anne. NOT for that neither; here's the pang that pinches:
 His highness liv'd so long with her, and she
 So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
 Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
 She never knew harm-doing: o, now, after
 So many courses of the sun, enthron'd,
 Still growing in a majesty and pomp,
 The which to leave 's a thousand fold more bitter
 Than sweet at first t'acquire, after this process,
 To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
 Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
 Melt and lament for her.

Anne. In god's will, better
 She ne'er had known pomp; though't be temporal,
 Yet, if that quarr'ler fortune do divorce
 It from the bearer, 'tis a suff'rance panging
 As foul and body's sev'ring.

Old L. Ah poor lady!
 She's stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
 Must pity drop upon her: verily,
 I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
 And range with humble livers in content,
 Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
 And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
 Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
 I would not be a queen.