

I would not be so sick though, for his place :
But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another. [Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.

Wol. Your grace has giv'n a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of christendom :
Who can be angry now ? what envy reach you ?
The *Spaniard*, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices. *Rome*, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One gen'ral tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, cardinal *Campeius*,
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

King. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves ;
They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble : to your highness' hand
I tender my commission ; by whose virtue
(The court of *Rome* commanding) you, my lord
Cardinal of *York*, are join'd with me, their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men : the queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner* ?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her what
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best she shall have ; and my favour
To him that does best, god forbid else. Cardinal,