

This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O *Cromwell*,
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, *Cromwell*;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king;
(That sun, I pray, may never set!) I've told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good *Cromwell*,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master? —
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow *Cromwell* leaves his lord. —
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. *Cromwell*, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, *Cromwell*;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard, say then, I taught thee;
Say, *Wolsey*, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way out of his wreck to rise in:
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.