

Be by my friends in *Spain* advis'd; whose counsel  
I will implore: if not, i'th' name of god,  
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

*Wol.* You have here, lady,  
(And of your choice) these rev'rend fathers, men  
Of singular integrity and learning:  
Yea, the elect o'th' land, who are assembled  
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless  
That longer you defer the court, as well  
For your own quiet, as to rectify  
What is unsettled in the king.

*Cam.* His grace  
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,  
It's fit this royal session do proceed;  
And that without delay their arguments  
Be now produc'd, and heard.

*Queen.* Lord cardinal,  
To you I speak.

*Wol.* Your pleasure, madam.

*Queen.* Sir,  
I am about to weep; but, thinking that  
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so) certain,  
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

*Wol.* Be patient yet.

*Queen.* I will, when you are humble; nay, before,  
Or god will punish me. I do believe,  
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that  
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge:  
You shall not be my judge. For it is you  
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,  
Which god's dew quench! Therefore I say again,  
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul  
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,  
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
At all a friend to truth.