

XXV.

KING HENRY VIII.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY the Eighth.
Cardinal WOLSEY.
Cardinal CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.*
CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
Duke of NORFOLK.
Duke of BUCKINGHAM.
Duke of SUFFOLK.
Earl of SURREY.
Lord CHAMBERLAIN.
Lord CHANCELLOR.
GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*
Bishop of LINCOLN.
Lord ABERGAVENNY.
Lord SANDS.
Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.
Sir THOMAS LOVELL.
Sir ANTHONY DENNY.
Sir NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
CROMWELL, *Servant to Wolsey.*

GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.*
Three other Gentlemen.
Doctor BUTTS, *Physician to the King.*
Garter, *King at Arms.*
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, and a Sergeant at Arms.
Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber.
Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner.
A Crier.

Queen KATHARINE, *Wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.*
ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.*

An old Lady, *Friend to Anne Bullen.*
PATIENCE, *Woman to Queen Katharine.*

Several Lords and Ladies in the *Dumb Shows*;
Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits
which appear to her: Scribes, Officers,
Guards, and other Attendants.¹

SCENE — chiefly in London and Westminster; once at Kimbolton.

PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree,
The play may pass; if they be still, and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, ¹) beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
(To make that only true we now intend,) ²)
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and, as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make you: Think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat,
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!

And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *An Ante-Chamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, at one Door; at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,

Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. 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 Arde.

Nor. ³)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 thron'd ones could have
weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

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

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single; but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's: To-day, the French,
All clinquant, ⁴⁾ all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man, that stood,
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: Now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable: and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye
Still him in praise; and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discernor
Durst wag his tongue in censure. ⁵⁾ When these suns
(For so they phrase them,) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd. ⁶⁾

Buck. O, you go far.
Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing ⁷⁾
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function. ⁸⁾

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element ⁹⁾
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is free'd
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? ¹⁰⁾ I wonder
That such a keech ¹¹⁾ can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends:
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, (whose grace
Chalks successors their way,) nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privy o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file ¹²⁾
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,

Must fetch him in he papers. ¹³⁾

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue? ¹⁴⁾

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy, — That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd? ¹⁵⁾

Nor. Marry, is't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace; ¹⁶⁾ and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried. ¹⁷⁾

Nor. 'Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power: You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, (the Purse borne before him,) certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The CARDINAL in his passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where's his examination?

1 Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buck-
ingham
Shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt WOLSEY and Train.]
Buck. This butcher's cur ¹⁸⁾ is venom-mouth'd,
and I

Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood. ¹⁹⁾

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick: ²⁰⁾ He's gone to
the king;
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full hot horse; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king:
And from a mouth of honour ²¹⁾ quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd:
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself:
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you: and I'll go along
By your prescription: — but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,) ²²⁾ by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.
Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch
as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform it: his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,)
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests ²³⁾ the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning
cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,) — Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
England and France, might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,
Which I do well; for, I am sure the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd; — whereby his suit was
granted,

Ere it was ask'd; — but when the way was made,
And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd; —
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
Something mistaken in't. ²⁴⁾

Buck. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON; a Sergeant at Arms before him,
and two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice. ²⁵⁾

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that die is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of
heaven

Be done in this and all things! — I obey. —
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company: — The
king *[To ABERGAVENNY.]*

Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court, ²⁶⁾
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor, —

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: no more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.
Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great car-
dinal

Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd already: ²⁷⁾
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun. — My lord, farewell.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The Council-Chamber.

*Cornets. Enter King HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY,
the Lords of the Council, Sir THOMAS LOVELL,
Officers, and Attendants. The KING enters, leaning
on the CARDINAL's shoulder.*

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it, ²⁸⁾
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level ²⁹⁾
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it. — Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

*The KING takes his State. The Lords of the Council take
their several places. The CARDINAL places himself
under the KING's feet, on his right side.*

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the QUEEN, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK, and SUFFOLK: she kneels. The KING riseth from his State, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us: — Half your suit

Never name to us; you have half our power;
The other moiety, ere you ask is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty,
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: — wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he
escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger,
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? — My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file³⁰⁾
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike;³¹⁾ which are not
wholesome

To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting o' your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold
mouths:

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,

That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will.³²⁾ I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.³³⁾

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but
By learned approbation of the judges.
If I am traduc'd by tongues,³⁴⁾ which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, — let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint³⁵⁾
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope³⁶⁾ malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones,³⁷⁾ is
Not ours, or not allow'd;³⁸⁾ what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality,³⁹⁾ is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be feared. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop,⁴⁰⁾ bark, and part o' the
timber;

And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission: Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you.
[To the Secretary.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That, through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.⁴¹⁾
Yet see

When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust,) of him
Things to strike honour sad. — Bid him recount

RRV.

The fore-recited practices: whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate
what you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the scepter his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergany; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose,⁴²⁾ within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech amongst the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk: that oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd, — Neither the king, nor
his heirs,

(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on: —
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dang'rous
for him,

To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

RRV.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? ⁴³⁾ Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man: — Canst thou say
further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About sir William Blomer, —

K. Hen. I remember,
Of such a time: — Being my servant sworn,
The duke retain'd him his. — But on; What
hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
As, to the Tower, I thought, — I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which, if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

K. Hen. A giant traitor!
Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!
K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee;
What say'st?

Surv. After — *the duke his father, — with the*
knife, —

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was, — Where he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: by day and night,⁴⁴⁾
He's traitor to the height. [Exit.

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord CHAMBERLAIN and Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should
juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?⁴⁵⁾

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o'the face;⁴⁶⁾ but they are shrewd
ones;

For when they hold them, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones;
one would take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt⁴⁷⁾ reign'd among them.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out christendom. How
now?

What news, sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray
our monsieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions,) leave these remnants
Of fool, and feather, ⁴⁸) that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance,
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, ⁴⁹) and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'Tis time to give them physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords; the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad, they're
going;

(For, sure, there's no converting of them;) now,
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r-lady,
Held ⁵⁰) current music too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?

Lov. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal;
in him,

Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays; ⁵¹)
Your lordship shall along:—Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else: which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.

Hautboys. A small Table under a State for the
CARDINAL, a longer Table for the Guests. Enter,
at one Door, ANNE BULLEN, and divers Lords,
Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as Guests; at another
Door, enter Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace

RRV.

Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people. — O, my lord, you are
tardy;

Enter Lord CHAMBERLAIN, Lord SANDS, and Sir
THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guildford.
Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please them: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?
Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir
Harry,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring. — Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. — By your leave, sweet
ladies:

[*Sits himself between ANNE BULLEN and
another Lady.*]

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?
Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well said, my lord. —
So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, attended;
and takes his State.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble
lady,

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*]

Sands. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours. —
Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have them
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam.

For 'tis to such a thing, —
Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.
[*Drum and Trumpets within: Chambers
discharged.* ⁵²)

Wol. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of you.

[*Exit a Servant.*]
Wol. What warlike voice?
And to what end is this? — Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?
Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they have left their barge, and
landed;

And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French
tongue;

And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them: — Some attend him. —
[*Exit CHAMBERLAIN, attended. All arise,
and Tables removed.*]

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you; — Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the KING, and twelve others, as
Maskers, habited like Shepherds, with sixteen Torch-
bearers; ushered by the Lord CHAMBERLAIN. They
pass directly before the CARDINAL, and grace-
fully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they
pray'd

To tell your grace: — That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which
I pay them

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.
[*Ladies chosen for the Dance. The KING
chooses ANNE BULLEN.*]

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee. [*Music. Dance.*]

Wol. My lord, —

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself: to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.
[*CHAM. goes to the Company, and returns.*]

Wol. What say they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it. ⁵³)

Wol. Let me see then. —
[*Comes from his State.*]

By all your good leaves, gentlemen; — Here I'll
make
My royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal.
[*Unmasking.*]

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily. ⁵⁴)

Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's
daughter,

The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.
K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one. — Sweet-
heart,

I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you. — ⁵⁵) A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I'the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one. — Sweet
partner,

I must not yet forsake you: — Let's be merry; —
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. — Let the music knock it.
[*Exeunt, with Trumpets.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 *Gent.* Whither away so fast?

2 *Gent.* O, — God save you!
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 *Gent.* I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 *Gent.* Were you there?

1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.

2 *Gent.* Pray, speak, what has happen'd?

1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.

2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty?

1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2 *Gent.* I am sorry for't.

1 *Gent.* So are a number more.

2 *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alledg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
'¹) To him brought *viva voce*, to his face:

At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 *Gent.* That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?

1 *Gent.* The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,

RRV.

Have found him guilty of high treason. Much He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar, — to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment, — he was stirr'd With such an agony, he sweat extremely, And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty: But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly, In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2 *Gent.* I do not think, he fears death.

1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not, He never was so womanish; the cause He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gent.* Certainly, The cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis likely, By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainer, Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd, Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too, Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gent.* That trick of state Was a deep envious one.

1 *Gent.* At his return, No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted, And generally; whoever the king favours, The cardinal instantly will find employment, And far enough from court too.

2 *Gent.* All the commons Hate him perniciously, and, o'my conscience, Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much They love and dote on; call him, bounteous Buckingham,

The mirror of all courtesy; —

1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir, And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; Tip-staves before him; the Axe with the edge towards him; Halberds on each side; with him, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WILLIAM SANDS, and common People.

2 *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people, You that thus far have come to pity me, Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me. I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment, And by that name must die; Yet, heaven bear witness, And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me, Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful! The law I bear no malice for my death, It has done, upon the premises, but justice: But those, that sought it, I could wish more christians: Be what they will, I heartily forgive them: Yet let them look they glory not in mischief, Nor build their evils on the graves of great men; For then my guiltless blood must cry against them. For further life in this world I ne'er hope, Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me, And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham, His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave Is only bitter to him, only dying, Go with me, like good angels, to my end; And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me, Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice, And lift my soul to heaven. — Lead on, o'God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity, If ever any malice in your heart Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,

As I would be forgiven: I forgive all; There cannot be those numberless offences 'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy Shall make my grave. — 2) Commend me to his grace; And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him, You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me, Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live Longer than I have time to tell his years! Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be! And, when old time shall lead him to his end, Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace; Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux, Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there, The duke is coming; see, the barge be ready; And fit it with such furniture, as suits The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas, Let it alone; my state now will but mock me. When I came hither, I was lord high constable, And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun: Yet I am richer than my base accusers, That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it; And with that blood will make them one day groan for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham, Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard, Flying for succour to his servant Bannister, Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd, And without trial fell; God's peace be with him! Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying My father's loss, like a most royal prince, Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins, Made my name once more noble. Now his son, Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all That made me happy, at one stroke has taken For ever from the world. I had my trial, And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me A little happier than my wretched father: Yet thus far we are one in fortunes, — both Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most: A most unnatural and faithless service! Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me, This from a dying man receive as certain: Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels, Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends, And give your hearts to, when they once perceive The least rub in your fortunes, fall away Like water from ye, never found again But where they mean to sink ye. All good people, Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour Of my long weary life is come upon me. Farewell:

And when you would say something that is sad, Speak how I fell. — I have done; and God forgive me! *[Exit BUCKINGHAM and Train.]*

1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity! — Sir, it calls, I fear, too many curses on their heads, That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the duke be guiltless, 'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling Of an ensuing evil, if it fall, Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us! Where may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require A strong faith 3) to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it; I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident; You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear

A buzzing, of a separation Between the king and Katharine?

1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not:

For when the king once heard it, out of anger He sent command to the lord mayor, straight To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues That durst disperse it.

2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir, Is found a truth now: for it grows again Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain, The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal, Or some about him near, have, out of malice To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple That will undo her: To confirm this too, Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately; As all think, for this business.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the cardinal; And merely to revenge him on the emperor, For not bestowing on him, at his asking, The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gent.* I think, you have hit the mark: But is't not cruel, That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal

Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis woful. We are too open here to argue this; Let's think in private more. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

An Ante-Chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord CHAMBERLAIN, reading a Letter.

Cham. My lord, — *The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome; and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason, — His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir.*

I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have them: He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my good Lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces. *Suf.* How is the king employed?

Cham. I left him private, Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause? *Cham.* It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so; This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal: That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune, Turns what he list. The king will know him one day. *Suf.* Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business! And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,

He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience, Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:

And, out of all these to restore the king,

He counsels a divorce: a loss of her, That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years About his neck, yet never lost her lustre: Of her, that loves him with that excellence That angels love good men with; even of her That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls, Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true,

These news are every where; every tongue speaks them,

And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare Look into these affairs, see this main end, — The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray, And heartily, for our deliverance; Or this imperious man will work us all From princes into pages; all men's honours Lie in one lump before him, to be fashion'd Into what pitch he please. 4)

Suf. For me, my lords, I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed: As I am made without him, so I'll stand, If the king please; his curses and his blessings Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in. I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him To him, that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in; And with some other business, put the king From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me; The king hath sent me other-where: besides, You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him: Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain. *[Exit Lord CHAMBERLAIN.]*

NORFOLK opens a folding-door. The KING is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted. *K. Hen.* Who is there? ha?

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry. *K. Hen.* Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations? Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way, Is business of estate; in which, we come To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. You are too bold. Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business: Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha? —

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal? — O, my Wolsey, The quiet of my wounded conscience, Thou art a cure fit for a king. — You're welcome, *[To CAMPEIUS.]*

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom; Use us, and it: — My good lord, have great care I be not found a talker. 5) *[To WOLSEY.]*

Wol. Sir, you cannot. I would, your grace would give us but an hour Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy; go. *[To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.]*

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?
Suf. Not to speak of;
I would not be so sick though, ⁹) for his place:

But this cannot continue. [Aside.]

Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him. ⁷)

Suf. I another. [Exit NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices; ⁸) Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent

One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,

You are so noble: To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding,) — you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted

Forthwith, for what you come: — Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour

To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow. [Exit WOLSEY.]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;

You are the king's now. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me. [Aside.]

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; ⁹) which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's christian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,

If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[Exit GARDINER.]

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;

There ye shall meet about this weighty business: —
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. — O, my lord,

Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience, —

O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

An Ante-Chamber in the Queen's Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither; — Here's the pang
that pinches:

His highness having liv'd so long with her: and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever

Pronounce dishonour of her, — by my life,
She never knew harm-doing; — O now, after

So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, — the which

To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire, — after this process,

To give her the avault! ¹⁰) it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,

Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, ¹¹) do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging

As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again. ¹²)

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,

I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,

Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having. ¹³)

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,

For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you

Have too a woman's heart: which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;

Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity

Of your soft cheveril ¹⁴) conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth, —

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth, — You would not be
a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bowed would
hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs

To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a
little; ¹⁵)

I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back

Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen

For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself

Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth
to know

The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:

Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,

All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's

Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and

Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title

A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;

More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, ¹⁶) nor my wishes

More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers, and
wishes,

Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,

As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit, ¹⁷)

The king hath of you. — I have perus'd her well;
[Aside.]

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet,

But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle? — I'll to the king,

And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.

[Exit Lord CHAMBERLAIN.]

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,

(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,

For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!)
A very fresh-fish, here, (fye, fye upon

This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence,
no. ¹⁸)

There was a lady once, ('tis an old story,)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,

For all the mud in Egypt: — ¹⁹) Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,

I know, your back will bear a duchess; — Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,

If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me?
[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Black-fryars.

Trumpets, Sennet, ²⁰) and Cornets. Enter two
Vergers, with short silver wands; next them two
Scribes in the habits of doctors; after them, the
Archbishop of CANTERBURY alone; after him, the
Bishops of LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT
ASAPH; next them, with some small distance, follows
a Gentleman, bearing the Purse, with the great
seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing
each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-
headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms,
bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing
two great silver pillars; ²¹) after them, side by
side, the two Cardinals WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS;
two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then
enter the KING and QUEEN and their Trains. The
KING takes place under the cloth of state; the two
Cardinals sit under him as judges. The QUEEN
takes place at some distance from the KING. The
Bishops place themselves on each side the court,
in manner of a consistory; between them, the
Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The
Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand
in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,

And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so: — Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into
the court.

Crier. Henry king of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come
into court.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, &c.

[The QUEEN makes no answer, rises out of her chair,
goes about the court, comes to the KING, and
kneels at his feet; then speaks.]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for

I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here

No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,

In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,

That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;

Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,

As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,

Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before: It is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I
humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore; if not, i'the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice,) these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you desire the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal, —
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.
Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge, ²²⁾
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me, —
Which God's dew quench! — Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge: whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me
wrong:

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,

Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him,
That I gainsay ²³⁾ my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong: Therefore in him
It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: The which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-
mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, ²⁴⁾ in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual: That again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the KING, and offers to depart.*]

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, come into the
court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep
your way:

When you are call'd, return. — Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience! — pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry: no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exit QUEEN, GRIFFITH, and her other
Attendants.*]

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i'the world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government, —
Obeying in commanding, — and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,) ²⁵⁾
The queen of earthly queens: — She is noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once and fully satisfied,) ²⁶⁾ whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you, — but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, — spake one the least word, might ²⁷⁾
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen.

My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd; oft
The passages made toward it: — ²⁸⁾ on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't, —
I will be bold with time, and your attention: —
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came; — give
heed to't: —

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador:
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: i'the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerations did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead: for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o'the world, should not
Be gladdened in't by me: Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail: and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea ²⁹⁾ of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience, — which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well, —
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd. — First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.
K. Hen. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself
to say

How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me, —
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread, — that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons: — Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on:

For no dislike i'the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o'the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Mean while must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*]

K. Hen. I may perceive, [*Aside.*]
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on. [*Exit, in manner as they entered.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Palace at Bridewell.

A Room in the Queen's Apartment.

The QUEEN, and some of her Women, at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows
sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst: leave working.

Song.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now?
Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence. ¹⁾

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?
Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their
business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!
Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a
housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?
Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o'my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number,) if my actions

Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them, ²⁾
I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,*—

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,
suspicious;

Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry, my integrity should breed,
(And service to his majesty and you,)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York, — out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,) —
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To betray me. [*Aside.*]
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, ³⁾ (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
Alas! I am woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with
these fears;

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England,
But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;

He's loving, and most gracious; 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.
Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.
Q. Kath. The more shame for ye; holy men I
thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your com-
fort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If you have any justice, any pity;
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits,)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.
Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long — (let me speak
myself,

Since virtue finds no friends,) — a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory,)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him? ⁴⁾
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour, — a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. 'Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. 'Would I had never trod this English
earth,

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living. —
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[*To her Women.*]
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almost, no grave allow'd me: — Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,

The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.
Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your
virtues

With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves
you;

Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray,
forgive me,

If I have used myself ⁵⁾ unmannerly;
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she sat footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Ante-Chamber to the King's Apartment.

*Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, the Duke of SUFFOLK,
the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord CHAMBERLAIN.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints
And force them ⁶⁾ with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontentm'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true,
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings ⁷⁾
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?
Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o'the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o'the divorce; For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy

Trace the conjunction! ⁸⁾

Suf. My amen to't!

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation!
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. — But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd. ⁹⁾

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?

The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no;

There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause of the king unhanded; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cry'd ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry, ha, louder!

Nor. But, my lord,

When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; ¹⁰⁾ which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd, queen; but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and has ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

The cardinal —

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o'the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,

He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance: You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile. — [*Exit CROMWELL.*]

It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her. —
Anne Bullen! No: I'll no Anne Bullens for him:

There is more in it than fair visage. — Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens. — Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. — The marchioness of Pembroke!

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's
daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen! —
This candle burns not clear; 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes. — What though I know her
virtuous,

And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i'the bosom of
Our hard-ru'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Crammer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at something.

Suf. I would, 'twere something that would fret
the string,
The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the KING, reading a Schedule; and LOVELL.

Suf. The king, the king.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i'the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together! — Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I required; And, wot you, what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing, —
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon; not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers LOVELL, who
goes to WOLSEY.*]

Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband: and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i'the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well-saying!

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

Sur. The lord increase this business! [*Aside.*]

K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:

And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours; — my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fil'd with my abilities: ¹¹) Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render, but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd;

A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: The honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i'the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty, ¹²)
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be. ¹³)
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood, ¹⁴)
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken:
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't. — Read o'er this;
[*Giving him papers.*]
And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit KING, frowning upon Cardinal WOLSEY: the
Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.*]

Wol. 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 his 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.

*Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the
Earl of SURREY, and the Lord CHAMBERLAIN.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who com-
mands you

To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, ¹⁵) my lord of Winchester's, ¹⁶)
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross them,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, — envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,

(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts; how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lords, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour;
¹⁷) That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou should'st
feel

My sword i'the life-blood of thee else. — My lords,
Can you endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded ¹⁸) by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell, nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks. ¹⁹)

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness,
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious. —
My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen, —
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life: — I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, ²⁰) when the brown
wench

Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;

I dare your worst objections: if I blush,

It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have
at you.

First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.²¹⁾

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,

(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,) To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing²²⁾
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is, —
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*, —²³⁾
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection: — This is my charge.
Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, — nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,²⁴⁾
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. —

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken

A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden;
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open,²⁵⁾ as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.
O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use²⁶⁾ now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord. —
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
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't?
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,

RHV.

Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king:

And, — Pr'ythee, 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 serv'd my God with half the zeal²⁷⁾
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 *Gent.* You are well met once again.

2 *Gent.* And so are you.¹⁾

1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and behold

The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 *Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis well: The citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds;
As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day²⁾ with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 *Gent.* Never greater,

Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 *Gent.* Yes; 'tis the list

Of those, that claim their offices this day,

By custom of the coronation.

The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims

To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,

He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir; had I not known those
customs,

I should have been beholden to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,

The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other

Learned and reverend fathers of his order,

Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off

From Amptill, where the princess lay; to which

She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:

And, to be short, for not appearance, and

The king's late scruple, by the main assent

Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,

And the late marriage³⁾ made of none effect:

Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,

Where she remains now, sick.

2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady! —

[*Trumpets.*]

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

The Order of the Procession.

A lively flourish of Trumpets: then, enter

1. Two Judges.

2. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.

3. Choristers singing. [Music.]

4. Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and, on his head, a gilt copper crown.

5. Marquis Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.

6. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.

7. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.

8. The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.

9. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me. — These I know; —

Who's that, that bears the scepter?

1 *Gent.* Marquis Dorset.

And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman: And that should⁴⁾ be
The duke of Suffolk.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the name; high-steward.

2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk?

1 *Gent.* Yes.

2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee!

[*Looking on the Queen.*]

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on. —

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains that lady:

I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gent.* They, that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons

Of the Cinque-ports.

2 *Gent.* Those men are happy; and so are all, are

near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,

Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 *Gent.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars

indeed;

And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 *Gent.* No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of Trumpets.*]

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i'the abbey; where a
finger

Could not be wedg'd in more; and I am stifled⁵⁾

With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gent.* You saw

The ceremony?

3 *Gent.* That I did.

1 *Gent.* How was it?

3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream

Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen

To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off

A distance from her; while her grace sat down

RHV.

To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
(Doublets I think,) flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams⁶)
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But, 'pray, what follow'd?⁷)

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest
paces

Came to the altar: where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her; which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.* Sir, you

Must no more call it York-place, that is past;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
'Tis now the king's, and call'd — Whitehall.

3 *Gent.* I know it;

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 *Gent.* Stokesley and Gardiner: the one, of Win-
chester,

(Newly prefer'd from the king's secretary.)

The other, London.

2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. — The king
Has made him master o'the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.⁸)

Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick; led between
GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death:
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,

Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair; —
So, — now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
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.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,⁹)
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.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads,¹⁰) he came to
Leicester,

Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend 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 heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity, — He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach,¹¹) ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom:¹²) simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: 't' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

HHV.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption.
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him! —
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee. — Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn Music.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down
quiet,

For fear we wake her; — Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head, at which, the other four make reverend court'sies; then the two, that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all
gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [Music ceases.]

Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?

How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? Mark you her eyes?

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace, —

Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too
late;

'Tis like a pardon after execution:

That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom! — Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.
[Giving it to KATHARINE.]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves,¹³) his young
daughter: —

The dew of heaven fall thick in blessings on her! —
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long,
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men; — they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me; —
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by;
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents: — And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:

Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will. — Mine eyes grow dim. — Farewell,
My lord. — Griffith, farewell. — Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;

Call in more women. — When I am dead, good
wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over

HHV.

With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. — — [Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter GARDINER, Bishop of WINCHESTER, a Page
with a Torch before him, met by Sir THOMAS
LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. — Good hour of night, sir
Thomas!

Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero ¹⁾
With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,

Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the
matter?

It seems, you are in haste; an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: ²⁾ Affairs, that walk
(As, they say, spirits do,) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in
labour,

They say in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit, she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir, —
Hear me, sir Thomas: You are a gentleman
Of mine own way; ³⁾ I know you wise, religious:
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well, —
'Twill not, sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i'the kingdom. As for Crom-
well, —

Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O'the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments, ⁴⁾
With which the time will load him: The archbishop
Is the king's hand, and tongue; And who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think, I have
Incens'd the lords o'the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is,)
A most arch heretic, ⁵⁾ a pestilence

That does infect the land: with which they moved,
Have broken with the king; ⁶⁾ who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. ⁷⁾ He's a rank weed, sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: Good night, sir Thomas.
Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your ser-
vant. [Exeunt GARDINER and Page.]

As LOVELL is going out, enter the KING, and
the Duke of SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;

Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play. —

Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!

To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance
made

Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and

With gentle travail, to the gladdening of

Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles,

Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember

The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;

For I must think of that, which company

Will not be friendly to. ⁸⁾

Suf. I wish your highness

A quiet night, and my good mistress will

Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night. —

[Exit SUFFOLK.]

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us.

[Exit DENNY.]

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake;
I am happily come hither. [Aside.]

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.

[LOVELL seems to stay.]

Ha! — I have said. — Be gone.

What! — [Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY.]

Cran. I am fearful: — Wherefore frowns he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty,

To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. 'Pray you, arise,

My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.

Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your
hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you: which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: You a brother
of us, ⁹⁾

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you
Without indurance, ¹⁰⁾ further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not, ¹¹⁾
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not how
Your state stands i'the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies

Are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever ¹²⁾
The justice and the truth o'the question carries
The due o'the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.

You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. When you of better luck, ¹³⁾
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;

You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them; if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary

Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us

There make before them. — Look, the good man
weeps!

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he's true-hearted! and a soul
None better in my kingdom. — Get you gone,

And do as I have bid you. — [Exit CRANMER.] He
has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. [Within.] Come back; What mean you?
Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. — Now, good angels,
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! — 'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell, —

Enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.
K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the
queen. [Exit KING.]

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll have
more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl is like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Lobby before the Council-Chamber.

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-Keeper, &c.
attending.

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentle-
man,

That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? —
Hoa!

Who waits there? — Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;

But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.
Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: The king
Shall understand it presently. [Exit BUTTS.]

Cran. [Aside.] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician; as he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!

Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose lay'd, by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice.)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to
make me

Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their plea-
sures

Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter at a Window above, ¹⁴⁾ the KING and BUTTS.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight, —

K. Hen. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o'me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had thought,
They had parted so much honesty among them,¹⁵⁾
(At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let them alone, and draw the curtain close;¹⁶⁾
We shall hear more anon. — [Exeunt.]

The Council-Chamber.

*Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Suffolk,
Earl of Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner,
and Cromwell. The Chancellor places himself at
the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat
being left void above him, as for the Archbishop
of Canterbury. The rest seat themselves in order
on each side. Cromwell at the lower end,
as Secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.
D. Keep. My lord archbishop,
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.
D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[Cromwell approaches the Council-table.]
Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold

That chair stand empty: But we all are men,
In our own natures frail; and capable

Of our flesh, few are angels:¹⁷⁾ out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdeem'd yourself, and not a little,

Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your

chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords: for those, that tame wild horses,
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur

them,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewell, all physic; And what follows then?
Commutations, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany,¹⁸⁾ can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart,¹⁹⁾ my lords,

A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
'Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more
moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More, than I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror.
You are so merciful: I see your end,
'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,²⁰⁾
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?
Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound? I say.
Gar. 'Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.
Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord, — It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:
Let some o'the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.
Cran. For me?

Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i'the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Cham. This is the king's ring.²¹⁾
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at.)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

Enter KING, frowning on them; takes his seat.
Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound
to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
That cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commend-
ations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach; you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatso'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody. —
Good man, [to CRANMER] sit down. Now let me see
the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think his place becomes thee not.²²⁾

Sur. May it please your grace, —
K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom: There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men,) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I am sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, If a prince

May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for shame, my lords. — My lord of Can-
terbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather,²³⁾ and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; How may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your
spoons;²⁴⁾ you shall have
Two noble partners with you; the old duchess of
Norfolk,

And lady marquis Dorset: Will these please you?
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy
true heart.
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.* —
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The Palace Yard.

Noise and Tumult within. *Enter Porter and
his Man.*

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals:
Do you take the court for Paris-garden?²⁵⁾ ye
rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[Within.] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you
rogue: Is this a place to roar in? — Fetch me a
dozen crab-tree-staves, and strong ones; these are
but switches to them. — I'll scratch your heads:
You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for
ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible
(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons,)
To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not. How gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor Col-
brand,²⁷⁾ to mow them down before me: but, if I
spared any, that had a head to hit, either young
or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me
never hope to see a chine again; and that I would
not for a cow, God save her.

[Within.] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master
puppy. — Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down
by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in?²⁸⁾
or have we some strange Indian with the great tool

come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand: here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, ²⁹) for, o'my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: The fire-drake ³⁰) did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, ³¹) for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor ³²) once, and hit that woman, who cried out *clubs!* ³³) when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand, where she was quartered: They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me, I defied them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot, ³⁴) delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win the work: ³⁵) The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, ³⁶) their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*, ³⁷) and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles, ³⁸) that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o'me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too, from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves? — Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.

There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these Your faithful friends o'the suburbs? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour We are but men; and what so many may do, Not being torn a pieces, we have done: An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live, If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves; And here ye lie baiting of bumbards, ³⁹) when Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound; They are come already from the christening: Go, break among the press, and find a way out To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princes.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ake.

Port. You i'the camblet, get up o'the rail; I'll pick you o'er the pales else. ⁴⁰) [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The Palace. ⁴¹)

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Crammer, Duke of Norfolk, with his marshall's staff, Duke of Suffolk,

RRV.

two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls ⁴²) *for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the Child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies. The Troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, ⁴³) send prosperous life, long, and ever happy to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter KING, and Train.

Cran. [Kneeling.] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray; — All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady, Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy, May hourly fall upon ye!

K.Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop; What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K.Hen.

Stand up, lord. —

[The KING kisses the Child.]

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee! Into whose hands I give thy life.

Cran.

Amen.

K.Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:

I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,

When she has so much English.

Cran.

Let me speak, sir,

For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth. This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!) Though in her cradle, yet now promises Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings, Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be (But few now living can behold that goodness,) A pattern to all princes living with her, And all that shall succeed; Sheba was never More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue, Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces, That mould up such a mighty piece as this is, With all the virtues that attend the good, Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her, Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her: She shall be lov'd and fear'd: Her own shall bless her: Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn, And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:

In her days, every man shall eat in safety Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours: God shall be truly known; and those about her From her shall read the perfect ways of honour, And by those claim their greatness, not by blood. [Nor shall this peace sleep with her: ⁴⁴) But as when

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix, Her ashes new create another heir, As great in admiration as herself; So shall she leave her blessedness to one, (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour, Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was, And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror, That were the servants to this chosen infant, Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him; Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine, His honour, and the greatness of his name

Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish, And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches To all the plains about him: — Our children's children

Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K.Hen. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England, An aged princess; many days shall see her, And yet no day without a deed to crown it. 'Would I had known no more! but she must die, She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin, A most unspotted lily shall she pass To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K.Hen. O lord archbishop,

Thou hast made me now a man; never, before

This happy child, did I get any thing:

This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,

That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire

To see what this child does, and praise my Maker. —

I thank ye all, — To you, my good lord mayor,

And your good brethren, I am much beholden;

I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,

And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please All that are here: Some come to take their ease, And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear, We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear, They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city Abus'd extremely, and to cry, — *that's witty!* Which we have not done neither: that, I fear, All the expected good we are like to hear For this play at this time, is only in The merciful construction of good women; For such a one we show'd them; ⁴⁵) If they smile, ⁴⁶) And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap, If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

RRV.