

That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,  
I'll hang my head, and perish.

*Wol.* If your grace  
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,  
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,  
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,  
The way of our profession is against it:  
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.  
For goodness' sake, consider what you do,  
How you may hurt yourself, nay, utterly  
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.  
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,  
So much they love it: but to stubborn spirits,  
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.  
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,  
A soul as even as a calm; pray, think us,  
Those we profess, peacemakers, friends, and servants.

*Cam.* Madam, you'll find it so: you wrong your virtues  
With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,  
As yours was put into you, ever casts  
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;  
Beware, you lose't not: for us (if you please  
To trust us in your business) we are ready  
To use our utmost studies in your service.

*Queen.* Do what you will, my lords; and, pray, forgive me,  
If I have us'd myself unmannerly:  
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit  
To make a seemly answer to such persons.  
Pray, do my service to his majesty:  
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers  
While I shall have my life. Come, rev'rend fathers,  
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,  
That little thought, when she set footing here,  
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE