

The Life of King Henry the Eighth

William Shakespeare

BUCKINGHAM Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since last we saw in France?

NORFOLK I thank your grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

BUCKINGHAM An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.

NORFOLK 'Twixt Guynes and Arde :
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback ;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together ;
Which had they, what four throned ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one ?

BUCKINGHAM All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

NORFOLK Then you lost
The view of earthly glory : men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself.