

Come pat betwixt *too early* and *too late*,
 For any fuit of pounds: and you, o fate!
 A very fresh fish here, (fie, fie upon
 This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up
 Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no:
 There was a lady once ('tis an old story)
 That would not be a queen, that would she not,
 For all the mud in *Egypt*; have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
 O'ermount the lark. The marchioness of *Pembroke*!
 A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect!
 No other obligation! By my life,
 That promises more thousands: honour's train
 Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
 I know, your back will bear a dutchess: say,
 Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
 Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
 And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
 If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me
 To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
 In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
 What here y've heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me? [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Black-Fryars.

Trumpets, and cornets. Enter two *Vergers*, with short silver
 wands; next them two *Scribes* in the habits of *Doctors*: after
 them,