

S C E N E III.

Enter King reading a schedule, and Lovell.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the string
The master cord of's heart!

Suf. The king, the king.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! what expence by th' hour
Seems to flow from him! how i'th' name of thrift
Does he rake this together! — Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lips, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and then, anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

King. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing;
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such a proud rate, it outspeaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heav'n's will,
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think
His contemplations were above the earth,

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And