VOLUME II BOOK VII

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KING HENRY VIII

By William Shakespeare
KING HENRY THE EIGHTH (KING HENRY VIII)
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.
CRANMER Archbishop of Canterbury.
DUKE OF NORFOLK. (NORFOLK)
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. (BUCKINGHAM)
DUKE OF SUFFOLK. (SUFFOLK)
EARL OF SURREY. (SURREY)
LORD CHAMBERLAIN. (CHAMBERLAIN)
LORD CHANCELLOR. (CHANCELLOR)
GARDINER Bishop of Winchester.
(BISHOP OF WINCHESTER)
BISHOP OF LINCOLN. (LINCOLN)
LORD ABERGAVENNY. (ABERGAVENNY)
LORD SANDS. (SANDS)
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD. (GUILDFORD)
SIR THOMAS LOVELL. (LOVELL)
SIR ANTHONY DENNY. (DENNY)
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX. (VAUX)
Secretaries to Wolsey. (FIRST SECRETARY), (SECOND SECRETARY)
CROMWELL Servant to Wolsey.

GRIFFITH Gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.
Three Gentlemen. (FIRST GENTLEMAN), (SECOND GENTLEMAN), (THIRD GENTLEMAN)
DOCTOR BUTTS Physician to the King.
Garter king-at-arms. (GARTER)
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham. (SURVEYOR)
BRANDON.
A Sergeant-at-arms. (SERGEANT)
Door-keeper of the Council-chamber. (PORTER)
His Man. (MAN)
Page to Gardiner. (BOY)
A Crier. (CRIER)
QUEEN KATHARINE Wife to King Henry,
afterwards divorced. (KATHARINE)
ANNE BULLEN Her Maid of Honour,
afterwards Queen. (QUEEN ANNE)
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen. (OLD LADY)
PATIENCE Woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants. Spirits (SCRIBE), (KEEPER), (SERVANT), (MESSENGER)

SCENE London; Westminster; Kimbolton
THE 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 deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,  
To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting  
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,  
To make that only true we now intend,  
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 ye: 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 NORFOLK at one door; at the other, BUCKINGHAM and ABERGAVENNY]

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

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

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

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

NORFOLK. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its. To-day the French,
All clinking, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain India: every man that stood
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting; now this masque
Was cried 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; that Being present both
'Twas said they saw but one; and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns—
For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds challenged
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 believed.

NORFOLK. O, you go far.

BUCKINGHAM. As I belong to worship and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it not rebel'd.
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

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

BUCKINGHAM. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

NORFOLK. I pray you, who, my lord?

BUCKINGHAM. The devil speed him! No man's pie
Is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun
And keep it from the earth.

NORFOLK. 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
For 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.

ABERGAVENNY. 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.

BUCKINGHAM. Why the devil,
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To 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 the papers.

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

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

NORFOLK. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

BUCKINGHAM. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspired; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy; That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.
NORFOLK Which is budded out; For France hath flaw’d the league, and hath attach’d Our merchants’ goods at Bourdeaux.

ABERGAVENNY Is it therefore The ambassador is silenced?

NORFOLK Marry, is’t.

ABERGAVENNY A proper title of a peace; and purchased At a superfluous rate!

BUCKINGHAM Why, all this business Our reverend cardinal carried.

NORFOLK 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, ‘t 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. CARDINAL WOLSEY in his passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain]

CARDINAL WOLSEY The Duke of Buckingham’s surveyor, ha? Where’s his examination?

FIRST SECRETARY Here, so please you.

CARDINAL WOLSEY Is he in person ready?

FIRST SECRETARY Ay, please your grace.

CARDINAL WOLSEY Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham Shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt CARDINAL WOLSEY and his Train]

BUCKINGHAM This butcher’s cur 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 Outworths a noble’s blood.

NORFOLK What, are you chafed? Ask God for temperance; that’s the appliance only Which your disease requires.

BUCKINGHAM I read in’s looks Matter against me; and his eye reviled Me, as his abject object: at this instant He bores me with some trick: he’s gone to the king: I’ll follow and outstare him.

NORFOLK 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.

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

NORFOLK Be advised; 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 til run o’er, In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advised: 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.

BUCKINGHAM 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, 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.

NORFOLK Say not “treasonous.”

BUCKINGHAM 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't; his mind and place
Infesting one another, yea, reciprocally—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests 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.

NORFOLK  Faith, and so it did.

BUCKINGHAM  Pray, give me favour, sir.
This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleased; 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
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 menaced him: he privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for I am sure the emperor
Paid ere he promised; whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd; but when the way was made,
And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired,
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.

NORFOLK  I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.

BUCKINGHAM  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]

BRANDON  Your office, sergeant; execute it.

SERGEANT  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.

BUCKINGHAM  Lo, you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practise.

BRANDON  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.

BUCKINGHAM  It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye 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 Abergavenny, fare you well!

BRANDON  Nay, he must bear you company. The king

[To ABERGAVENNY]

Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

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

BRANDON  Here is a warrant from
The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

BUCKINGHAM  So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot: no more, I hope.

BRANDON  A monk o' the Chartreux.

BUCKINGHAM  O, Nicholas Hopkins?

BRANDON  He.

BUCKINGHAM  My surveyor is false;
The o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun. My lord, farewell.

[Exeunt]
SCENE II
The same. The Council-Chamber.

[Cornets. Enter KING HENRY VIII, leaning on CARDINAL WOLSEY’s shoulder, the Nobles, and LOVELL; CARDINAL WOLSEY places himself under KING HENRY VIII’s feet on his right side]

KING HENRY VIII My life itself, and the best heart of it, Thanks you for this great care: I stood i’ the level Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks To you that choked 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.

[A noise within, crying “Room for the Queen!” Enter QUEEN KATHARINE, ushered by NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she kneels. KING HENRY VIII riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him]

QUEEN KATHARINE Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

KING HENRY VIII Arise, and take place by us: half your suit Never name to us; you have half our power: The other moiety, that you ask, is given; Repeat your will and take it.

QUEEN KATHARINE 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.

KING HENRY VIII Lady mine, proceed.

QUEEN KATHARINE 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 ‘em, which hath flaw’d the heart Of all their loyalties: wherein, although, M’ 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.

NORFOLK Not almost appears, It doth appear; for, upon these taxation, 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!

KING HENRY VIII Taxation! Wherin? And what taxation? My lord cardinal, You that are blamed for it alike with us, Know you of this taxation?

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

QUEEN KATHARINE No, my lord, You know no more than others; but you frame Things that are known alike; 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 bearing; and, to bear ’em, The back is sacrifice to the load. They say They are devised by you; or else you suffer Too hard an exclamation.

KING HENRY VIII Still exaction! The nature of it? In what kind, let’s know, Is this exaction?

QUEEN KATHARINE I am much too venturous In tempting of your patience; but am bolden’d Under your promised pardon. The subjects’ 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 named, 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, This tractable obedience is a slave To each incensed will. I would your highness Would give it quick consideration, for There is no primer business.

KING HENRY VIII By my life, This is against our pleasure.
CARDINAL WOLSEY  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 Traduced by ignorant tongues, 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 stint Our necessary actions, in the fear To cope 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, is Not ours, or not allow’d; what worst, as oft, Hitting a grosser quality, 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.

KING HENRY VIII  Things done well, And with a care, exempt themselves from fear; Things done without example, in their issue Are to be fear’d. 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, 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.

CARDINAL WOLSEY  A word with you. [To the Secretary]

Let there be letters writ to every shire, Of the king’s grace and pardon. The grieved commons Hardly conceive of me; let it be noised That through our intercession this revokement And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you Further in the proceeding.

[Exit Secretary]

[Enter Surveyor]

QUEEN KATHARINE  I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham Is run in your displeasure.

KING HENRY VIII  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?

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

KING HENRY VIII  What was that Hopkins?

SURVEYOR  Sir, a Chartreux friar, H is confessor, who fed him every minute With words of sovereignty.
KING HENRY VIII: ACT I

KING HENRY VIII How know'st thou this?

SURVEYOR Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish Saint Lawrence Poulney, did of me demand What was the speech among 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 'T would 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 Car, 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 ensued: neither the king nor's heirs, Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke Shall govern England."

QUEEN KATHARINE 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.

KING HENRY VIII Let him on.
Go forward.

SURVEYOR On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceived; and that 'twas dangerous for him
To ruminating on this so far, until
It forged him some design, which, being believed,
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.

KING HENRY VIII Ha! What, so rank? Ah ha!
There's mischief in this man: canst thou say further?

SURVEYOR I can, my liege.

KING HENRY VIII Proceed.

SURVEYOR Being at Greenwich,

After your highness had reproved the duke About Sir William Blomer,—

KING HENRY VIII I remember
Of such a time: being my sworn servant, The duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

SURVEYOR "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,
M ade suit to come in's presence, which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
H ave put his knife to him."

KING HENRY VIII A giant traitor!

CARDINAL WOLSEY Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom, and this man out of prison?

QUEEN KATHARINE God mend all!

KING HENRY VIII There's something more would out of thee; what say'st?

SURVEYOR After "the duke his father," with "the knife,"
H e stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes
H e did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor Was,—were he evil used, he would outgo H is father by as much as a performance Does an irresolute purpose.

KING HENRY VIII There's his period,
To sheathe 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,
H e's traitor to the height.

[Exeunt]

SCENE III
An ante-chamber in the palace.

[Enter Chamberlain and SANDS]

CHAMBERLAIN Is't possible the spells of France should juggle Men into such strange mysteries?

SANDS New customs, Though they be never so ridiculous, Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
CHAMBERLAIN. 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; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold ’em, 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 ’em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign’d among ’em.

CHAMBERLAIN. Death! My lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they’ve worn out Christendom.

[Enter LOVELL]

LOVELL. How now!
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

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

CHAMBERLAIN. What is’t for?

LOVELL. The reformation of our travell’d gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

CHAMBERLAIN. I’m glad ’tis there: now I would
pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

LOVELL. They must either,
For so run the conditions, leave those remnants
Of fool and feather that they got in France,
With all their honourable point 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, 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 ’em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

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

LOVELL. 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 ’em! I am glad they are going.
For, sure, there’s no converting of ’em: now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plainsong
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady,
Held current music too.

CHAMBERLAIN. Well said, Lord Sands;
Your colt’s tooth is not cast yet.

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

CHAMBERLAIN. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?

LOVELL. To the cardinal’s:
Your lordship is a guest too.

CHAMBERLAIN. 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.

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

CHAMBERLAIN. No doubt he’s noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

SANDS. He may, my lord; 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.

CHAMBERLAIN. True, they are so:
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
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
A Hall in York Place.

[Hautboys. A small table under a state for CARDINAL WOLSEY, a longer table for the guests. Then enter ANNE and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen as guests, at one door; at another door, enter GUILDFORD]

GUILDFORD Ladies, a general welcome from his grace 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're tardy:

[Enter Chamberlain, SANDS, and LOVELL]
The very thought of this fair company Clapp'd wings to me.

CHAMBERLAIN 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 'em: by my life, They are a sweet society of fair ones.

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

SANDS I would I were; They should find easy penance.

LOVELL Faith, how easy?

SANDS As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

CHAMBERLAIN Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry, Place you that side; I'll take the charge of this. His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze; Two women placed together makes cold weather. My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking; Pray, sit between these ladies.

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

[Kisses her]

CHAMBERLAIN Well said, my lord.

SANDS For my little cure, Let me alone.

[Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, and takes his state]

CARDINAL WOLSEY You're 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.

CARDINAL WOLSEY My Lord Sands, I am beholding 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 'em 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 trumpet, chambers discharged]

CARDINAL WOLSEY What's that?

CHAMBERLAIN Look out there, some of ye.

[Exit Servant]
CARDINAL WOLSEY: What warlike voice,
And to what end is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you're privileged.

[Re-enter Servant]

CHAMBERLAIN: How now! What is't?

SERVANT: A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they've left their barge and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

CARDINAL WOLSEY: Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French
tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[Exit Chamberlain, attended. All rise, 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 ye; welcome all.

[Music. Dance]

CARDINAL WOLSEY: My lord!

CHAMBERLAIN: Your grace?

CARDINAL WOLSEY: Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em, 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.

CHAMBERLAIN: I will, my lord.

[Whispers the Masquers]

CARDINAL WOLSEY: What say they?

CHAMBERLAIN: Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

CARDINAL WOLSEY: Let me see, then.
By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll make
My royal choice.

KING HENRY VIII: Ye 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.

CARDINAL WOLSEY: I am glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

KING HENRY VIII: My lord chamberlain,
Prithee, come hither: what fair lady's that?

CHAMBERLAIN: An 't please your grace, Sir Thomas
Bullen's daughter—
The Viscount Rochford,—one of her highness'
women.

KING HENRY VIII: By heaven, she is a dainty one.
Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.

CARDINAL WOLSEY: Sir Thomas Lovell, is the
banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

LOVEL: Yes, my lord.

CARDINAL WOLSEY: Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
KING HENRY VIII I fear, too much.

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

KING HENRY VIII 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 'em once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. Let the music knock it.

[Exeunt with trumpets]

ACT II

SCENE I
Westminster. A street.

[Enter two Gentlemen, meeting]

FIRST GENTLEMAN Whither away so fast?

SECOND GENTLEMAN O, God save ye!
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

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

SECOND GENTLEMAN Were you there?

FIRST GENTLEMAN Yes, indeed, was I.

SECOND GENTLEMAN Pray, speak what has happen'd.

FIRST GENTLEMAN You may guess quickly what.

SECOND GENTLEMAN Is he found guilty?

FIRST GENTLEMAN Yes, truly is he, and
condemn'd upon't.

SECOND GENTLEMAN I am sorry for't.

FIRST GENTLEMAN So are a number more.

SECOND GENTLEMAN But, pray, how pass'd it?

FIRST GENTLEMAN 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who removed,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

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

SECOND GENTLEMAN That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?

FIRST GENTLEMAN The same.

SECOND GENTLEMAN Pray, how pass'd it?

FIRST GENTLEMAN When he was brought again
to the bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgement, 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.

SECOND GENTLEMAN I do not think he fears death.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Sure, he does not:
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

SECOND GENTLEMAN Certainly
The cardinal is the end of this.
SECOND GENTLEMAN

That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

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.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

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;—

FIRST GENTLEMAN

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: accompanied with
LOVELL, VAUX, SANDS, and common people]

SECOND GENTLEMAN

Let’s stand close, and behold him.

BUCKINGHAM

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 received a traitor’s judgement,
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;
’T has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive ‘em:
Yet let ‘em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against ‘em.
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 loved 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 lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o’ God’s name.

LOVELL

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

BUCKINGHAM

Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
‘Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with:
no black envy
Shall mark my grave. 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,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever beloved and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

LOVELL

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.
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!

[Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train]

FIRST GENTLEMAN O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their beads
That were the authors.

SECOND GENTLEMAN 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.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

SECOND GENTLEMAN This secret is so weighty,
'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

SECOND GENTLEMAN I am confident,
You shall, sir: did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

FIRST GENTLEMAN 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 rumor, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

SECOND GENTLEMAN 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 arrived, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

FIRST GENTLEMAN 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor
For not bestowing on him, at his asking.
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.

SECOND GENTLEMAN I think you have hit the mark:
but 'tis not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

FIRST GENTLEMAN 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more.

[Exeunt]

SCENE II
An ante-chamber in the palace.

[Enter Chamberlain, reading a letter]

CHAMBERLAIN "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, to Chamberlain, NORFOLK
and SUFFOLK]

NORFOLK Well met, my lord chamberlain.

CHAMBERLAIN Good day to both your graces.

SUFFOLK How is the king employ'd?

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

NORFOLK What's the cause?

CHAMBERLAIN It seems the marriage with his
brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

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

NORFOLK '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.

SUFFOLK Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else.
NORFOLK. 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?

CHAMBERLAIN. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true these news are everywhere; every tongue speaks 'em, 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.

SUFFOLK. And free us from his slavery.

NORFOLK. 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 like one lump before him, to be fashioned into what pitch he please.

SUFFOLK. 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're breath I not believe in. I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him to him that made him proud, the pope.

NORFOLK. 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?

CHAMBERLAIN. Excuse me; the king has sent me elsewhere: besides, you'll find a most unfit time to disturb him: health to your lordships.
NORFOLK [Aside to SUFFOLK] If it do, I’ll venture one have-at-him.

SUFFOLK [Aside to NORFOLK] I another.

[Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK]

CARDINAL WOLSEY 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 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: Rome, the nurse of judgement, 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.

KING HENRY VIII 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.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS 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 unpartial judging of this business.

KING HENRY VIII Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted Forthwith for what you come. Where’s Gardiner?

CARDINAL WOLSEY I know your majesty has always loved 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.

KING HENRY VIII Ay, and the best she shall have and my favour To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal, Prithée, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary: I find him a fit fellow.

[Exit CARDINAL WOLSEY]

[Re-enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, with GARDINER]

CARDINAL WOLSEY [Aside to CARDINAL WOLSEY] Give me your hand much joy and favour to you; You are the king’s now.

GARDINER [Aside to CARDINAL WOLSEY] But to be commanded For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.

KING HENRY VIII Come hither, Gardiner.

[Walks and whispers]

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace In this man’s place before him?

CARDINAL WOLSEY Yes, he was.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS Was he not held a learned man?

CARDINAL WOLSEY Yes, surely.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS Believe me, there’s an ill opinion spread then Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

CARDINAL WOLSEY How! Of me?

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS They will not stick to say you envied him, And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous, Kept him a foreign man still; which so grieved him, That he ran mad and died.

CARDINAL WOLSEY 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.

KING HENRY VIII 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.

[Exeunt]
SCENE III
An ante-chamber of the QUEEN’s apartments.

[Enter ANNE and an Old Lady]

ANNE Not for that neither: here’s the pang that pinches; His highness having lived 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 enthroned, Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than ’Tis sweet at first to acquire,— after this process, To give her the avaunt! It is a pity Would move a monster.

OLD LADY Hearts of most hard temper Melt and lament for her.

ANNE O, God’s will! Much better She ne’er had known pomp: though’t be temporal, Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce It from the bearer, ’tis a sufferance panging As soul and body’s severing.

OLD LADY Alas, poor lady! She’s a stranger now again.

ANNE So much the more Must pity drop upon her. Verily, I swear, ’tis better to be slowly born, And range with humble lives in content, Than to be perk’d up in a glistening grief, And wear a golden sorrow.

OLD LADY Our content Is our best having.

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

OLD LADY 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 conscience would receive, If you might please to stretch it.

ANNE Nay, good troth.

OLD LADY Yes, troth, and troth; you would not be a queen?

ANNE No, not for all the riches under heaven.

OLD LADY ’Tis strange: a three-pence bow’d 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 LADY Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little; I would not be a young count in your way, For more than blushing comes to: if your back Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, ’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 LADY In faith, for little England You’ld venture an embalming: I myself Would for Carnarvonshire, although there long’d No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

[Enter Chamberlain]

CHAMBERLAIN Good morrow, ladies. What were’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.

CHAMBERLAIN 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!

CHAMBERLAIN 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 of you, and Does purpose honour to you no less flowing Than M archioness 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, 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.

CHAMBERLAIN  Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you.

[Aside]
I have perused her well;
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.

[Exit Chamberlain]

ANNE  My honour'd lord.

OLD LADY  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—fie, fie, fie upon
This compel'd fortune!—Have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open it.

ANNE  This is strange to me.

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: have you heard it?

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've heard to her.

OLD LADY  What do you think me?

[Exeunt]

SCENE IV
A hall in Black-Friars.

[Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers,
with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in
the habit of doctors; after them, CANTERBURY
alone; after him, 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; after them, side by side,
CARDINAL WOLSEY and CARDINAL
CAMPEIUS; two Noblemen with the sword and
mace. KING HENRY VIII takes place under the
cloth of state; CARDINAL WOLSEY and
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS sit under him as judges.
QUEEN KATHERINE takes place some distance
from KING HENRY VIII. The Bishops place
themselves on each side the court, in manner of a
consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit
next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand
in convenient order about the stage]

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

KING HENRY VIII  What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may, then, spare that time.

CARDINAL WOLSEY  Be't so. Proceed.

SCRIBE  Say, Henry King of England, come into the
court.

CRIER  Henry King of England, &c.

KING HENRY VIII  Here.
Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

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

QUEEN KATHARINE 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 behavior 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 inclined: 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 derived your anger, did I Continue in my liking? Nay, gave notice He was from thence discharged. 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 unmatch'd wit and judgement: Ferdinand, My father, king of Spain, was reck'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 advised; whose counsel I will implore: if not, 'tis the name of God, Your pleasure be fulfilled!
As you have done my truth. 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.

QUEEN KATHARINE My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You’re meek and
humble-mouth’d;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cram’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 judged by him.

[She curtsies to KING HENRY VIII, and offers
to depart]

CARDINAL CAMPEUS The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by ‘t: ‘tis not well.
She’s going away.

KING HENRY VIII Call her again.

CRIER Katharine Queen of England, come
into the court.

GRIFFITH Madam, you are call’d back.

QUEEN KATHARINE 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.

[Exeunt QUEEN KATHARINE and her
Attendants]

KING HENRY VIII 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.
The queen of earthly queens: she’s noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

CARDINAL WOLSEY 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 unloosed, although not there
At once and fully satisfied,—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
H ave you to, but with thanks to God for such
A Royal lady, spake one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

KING HENRY VIII 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’re excused:
But will you be more justified? You ever
Have wish’d the sleeping of this business; never desired
It to be stirr’d; but oft have hinder’d, oft,
The passages made toward it: on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what moved 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 received 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,
Sometimes 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 forced such way,
That many mazed considerings 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 conceived 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 judgement on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded 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
M any a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea 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 moved you.

KING HENRY VIII I have spoke long: be pleased
yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

LINCOLN Very well, my liege.

KING HENRY VIII I have spoke long: be pleased.
yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

LINCOLN 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.

[Exeunt in manner as they entered]
[Enter a Gentleman]

QUEEN KATHARINE How now!

GENTLEMAN An’t please your grace, the two great cardinals Wait in the presence.

QUEEN KATHARINE Would they speak with me?

GENTLEMAN They will’d me say so, madam.

QUEEN KATHARINE Pray their graces To come near.

[Exit Gentleman]

What can be their business With me, a poor weak woman, fall’n 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 CARDINAL WOLSEY and CARDINAL CAMPEIUS]

CARDINAL WOLSEY Peace to your highness!

QUEEN KATHARINE 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?

CARDINAL WOLSEY May it please you noble madam, to withdraw Into your private chamber, we shall give you The full cause of our coming.

QUEEN KATHARINE 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 ’em, Envy and base opinion set against ’em, 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.

CARDINAL WOLSEY Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima.—

QUEEN KATHARINE O, good my lord, no Latin; I am not such a truant since my coming, As not to know the language I have lived 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 willingst sin I ever yet committed May be absolved in English.

CARDINAL WOLSEY 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.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS 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.

QUEEN KATHARINE [Aside] To betray me.— 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,— for I feel The last fit of my greatness,— good your graces, Let me have time and counsel for my cause: Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless!

CARDINAL WOLSEY Madam, you wrong the king’s love with these fears: Your hopes and friends are infinite.

QUEEN KATHARINE 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.

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

QUEEN KATHERINE  How, sir?

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS  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 ye,  
You'll part away disgraced.

CARDINAL WOLSEY  He tells you rightly.

QUEEN KATHERINE  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.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS  Your rage mistakes us.

QUEEN KATHERINE  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:  
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;  
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

CARDINAL WOLSEY  M'adam, this is a mere distraction;  
You turn the good we offer into envy.

QUEEN KATHERINE  Ye turn me into nothing:  
woe upon ye  
And all such false professors! Would you 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, 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.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS  Your fears are worse.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS 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.

QUEEN KATHARINE Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray, forgive me, If I have used myself 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 set footing here, She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[Exeunt]

SCENE II
Ante-chamber to KING HENRY VIII’s apartment.

[Enter NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, SURREY, and Chamberlain]

NORFOLK 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.

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

NORFOLK Believe it, this is true: In the divorce his contrary proceedings Are all unfolded wherein he appears As I would wish mine enemy.

SURREY How came His practises to light?

SUFFOLK Most strangely.

SURREY O, how, how?

SUFFOLK The cardinal’s letters 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 judgement 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.”

SURREY Has the king this?

SUFFOLK Believe it.

SURREY Will this work?

CHAMBERLAIN 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.

SURREY Would he had!

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

SURREY Now, all my joy Trace the conjunction!

SUFFOLK My amen to ‘t!

NORFOLK All men’s!

SUFFOLK 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 memorised.

SURREY But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal’s?
The Lord forbid!

NORFOLK Marry, amen!

SUFFOLK No, no;
There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol’n away to Rome; hath ta’en no leave;
Has left the cause o’ the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried Ha! at this.

CHAMBERLAIN Now, God incense him,
And let him cry Ha! louder!

NORFOLK But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

SUFFOLK He is return’d in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call’d queen, but princess dowager
And widow to Prince Arthur.

NORFOLK This same Cranmer’s
A worthy fellow, and hath ta’en much pain
In the king’s business.

SUFFOLK He has: and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.

NORFOLK So I hear.

SUFFOLK ’Tis so.
The cardinal!

[Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY and CROMWELL]

NORFOLK Observe, observe, he’s moody.

CARDINAL WOLSEY The packet, Cromwell.
Gave’t you the king?

CROMWELL To his own hand, in ’s bedchamber.

CARDINAL WOLSEY Look’d he o’ the inside of the paper?

CROMWELL 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.

CARDINAL WOLSEY Is he ready
To come abroad?

CROMWELL I think, by this he is.

CARDINAL WOLSEY Leave me awhile.

[Exit CROMWELL]

[Aside]

It shall be to the Duchess of Alencon,
The French king’s sister: he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen! No; I’ll no Anne Bullens for him:
There’s more in ’t than fair visage. Bullen!
No, we’ll no Bullens. Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke!

NORFOLK He’s discontented.

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

SURREY Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

CARDINAL WOLSEY [Aside] 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-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl’d into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

NORFOLK He is vex’d at something.

SURREY I would ’twere something that would
fret the string,
The master-cord on’s heart!

[Enter KING HENRY VIII, reading of a schedule,
and LOVELL]
SUFFOLK  The king, the king!

KING HENRY VIII  What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! And what expense 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?

NORFOLK  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.

KING HENRY VIII  It may well be;
There is a mutiny in 's 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.

NORFOLK  It's heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

KING HENRY VIII  If we did think
There is a mutiny in 's 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.

KING HENRY VIII  It may well be;
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.

[King HENRY VIII takes his seat; whispers
LOVELL, who goes to CARDINAL WOLSEY]

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

KING HENRY VIII  You have said well.

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

KING HENRY VIII  'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you:
His 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 pared my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

CARDINAL WOLSEY  [Aside] What should this mean?
SURREY  [Aside] The Lord increase this business!

KING HENRY VIII  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?

CARDINAL WOLSEY  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 filed with my abilities: 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.

KING HENRY VIII  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,  
As ‘twere in love’s particular, be more  
To me, your friend, than any.

CARDINAL WOLSEY  I do profess  
That for your highness’ good I ever labour’d  
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be—  
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 ‘em, and  
Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty,  
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,  
Should the approach of this wild river break,  
And stand unshaken yours.

KING HENRY VIII  '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 HENRY VIII, frowning upon  
CARDINAL WOLSEY: the Nobles throng after  
him, smiling and whispering]

CARDINAL WOLSEY  What should this mean?  
What sudden anger’s this? How have I reap’d it?  
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
Leap’d from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion  
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall’d him;  
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;  
I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so;  
This paper has undone me: 'tis the account  
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together  
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,  
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!  
Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil  
M ade me put this main secret in the packet  
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?  
No new device to beat this from his brains?  
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know  
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune  
Will bring me off again. What's this? "To the Pope!"  
The letter, as I live, with all the business  
I writ to 's holiness. Nay then, farewell!  
I have touch’d the highest point of all my greatness;  
And, from that full meridian of my glory,  
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall

Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more.

[Re-enter to CARDINAL WOLSEY, NORFOLK  
and SUFFOLK, SURREY, and the Chamberlain]

NORFOLK  Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal:  
who commands you  
To render up the great seal presently  
Into our hands; and to confine yourself  
To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,  
Till you hear further from his highness.

CARDINAL WOLSEY  Stay:  
Where's your commission, lords? Words cannot carry  
Authority so weighty.

SUFFOLK  Who dare cross 'em,  
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

CARDINAL WOLSEY  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 'em, 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?

SURREY  The king, that gave it.

CARDINAL WOLSEY  It must be himself, then.

SURREY  Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

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

SURREY  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 succor, from the king, from all  
That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe.

CARDINAL WOLSEY 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,
H is noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honour,
That 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.

SURREY By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou
shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.

CARDINAL WOLSEY All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.
SURREY Yes, that goodness
Of gleanig 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 despised 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 scaring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

CARDINAL WOLSEY How much, methinks, I could
despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!
NORFOLK Those articles, my lord, are in
the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.
CARDINAL WOLSEY So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

SURREY 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.

CARDINAL WOLSEY Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

SURREY I had 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 maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

NORFOLK Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, "Ego et Rex meus"
Was still inscribed; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

SUFFOLK 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.

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

SUFFOLK That, out of mere ambition, you have caused
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

SURREY 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 undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

CHAMBERLAIN 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.

SURREY I forgive him.

SUFFOLK 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 praemunire,
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.

NORFOLK 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.

[Exeunt all but CARDINAL WOLSEY]

CARDINAL WOLSEY 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 hopes; 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 fails, as I do. I have ventured,
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,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

[Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed]

Why, how now, Cromwell!

CROMWELL I have no power to speak, sir.

CARDINAL WOLSEY What, amazed
At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fall'n indeed.

CROMWELL How does your grace?

CARDINAL WOLSEY 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 cured 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 burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

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

CARDINAL WOLSEY 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?

CROMWELL The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.

CARDINAL WOLSEY God bless him!

CROMWELL The next is, that Sir Thomas More
is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

CARDINAL WOLSEY 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?

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

CARDINAL WOLSEY That's news indeed.

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

CARDINAL WOLSEY 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 fall'n 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 use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

CROMWELL O my lord,
Must I, then, leave you? Must I needs forgo
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.

CARDINAL WOLSEY Cromwell, I did not think
to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced 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,
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim’st at be thy country’s,
Thy God’s, and truth’s; then if thou fall’st,
O Cromwell,
Thou fall’st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And,—prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; ’tis the king’s: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

CROMWELL Good sir, have patience.

CARDINAL WOLSEY So I have. Farewell

[Exeunt]

ACT IV

SCENE I
A street in Westminster.

[Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another]

FIRST GENTLEMAN You’re well met another.
SECOND GENTLEMAN So are you.
FIRST GENTLEMAN You come to take your stand here,
and behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?
SECOND GENTLEMAN ’Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
FIRST GENTLEMAN ’Tis very true; but that time
offer’d sorrow;
This, general joy.
SECOND GENTLEMAN ’Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds—
As, let ’em have their rights, they are ever forward—
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants and sights of honour.
FIRST GENTLEMAN Never greater,
Nor, I’ll assure you, better taken, sir.
SECOND GENTLEMAN May I be bold to ask at
what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
FIRST GENTLEMAN 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.
SECOND GENTLEMAN I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs, I should have been beholding to your paper. But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine, The princess dowager? How goes her business?

FIRST GENTLEMAN 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 Ampthill where the princess lay, to which She was often 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 divorced, And the late marriage made of none effect Since which she was removed to Kimbolton, Where she remains now sick.

SECOND GENTLEMAN Alas, good lady!

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

[Hautboys]

[THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION
A lively flourish of Trumpets. Then, two Judges. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace, before him. Choristers, singing. Music. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head a filet, copper crown. Marquess Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS. Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, Queen Anne in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester. The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing Queen, Anne's train. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers. They pass over the stage in order and state]

SECOND GENTLEMAN A royal train, believe me. These I know: Who's that that bears the sceptre?

FIRST GENTLEMAN Marquess Dorset: And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

SECOND GENTLEMAN A bold brave gentleman. That should be The Duke of Suffolk?

FIRST GENTLEMAN 'Tis the same: high-steward.

SECOND GENTLEMAN And that my Lord of Norfolk?

FIRST GENTLEMAN Yes;

SECOND GENTLEMAN Heaven bless thee!

[Looking on Queen Anne]
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.

FIRST GENTLEMAN They that bear The cloth of honour over her, are four barons Of the Cinque-ports.

SECOND GENTLEMAN 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.

FIRST GENTLEMAN It is; and all the rest are countesses.

SECOND GENTLEMAN Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed; And sometimes falling ones.

FIRST GENTLEMAN No more of that.

[Exit procession, and then a great flourish of trumpets]

[Enter a third Gentleman]

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

THIRD GENTLEMAN Among the crowd i' the Abbey; where a finger Could not be wedged in more: I am stifled With the mere rankness of their joy.
SECOND GENTLEMAN You saw
The ceremony?

THIRD GENTLEMAN That I did.

FIRST GENTLEMAN How was it?

THIRD GENTLEMAN Well worth the seeing.

SECOND GENTLEMAN Good sir, speak it to us.

THIRD GENTLEMAN As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, 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 rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say "This is my wife" there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

SECOND GENTLEMAN But, what follow'd?

THIRD GENTLEMAN 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 paced back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Sir,
You must no more call it York-place, that's past;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost:
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

THIRD GENTLEMAN I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

SECOND GENTLEMAN What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

THIRD GENTLEMAN Stokesly and Gardiner; the one
of Winchester,
Newly prefer'd from the king's secretary,
The other, London.

SECOND GENTLEMAN He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

THIRD GENTLEMAN All the land knows that:
However, yet there is no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

SECOND GENTLEMAN Who may that be, I pray you?

THIRD GENTLEMAN 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.

SECOND GENTLEMAN He will deserve more.

THIRD GENTLEMAN 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
Kimbolton.

[Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick; led between
GRIFFITH, her gentleman usher, and PATIENCE,
her woman]

GRIFFITH How does your grace?

KATHARINE O Griffith, sick to death!
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burthen. 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?

GRIFFITH  Yes, madam; but I think your grace, Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

KATHARINE  Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died: If well, he stepp'd before me, happily For my example.

GRIFFITH  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.

KATHARINE  Alas, poor man!

GRIFFITH  At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester, Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend abbot, With all his covent, honourably received 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 Pursued 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.

KATHARINE  So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!

GRIFFITH  Noble madam, Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking Himself with princes; one that, by suggestion, Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair-play; His own opinion was his law: in 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 in example.

GRIFFITH  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 loved 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 raised in you, Ipswich and Oxford! One of which fell with him, Unwilling to outlive the good that did it; The other, though unfinished, yet so famous, So excellent in art, and still so rising, That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue. H is 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.

KATHARINE  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, I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating On that celestial harmony I go to.

[Sad and solemn music]

GRIFFITH  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 bay, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bay 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 reverent curtsies; 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 hold-eth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues

KATHARINE Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone, And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

GRIFFITH Madam, we are here.

KATHARINE It is not you I call for: Saw ye none enter since I slept?

GRIFFITH None, madam.

KATHARINE 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 promised me eternal happiness; And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.

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

KATHARINE Bid the music leave, They are harsh and heavy to me.

[Music ceases]

PATIENCE 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 earthy cold? Mark her eyes!

GRIFFITH She is going, wench: pray, pray, Heavenly comfort her!

[Enter a Messenger]

MESSENGER An 't like your grace,—

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

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

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

KATHARINE 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, M' royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

CAPUCIUS Madam, the same; your servant.

KATHARINE 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?

CAPUCIUS 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.

KATHARINE O my good lord, that comfort comes too late; 'Tis like a pardon after execution: That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me; But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers. How does his highness?

CAPUCIUS Madam, in good health.

KATHARINE 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 caused you write, yet sent away?

PATIENCE No, madam.

[Giving it to KATHARINE]

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

CAPUCIUS Most willing, madam.

KATHARINE In which I have commended to his goodness The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter; The dews 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 loved 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 'em.
The last is, for my men; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by:
If heaven had pleased 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,"
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,  
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,  
Sleep in their graves.  

LOVELL Now, sir, you speak of two  
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,  
Beside that of the jewel house, is made master  
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,  
Stands in the gap and trade of moe preferments,  
With which the time will load him. The archbishop  
Is the king's hand and tongue, and who dare speak  
One syllable against him?  

GARDINER Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,  
There are that dare: and I myself have ventured  
To speak my mind of him: and indeed this day,  
Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have  
Incensed the lords o' the council, that he is,  
For so I know he is, they know he is,  
A most arch heretic, a pestilence  
That does infect the land: with which they moved  
Have broken with the king; 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, hath commanded  
To-morrow morning to the council-board  
He be convented. 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.  

LOVELL Many good nights, my lord: I rest your servant.  

[Exeunt GARDINER and Page]  

[Enter KING HENRY VIII and SUFFOLK]  

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

SUFFOLK Sir, I did never win of you before.  

KING HENRY VIII But little, Charles;  
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.  
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?  

LOVELL 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 great't humbleness, and desired your highness  
Most heartily to pray for her.  

KING HENRY VIII What say'st thou, ha?  
To pray for her? What, is she crying out?  

LOVELL So said her woman; and that her  
sufferance made  
Almost each pang a death.  

KING HENRY VIII Alas, good lady!  

SUFFOLK God safely quit her of her burthen, and  
With gentle travail, to the gladding of  
Your highness with an heir!  

KING HENRY VIII 'Tis midnight, Charles;  
Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember  
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;  
For I must think of that which company  
Would not be friendly to.  

SUFFOLK I wish your highness  
A quiet night; and my good mistress will  
Remember in my prayers.  

KING HENRY VIII Charles, good night.  

[Exit SUFFOLK]  

[Enter DENNY]  

Well, sir, what follows?  

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

KING HENRY VIII Hal Canterbury?  

DENNY Ay, my good lord.  

KING HENRY VIII 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?  

DENNY He attends your highness' pleasure.  

KING HENRY VIII Bring him to us.  

[Exit DENNY]  

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

[Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER]  

KING HENRY VIII Avoid the gallery.  

[LOVELL seems to stay]  

Ha! I have said. Be gone. What!  

[Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY]
CRANMER [Aside] I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus? 'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well. 

KING HENRY VIII How now, my lord! You desire to know Wherefore I sent for you.

CRANMER [Kneeling] It is my duty To attend your highness' pleasure.

KING HENRY VIII 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 moved 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, It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness Would come against you.

CRANMER [Kneeling] I humbly thank your highness; And am right glad to catch this good occasion Most throughly 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.

KING HENRY VIII Stand up, good Canterbury: Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted In us, thy friend; give me thy hand, stand up: Prifhoo, let's walk. Now, by my holidame. What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd You should 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 indulgence, further.

CRANMER 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, Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing What can be said against me.

KING HENRY VIII Know you not How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world? Your enemies are many, and not small; their practises Must bear the same proportion; and not ever 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 opposed; and with a malice Of as great size. W'en you of better luck, I mean, in perjured witness, than your master, Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to; You take a precipice for no leap of danger, And woo your own destruction.

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

KING HENRY VIII 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 is 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 Old Lady, LOVELL following]

GENTLEMAN [Within] Come back: what mean you?

OLD 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!

KING HENRY VIII Now, by thy looks I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd? Say, ay; and of a boy.
OLD 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.

KING HENRY VIII Lovell!

LOVELL Sir?

KING HENRY VIII Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.

[Exit]

OLD LADY An hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' more. An ordinary groom is for such payment. I will have more, or scold it out of him. Said I for this, the girl was 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
Before the council-chamber. Pursuivants, Pages, &c. attending.

[Enter CRANMER]

CRANMER I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman, That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me To make great haste. All fast? What means this? Ho! Who waits there? Sure, you know me?

[Enter Keeper]

KEEPER Yes, my lord; But yet I cannot help you.

CRANMER Why?

[Enter DOCTOR BUTTS]

KEEPER Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

CRANMER So.

DOCTOR BUTTS [Aside] This is a piece of malice. I am glad I came this way so happily: the king Shall understand it presently.

[Exit]

CRANMER [Aside] Tis Butts, The king's physician: as he pass'd along, How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me! Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain, This is of purpose laid 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 at door, a fellow-counsellor, 'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

[Enter the KING HENRY VIII and DOCTOR BUTTS at a window above]

DOCTOR BUTTS I'll show your grace the strangest sight—

KING HENRY VIII What's that, Butts?

DOCTOR BUTTS I think your highness saw this many a day.

KING HENRY VIII Body o' me, where is it?

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

KING HENRY VIII Ha! 'Tis he, indeed: Is this the honour they do one another? 'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought They had parted so much honesty among 'em 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 'em alone, and draw the curtain close: We shall hear more anon.

[Exeunt]
SCENE III
The Council-Chamber.

[Enter Chancellor; places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for CRANMER's seat. SUFFOLK, NORFOLK, SURREY, Chamberlain, GARDINER, seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at lower end, as secretary. Keeper at the door]

CHANCELLOR Speak to the business, master-secretary: Why are we met in council?
CROMWELL Please your honours, The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.
GARDINER Has he had knowledge of it?
CROMWELL Yes.
NORFOLK Who waits there?
KEEPER Without, my noble lords?
GARDINER Yes.
KEEPER My lord archbishop; And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.
CHANCELLOR Let him come in.
KEEPER Your grace may enter now.

[CRANMER enters and approaches the council-table]

CHANCELLOR My good lord archbishop, I'm 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: out of which frailty And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us, Have misdemean'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.

GARDINER Which reformation must be sudden too, My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle, But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em, 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? Commotions, uproars, with a general taint Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours, The upper Germany, can dearly witness, Yet freshly pitted in our memories.

CRANMER 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, 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.

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

GARDINER 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.

CRANMER 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; W in 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.

GARDINER My lord, my lord, you are a sectary, That's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers, To men that understand you, words and weakness.
CROMWELL 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.

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

CROMWELL Why, my lord?

GARDINER Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? Ye are not sound.

CROMWELL Not sound?

GARDINER Not sound, I say.

CROMWELL Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

GARDINER I shall remember this bold language.

CROMWELL Do.
Remember your bold life too.

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

GARDINER I have done.

CROMWELL And I.

CHANCELLOR 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.

CRANMER Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

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

[Enter Guard]

CRANMER For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

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

CRANMER 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.

CHAMBERLAIN This is the king's ring.

SURREY 'Tis no counterfeit.

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

NORFOLK Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

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

CROMWELL 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]

GARDINER 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 judgement comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

KING HENRY VIII You were ever good at sudden
commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoever thou takest me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.

[To CRANMER]

CRANMER For me?

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

CRANMER Stay, good my lords,
KING HENRY VIII

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.

Chancellor Thus far, my most dread sovereign, may it like your grace to let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed concerning his imprisonment, was rather, if there be faith in men, meant for his trial, and fair purgation to the world, than malice, I'm sure, in me.

KING HENRY VIII 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 beholding 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 Canterbury, I have a suit which you must not deny me; that is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism, you must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cranmer 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?

KING HENRY VIII Come, come, my lords, you'd spare your spoons: you shall have two noble partners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please you? Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you, embrace and love this man.

Gardiner With a true heart and brother-love I do it.

Cranmer And let heaven witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

KING HENRY VIII 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 IV
The palace yard.

[Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man]

Porter You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Paris-garden? Ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

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

Porter Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue! Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em. 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 'em from the door with cannons—to scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep on May-day morning; which will never be: we may as well push against Powle's, as stir 'em.

Porter 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.

Porter You did nothing, sir.

Man I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand, to mow 'em 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?
King Henry the VIII: ACT V

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

MAN What would you have me do?

PORTER What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? 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; and, 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: that fire-drake 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 pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman; who cried out "Clubs!" When I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succor, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place: at length they came to the broom-staff to me; I defied 'em still: when suddenly a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

PORTER These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

PORTER 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 'em.

CHAMBERLAIN 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: ye are lazy knaves; And here ye lie babbling of bombards, when Ye should do service. Hark! The trumpets sound; They're 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 ye play these two months.

PORTER Make way there for the princess.

MAN You great fellow, Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

PORTER You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail; I'll peck you o'er the pales else.

[Exeunt]

Scene V

The palace.

[Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Norfolk with his marshal's staff, Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls 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 Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks]

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

[Flourish. Enter King Henry VIII and Guard]

CRANMER [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, H e a v e n e v e r l a i d u p to make parents happy, M y hourly fall upon ye!

KING HENRY VIII Thank you, good lord archbishop: What is her name?
CRANMER  Elizabeth.

KING HENRY VIII  Stand up, lord.

[KING HENRY VIII kisses the child]

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

CRANMER  Amen.

KING HENRY VIII  My noble gossips, ye have been
too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

CRANMER  Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant—heaven still move about her!—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her;
And all that shall succeed: Saba 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 loved 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: 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.

KING HENRY VIII  Thou speakest wonders.

CRANMER  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.

KING HENRY VIII  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 pleased 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 beholding;
I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords:
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
Has business at his house; for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday.

[Exeunt]

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
Abused extremely, and to cry "That's witty!"
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we're 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 'em: if they smile,
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 'em clap.