

Sur. The lord increase this business!

[*aside.*

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes require; they went
Beyond all man's ambition. My endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fill'd with my abilities: mine own
Ends have been such that evermore they pointed
To th' good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heav'n for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: the honour of it
Does pay the act of it; o'th' contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my pow'r rain'd honour, more
On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am I, have been, will be:
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,

N n n 2

And