

Didst thou not tell me, *Griffith*, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal *Wolsey*,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Cath. Pr'ythee, good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'd:
If well, he step'd before me happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam.
For after the stout earl *Northumberland*
Arrested him at *York*, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Cath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads he came to *Leicester*,
Lodg'd in the abby; where the rev'rend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words: *O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still, and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heav'n, and slept in peace.

Cath. So may he rest; his faults lie bury'd with him!
Yet thus far, *Griffith*, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity: he was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that by suggestion
Tyth'd all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law. I'th' presence

He