

Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
 They promis'd me eternal happiness,
 And brought me garlands, *Griffith*, which I feel
 I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
 Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
 Possess your fancy.

Cath. Bid the musick leave,
 'Tis harsh and heavy to me.

[*musick ceases.*
aside to Griffith.]

Pat. Do you note
 How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
 How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
 And of an earthly cold? observe her eyes.

Grif. She's going, wench. Pray, pray, —

Pat. Heav'n comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. An't like your grace, —

Cath. You are a saucy fellow,
 Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You're to blame,
 Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
 To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Mes. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon:
 My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
 A gentleman sent from the king to see you.

Cath. Admit him entrance, *Griffith*: but this fellow
 Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Enter Lord Capucius.

If my sight fail not,
 You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
 My royal nephew, and your name *Capucius*.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Cath. O my lord,
 The times and titles now are alter'd strangely

With