

Henry V F F F

Act III, sc. 2 (line 255)

CARDINAL WOLSEY

What should this mean?

What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin

Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion

Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;

Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;

I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so;

This paper has undone me: 'tis the account

Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together

For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,

And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!

Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil

Made me put this main secret in the packet

I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?

No new device to beat this from his brains?

I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know

A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune

Will bring me off again. What's this? 'To the Pope!'

The letter, as I live, with all the business

I writ to's holiness. Nay then, farewell!

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;

And, from that full meridian of my glory,

I haste now to my setting: I shall fall

Like a bright exhalation in the evening,

And no man see me more.