

Though he be grown so des'prate to be honest,
 And live a subject? nay, forsooth, my friends
 They, that must weigh out my afflictions,
 They, that my trust must grow to, live not here;
 They are, as all my comforts are, far hence
 In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your grace
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Queen. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
 He's loving and most gracious: 'twill be much
 Both for your honour better, and your cause;
 For, if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
 You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
 Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!
 Heav'n is above all yet; there sits a judge,
 That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
 Upon my soul, two rev'rend cardinal virtues;
 But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
 Mend 'em for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
 The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
 A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
 I will not wish ye half my miseries,
 I have more charity. But say, I warn'd ye;
 Take heed, take heed for heav'n's sake, lest at once
 The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
 You turn the good we offer into envy.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing: wo upon ye,
 And all such false professors! Would you have me
 (If you have any justice, any pity,
 If ye be any thing, but churchmen's habits)

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