

*Wol.* I do profess,  
 You speak not like yourself, who ever yet  
 Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects  
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
 O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you wrong me:  
 I have no spleen against you; nor injustice  
 For you, or any: how far I've proceeded,  
 Or how far further shall, is warranted  
 By a commission from the consistory,  
 Yea, the whole consist'ry of *Rome*. You charge me,  
 That I have blown this coal: I do deny it.  
 The king is present; if't be known to him  
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
 And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much  
 As you have done my truth. But if he know  
 That I am free of your report, he knows  
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him  
 It lies to cure me; and the cure is, to  
 Remove these thoughts from you: the which before  
 His highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,  
 And say no more.

*Queen.* My lord, my lord, I am  
 A simple woman, much too weak t' oppose  
 Your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouth'd;  
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,  
 With meekness and humility: but your heart  
 Is cramm'd with arrogance, with spleen, and pride.  
 You have by fortune and his highness' favours  
 Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted  
 Where pow'rs are your retainers; and your words,  
 Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please  
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,  
 You tender more your person's honour, than  
 Your high profession spiritual: that again  
 I do refuse you for my judge, and here

Before