

I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

S C E N E V.

Enter to Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal; who commands you
 To render up the great seal presently
 Into our hands, and to confine yourself
 To *Ashe* house, my lord of *Winchester's*,
 Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay:

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
 Authority so mighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
 Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Whilst I find more than his will, or words to it,
 (I mean, your malice) know, officious lords,
 I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
 Of what course metal ye are moulded, envy:
 How eagerly ye follow my disgrace
 As if it fed ye, and how sleek and wanton
 Y' appear in every thing may bring my ruin.
 Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
 You have a christian warrant for 'em, and,
 In time, will find their fit rewards. That seal
 You ask with such a violence, the king
 (Mine and your master) with his own hand gave me;
 Bad me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
 During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
 Ty'd it by letters patents. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king that gave it.

Wol.