

2 *Gen.* What two reverend bishops  
Were those, that went on each side of the queen?  
3 *Gen.* *Stokesly* and *Gardiner*; the one, of *Winchester*,  
Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary:  
The other, *London*.

2 *Gen.* He of *Winchester*  
Is held no great good lover of th' archbishop,  
The virtuous *Cranmer*.

3 *Gen.* All the land knows that:  
However, yet there's no great breach; when't comes,  
*Cranmer* will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gen.* *Thomas Cromwell*,  
A man in much esteem with th' king, and truly  
A worthy friend. The king has made him master  
O'th' jewel-house, and one o'th' privy-council.

2 *Gen.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.  
Come, gentlemen, you shall both go my way,  
Which is to th' court, and there shall be my guests;  
Something I can command: as I walk thither  
I'll tell ye more.

*Both.* You may command us, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Changes to Kimbolton.*

*Enter Catharine Dowager, sick, led between Griffith her Gentleman-  
Usher, and Patience her Woman.*

*Grif.* HOW does your grace?

*Cath.* O *Griffith*, sick to death:  
My legs like loaded branches bow to th' earth,  
Willing to leave their burden: reach a chair;  
So, now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

[*sitting down.*]

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