

To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as *Griffith*.
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth, and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him! —
Patience, be near me still, and set me lower:
 I have not long to trouble thee. — Good *Griffith*,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note
 I nam'd my knell; whilst I sit meditating
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn Musick.

Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down quiet,
 For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience*.

The Vision. Enter solemnly one after another, six personages clad
 in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and
 golden vizards on their faces, branches of bays or palm in their
 hands. They first congee unto her, then dance: and, at certain
 changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head, at which
 the other four make reverend courtesies. Then the two that held the
 garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the
 same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her
 head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two,
 who likewise observe the same order. At which, as it were by
 inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoycing, and holdeth
 up her hands to heaven. And so in their dancing they vanish,
 carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.

Cath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye gone?
 And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we're here.

Cath. It is not you I call for:
 Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Cath. No? saw you not ev'n now a blessed troop
 Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces

Cast