

Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition,
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man then
 (Though th' image of his maker) hope to win by't?
 Love thyself last; cherish ev'n th' hearts that hate thee:
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy god's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, o *Cromwell*,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
 And, pr'ythee, lead me in:
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
 And my integrity to heav'n, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O *Cromwell*, *Cromwell*,
 Had I but serv'd my god with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience!

Wol. So I have. Farewel

The hopes of court! my hopes in heav'n do dwell. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

I GENTLEMAN.

YOU'RE well met once again.

2 Gen. And so are you.

1 Gen. You come to take your stand here, and behold
 The lady *Anne* pass from her coronation:

2 Gen.