

Atton'd, and fully satisfy'd) if I  
 Did broach this business to your highness, or  
 Lay'd any scruple in your way, which might  
 Induce you to the question on't; or ever  
 Have to you, but with thanks to god for such  
 A royal lady, spoke one the least word,  
 That might be prejudice of her present state,  
 Or touch of her good person?

*King.* My lord cardinal,  
 I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,  
 I free you from't. You are not to be taught,  
 That you have many enemies, that know not  
 Why they are so; but, like the village curs,  
 Bark when their fellows do: by some of these  
 The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:  
 But will you be more justify'd? you ever  
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never  
 Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd  
 The passages made tow'rds it: on my honour,  
 I speak my good lord cardinal to this point;  
 And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,  
 I will be bold with time, and your attention:  
 Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came; give heed to't:  
 My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,  
 Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd  
 By th' bishop of *Bayon*, then *French* ambassador,  
 Who had been hither sent on the debating  
 A marriage 'twixt the duke of *Orleans* and  
 Our daughter *Mary*: i'th progress of this business,  
 Ere a determinate resolution, he  
 (I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;  
 Wherein he might the king his lord advertise,  
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,  
 Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook  
 The bottom of my conscience, enter'd me,

Yea,