

*Old L.* Beshrew me, I would,  
 And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,  
 For all this spice of your hypocrisy:  
 You that have so fair parts of woman on you,  
 Have too a woman's heart, which ever yet  
 Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;  
 Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts  
 (Saving your mincing) the capacity  
 Of your soft <sup>a</sup>cheveril conscience would receive,  
 If you might please to stretch it.

*Anne.* Nay, good troth, —

*Old L.* Yes, troth and troth; you would not be a queen?

*Anne.* No, not for all the riches under heav'n.

*Old L.* 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,  
 Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,  
 What think you of a dutchess? have you limbs  
 To bear that load of title?

*Anne.* No, in truth.

*Old L.* Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little:  
 I would not be a young count in your way,  
 For more than blushing comes to: if your back  
 Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak  
 Ever to get a boy.

*Anne.* How do you talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen  
 For all the world.

*Old L.* In faith, for little *England*  
 You'd venture an emballing: I myself  
 Would for *Carnarvonshire*, though there belong'd  
 No more to th' crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

*Enter Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good-morrow, ladies: what wer't worth, to know  
 The secret of your conf'rence?

*Anne.* My good lord,

<sup>a</sup> Cheveril, kid-leather.