

Pr'ythee, call *Gardiner* to me, my new secretary,  
I find him a fit fellow.

*Enter Gardiner.*

*Wol.* Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;  
You are the king's now.

*Gard.* But to be commanded  
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

*King.* Come hither *Gardiner*. [*walks and whispers.*]

*Cam.* My lord of *York*, was not one doctor *Pace*  
In this man's place before him?

*Wol.* Yes, he was.

*Cam.* Was he not held a learned man?

*Wol.* Yes, surely.

*Cam.* Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then  
Ev'n of yourself, lord cardinal.

*Wol.* How! of me?

*Cam.* They will not stick to say, you envy'd him;  
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,  
Kept him a foreign man still: which so griev'd him  
That he ran mad and dy'd.

*Wol.* Heav'n's peace be with him!  
That's christian care enough: for living murmurers,  
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;  
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,  
If I command him, follows my appointment;  
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,  
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

*King.* Deliver this with modesty to th' queen. [*Exit Gardiner.*]  
The most convenient place that I can think of,  
For such receipt of learning, is *Black-Fryars*:  
There ye shall meet about this weighty business. —  
My *Wolfey*, see it furnish'd. — O my lord,  
Would it not grieve an able man to leave  
So sweet a bedfellow? but, conscience, conscience —  
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE