

Enter ALICE.

How is the good Queen now ?

ALICE.

Away from Philip.

Back in her childhood—prattling to her mother
Of her betrothal to the Emperor Charles,
And childlike-jealous of him again—and once
She thank'd her father sweetly for his book
Against that godless German. Ah, those days
Were happy. It was never merry world
In England, since the Bible came among us.

CECIL.

And who says that ?

ALICE.

It is a saying among the Catholics.

CECIL.

It never will be merry world in England,
Till all men have their Bible, rich and poor.

ALICE.

The Queen is dying, or you dare not say it.

Enter ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH.

The Queen is dead.

CECIL.

Then here she stands ! my homage.