

ELIZABETH.

She knew me, and acknowledged me her heir,  
 Pray'd me to pay her debts, and keep the Faith ;  
 Then claspt the cross, and pass'd away in peace.  
 I left her lying still and beautiful,  
 More beautiful than in life. Why would you vex yourself,  
 Poor sister ? Sir, I swear I have no heart  
 To be your Queen. To reign is restless fence,  
 Tierce, quart, and trickery. Peace is with the dead.  
 Her life was winter, for her spring was nipt :  
 And she loved much : pray God she be forgiven.

CECIL.

Peace with the dead, who never were at peace !  
 Yet she loved one so much—I needs must say—  
 That never English monarch dying left  
 England so little.

ELIZABETH.

But with Cecil's aid  
 And others, if our person be secured  
 From traitor stabs—we will make England great.

*Enter* PAGET, and other LORDS OF THE COUNCIL, SIR  
 RALPH BAGENHALL, &c.

LORDS.

God save Elizabeth, the Queen of England !

BAGENHALL.

God save the Crown : the Papacy is no more.

PAGET (*aside*).

Are we so sure of that ?

ACCLAMATION.

God save the Queen !

THE END.