

A new Northumberland, another Wyatt?
I'll fight it on the threshold of the grave.

LADY CLARENCE.

Madam, your royal sister comes to see you.

MARY.

I will not see her.
Who knows if Boleyn's daughter be my sister?
I will see none except the priest. Your arm.

[To LADY CLARENCE.

O Saint of Aragon, with that sweet worn smile
Among thy silent wrinkles—Help me hence. [Exeunt.

The PRIEST passes. Enter ELIZABETH and SIR
WILLIAM CECIL.

ELIZABETH.

Good counsel yours—

No one in waiting? still,
As if the chamberlain were Death himself!
The room she sleeps in—is not this the way?
No, that way there are voices. Am I too late?
Cecil . . . God guide me lest I lose the way.
[Exit ELIZABETH.

CECIL.

Many points weather'd, many perilous ones,
At last a harbour opens; but therein
Sunk rocks—they need fine steering—much it is
To be nor mad, nor bigot—have a mind—
Not let Priests' talk, or dream of worlds to be,
Miscolour things about her—sudden touches
For him, or him—sunk rocks; no passionate faith—
But—if let be—balance and compromise;
Brave, wary, sane to the heart of her—a Tudor
School'd by the shadow of death—a Boleyn, too,
Glancing across the Tudor—not so well.