

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
 I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
 They should be good men; their affairs are righteous:
 But, *all hoods make not monks.*

Enter the Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Queen. Your graces find me here part of a housewife,
 (I would be all) against the worst may happen:
 What are your pleasures with me, rev'rend lords?

Wol. May't please you, noble madam, to withdraw
 Into your private chamber, we shall give you
 The full cause of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here;
 There's nothing I have done yet, o'my conscience,
 Deserves a corner: 'would all other women
 Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
 My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
 Above a number) if my actions
 Were try'd by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye saw 'em,
 Envy and base opinion set against 'em;
 I know my life so even. If your business
 Do seek me out, and that way I am wise in;
 Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima, —*

Queen. Good my lord, no *Latin*;
 I am not such a truant since my coming,
 As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
 A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
 Pray, speak in *English*: here are some will thank you,
 If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake:
 Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord cardinal,
 The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
 May be absolv'd in *English*.

Wol. Noble lady,
 I'm sorry my integrity should breed
 (And service to his majesty and you)

So