

About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

S C E N E VI.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me!
Farewel, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now, has left me
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of the world! I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, standing amaz'd.

Why, how now, *Cromwell*?

Crom. I have no pow'r to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder

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