

Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistrefs' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray god, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heav'nly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note is
Ta'en of your many virtues; the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of *Pembroke*; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: for my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than vanities; yet pray'rs and wishes
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail t'approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you. — I've perus'd her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled, [aside.
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle? — I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you. [Exit Chamberlain.

Anne. My honour'd lord.

Old L. Why, this it is: fee, fee!
I have been begging sixteen years in court
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could

Come