

So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
 We come not by the way of accusation,
 To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
 Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
 You have too much, good lady: but to know
 How you stand minded in the weighty difference
 Between the king and you; and to deliver,
 Like free and honest men, our just opinions
 And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
 My lord of *York*, out of his noble nature,
 Zeal, and obedience he still bore your grace,
 Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
 Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)
 Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace
 His service and his counsel —

Queen. To betray me.
 My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
 Ye speak like honest men, pray god, ye prove so!
 But how to make ye suddenly an answer
 In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
 (More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,
 And to such men of gravity and learning,
 In truth, I know not. I was set at work
 Among my maids; full little, god knows, looking
 Either for such men, or such business.
 For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
 The last fit of my greatness) good your graces,
 Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
 Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with those fears;
 Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In *England*,
 But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
 That any *English* man dare give me counsel?
 Or be a known friend 'gainst his highness' pleasure,