

Gave it you the king?

*Crom.* To his own hand, in's bedchamber.

*Wol.* Look'd he o'th'inside of the paper?

*Crom.* Presently

He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,

He did it with a serious mind; a heed

Was in his countenance: and you he bad

Attend him here this morning.

*Wol.* Is he ready

To come abroad?

*Crom.* I think, by this he is.

*Wol.* Leave me a while. —

[*Exit Cromwell.*

It shall be to the dutchess of *Alençon*,

[*aside.*

The *French* king's sister; he shall marry her. —

*Anne Bullen*! — no; I'll no *Anne Bullens* for him: —

There's more in it than a fair visage. — *Bullen*! —

No, we'll no *Bullens*. — Speedily I wish

To hear from *Rome*. — The marchioness of *Pembroke*!

*Nor.* He's discontented.

*Suf.* May be, he hears the king

Does whet his anger to him.

*Sur.* Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice!

*Wol.* [*aside.*] The late queen's gentlewoman! a knight's daughter!

To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen! —

This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;

Then out it goes. — What though I know her virtuous

And well deserving? yet I know her for

A spleeny lutheran, and not wholesome to

Our cause. — That she should lie i'th' bosom of

Our hard-rul'd king! — Again, there is sprung up

An heretick, an arch one, *Cranmer*; one,

Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,

And is his oracle.

*Nor.* He's vex'd at something.

SCENE