

HENRY THE EIGHTH

By William Shakespeare

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH ALL IS TRUE

Dramatis Personae.

Speaker of the PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE.

KING HENRY the Eighth.

Queen KATHARINE, Wife to King Henry; afterwards divorced.

PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Katharine.

GRIFFITH, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.

Women attending on Katharine.

ANNE BULLEN, her maid of Honour; afterwards Queen.

An OLD LADY, Friend to Anne Bullen.

Duke of NORFOLK.

Duke of SUFFOLK.

Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

Earl of SURREY.

Lord CHANCELLOR.

Lord CHAMBERLAIN.

Lord ABERGAVENNY.

Lord SANDS.

Sir Thomas LOVELL.

Sir Henry GUILFORD.

Sir Anthony DENNY.

Sir Nicholas VAUX.

CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

CARDINAL Wolsey.

Thomas CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.

SECRETARY to Wolsey.

Cardinal CAMPEIUS.

Thomas CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.

PAGE to Gardiner.

Bishop of LINCOLN.

Bishops of Ely, Rochester, and St. Asaph.

Doctor BUTTS, Physician to the King.

1st GENTLEMAN. 2nd GENTLEMAN, 3rd GENTLEMAN.
GARTER King-of-arms.
BRANDON.
SERGEANT-at-arms.
SURVEYOR to the Duke of Buckingham.
Door-KEEPER of the Council Chamber.
PORTER, and Porter's MAN.

1st SECRETARY, 2nd Secretary.
A CRIER. A MESSENGER. A SERVANT.

Lords and Ladies in the Dumb-shows;

Six Spirits appearing to Katharine.

Tipstaves, Halberds, Officers, Guards,
Commoners, Attendants, Pursuivants, Footboys,
Pages, Trumpeters, Aldermen, Noblemen, Judges,
Choiristers, Barons of the Cinque-ports, Priests,
A Gentleman Usher, Vergers, Scribes.

Scene: London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.

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THE PROLOGUE

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 followed 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.
[Exit.

ACT 1.

Scene 1. London. An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK at one door.
At the other, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD 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
Stayed 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 weighed
Such a compounded one?

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

Cardinal Is he in person ready?

1st Secretary Ay, please your grace.

Cardinal Well, we shall then know more, and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt CARDINAL and his TRAIN.

Buckingham This butcher's cur is venom-mouthed, 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 temp'rance; 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 allowed 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 overrunning. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till't 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,

Brandon A monk o'th'Chartreux.

Buckingham O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Brandon He.

Buckingham My surveyor is false; the o'ergreat cardinal
Hath showed him gold; my life is spanned 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.

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Scene 2. The Council Chamber.

Cornets.

Enter KING HENRY, leaning on the CARDINAL's shoulder, the NOBLES, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL, and a SECRETARY to Wolsey.
The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet on his right side.

King Henry My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i'th'level
Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choked it. Let be called 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 the QUEEN, NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she kneels.
King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

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

King Henry Arise, and take place by us. Half your suit
Never name to us -you have half our power;
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will and take it.

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

King Henry Lady mine, proceed.

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 flawed the heart
Of all their loyalties; wherein, although,
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
Whose honour heaven shield from soil, even he escapes not
Language unmannerly; yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Norfolk Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who
Unfit for other life, compelled 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 Taxation?
Wherein? And what taxation? My Lord Cardinal,
You that are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Cardinal 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.

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 hearing; 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 Still exaction!
The nature of it, in what kind let's know,
Is this exaction?

Katharine I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am boldened

Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission. Pray look to't;
I put it to your care.

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

[Exit SECRETARY.
Enter SURVEYOR.

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

King Henry It grieves many:
The gentleman is learned, and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself: yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enrolled 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravished list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute, he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmeared in hell. Sit by us, you shall hear -
This was his gentleman in trust -of him
Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Cardinal Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King Henry Speak freely.

Surveyor First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that if the king
Should without issue die, he'll carry it so
To make the sceptre his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergavenny, to whom by oath he menaced
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Surveyor After `the duke his father', with the `knife',
He stretched him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenor
Was, were he evil used, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King Henry There's his period;
To sheath his knife in us. He is attached,
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
He's traitor to the height!
[Exeunt.

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Scene 3. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN and LORD 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 followed.

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'th'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 see 'em pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt reigned among 'em.

Chamberlain Death, my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut to't,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

 How now!
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Lovell Faith, my lord,

As first, good company, good wine, good welcome
Can make good people.

Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN, LORD SANDS and LOVELL.

O my lord, y'are tardy;
The very thought of this fair company
Clapped wings to me.

Chamberlain You are young, Sir Harry Guilford.

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 Bullen 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.

Chamberlain Well said, my lord.
So now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

From foreign princes.

Cardinal 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!

Hautboys.
Enter KING and others as MASQUERS, habited like shepherds, ushered by the
LORD
CHAMBERLAIN.
They pass directly before the CARDINAL, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! What are their pleasures?

Chamberlain Because they speak no English, thus they prayed
To tell your grace: that having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Cardinal Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace, for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.
[They choose Ladies; KING chooses ANNE BULLEN.

King Henry The fairest hand I ever touched! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee!

[Music. Dance.

Cardinal My lord.

Chamberlain Your grace?

Cardinal 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 to the Masquers.
Cardinal 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 Let me see then,
By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.

King Henry [Unmasking.] Ye have found him, cardinal.
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 I am glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

King Henry 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 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 Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I'th'privy chamber?

Lovell Yes my lord.

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

King Henry I fear, too much.

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

King Henry 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.

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ACT 2.

Scene 1. Westminster. A Street.

Enter two GENTLEMEN at several doors.

1st Gentleman Whither away so fast?

2nd Gentleman O, God save ye:
E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

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

2nd Gentleman Were you there?

1st Gentleman Yes, indeed was I.

2nd Gentleman Pray speak what has happened.

1st Gentleman You may guess quickly what.

2nd Gentleman Is he found guilty?

1st Gentleman Yes, truly is he, and condemned upon't.

2nd Gentleman I am sorry for't.

1st Gentleman So are a number more.

2nd Gentleman But pray, how passed it?

1st Gentleman I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney on the contrary
Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses, which the duke desired
To have brought, viva voce, to his face;
At which appeared against him his surveyor,
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor, and John Car,
Confessor to him, with that devil monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2nd Gentleman That was he
That fed him with his prophecies.

Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment, TIPSTAVES before him, the axe with the edge towards him, HALBERDS on each side; accompanied with SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WALTER SANDS, and COMMON PEOPLE &c.

2nd Gentleman Let's stand close, and behold him.
[GENTLEMEN stand apart.]

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 judgment,
And by that name must die; yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
'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 as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o'God's name.

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 make my grave. Commend me to his grace,
And if he speaks 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.

Buckingham Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither I was Lord High Constable
And Duke of Buckingham: now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it,
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father Henry of Buckingham,
Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distressed, was by that wretch betrayed,
And without trial fell: God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honours, and out of ruins
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes; both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most:
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all; yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me; I must now forsake ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell;
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. I have done, and God forgive me!
[Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and TRAIN.]

1st Gentleman [Advancing with 2nd GENTLEMAN.]
O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

2nd 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.

1st Gentleman Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2nd Gentleman This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

1st Gentleman Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2nd Gentleman I am confident:
You shall sir. Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

1st 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 rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2nd 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, possessed him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately,
As all think, for this business.

1st 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.

2nd Gentleman I think you have hit the mark: but is't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1st Gentleman 'Tis woeful.

We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more.
[Exeunt.

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Scene 2. An Antechamber in the Palace.

A curtain hides the inner stage.

Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN, reading this letter.

Chamberlain [Reads.] "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 the Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Norfolk Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

Chamberlain Good day to both your graces.

Suffolk How is the king employed?

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 [Aside.] 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 cracked 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 Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.
[Exit LORD CHAMBERLAIN.]

[The KING draws the curtain and sits reading pensively.]

Suffolk How sad he looks! Sure, he is much afflicted.

King Henry Who's there, ha?

Norfolk Pray God he be not angry.

King Henry Who's there I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I, ha?

Norfolk A gracious king that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate, in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King Henry Ye are too bold.
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS with a commission.

Who's there? My good Lord Cardinal? O, my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a king.
[To CAMPEIUS.] You're welcome,
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us and it.
[To WOLSEY.] My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

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

King Henry [To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.] We are busy; go.

Norfolk [Aside to SUFFOLK.]
This priest has no pride in him!

Suffolk [Aside to NORFOLK.] Not to speak of:
I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.

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 Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.
Who can be angry now? What envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones in Christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius,
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

King Henry 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 wished for.

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 joined with me, their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

King Henry Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

Cardinal 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, allowed freely to argue for her.

King Henry Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,
Prithee call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter GARDINER.

Cardinal [Aside to GARDINER.]
Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now.

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

King Henry Come hither Gardiner.
[Walks and whispers.]

Campeius My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Cardinal Yes, he was.

Campeius Was he not held a learned man?

Cardinal Yes, surely.

Campeius Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then,
Even of yourself, Lord Cardinal.

Cardinal How? Of me?

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 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 griped by meaner persons.

King Henry 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 furnished. 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 3. A Room in the Queen's Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN and an OLD LADY.

Anne Bullen 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,

Crier Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

The QUEEN makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet. Then speaks.

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 behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable,
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry
As I saw it 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 sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king your father was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, King of Spain, was reckoned one
The wisest prince that there had reigned by many
A year before: it is not to be questioned
That they had gathered a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deemed 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, i'th'name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfilled!

Hung their heads, and then lay by:
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

Katharine How now?

Gentleman And't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Katharine Would they speak with me?

Gentleman They willed me say so, madam.

Katharine Pray their graces
To come near.

[Exit GENTLEMAN.

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

Enter the two CARDINALS, Wolsey and Campeius.

Cardinal Peace to your highness!

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, reverent lords?

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

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 Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima -

How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; pray, think us
Those we profess, peacemakers, friends and servants.

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.

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 2. Antechamber to the King's Apartment.

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, LORD SURREY, and LORD
CHAMBERLAIN.

Norfolk If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces
With these you bear already.

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

Suffolk Which of the peers
Have uncondemned gone by him, or at least

Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?

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

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 practices to light?

Suffolk Most strangely.

Surrey O, how, how?

Suffolk The cardinal's letters to the Pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o'th'king, wherein was read
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgement o'th'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

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

Cardinal 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 everything 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 It must be himself then.

Surrey Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

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

Surrey Thy ambition,
 Thou scarlet sin, robbed 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 -
 Weighed not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
 You sent me deputy for Ireland,
 Far from his succour, from the king, from all
 That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
 Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
 Absolved him with an axe.

Cardinal This, and all else
 This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
 I answer is most false. The duke by law
 Found his deserts. How innocent I was
 From any private malice in his end,
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
 If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you
 You have as little honesty as honour,
 That in the way of loyalty and truth

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 maimed 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 stamped 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 WOLSEY.]

Cardinal So farewell, to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! A long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; today he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, tomorrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have 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 opened. 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, standing amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Cromwell I have no power to speak, sir.

Cardinal 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 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 ruined pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy -too much honour:

O 'tis a burden, Cromwell! 'Tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

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

Cardinal 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 God bless him!

Cromwell The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Cardinal 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 him.
What more?

Cromwell That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cardinal That's news indeed.

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

Cardinal There was the weight that pulled 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

ACT 4.

Scene 1. A Street in Westminster.

Enter two GENTLEMEN, meeting one another.

1st Gentleman You're well met once again.

2nd Gentleman So are you.

1st Gentleman You come to take your stand here, and behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2nd Gentleman 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1st Gentleman 'Tis very true: but that time offered sorrow,
This general joy.

2nd 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.

1st Gentleman Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2nd Gentleman May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1st 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.

2nd 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?

1st 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 appeared not:
And to be short, for not appearance and

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.

2nd Gentleman

But what followed?

3rd Gentleman At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar, where she kneeled, and saintlike
Cast her fair eyes to heaven and prayed devoutly:
Then rose again and bowed 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 performed, 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.

1st 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 called Whitehall.

3rd Gentleman

I know it;

But 'tis so lately altered that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2nd Gentleman

What two reverend bishops

Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3rd Gentleman Stokesly and Gardiner, the one of Winchester,
Newly preferred from the king's secretary;
The other, London.

2nd Gentleman

He of Winchester

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

3rd 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.

2nd Gentleman Who may that be, I pray you?

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

2nd Gentleman He will deserve more.

3rd 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.

1st & 2nd
Gentlemen You may command us, sir.
[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 2. 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 suffered, gave no ear to't.

Katharine Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died.
If well, he stepped before me, happily,
For my example.

Griffith Well, the voice goes, madam,
For after the stout Earl Northumberland

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.
His overthrow heaped 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,
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower;
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I 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 bays, and golden vizards on their faces, branches of bays or palm in their hands.

They first congee unto her, then dance; and at certain changes the first two hold a spare garland over her head, at which the other four make reverend 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 holdeth 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 altered 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.

Patience Heaven comfort her!

Enter a MESSENGER.

Messenger And'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,

My 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.

[Exit MESSENGER.

Enter LORD CAPUCIUS.

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

Capucius Madam, the same; your servant.

Katharine O my lord,
The times and titles now are altered 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
Banished the kingdom. Patience, is that letter
I caused you write, yet sent away?

Patience No, madam.

[Gives letter.

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,

Enter GARDINER Bishop of Winchester, a PAGE with a torch before him, met by SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Gardiner It's one a'clock boy, is't not?

Page It hath struck.

Gardiner These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!
Whither so late?

Lovell Came you from the king, my lord?

Gardiner I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lovell I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gardiner Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?
It seems you are in haste; an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: affairs that walk,
As they say spirits do, at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks despatch by day.

Lovell My lord, I love you,
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity, and feared
She'll with the labour end.

Gardiner The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubbed up now.

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

Gardiner But sir, sir,
Hear me Sir Thomas, you're a gentleman
Of mine own way: I know you wise, religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,

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 Alas good lady!

Suffolk God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir.

King Henry '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 Charles, good night.
[Exit SUFFOLK.
Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

Well sir, what follows?

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

King Henry Ha? Canterbury?

Denny Ay, my good lord.

King Henry 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

Denny He attends your highness' pleasure.

King Henry Bring him to us.
[Exit DENNY.

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

Enter CRANMER and DENNY.

King Henry 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 How now, my lord! You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cranmer [Kneeling.] It is my duty
T'attend your highness' pleasure.

King Henry 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 considered,
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 winnowed, 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 Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up;
Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my holidame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I looked
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers, and to have heard you
Without indurance 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

Keeper Your grace must wait till you be called for.

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.

Cranmer So.

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 passed 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 else at door, a fellow-counsellor,
'Mong boys, grooms and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfilled, and I attend with patience.

Enter the KING and BUTTS at a window above.

Butts I'll show your grace the strangest sight.

King Henry What's that, Butts?

Butts I think your highness saw this many a day.

King Henry Body o'me, where is it?

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

King Henry 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.

[They draw the curtain, and spy from behind.

ITALIC ON[+ + + + + Scene 3. The Council-Chamber.]

A council-table brought in with chairs and stools, and placed under the state.

Enter LORD CHANCELLOR, places himself at the upper end of the table, on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for Canterbury's seat.

Duke of SUFFOLK, Duke of NORFOLK, SURREY, LORD CHAMBERLAIN, GARDINER, seat

themselves in order on each side.

CROMWELL at the lower end, as secretary.

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 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 misdemeaned 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 informed -with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reformed, 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 pitied in our memories.

Cranmer My good lords, hitherto in all the progress,
Both of my life and office, I have laboured,
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:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you do conscience,

In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

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're 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 conveyed 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?

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 Come, come, my lord, 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 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's 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.

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Scene 3. 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
Parish-garden? Ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

One Within Good master porter, I belong to th' larder.

Porter Belong to th' 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 Paul's as stir 'em.

Porter How got they in, and be hanged?

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 ne'er hope to see a chine again;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her!

One Within Do you hear, master porter?

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, for, o'my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose: all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance. 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 succour, which were the hope o'th'Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to th' broomstaff to me; I defied 'em still, when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such 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.

Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Chamberlain Mercy o'me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves? Ye've made a fine hand, fellows!
There's a trim rabble let in. Are all these
Your faithful friends o'th'suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Porter And'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're lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting 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'th'camlet, get up o'th'rail:
I'll peck you o'er the pales else.
[Exeunt.

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Scene 4. The Palace.

Enter TRUMPETS, sounding.
Then two ALDERMEN, LORD MAYOR, GARTER, CRANMER, DUKE OF
NORFOLK with his
marshal's staff, DUKE OF 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 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,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye.

King Henry Thank you good lord archbishop:
What is her name?

Cranmer Elizabeth.

King Henry Stand up, lord.
[KING kisses the child.

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

Cranmer Amen.

King Henry My noble gossips, ye've 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
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
- But few now living can behold that goodness -
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed. 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 feared; 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 starlike rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fixed. 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

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 th' ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King Henry O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man: never, before
This happy child, did I get anything.
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
He has business at his house; for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday.

[Exeunt.]

THE EPILOGUE

Epilogue 'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here. Some come to take their ease
And sleep an hour or two; but those, we fear,
We've frightened 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 showed '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.
[Exit.