

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 more must be heard of, say, 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.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
 By that sin fell the angels: how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
 Love thyself last: cherish those 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 Crom-
 well,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
 And prithee, 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 heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

OFF RIVIERE DU LOUP

O SHIP incoming from the sea
 With all your cloudy tower of sail,
 Dashing the water to the lee,
 And leaning grandly to the gale;