



## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Queen's Apartment.*

*Enter Queen and her Women, as at Work.*

QUEEN.

TAKE thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;  
Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst: leave working.

*Song.*

ORPHEUS, with his lute, made trees,  
And the mountain-tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing:  
To his musick, plants, and flowers  
Ever rose; as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.

Ev'ry thing that heard him play,  
Ev'n the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet musick is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

Queen. How now?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals  
Wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Queen. Pray their graces  
To come near. What can be their business

[Exit. Gen.  
With