**From** *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, Henry VIII, vol. 4: 1524-30*, edited by J. S. Brewer. London: Her Majesty's Stationary Office, 1875, pp. 2729-30.

[1529] Cott. App. XLVIII. 10. B. M. St. P. I. 351. **6114.** Wolsey to [Cromwell].

"The forberyng and puttyng ovyr of your comyng hyther hath so increasyd my sorwe, and put me in suche anxyete of mynd, that thys nygth my brethe and wynde, by sythyng, was so short that I was by the space of thre owers as one that shulde have dyde. Wherfor, yf ye love my lyf, breke [2730] awey thys evenyng and come hyther, to the yntent I may open my mynde unto yow, and instruct you of the same, wych I can not commyt to wryttyng, but yt ys necessary that the same be done by mutual conferens with yow by mowthe, and that I may have your cownsell opon the same. Yf thys tyme be put ovyr, yt shall not lye in your poore to provyde the remedye. Yf I mygth I wolde not fayle, rather then thys my spekyng with yow shulbe put ovyr and delayd, to come on my fete to yow. At the reverence of God, take sume payne now for me, and forsake me **not in thys myn extreme nede;** and wher as I can not, God shall rewarde yow. Now ys the tyme to [sh]owe whether ye love me or not. Wherfor in any wyse take [pains] in thys purpose some lytyl tyme: ye shal not tary here long. [A]t the wych your comyng I shal showe you [my] mynd in all [s]uche thyngs as ye have wrytten to me afore. I am now in no good poynt to wryt at the leynth any thyng, nor shalbe abyll ... de any, yf I contynue in this cas, nam dies mei finientur. [I pray you] speke with Mr. Nores affore your comyng, of whom ye may [gather] some specialties. Yf the desspleasure of my lady Anne be [some] what asswagyd, as I pray God the same may be, then yt shuld [be devised t]hat by sume convenyent meane she be further laboryd, [for th]ys ys the only helpe and remedy. All possyble means [must be used for] atteyning of hyr favor. I have, God knowys, [great need of friends] nowe to showe cheryte, pety ... [I commit me] to your wyse handling."

Draft in Wolsey's own hand; mutilated, p. 1. Headed in pencil: Asher.