

And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, nor worth
His serious considering.

[he takes his seat, whispers Lovell, who goes to Wolsey.]

Wol. Heav'n forgive me! —

Ever god blefs your highness!

King. Good my lord,

You are full of heav'nly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,

For holy offices I have a time;
A time to think upon the part of business
I bear i'th' state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

King. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I've kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

*[aside.
Sur.]*