

And throw it from their foul; though perils did  
 Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and  
 Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,  
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,  
 Should the approach of this wild river break,  
 And stand unshaken yours.

*King.* 'Tis nobly spoken: —  
 Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,  
 For you have seen him open't. — Read o'er this;  
*[giving him papers.]*

And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with  
 What appetite you may.

*[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey, the Nobles throng  
 after him whispering and smiling.]*

#### S C E N E IV.

*Wol.* What should this mean?  
 What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?  
 He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
 Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion  
 Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,  
 Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper:  
 I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so;  
 This paper has undone me: 'tis th' account  
 Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together  
 For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,  
 And see my friends in *Rome*. O negligence,  
 Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil  
 Made me put this main secret in the packet  
 I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?  
 No new device to beat this from his brains?  
 I know, 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know  
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune  
 Will bring me off again. What's this — *To the Pope?*  
 The letter, as I live, with all the business  
 I writ to's holiness. Nay, then farewell;

I've