

Cham. Excuse me;
 The king hath sent me other-where: besides
 You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
 Health to your lordships! [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*
Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

The Scene draws, and discovers the King sitting and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

King. Who is there? ha?

Nor. Pray god, he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? how dare you thrust yourselves
 Into my private meditations?
 Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
 Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
 Is business of estate; in which we come
 To know your royal pleasure.

King. Ye are too bold:
 Go to; I'll make you know your times of business:
 Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?

Enter Wolsey, and Campeius the Pope's Legate, with a Commission.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal? — O my *Wolsey*,
 The quiet of my wounded conscience;
 Thou art a cure fit for the king. — You're welcome,
 Most learned rev'rend sir, into our kingdom;
 Use us, and it: — my good lord, have great care
 I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot:
 I would your grace would give us but an hour
 Of private conference.

King. We are busy; go. [*to Norfolk and Suffolk.*

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of;

I would