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\*\*\*\*\*The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eight\*\*\*\*\*

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The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eight

by William Shakespeare

July, 2000 [Etext #2258]

\*\*\*The Project Gutenberg's Etext of Shakespeare's First Folio\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eight\*\*\*\*\*

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Project Gutenberg's Etext of Shakespeare's The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eight

#### Executive Director's Notes:

In addition to the notes below, and so you will \*NOT\* think all the spelling errors introduced by the printers of the time have been corrected, here are the first few lines of Hamlet, as they are presented herein:

Barnardo. Who's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold  
your selfe

Bar. Long liue the King

\*\*\*

As I understand it, the printers often ran out of certain words or letters they had often packed into a "cliche". . .this is the original meaning of the term cliche. . .and thus, being unwilling to unpack the cliches, and thus you will see some substitutions that look very odd. . .such as the exchanges of u for v, v for u, above. . .and you may wonder why they did it this way, presuming Shakespeare did not actually write the play in this manner. . . .

The answer is that they MAY have packed "liue" into a cliche at a time when they were out of "v"s. . .possibly having used "vv" in place of some "w"s, etc. This was a common practice of the day,

as print was still quite expensive, and they didn't want to spend more on a wider selection of characters than they had to.

You will find a lot of these kinds of "errors" in this text, as I have mentioned in other times and places, many "scholars" have an extreme attachment to these errors, and many have accorded them a very high place in the "canon" of Shakespeare. My father read an assortment of these made available to him by Cambridge University in England for several months in a glass room constructed for the purpose. To the best of my knowledge he read ALL those available . . . in great detail. . . and determined from the various changes, that Shakespeare most likely did not write in nearly as many of a variety of errors we credit him for, even though he was in/famous for signing his name with several different spellings.

So, please take this into account when reading the comments below made by our volunteer who prepared this file: you may see errors that are "not" errors. . . .

So. . . with this caveat. . . we have NOT changed the canon errors, here is the Project Gutenberg Etext of Shakespeare's The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Michael S. Hart  
Project Gutenberg  
Executive Director

\*\*\*

Scanner's Notes: What this is and isn't. This was taken from a copy of Shakespeare's first folio and it is as close as I can come in ASCII to the printed text.

The elongated S's have been changed to small s's and the conjoined ae have been changed to ae. I have left the spelling, punctuation, capitalization as close as possible to the printed text. I have corrected some spelling mistakes (I have put together a spelling dictionary devised from the spellings of the Geneva Bible and Shakespeare's First Folio and have unified spellings according to this template), typo's and expanded abbreviations as I have come across them. Everything within brackets [] is what I have added. So if you don't like that you can delete everything within the brackets if you want a purer Shakespeare.

Another thing that you should be aware of is that there are textual differences between various copies of the first folio. So there may be differences (other than what I have mentioned above) between this and other first folio editions. This is due to the printer's habit of setting the type and running off a number of copies and then proofing the printed copy and correcting the type and then

continuing the printing run. The proof run wasn't thrown away but incorporated into the printed copies. This is just the way it is. The text I have used was a composite of more than 30 different First Folio editions' best pages.

If you find any scanning errors, out and out typos, punctuation errors, or if you disagree with my spelling choices please feel free to email me those errors. I wish to make this the best etext possible. My email address for right now are haradda@aol.com and davidr@inconnect.com. I hope that you enjoy this.

David Reed

The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eight

THE PROLOGVE.

I Come no more to make you laugh, Things now,  
That beare a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,  
Sad, high, and working, full of State and Woe:  
Such Noble Scoenes, as draw the Eye to flow  
We now present. Those that can Pitty, heere  
May (if they thinke it well) let fall a Teare,  
The Subiect will deserue it. Such as giue  
Their Money out of hope they may beleeue,  
May heere finde Truth too. Those that come to see  
Onely a show or two, and so agree,  
The Play may passe: If they be still, and willing,  
Ile vndertake may see away their shilling  
Richly in two short houres. Onely they  
That come to heare a Merry, Bawdy Play,  
A noyse of Targets: Or to see a Fellow  
In a long Motley Coate, garded with Yellow,  
Will be deceyu'd. For gentle Hearers, know  
To ranke our chosen Truth with such a show  
As Foole, and Fight is, beside forfeiting  
Our owne Braines, and the Opinion that we bring  
To make that onely true, we now intend,  
Will leaue vs neuer an vnderstanding Friend.  
Therefore, for Goodnesse sake, and as you are knowne  
The First and Happiest Hearers of the Towne,  
Be sad, as we would make ye. Thinke ye see  
The very Persons of our Noble Story,  
As they were Liuing: Thinke you see them Great,  
And follow'd with the generall throng, and sweat  
Of thousand Friends: Then, in a moment, see  
How soone this Mightinesse, meets Misery:  
And if you can be merry then, Ile say,  
A Man may weepe vpon his Wedding day.

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.



Enter the Duke of Norfolke at one doore. At the other, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Aburgauenny.

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

Norf. I thanke your Grace:  
Healthfull, and euer since a fresh Admirer  
Of what I saw there

Buck. An vntimely Ague  
Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when  
Those Sunnes of Glory, those two Lights of Men  
Met in the vale of Andren

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde,  
I was then present, saw them salute on Horsebacke,  
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung  
In their Embracement, as they grew together,  
Which had they,  
What foure Thron'd ones could haue weigh'd  
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time  
I was my Chambers Prisoner

Nor. Then you lost  
The view of earthly glory: Men might say  
Till this time Pompe was single, but now married  
To one about it selfe. Each following day  
Became the next dayes master, till the last  
Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,  
All Clinquant all in Gold, like Heathen Gods  
Shone downe the English; and to morrow, they  
Made Britaine, India: Euery man that stood,  
Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were  
As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too,  
Not vs'd to toyle, did almost sweat to beare  
The Pride vpon them, that their very labour  
Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske  
Was cry'de incompareable; and th' ensuing night  
Made it a Foole, and Begger. The two Kings  
Equall in lustre, were now best, now worst  
As presence did present them: Him in eye,  
Still him in praise, and being present both,  
'Twas said they saw but one, and no Discerner  
Durst wagge his Tongue in censure, when these Sunnes  
(For so they phrase 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd  
The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did performe  
Beyond thoughts Compasse, that former fabulous Storie  
Being now seene, possible enough, got credit  
That Beuis was beleeu'd

Buc. Oh you go farre

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect  
In Honor, Honesty, the tract of eu'ry thing,  
Would by a good Discourser loose some life,  
Which Actions selfe, was tongue too

Buc. All was Royall,  
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,  
Order gaue each thing view. The Office did  
Distinctly his full Function: who did guide,  
I meane who set the Body, and the Limbes  
Of this great Sport together?

Nor. As you guesse:  
One certes, that promises no Element  
In such a businesse

Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was ordred by the good Discretion  
Of the right Reuerend Cardinall of Yorke

Buc. The diuell speed him: No mans Pye 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 bulke  
Take vp the Rayes o'th' beneficiall Sun,  
And keepe it from the Earth

Nor. Surely Sir,  
There's in him stuffe, that put's him to these ends:  
For being not propt by Auncestry, whose grace  
Chalkes Successors their way; nor call'd vpon  
For high feats done to'th' Crowne; neither Allied  
To eminent Assistants; but Spider-like  
Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O giues vs note,  
The force of his owne merit makes his way  
A guift that heauen giues for him, which buyes  
A place next to the King

Abur. I cannot tell  
What Heauen hath giuen him: let some Grauer eye  
Pierce into that, but I can see his Pride  
Peepe through each part of him: whence ha's he that,  
If not from Hell? The Diuell is a Niggard,  
Or ha's giuen all before, and he begins  
A new Hell in himselfe

Buc. Why the Diuell,  
Vpon this French going out, tooke he vpon him  
(Without the priuity o'th' King) t' appoint  
Who should attend on him? He makes vp the File  
Of all the Gentry; for the most part such  
To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor  
He meant to lay vpon: and his owne Letter  
The Honourable Boord of Councell, out

Must fetch him in, he Papers

Abur. I do know  
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that haue  
By this, so sicken'd their Estates, that neuer  
They shall abound as formerly

Buc. O many  
Haue broke their backes with laying Mannors on 'em  
For this great Iourney. What did this vanity  
But minister communication of  
A most poore issue

Nor. Greeuingly I thinke,  
The Peace betweene the French and vs, not valewes  
The Cost that did conclude it

Buc. Euery man,  
After the hideous storme that follow'd, was  
A thing Inspir'd, and not consulting, broke  
Into a generall Prophetie; That this Tempest  
Dashing the Garment of this Peace, aboaded  
The sodaine breach on't

Nor. Which is budded out,  
For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd  
Our Merchants goods at Burdeux

Abur. Is it therefore  
Th' Ambassador is silenc'd?  
Nor. Marry is't

Abur. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd  
At a superfluous rate

Buc. Why all this Businesse  
Our Reuerend Cardinall carried

Nor. Like it your Grace,  
The State takes notice of the priuate difference  
Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I aduise you  
(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you  
Honor, and plenteous safety) that you reade  
The Cardinals 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 Reuengefull; and I know, his Sword  
Hath a sharpe edge: It's long, and't may be saide  
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,  
Thither he darts it. Bosome vp my counsell,  
You'll finde it wholesome. Loe, where comes that Rock  
That I aduise your shunning.

Enter Cardinall Wolsey, the Purse borne before him, certaine of  
the Guard,  
and two Secretaries with Papers: The Cardinall in his passage,  
fixeth his  
eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of  
disdaine.

Car. The Duke of Buckingham's Surueyor? Ha?  
Where's his Examination?

Secr. Heere so please you

Car. Is he in person, ready?

Secr. I, please your Grace

Car. Well, we shall then know more, & Buckingham  
Shall lessen this bigge looke.

Exeunt. Cardinall, and his Traine.

Buc. This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and I  
Haue not the power to muzzle him, therefore best  
Not wake him in his slumber. A Beggers booke,  
Out-worths a Nobles blood

Nor. What are you chaff'd?  
Aske God for Temp'rance, that's th' appliance onely  
Which your disease requires

Buc. I read in's looks  
Matter against me, and his eye reuil'd  
Me as his abiect object, at this instant  
He bores me with some tricke; He's gone to'th' King:  
Ile follow, and out-stare him

Nor. Stay my Lord,  
And let your Reason with your Choller question  
What 'tis you go about: to climbe steepe hilles  
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like  
A full hot Horse, who being allow'd his way  
Selfe-mettle tyres him: Not a man in England  
Can aduise me like you: Be to your selfe,  
As you would to your Friend

Buc. Ile to the King,  
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe  
This Ipswich fellowes insolence; or proclaime,  
There's difference in no persons

Norf. Be aduis'd;  
Heat not a Furnace for your foe so hot  
That it do sindge your selfe. We may out-runne  
By violent swiftnesse that which we run at;  
And lose by ouer-running: know you not,

The fire that mounts the liquor til't run ore,  
In seeming to augment it, wasts it: be aduis'd;  
I say againe there is no English Soule  
More stronger to direct you then your selfe;  
If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
Or but allay the fire of passion

Buck. Sir,

I am thankfull to you, and Ile goe 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 proofes as cleere as Founts in Iuly, when  
Wee see each graine of grauell; I doe know  
To be corrupt and treasonous

Norf. Say not treasonous

Buck. To th' King Ile say't, & make my vouch as strong  
As shore of Rocke: attend. This holy Foxe,  
Or Wolfe, or both (for he is equall rau'nous  
As he is subtile, and as prone to mischiefe,  
As able to perform't) his minde, and place  
Infecting one another, yea reciprocally,  
Only to shew his pompe, as well in France,  
As here at home, suggests the King our Master  
To this last costly Treaty: Th' enteruiew,  
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glasse  
Did breake ith' wrenching

Norf. Faith, and so it did

Buck. Pray giue me fauour Sir: This cunning Cardinall  
The Articles o'th' Combination drew  
As himselfe pleas'd; and they were ratified  
As he cride thus let be, to as much end,  
As giue a Crutch to th' dead. But our Count-Cardinall  
Has done this, and tis well: for worthy Wolsey  
(Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this followes,  
(Which as I take it, is a kinde of Puppie  
To th' old dam Treason) Charles the Emperour,  
Vnder pretence to see the Queene his Aunt,  
(For twas indeed his colour, but he came  
To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation,  
His feares were that the Interview betwixt  
England and France, might through their amity  
Breed him some preiudice; for from this League,  
Peep'd harmes that menac'd him. Priuily  
Deales with our Cardinal, and as I troa  
Which I doe well; for I am sure the Emperour  
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his Suit was granted  
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made  
And pau'd with gold: the Emperor thus desir'd,

That he would please to alter the Kings course,  
And breake the foresaid peace. Let the King know  
(As soone he shall by me) that thus the Cardinall  
Does buy and sell his Honour as he pleases,  
And for his owne aduantage

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

Buck. No, not a sillable:  
I doe pronounce him in that very shape  
He shall appeare in prooffe.  
Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at Armes before him, and two or three  
of the  
Guard.

Brandon. Your Office Sergeant: execute it

Sergeant. Sir,  
My Lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earle  
Of Hertford, Stafford and Northampton, I  
Arrest thee of High Treason, in the name  
Of our most Soueraigne King

Buck. Lo you my Lord,  
The net has falne vpon me, I shall perish  
Vnder deuice, and practise

Bran. I am sorry,  
To see you tane from liberty, to looke on  
The busines present. Tis his Highnes pleasure  
You shall to th' Tower

Buck. It will helpe me nothing  
To plead mine Innocence; for that dye is on me  
Which makes my whit'st part, black. The will of Heau'n  
Be done in this and all things: I obey.  
O my Lord Aburgany: Fare you well

Bran. Nay, he must beare you company. The King  
Is pleas'd you shall to th' Tower, till you know  
How he determines further

Abur. As the Duke said,  
The will of Heauen be done, and the Kings pleasure  
By me obey'd

Bran. Here is a warrant from  
The King, t' attach Lord Mountacute, and the Bodies  
Of the Dukes Confessor, Iohn de la Car,  
One Gilbert Pecke, his Councillour

Buck. So, so;  
These are the limbs o'th' Plot: no more I hope

Bra. A Monke o'th' Chartreux

Buck. O Michael Hopkins?

Bra. He

Buck. My Surueyor is falce: The oregreat Cardinall  
Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spand already:  
I am the shadow of poore Buckingham,  
Whose Figure euen this instant Clowd puts on,  
By Darkning my cleere Sunne. My Lords farewell.

Exe.

Scena Secunda.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinals shoulder, the  
Nobles,  
and Sir Thomas Louell: the Cardinall places himselfe vnder the  
Kings feete  
on his right side.

King. My life it selfe, and the best heart of it,  
Thankes you for this great care: I stood i'th' leuell  
Of a full-charg'd confederacie, and giue thankes  
To you that choak'd it. Let be cald before vs  
That Gentleman of Buckinghams, in person,  
Ile heare him his confessions iustifie,  
And point by point the Treasons of his Maister,  
He shall againe relate.

A noyse within crying roome for the Queene, vs her'd by the Duke  
of  
Norfolke. Enter the Queene, Norfolke and Suffolke: she kneels.  
King riseth  
from his State, takes her vp, kisses and placeth her by him.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneele; I am a Suitor

King. Arise, and take place by vs; halfe your Suit  
Neuer name to vs; you haue halfe our power:  
The other moity ere you aske is giuen,  
Repeat your will, and take it

Queen. Thanke your Maiesty  
That you would loue your selfe, and in that loue  
Not vnconsidered leaue your Honour, nor  
The dignity of your Office; is the poynt  
Of my Petition

Kin. Lady mine proceed

Queen. I am solicited not by a few,  
And those of true condition; That your Subjects  
Are in great griuance: There haue beene Commissions  
Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart  
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although  
My good Lord Cardinall, they vent reproches  
Most bitterly on you, as putter on  
Of these exactions: yet the King, our Maister  
Whose Honor Heauen shield from soile; euen he escapes not  
Language vnmanerly; yea, such which breakes  
The sides of loyalty, and almost appeares  
In lowd Rebellion

Norf. Not almost appeares,  
It doth appeare; for, vpon these Taxations,  
The Clothiers all not able to maintaine  
The many to them longing, haue put off  
The Spinsters, Carders, Fullers, Weauers, who  
Vnfit for other life, compeld by hunger  
And lack of other meanes, in desperate manner  
Daring th' euent too th' teeth, are all in vprore,  
And danger serues among them

Kin. Taxation?  
Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinall,  
You that are blam'd for it alike with vs,  
Know you of this Taxation?

Card. Please you Sir,  
I know but of a single part in ought  
Pertaines to th' State; and front but in that File  
Where others tell steps with me

Queen. No, my Lord?  
You know no more then others? But you frame  
Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholesome  
To those which would not know them, and yet must  
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions  
(Whereof my Soueraigne would haue note) they are  
Most pestilent to th' hearing, and to beare 'em,  
The Backe is Sacrifice to th' load; They say  
They are deuis'd by you, or else you suffer  
Too hard an exclamation

Kin. Still Exaction:  
The nature of it, in what kinde let's know,  
Is this Exaction?

Queen. I am much too venturous  
In tempting of your patience, but am boldned  
Vnder your promis'd pardon. The Subjects grieffe  
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each  
The sixt part of his Substance, to be leuied  
Without delay; and the pretence for this



Is nam'd, your warres in France: this makes bold mouths,  
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze  
Allegiance in them; their curses now  
Lieu where their prayers did: and it's come to passe,  
This tractable obedience is a Slaue  
To each incensed Will: I would your Highnesse  
Would giue it quicke consideration; for  
There is no primer basenesse

Kin. By my life,  
This is against our pleasure

Card. And for me,  
I haue no further gone in this, then by  
A single voice, and that not past me, but  
By learned approbation of the Iudges: If I am  
Traduc'd 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 Vertue must goe through: we must not stint  
Our necessary actions, in the feare  
To cope malicious Censurers, which euer,  
As rau'nous Fishes doe a Vessell follow  
That is new trim'd; but benefit no further  
Then vainly longing. What we oft doe best,  
By sicke Interpreters (once weake ones) is  
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft  
Hitting a grosser quality, is cride vp  
For our best Act: if we shall stand still,  
In feare our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,  
We should take roote here, where we sit;  
Or sit State-Statues onely

Kin. Things done well,  
And with a care, exempt themselues from feare:  
Things done without example, in their issue  
Are to be fear'd. Haue you a President  
Of this Commission? I beleeeue, not any.  
We must not rend our Subiects from our Lawes,  
And sticke them in our Will. Sixt part of each?  
A trembling Contribution; why we take  
From euery Tree, lop, barke, and part o'th' Timber:  
And though we leaue it with a roote thus hackt,  
The Ayre will drinke the Sap. To euery County  
Where this is question'd, send our Letters, with  
Free pardon to each man that has deny'de  
The force of this Commission: pray looke too't;  
I put it to your care

Card. A word with you.  
Let there be Letters writ to euery Shire,  
Of the Kings grace and pardon: the greeued Commons

Hardly conceiue of me. Let it be nois'd,  
That through our Intercession, this Reuokement  
And pardon comes: I shall anon aduise you  
Further in the proceeding.

Exit Secret[ary].

Enter Surueyor.

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

Kin. It grieues many:  
The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a most rare Speaker,  
To Nature none more bound; his trayning such,  
That he may furnish and instruct great Teachers,  
And neuer seeke for ayd out of himselfe: yet see,  
When these so Noble benefits shall proue  
Not well dispos'd, the minde growing once corrupt,  
They turne to vicious formes, ten times more vgly  
Then euer they were faire. This man so compleat,  
Who was enrold 'mongst wonders; and when we  
Almost with rauish'd listning, could not finde  
His houre of speech, a minute: He, (my Lady)  
Hath into monstrous habits put the Graces  
That once were his, and is become as blacke,  
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by Vs, you shall heare  
(This was his Gentleman in trust) of him  
Things to strike Honour sad. Bid him recount  
The fore-recited practises, whereof  
We cannot feele too little, heare too much

Card. Stand forth, & with bold spirit relate what you  
Most like a carefull Subiect haue collected  
Out of the Duke of Buckingham

Kin. Speake freely

Sur. First, it was vsuall with him; euery day  
It would infect his Speech: That if the King  
Should without issue dye; hee'l carry it so  
To make the Scepter his. These very words  
I'ue heard him vtter to his Sonne in Law,  
Lord Aburgany, to whom by oth he menac'd  
Reuenge vpon the Cardinall

Card. Please your Highnesse note  
This dangerous conception in this point,  
Not frended by his wish to your High person;  
His will is most malignant, and it stretches  
Beyond you to your friends

Queen. My learn'd Lord Cardinall,

Deliver all with Charity

Kin. Speake on;

How grounded hee his Title to the Crowne  
Vpon our faile; to this poynt hast thou heard him,  
At any time speake ought?

Sur. He was brought to this,  
By a vaine Prophetie of Nicholas Henton

Kin. What was that Henton?

Sur. Sir, a Chartreux Fryer,  
His Confessor, who fed him euery minute  
With words of Soueraignty

Kin. How know'st thou this?

Sur. Not long before your Highnesse sped to France,  
The Duke being at the Rose, within the Parish  
Saint Laurence Poultney, did of me demand  
What was the speech among the Londoners,  
Concerning the French Iourney. I replide,  
Men feare the French would proue perfidious  
To the Kings danger: presently, the Duke  
Said, 'twas the feare indeed, and that he doubted  
'Twould proue the verity of certaine words  
Spoke by a holy Monke, that oft, sayes he,  
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit  
Iohn de la Car, my Chaplaine, a choyce howre  
To heare from him a matter of some moment:  
Whom after vnder the Commissions Seale,  
He sollemnly had sworne, that what he spoke  
My Chaplaine to no Creature liuing, but  
To me, should vtter, with demure Confidence,  
This pausingly ensu'de; neither the King, nor's Heyres  
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him striue  
To the loue o'th' Commonalty, the Duke  
Shall gouerne England

Queen. If I know you well,

You were the Dukes Surueyor, and lost your Office  
On the complaint o'th' Tenants; take good heed  
You charge not in your spleene a Noble person,  
And spoyle your nobler Soule; I say, take heed;  
Yes, heartily beseech you

Kin. Let him on: Goe forward

Sur. On my Soule, Ile speake but truth.

I told my Lord the Duke, by th' Diuels illusions  
The Monke might be deceiu'd, and that 'twas dangerous  
For this to ruminare on this so farre, vntill  
It forg'd him some designe, which being beleeu'd  
It was much like to doe: He answer'd, Tush,  
It can do me no damage; adding further,

That had the King in his last Sicknesse faild,  
The Cardinals and Sir Thomas Louels heads  
Should haue gone off

Kin. Ha? What, so rancke? Ah, ha,  
There's mischief in this man; canst thou say further?  
Sur. I can my Liedge

Kin. Proceed

Sur. Being at Greenwich,  
After your Highnesse had reprov'd the Duke  
About Sir William Blumer

Kin. I remember of such a time, being my sworn seruant,  
The Duke retin'd him his. But on: what hence?

Sur. If (quoth he) I for this had beene committed,  
As to the Tower, I thought; I would haue plaid  
The Part my Father meant to act vpon  
Th' Vsurper Richard, who being at Salisbury,  
Made suit to come in's presence; which if granted,  
(As he made semblance of his duty) would  
Haue put his knife into him

Kin. A Gyant Traytor

Card. Now Madam, may his Highnes liue in freedome,  
And this man out of Prison

Queen. God mend all

Kin. Ther's something more would out of thee; what say'st?

Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the knife  
He stretch'd 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 euill vs'd, he would outgoe  
His Father, by as much as a performance  
Do's an irresolute purpose

Kin. There's his period,  
To sheath his knife in vs: he is attach'd,  
Call him to present tryall: if he may  
Finde mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,  
Let him not seek't of vs: By day and night  
Hee's Traytor to th' height.

Exeunt.

Scaena Tertia.

L.Ch. Is't possible the spels of France should iuggle

Men into such strange mysteries?

L.San. New customes,  
Though they be neuer so ridiculous,  
(Nay let 'em be vnmanly) yet are follow'd

L.Ch. As farre as I see, all the good our English  
Haue got by the late Voyage, is but meere  
A fit or two o'th' face, (but they are shrewd ones)  
For when they hold 'em, you would sweare directly  
Their very noses had been Councillours  
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keepe State so

L.San. They haue all new legs,  
And lame ones; one would take it,  
That neuer see 'em pace before, the Spauen  
A Spring-halt rain'd among 'em

L.Ch. Death my Lord,  
Their cloathes are after such a Pagan cut too't,  
That sure th'haue worne out Christendome: how now?  
What newes, Sir Thomas Louell?  
Enter Sir Thomas Louell.

Louell. Faith my Lord,  
I heare of none but the new Proclamation,  
That's clapt vpon the Court Gate

L.Cham. What is't for?

Lou. The reformation of our trauel'd Gallants,  
That fill the Court with quarrels, talke, and Taylors

L.Cham. I'm glad 'tis there;  
Now I would pray our Monsieurs  
To thinke an English Courtier may be wise,  
And neuer see the Louure

Lou. They must either  
(For so run the Conditions) leaue those remnants  
Of Foole and Feather, that they got in France,  
With all their honourable points of ignorance  
Pertaining thereunto; as Fights and Fire-workes,  
Abusing better men then they can be  
Out of a forreigne wisdom, renouncing cleane  
The faith they haue in Tennis and tall Stockings,  
Short blistred Breeches, and those types of Trauell;  
And vnderstand againe like honest men,  
Or pack to their old Playfellowes; there, I take it,  
They may Cum Priuilegio, wee away  
The lag end of their lewdnesse, and be laugh'd at

L.San. Tis time to giue 'em Physicke, their diseases  
Are growne so catching

L.Cham. What a losse our Ladies  
Will haue of these trim vanities?

Louell. I marry,  
There will be woe indeed Lords, the slye whorsons  
Haue got a speeding tricke to lay downe Ladies.  
A French Song, and a Fiddle, ha's no Fellow

L.San. The Diuell fiddle 'em,  
I am glad they are going,  
For sure there's no conuerting of 'em: now  
An honest Country Lord as I am, beaten  
A long time out of play, may bring his plaine song,  
And haue an houre of hearing, and by'r Lady  
Held currant Musicke too

L.Cham. Well said Lord Sands,  
Your Colts tooth is not cast yet?

L.San. No my Lord,  
Nor shall not while I haue a stumpe

L.Cham. Sir Thomas,  
Whither were you a going?

Lou. To the Cardinals;  
Your Lordship is a guest too

L.Cham. O, 'tis true;  
This night he makes a Supper, and a great one,  
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be  
The Beauty of this Kingdome Ile assure you

Lou. That Churchman  
Beares a bounteous minde indeed,  
A hand as fruitfull as the Land that feeds vs,  
His dewes fall euery where

L.Cham. No doubt hee's Noble;  
He had a blacke mouth that said other of him

L.San. He may my Lord,  
Ha's wherewithall in him;  
Sparing would shew a worse sinne, then ill Doctrine,  
Men of his way, should be most liberall,  
They are set heere for examples

L.Cham. True, they are so;  
But few now giue so great ones:  
My Barge stayes;  
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 Guilford  
This night to be Comptrollers

L.San. I am your Lordships.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Hoboies. A small Table vnder a State for the Cardinall, a longer Table for the Guests. Then Enter Anne Bullen, and diuers other Ladies, & Gentlemen, as Guests at one Doore; at an other Doore enter Sir Henry Guilford.

S.Hen.Guilf. Ladyes,  
A generall welcome from his Grace  
Salutes ye all; This Night he dedicates  
To faire content, and you: None heere he hopes  
In all this Noble Beuy, has brought with her  
One care abroad: hee would haue all as merry:  
As first, good Company, good wine, good welcome,  
Can make good people.  
Enter L[ord]. Chamberlaine L[ord]. Sands, and Louell.

O my Lord, y'are tardy;  
The very thought of this faire Company,  
Clapt wings to me

Cham. You are young Sir Harry Guilford

San. Sir Thomas Louell, had the Cardinall  
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, some of these  
Should finde a running Banket, ere they rested,  
I thinke would better please 'em: by my life,  
They are a sweet society of faire ones

Lou. O that your Lordship were but now Confessor,  
To one or two of these

San. I would I were,  
They should finde easie pennance

Lou. Faith how easie?

San. As easie as a downe bed would afford it

Cham. Sweet Ladies will it please you sit; Sir Harry  
Place you that side, Ile take the charge of this:  
His Grace is entring. Nay, you must not freeze,  
Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather:  
My Lord Sands, you are one will keepe 'em waking:  
Pray sit betweene these Ladies

San. By my faith,  
And thanke your Lordship: by your leaue sweet Ladies,

If I chance to talke a little wilde, forgiue me:  
I had it from my Father

An.Bul. Was he mad Sir?

San. O very mad, exceeding mad, in loue too;  
But he would bite none, iust as I doe now,  
He would Kisse you Twenty with a breath

Cham. Well said my Lord:

So now y'are fairely seated: Gentlemen,  
The pennance lyes on you; if these faire Ladies  
Passe away frowning

San. For my little Cure,  
Let me alone.

Hoboyes. Enter Cardinall Wolsey, and takes his State.

Card. Y'are welcome my faire Guests; that noble Lady  
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry  
Is not my Friend. This to confirme my welcome,  
And to you all good health

San. Your Grace is Noble,  
Let me haue such a Bowle may hold my thanks,  
And saue me so much talking

Card. My Lord Sands,  
I am beholding to you: cheere your neighbours:  
Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen,  
Whose fault is this?

San. The red wine first must rise  
In their faire cheekes my Lord, then wee shall haue 'em,  
Talke vs to silence

An.B. You are a merry Gamster  
My Lord Sands

San. Yes, if I make my play:  
Heer's to your Ladiship, and pledge it Madam:  
For tis to such a thing

An.B. You cannot shew me.

Drum and Trumpet, Chambers dischargd.

San. I told your Grace, they would talke anon

Card. What's that?

Cham. Looke out there, some of ye

Card. What warlike voyce,  
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, feare not;



By all the lawes of Warre y'are priuiledg'd.  
Enter a Seruant.

Cham. How now, what is't?

Seru. A noble troupe of Strangers,  
For so they seeme; th' haue left their Barge and landed,  
And hither make, as great Embassadors  
From forraigne Princes

Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine,  
Go, giue 'em welcome; you can speake the French tongue  
And pray receiue 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em  
Into our presence, where this heauen of beauty  
Shall shine at full vpon them. Some attend him.

All rise, and Tables remou'd.

You haue now a broken Banket, but wee'l mend it.  
A good digestion to you all; and once more  
I showre a welcome on yee: welcome all.

Hoboyes. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like  
Shepheards,  
vsher'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They passe directly before the  
Cardinall  
and gracefully salute him.

A noble Company: what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they praid  
To tell your Grace: That hauing heard by fame  
Of this so Noble and so faire assembly,  
This night to meet heere they could doe no lesse,  
(Out of the great respect they beare to beauty)  
But leaue their Flockes, and vnder your faire Conduct  
Craue leaue to view these Ladies, and entreat  
An houre of Reuels with 'em

Card. Say, Lord Chamberlaine,  
They haue done my poore house grace:  
For which I pay 'em a thousand thanks,  
And pray 'em take their pleasures.

Choose Ladies, King and An Bullen.

King. The fairest hand I euer touch'd: O Beauty,  
Till now I neuer knew thee.

Musicke, Dance.

Card. My Lord

Cham. Your Grace

Card. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:  
There should be one amongst 'em by his person  
More worthy this place then my selfe, to whom  
(If I but knew him) with my loue and duty  
I would surrender it.

Whisper.

Cham. I will my Lord

Card. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confesse  
There is indeed, which they would haue your Grace  
Find out, and he will take it

Card. Let me see then,  
By all your good leaues Gentlemen; heere Ile make  
My royall choyce

Kin. Ye haue found him Cardinall,  
You hold a faire Assembly; you doe well Lord:  
You are a Churchman, or Ile tell you Cardinall,  
I should iudge now vnhappy

Card. I am glad  
Your Grace is growne so pleasant

Kin. My Lord Chamberlaine,  
Prethee come hither, what faire Ladie's that?

Cham. An't please your Grace,  
Sir Thomas Bullens Daughter, the Viscount Rochford,  
One of her Highnesse women

Kin. By Heauen she is a dainty one. Sweet heart,  
I were vnmanerly to take you out,  
And not to kisse you. A health Gentlemen,  
Let it goe round

Card. Sir Thomas Louell, is the Banket ready  
I'th' Priuy Chamber?

Lou. Yes, my Lord

Card. Your Grace  
I feare, with dancing is a little heated

Kin. I feare too much

Card. There's fresher ayre my Lord,  
In the next Chamber

Kin. Lead in your Ladies eu'ry one: Sweet Partner,  
I must not yet forsake you: Let's be merry,  
Good my Lord Cardinall: I haue halfe a dozen healths,

To drinke to these faire Ladies, and a measure  
To lead 'em once againe, and then let's dreame  
Who's best in fauour. Let the Musicke knock it.

Exeunt. with Trumpets.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen at seuerall Doores.

1. Whether away so fast?

2. O, God saue ye:

Eu'n to the Hall, to heare what shall become  
Of the great Duke of Buckingham

1. Ile saue you

That labour Sir. All's now done but the Ceremony  
Of bringing backe the Prisoner

2. Were you there ?

1. Yes indeed was I

2. Pray speake what ha's happen'd

1. You may guesse quickly what

2. Is he found guilty?

1. Yes truely is he,  
And condemn'd vpon't

2. I am sorry fort

1. So are a number more

2. But pray how past it?

1. Ile tell you in a little. The great Duke  
Came to the Bar; where, to his accusations  
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleadged  
Many sharpe reasons to defeat the Law.  
The Kings Attorney on the contrary,  
Vrg'd on the Examinations, proofes, confessions  
Of diuers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd  
To him brought viua voce to his face;  
At which appear'd against him, his Surueyor  
Sir Gilbert Pecke his Chancellour, and Iohn Car,  
Confessor to him, with that Diuell Monke,  
Hopkins, that made this mischiefe

2. That was hee

That fed him with his Prophecies

1. The same,

All these accus'd him strongly, which he faine  
Would haue flung from him; but indeed he could not;  
And so his Peeres vpon this euidence,  
Haue found him guilty of high Treason. Much  
He spoke, and learnedly for life: But all  
Was either pittied in him, or forgotten

2. After all this, how did he beare himselfe?

1. When he was brought agen to th' Bar, to heare  
His Knell rung out, his Iudgement, he was stir'd  
With such an Agony, he sweat extreamly,  
And something spoke in choller, ill, and hasty:  
But he fell to himselfe againe, and sweetly,  
In all the rest shew'd a most Noble patience

2. I doe not thinke he feares death

1. Sure he does not,  
He neuer was so womanish, the cause  
He may a little grieue at

2. Certainly,  
The Cardinall is the end of this

1. Tis likely,  
By all coniectures: First Kildares Attendure;  
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remou'd  
Earle Surrey, was sent thither, and in hast too,  
Least he should helpe his Father

2. That tricke of State  
Was a deepe enuious one,

1. At his returne,  
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted  
(And generally) who euer the King fauours,  
The Cardnall instantly will finde employment,  
And farre enough from Court too

2. All the Commons  
Hate him perniciously, and o' my Conscience  
Wish him ten faddom deepe: This Duke as much  
They loue and doate on: call him bounteous Buckingham,  
The Mirror of all courtesie.  
Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment, Tipstaues before him,  
the Axe with  
the edge towards him, Halberds on each side, accompanied with  
Sir Thomas  
Louell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir Walter Sands, and common people,  
&c.

1. Stay there Sir,  
And see the noble ruin'd man you speake of

2. Let's stand close and behold him

Buck. All good people,  
You that thus farre haue come to pittie me;  
Heare what I say, and then goe home and lose me.  
I haue this day receiu'd a Traitors iudgement,  
And by that name must dye; yet Heauen beare witnes,  
And if I haue a Conscience, let it sincke me,  
Euen as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.  
The Law I beare no mallice for my death,  
T'has done vpon the premises, but Iustice:  
But those that sought it, I could wish more Christians:  
(Be what they will) I heartily forgiue 'em;  
Yet let 'em looke they glory not in mischiefe;  
Nor build their euils on the graues of great men;  
For then, my guiltlesse blood must cry against 'em.  
For further life in this world I ne're hope,  
Nor will I sue, although the King haue mercies  
More then I dare make faults.  
You few that lou'd me,  
And dare be bold to weepe for Buckingham,  
His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to leaue  
Is only bitter to him, only dying:  
Goe with me like good Angels to my end,  
And as the long diuorce of Steele fals on me,  
Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice,  
And lift my Soule to Heauen.  
Lead on a Gods name

Louell. I doe beseech your Grace, for charity  
If euer any malice in your heart  
Were hid against me, now to forgiue me frankly

Buck. Sir Thomas Louell, I as free forgiue you  
As I would be forgiuen: I forgiue all.  
There cannot be those numberlesse offences  
Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with:  
No blacke Enuy shall make my Graue.  
Commend mee to his Grace:  
And if he speake of Buckingham; pray tell him,  
You met him halfe in Heauen: my vowes and prayers  
Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule forsake,  
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he liue  
Longer then I haue time to tell his yeares;  
Euer belou'd and louing, may his Rule be;  
And when old Time shall lead him to his end,  
Goodnesse and he, fill vp one Monument

Lou. To th' water side I must conduct your Grace;  
Then giue my Charge vp to Sir Nicholas Vaux,  
Who vndertakes you to your end

Vaux. Prepare there,

The Duke is comming: See the Barge be ready;  
And fit it with such furniture as suites  
The Greatnesse of his Person

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,  
Let it alone; my State now will but mocke me.  
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,  
And Duke of Buckingham: now, poore Edward Bohun;  
Yet I am richer then my base Accusers,  
That neuer knew what Truth meant: I now seale it;  
And with that bloud will make 'em one day groane for't.  
My noble Father Henry of Buckingham,  
Who first rais'd head against Vsurping Richard,  
Flying for succour to his Seruant Banister,  
Being distrest; was by that wretch betraid,  
And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him.  
Henry the Seauenth succeeding, truly pittying  
My Fathers losse; like a most Royall Prince  
Restor'd me to my Honours: and out of ruines  
Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,  
Henry the Eight, Life, Honour, Name and all  
That made me happy; at one stroake ha's taken  
For euer from the World. I had my Tryall,  
And must needs say a Noble one; which makes me  
A little happier then my wretched Father:  
Yet thus farre we are one in Fortunes; both  
Fell by our Seruants, by those Men we lou'd most:  
A most vnnaturall and faithlesse Seruice.  
Heauen ha's an end in all: yet, you that heare me,  
This from a dying man receiue as certaine:  
Where you are liberall of your loues and Councels,  
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,  
And giue your hearts to; when they once perceiue  
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
Like water from ye, neuer found againe  
But where they meane to sinke ye: all good people  
Pray for me, I must now forsake ye; the last houre  
Of my long weary life is come vpon me:  
Farewell; and when you would say something that is sad,  
Speake how I fell.  
I haue done; and God forgiue me.

Exeunt. Duke and Traine.

1. O, this is full of pittie; Sir, it cald  
I feare, too many curses on their heads  
That were the Authors

2. If the Duke be guiltlesse,  
'Tis full of woe: yet I can giue you inckling  
Of an ensuing euill, if it fall,  
Greater then this

1. Good Angels keepe it from vs:

What may it be? you doe not doubt my faith Sir?

2. This Secret is so weighty, 'twill require

A strong faith to conceale it

1. Let me haue it:

I doe not talke much

2. I am confident;

You shall Sir: Did you not of late dayes heare

A buzzing of a Separation

Betweene the King and Katherine?

1. 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

2. But that slander Sir,

Is found a truth now: for it growes agen

Fresher then e're it was; and held for certaine

The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinall,

Or some about him neere, haue out of malice

To the good Queene, possest him with a scruple

That will vndoe her: To confirme this too,

Cardinall Campeius is arriu'd, and lately,

As all thinke for this busines

1. Tis the Cardinall;

And meere to reuenge him on the Emperour,

For not bestowing on him at his asking,

The Archbishopricke of Toledo, this is purpos'd

2. I thinke

You haue hit the marke; but is't not cruell,

That she should feele the smart of this: the Cardinall

Will haue his will, and she must fall

1. 'Tis wofull.

Wee are too open heere to argue this:

Let's thinke in priuate more.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.

My Lord, the Horses your Lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd.

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 Cardinalls, by Commission, and maine power tooke  
'em from me, with this reason: his maister would bee seru'd before  
a Subiect, if not before the King, which stop'd our mouthes  
Sir.

I feare he will indeede; well, let him haue them; hee  
will haue all I thinke.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Norfolke and  
Suffolke.

Norf. Well met my Lord Chamberlaine

Cham. Good day to both your Graces

Suff. How is the King imployd?

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

Norf. What's the cause?

Cham. It seemes the Marriage with his Brothers Wife  
Ha's crept too neere his Conscience

Suff. No, his Conscience

Ha's crept too neere another Ladie

Norf. Tis so;

This is the Cardinals doing: The King-Cardinall,  
That blinde Priest, like the eldest Sonne of Fortune,  
Turnes what he list. The King will know him one day

Suff. Pray God he doe,

Hee'l neuer know himselfe else

Norf. How holily he workes in all his businesse,  
And with what zeale? For now he has crackt the League  
Between vs & the Emperour (the Queens great Nephew)  
He diues into the Kings Soule, and there scatters  
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the Conscience,  
Feares, and despaire, and all these for his Marriage.  
And out of all these, to restore the King,  
He counsels a Diuorce, a losse of her  
That like a lewell, ha's hung twenty yeares  
About his necke, yet neuer lost her lustre;  
Of her that loues him with that excellence,  
That Angels loue good men with: Euen of her,  
That when the greatest stroake of Fortune falls  
Will blesse the King: and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heauen keep me from such counsel: tis most true  
These newes are euery where, euery tongue speaks 'em,  
And euery true heart weepes for't. All that dare  
Looke into these affaires, see this maine end,  
The French Kings Sister. Heauen will one day open  
The Kings eyes, that so long haue slept vpon  
This bold bad man



Suff. And free vs from his slavery

Norf. We had need pray,  
And heartily, for our deliuerance;  
Or this imperious man will worke vs all  
From Princes into Pages: all mens honours  
Lie like one lumpe before him, to be fashion'd  
Into what pitch he please

Suff. For me, my Lords,  
I loue him not, nor feare him, there's my Creede:  
As I am made without him, so Ile stand,  
If the King please: his Curses and his blessings  
Touch me alike: th'are breath I not beleeeue in.  
I knew him, and I know him: so I leaue him  
To him that made him proud; the Pope

Norf. Let's in;  
And with some other busines, put the King  
From these sad thoughts, that work too much vpon him:  
My Lord, youle beare vs company?

Cham. Excuse me,  
The King ha's sent me otherwhere: Besides  
You'l finde a most vnfit time to disturbe him:  
Health to your Lordships

Norfolke. Thanks my good Lord Chamberlaine.  
Exit Lord Chamberlaine, and the King drawes the Curtaine and sits  
reading  
pensiuely.

Suff. How sad he lookes; sure he is much afflicted

Kin. Who's there? Ha?

Norff. Pray God he be not angry

Kin. Who's there I say? How dare you thrust your selues  
Into my priuate Meditations?  
Who am I? Ha?

Norff. A gracious King, that pardons all offences  
Malice ne're meant: Our breach of Duty this way,  
Is businesse of Estate; in which, we come  
To know your Royall pleasure

Kin. Ye are too bold:  
Go too; Ile make ye know your times of businesse:  
Is this an howre for temporall affaires? Ha?  
Enter Wolsey and Campeius with a Commission.

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinall? O my Wolsey,  
The quiet of my wounded Conscience;  
Thou art a cure fit for a King; you'r welcome

Most learned Reuerend Sir, into our Kingdome,  
Vse vs, and it: My good Lord, haue great care,  
I be not found a Talker

Wol. Sir, you cannot;  
I would your Grace would giue vs but an houre  
Of priuate conference

Kin. We are busie; goe

Norff. This Priest ha's no pride in him?  
Suff. Not to speake of:  
I would not be so sicke though for his place:  
But this cannot continue

Norff. If it doe, Ile venture one; haue at him

Suff. I another.

Exeunt. Norfolke and Suffolke.

Wol. Your Grace ha's giuen a President of wisdom  
About all Princes, in committing freely  
Your scruple to the voyce of Christendome:  
Who can be angry now? What Enuy reach you?  
The Spaniard tide by blood and fauour to her,  
Must now confesse, if they haue any goodnesse,  
The Tryall, iust and Noble. All the Clerkes,  
(I meane the learned ones in Christian Kingdomes)  
Haue their free voyces. Rome (the Nurse of Iudgement)  
Inuited by your Noble selfe, hath sent  
One generall Tongue vnto vs. This good man,  
This iust and learned Priest, Cardnall Campeius,  
Whom once more, I present vnto your Highnesse

Kin. And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome,  
And thanke the holy Conclau for their loues,  
They haue sent me such a Man, I would haue wish'd for

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserue all strangers loues,  
You are so Noble: To your Highnesse hand  
I tender my Commission; by whose vertue,  
The Court of Rome commanding. You my Lord  
Cardinall of Yorke, are ioyn'd with me their Seruant,  
In the vnpartiall iudging of this Businesse

Kin. Two equall men: The Queene shall be acquainted  
Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your Maiesty, ha's alwayes lou'd her  
So deare in heart, not to deny her that  
A Woman of lesse Place might aske by Law;  
Schollers allow'd freely to argue for her

Kin. I, and the best she shall haue; and my fauour  
To him that does best, God forbid els: Cardinall,  
Prethee call Gardiner to me, my new Secretary.  
I find him a fit fellow.  
Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Giue me your hand: much ioy & fauour to you;  
You are the Kings now

Gard. But to be commanded  
For euer by your Grace, whose hand ha's rais'd me

Kin. Come hither Gardiner.

Walkes and whispers.

Camp. My Lord of Yorke, was not one Doctor Pace  
In this mans place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was

Camp. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes surely

Camp. Beleeue me, there's an ill opinion spread then,  
Euen of your selfe Lord Cardinall

Wol. How? of me?

Camp. They will not sticke to say, you enuide him;  
And fearing he would rise (he was so vertuous)  
Kept him a forraigne man still, which so greeu'd him,  
That he ran mad, and dide

Wol. Heau'ns peace be with him:  
That's Christian care enough: for liuing Murmurers,  
There's places of rebuke. He was a Foole;  
For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow,  
If I command him followes my appointment,  
I will haue none so neere els. Learne this Brother,  
We liue not to be grip'd by meaner persons

Kin. Deliuer this with modesty to th' Queene.

Exit Gardiner.

The most conuenient place, that I can thinke of  
For such receipt of Learning, is Black-Fryers:  
There ye shall meete about this waighty busines.  
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd, O my Lord,  
Would it not grieue an able man to leaue  
So sweet a Bedfellow? But Conscience, Conscience;  
O 'tis a tender place, and I must leaue her.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

An. Not for that neither; here's the pang that pinches.  
His Highnesse, hauing liu'd so long with her, and she  
So good a Lady, that no Tongue could euer  
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,  
She neuer knew harme-doing: Oh, now after  
So many courses of the Sun enthroned,  
Still growing in a Maiesty and pompe, the which  
To leaue, a thousand fold more bitter, then  
'Tis sweet at first t' acquire. After this Processe.  
To giue her the auaunt, it is a pittie  
Would moue a Monster

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

An. Oh Gods will, much better  
She ne're had knowne pompe; though't be temporall,  
Yet if that quarrell. Fortune, do diuorce  
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging  
As soule and bodies seuering

Old L. Alas poore Lady,  
Shee's a stranger now againe

An. So much the more  
Must pittie drop vpon her; verily  
I sweare, tis better to be lowly borne,  
And range with humble liuers in Content,  
Then to be perk'd vp in a glistring grieffe,  
And weare a golden sorrow

Old L. Our content  
Is our best hauing

Anne. By my troth, and Maidenhead,  
I would not be a Queene

Old.L. Beshrew me, I would,  
And venture Maidenhead for't, and so would you  
For all this spice of your Hipocrisie:  
You that haue so faire parts of Woman on you,  
Haue (too) a Womans heart, which euer yet  
Affected Eminence, Wealth, Soueraignty;  
Which, to say sooth, are Blessings; and which gifts  
(Sauing your mincing) the capacity  
Of your soft Chiuerell Conscience, would receiue,  
If you might please to stretch it

Anne. Nay, good troth

Old L. Yes troth, & troth; you would not be a Queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches vnder Heauen

Old.L. Tis strange; a threepence bow'd would hire me  
Old as I am, to Queene it: but I pray you,  
What thinke you of a Dutchesse? Haue you limbs  
To beare that load of Title?

An. No in truth

Old.L. Then you are weakly made; plucke off a little,  
I would not be a young Count in your way,  
For more then blushing comes to: If your backe  
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, tis too weake  
Euer to get a Boy

An. How you doe talke;  
I swear againe, I would not be a Queene,  
For all the world

Old.L. In faith, for little England  
You'd venture an emballing: I my selfe  
Would for Carnaruanshire, although there long'd  
No more to th' Crowne but that: Lo, who comes here?  
Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

L.Cham. Good morrow Ladies; what wer't worth to know  
The secret of your conference?

An. My good Lord,  
Not your demand; it values not your asking:  
Our Mistris Sorrowes we were pittying

Cham. It was a gentle businesse, and becomming  
The action of good women, there is hope  
All will be well

An. Now I pray God, Amen

Cham. You beare a gentle minde, & heau'nly blessings  
Follow such Creatures. That you may, faire Lady  
Perceiue I speake sincerely, and high notes  
Tane of your many vertues; the Kings Maiesty  
Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and  
Doe's purpose honour to you no lesse flowing,  
Then Marchionesse of Pembroke; to which Title,  
A Thousand pound a yeare, Annuall support,  
Out of his Grace, he addes

An. I doe not know  
What kinde of my obedience, I should tender;  
More then my All, is Nothing: Nor my Prayers

Are not words duely hallowed; nor my Wishes  
More worth, then empty vanities: yet Prayers & Wishes  
Are all I can returne. 'Beseech your Lordship,  
Vouchsafe to speake my thanks, and my obedience,  
As from a blushing Handmaid, to his Highnesse;  
Whose health and Royalty I pray for

Cham. Lady;

I shall not faile t' approue the faire conceit  
The King hath of you. I haue perus'd her well,  
Beauty and Honour in her are so mingled,  
That they haue caught the King: and who knowes yet  
But from this Lady, may proceed a lemme,  
To lighten all this Ile. I'le to the King,  
And say I spoke with you.

Exit Lord Chamberlaine.

An. My honour'd Lord

Old.L. Why this it is: See, see,  
I haue beene begging sixteene yeares in Court  
(Am yet a Courtier beggerly) nor could  
Come pat betwixt too early, and too late  
For any suit of pounds: and you, (oh fate)  
A very fresh Fish heere; fye, fye, fye vpon  
This compel'd fortune: haue your mouth fild vp,  
Before you open it

An. This is strange to me

Old L. How tastes it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no:  
There was a Lady once (tis an old Story)  
That would not be a Queene, that would she not  
For all the mud in Egypt; haue you heard it?

An. Come you are pleasant

Old.L. With your Theame, I could  
O're-mount the Larke: The Marchionesse of Pembroke?  
A thousand pounds a yeare, for pure respect?  
No other obligation? by my Life,  
That promises mo thousands: Honours traine  
Is longer then his fore-skirt; by this time  
I know your backe will beare a Dutchesse. Say,  
Are you not stronger then you were?

An. Good Lady,

Make your selfe mirth with your particular fancy,  
And leaue me out on't. Would I had no being  
If this salute my blood a iot; it faints me  
To thinke what followes.  
The Queene is comfortlesse, and wee forgetfull  
In our long absence: pray doe not deliuer,  
What heere y'haue heard to her

Old L. What doe you thinke me -

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short siluer wands; next them two Scribes in the habite of Doctors; after them, the Bishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincolne, Ely, Rochester, and S[aint]. Asaph: Next them, with some small distance, followes a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the great Seale, and a Cardinals Hat: Then two Priests, bearing each a Siluer Crosse: Then a Gentleman Vsher bareheaded, accompanied with a Sergeant at Armes, bearing a Siluer Mace: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great Siluer Pillers: After them, side by side, the two Cardinals, two Noblemen, with the Sword and Mace. The King takes place vnder the Cloth of State. The two Cardinalls sit vnder him as Iudges. The Queene takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselues 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 conuenient order about the Stage.

Car. Whil'st our Commission from Rome is read,  
Let silence be commanded

King. What's the need?  
It hath already publiquely bene read,  
And on all sides th' Authority allow'd,  
You may then spare that time

Car. Bee't so, proceed

Scri. Say, Henry K[ing]. of England, come into the Court

Crier. Henry King of England, &c

King. Heere

Scribe. Say, Katherine Queene of England,

Come into the Court

Crier. Katherine Queene of England, &c.

The Queene makes no answer, rises out of her Chaire, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneeles at his Feete. Then speakes.

Sir, I desire you do me Right and Iustice,  
And to bestow your pittie on me; for  
I am a most poore Woman, and a Stranger,  
Borne out of your Dominions: hauing heere  
No Iudge indifferent, nor no more assurance  
Of equall Friendship and Proceeding. Alas Sir:  
In what haue I offended you? What cause  
Hath my behauiour giuen to your displeasure,  
That thus you should proceede to put me off,  
And take your good Grace from me? Heauen witnessse,  
I haue bene to you, a true and humble Wife,  
At all times to your will conformable:  
Euer in feare to kindle your Dislike,  
Yea, subiect to your Countenance: Glad, or sorry,  
As I saw it inclin'd? When was the houre  
I euer contradicted your Desire?  
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends  
Haue I not stroue to loue, although I knew  
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,  
That had to him deriu'd your Anger, did I  
Continue in my Liking? Nay, gaue notice  
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to minde,  
That I haue benee your Wife, in this Obedience,  
Vpward of twenty years, and haue bene blest  
With many Children by you. If in the course  
And processe of this time, you can report,  
And proue it too, against mine Honor, aught;  
My bond to Wedlocke, or my Loue and Dutie  
Against your Sacred Person; in Gods name  
Turne me away: and let the fowl'st Contempt  
Shut doore vpon me, and so giue me vp  
To the sharp'st kinde of Iustice. Please you, Sir,  
The King your Father, was reputed for  
A Prince most Prudent; of an excellent  
And vnmatch'd Wit, and Iudgement. Ferdinand  
My Father, King of Spaine, was reckon'd one  
The wisest Prince, that there had reign'd, by many  
A yeare before. It is not to be question'd,  
That they had gather'd a wise Councell to them  
Of euery Realme, that did debate this Businesse,  
Who deem'd our Marriage lawfull. Wherefore I humbly  
Beseech you Sir, to spare me, till I may  
Be by my Friends in Spaine, aduis'd; whose Counsaile  
I will implore. If not, i'th' name of God  
Your pleasure be fulfill'd



Wol. You haue heere Lady,  
(And of your choice) these Reuerend Fathers, men  
Of singular Integrity, and Learning;  
Yea, the elect o'th' Land, who are assembled  
To pleade your Cause. It shall be therefore bootlesse,  
That longer you desire the Court, as well  
For your owne quiet, as to rectifie  
What is vnsetled in the King

Camp. His Grace  
Hath spoken well, and iustly: Therefore Madam,  
It's fit this Royall Session do proceed,  
And that (without delay) their Arguments  
Be now produc'd, and heard

Qu. Lord Cardinall, to you I speake

Wol. Your pleasure, Madam

Qu. Sir, I am about to weepe; but thinking that  
We are a Queene (or long haue dream'd so) certaine  
The daughter of a King, my drops of teares,  
Ile turne to sparkes of fire

Wol. Be patient yet

Qu. I will, when you are humble; Nay before,  
Or God will punish me. I do beleeeue  
(Induc'd by potent Circumstances) that  
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge,  
You shall not be my Iudge. For it is you  
Haue blowne this Coale, betwixt my Lord, and me;  
(Which Gods dew quenche) therefore, I say againe,  
I vtterly abhorre; yea, from my Soule  
Refuse you for my Iudge, whom yet once more  
I hold my most malicious Foe, and thinke not  
At all a Friend to truth

Wol. I do professe  
You speake not like your selfe: who euer yet  
Haue stood to Charity, and displayd th' effects  
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom, e,  
Ore-topping womans powre. Madam, you do me wrong  
I haue no Spleene against you, nor iniustice  
For you, or any: how farre I haue proceeded,  
Or how farre further (Shall) is warranted  
By a Commission from the Consistorie,  
Yea, the whole Consistorie of Rome. You charge me,  
That I haue blowne this Coale: I do deny it,  
The King is present: If it be knowne to him,  
That I gainsay my Deed, how may he wound,  
And worthily my Falsehood, yea, as much

As you haue done my Truth. If he know  
That I am free of your Report, he knowes  
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him  
It lies to cure me, and the Cure is to  
Remoue these Thoughts from you. The which before  
His Highnesse shall speake in, I do beseech  
You (gracious Madam) to vnthinke your speaking,  
And to say so no more

Queen. My Lord, My Lord,  
I am a simple woman, much too weake  
T' oppose your cunning. Y'are meek, & humble-mouth'd  
You signe your Place, and Calling, in full seeming,  
With Meekenesse and Humilitie: but your Heart  
Is cramm'd with Arrogancie, Spleene, and Pride.  
You haue by Fortune, and his Highnesse fauors,  
Gone slightly o're lowe steppes, and now are mounted  
Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words  
(Domestickes to you) serue your will, as't please  
Your selfe pronounce their Office. I must tell you,  
You tender more your persons Honor, then  
Your high profession Spirituall. That agen  
I do refuse you for my Iudge, and heere  
Before you all, Appeale vnto the Pope,  
To bring my whole Cause 'fore his Holinesse,  
And to be iudg'd by him.

She Curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.

Camp. The Queene is obstinate,  
Stubborne to Iustice, apt to accuse it, and  
Disdainfull to be tride by't; tis not well.  
Shee's going away

Kin. Call her againe

Crier. Katherine. Q[ueene]. of England, come into the Court

Gent.Vsh. Madam, you are cald backe

Que. What need you note it? pray you keep your way,  
When you are cald returne. Now the Lord helpe,  
They vex me past my patience, pray you passe on;  
I will not tarry: no, nor euer more  
Vpon this businesse my appearance make,  
In any of their Courts.

Exit Queene, and her Attendants.

Kin. Goe thy wayes Kate,  
That man i'th' world, who shall report he ha's  
A better Wife, let him in naught be trusted,  
For speaking false in that; thou art alone

(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentlenesse,  
Thy meeknesse Saint-like, Wife-like Gouernment,  
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts  
Soueraigne and Pious els, could speake thee out)  
The Queene of earthly Queenes: Shee's Noble borne;  
And like her true Nobility, she ha's  
Carried her selfe towards me

Wol. Most gracious Sir,  
In humblest manner I require your Highnes,  
That it shall please you to declare in hearing  
Of all these eares (for where I am rob'd and bound,  
There must I be vnloos'd, although not there  
At once, and fully satisfide) whether euer I  
Did broach this busines to your Highnes, or  
Laid any scruple in your way, which might  
Induce you to the question on't: or euer  
Haue to you, but with thanks to God for such  
A Royall Lady, spake one, the least word that might  
Be to the preiudice of her present State,  
Or touch of her good Person?

Kin. My Lord Cardinall,  
I doe excuse you; yea, vpon mine Honour,  
I free you from't: You are not to be taught  
That you haue many enemies, that know not  
Why they are so; but like to Village Curses,  
Barke when their fellowes doe. By some of these  
The Queene is put in anger; y'are excus'd:  
But will you be more iustifi'de? You euer  
Haue wish'd the sleeping of this busines, neuer desir'd  
It to be stir'd; but oft haue hindred, oft  
The passages made toward it; on my Honour,  
I speake my good Lord Cardnall, to this point;  
And thus farre cleare him.  
Now, what mou'd me too't,  
I will be bold with time and your attention:  
Then marke th' inducement. Thus it came; giue heede too't:  
My Conscience first receiu'd a tendernes,  
Scruple, and pricke, on certaine Speeches vtter'd  
By th' Bishop of Bayon, then French Ambassador,  
Who had beene hither sent on the debating  
And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleance, and  
Our Daughter Mary: I'th' Progresse of this busines,  
Ere a determinate resolution, hee  
(I meane the Bishop) did require a respite,  
Wherein he might the King his Lord aduertise,  
Whether our Daughter were legitimate,  
Respecting this our Marriage with the Dowager,  
Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This respite shooke  
The bosome of my Conscience, enter'd me;  
Yea, with a spitting power, and made to tremble  
The region of my Breast, which forc'd such way,  
That many maz'd considerings, did throng

And prest in with this Caution. First, me thought  
I stood not in the smile of Heauen, who had  
Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe  
If it conceiu'd a male-child by me, should  
Doe no more Offices of life too't; then  
The Graue does to th' dead: For her Male Issue,  
Or di'de where they were made, or shortly after  
This world had ayr'd them. Hence I tooke a thought,  
This was a Iudgement on me, that my Kingdome  
(Well worthy the best Heyre o'th' World) should not  
Be gladded in't by me. Then followes, that  
I weigh'd the danger which my Realmes stood in  
By this my Issues faile, and that gae to me  
Many a groaning throw: thus hulling in  
The wild Sea of my Conscience, I did steere  
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are  
Now present heere together: that's to say,  
I meant to rectifie my Conscience, which  
I then did feele full sicke, and yet not well,  
By all the Reuerend Fathers of the Land,  
And Doctors learn'd. First I began in priuate,  
With you my Lord of Lincolne; you remember  
How vnder my oppression I did reeke  
When I first mou'd you

B.Lin. Very well my Liedge

Kin. I haue spoke long, be pleas'd your selfe to say  
How farre you satisfide me

Lin. So please your Highnes,  
The question did at first so stagger me,  
Bearing a State of mighty moment in't,  
And consequence of dread, that I committed  
The daringst Counsaile which I had to doubt,  
And did entreate your Highnes to this course,  
Which you are running heere

Kin. I then mou'd you,  
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leaue  
To make this present Summons vnsolicited.  
I left no Reuerend Person in this Court;  
But by particular consent proceeded  
Vnder your hands and Seales; therefore goe on,  
For no dislike i'th' world against the person  
Of the good Queene; but the sharpe thorny points  
Of my alleadged reasons, driues this forward:  
Proue but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life

And Kingly Dignity, we are contented  
To weare our mortall State to come, with her,  
(Katherine our Queene) before the primest Creature  
That's Parragon'd o'th' World

Camp. So please your Highnes,  
The Queene being absent, 'tis a needfull fitnessse,  
That we adiourne this Court till further day;  
Meane while, must be an earnest motion  
Made to the Queene to call backe her Appeale  
She intends vnto his Holinesse

Kin. I may perceiue  
These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhorre  
This dilatory sloth, and trickes of Rome.  
My learn'd and welbeloued Seruant Cranmer,  
Prethee returne, with thy approch: I know,  
My comfort comes along: breake vp the Court;  
I say, set on.

Exeunt., in manner as they enter'd.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene and her Women as at worke.

Queen. Take thy Lute wench,  
My Soule growes sad with troubles,  
Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst: leaue working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his Lute made Trees,  
And the Mountaine tops that freeze,  
Bow themselues when he did sing.  
To his Musicke, Plants and Flowers  
Euer sprung; as Sunne and Showers,  
There had made a lasting Spring.  
Euery thing that heard him play,  
Euen the Billowes of the Sea,  
Hung their heads, & then lay by.  
In sweet Musicke is such Art,  
Killing care, & grieffe of heart,  
Fall asleepe, or hearing dye.  
Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. And't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals  
Wait in the presence

Queen. Would they speake with me?

Gent. They wil'd me say so Madam

Queen. Pray their Graces

To come neere: what can be their busines

With me, a poore weake woman, false from fauour?  
I doe not like their comming; now I thinke on't,  
They should bee good men, their affaires as righteous:  
But all Hoods, make not Monkes.  
Enter the two Cardinalls, Wolsey & Campian.

Wols. Peace to your Highnesse

Queen. Your Graces find me heere part of a Houswife,  
(I would be all) against the worst may happen:  
What are your pleasures with me, reuerent Lords?

Wol. May it please you Noble Madam, to withdraw  
Into your priuate Chamber; we shall giue you  
The full cause of our comming

Queen. Speake it heere.  
There's nothing I haue done yet o' my Conscience  
Deserues a Corner: would all other Women  
Could speake this with as free a Soule as I doe.  
My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy  
Aboue a number) if my actions  
Were tri'de by eu'ry tongue, eu'ry eye saw 'em,  
Enuy and base opinion set against 'em,  
I know my life so euen. If your busines  
Seeke me out, and that way I am Wife in;  
Out with it boldly: Truth loues open dealing

Card. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas Regina serenissima

Queen. O good my Lord, no Latin;  
I am not such a Truant since my comming,  
As not to know the Language I haue liu'd in:  
A strange Tongue makes my cause more strange, suspitious:  
Pray speake in English; heere are some will thanke you,  
If you speake truth, for their poore Mistris sake;  
Beleeue me she ha's had much wrong. Lord Cardinall,  
The willing'st sinne I euer yet committed,  
May be absolu'd in English

Card. Noble Lady,  
I am sorry my integrity should breed,  
(And seruice to his Maiesty and you)  
So deepe suspition, where all faith was meant;  
We come not by the way of Accusation,  
To taint that honour euery good Tongue blesses;  
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;  
You haue too much good Lady: But to know  
How you stand minded in the waighty difference  
Betweene the King and you, and to deliuer  
(Like free and honest men) our iust opinions,  
And comforts to our cause

Camp. Most honour'd Madam,

My Lord of Yorke, out of his Noble nature,  
Zeale and obedience he still bore your Grace,  
Forgetting (like a good man) your late Censure  
Both of his truth and him (which was too farre)  
Offers, as I doe, in a signe of peace,  
His Seruice, and his Counsell

Queen. To betray me.

My Lords, I thanke you both for your good wills,  
Ye speake like honest men, (pray God ye proue so)  
But how to make ye sodainly an Answere  
In such a poynt of weight, so neere mine Honour,  
(More neere my Life I feare) with my weake wit;  
And to such men of grauity and learning;  
In truth I know not. I was set at worke,  
Among my Maids, full little (God knowes) looking  
Either for such men, or such businesse;  
For her sake that I haue beene, for I feele  
The last fit of my Greatnesse; good your Graces  
Let me haue time and Councell for my Cause:  
Alas, I am a Woman frendlesse, hopelesse

Wol. Madam,

You wrong the Kings loue with these feares,  
Your hopes and friends are infinite

Queen. In England,

But little for my profit can you thinke Lords,  
That any English man dare giue me Councell?  
Or be a knowne friend 'gainst his Highnes pleasure,  
(Though he be growne so desperate to be honest)  
And liue a Subiect? Nay forsooth, my Friends,  
They that must weigh out my afflictions,  
They that my trust must grow to, liue not heere,  
They are (as all my other comforts) far hence  
In mine owne Countrey Lords

Camp. I would your Grace

Would leaue your greefes, and take my Counsell

Queen. How Sir?

Camp. Put your maine cause into the Kings protection,  
Hee's louing and most gracious. 'Twill be much,  
Both for your Honour better, and your Cause:  
For if the tryall of the Law o'rtake ye,  
You'l part away disgrac'd

Wol. He tels you rightly

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruine:

Is this your Christian Councell? Out vpon ye.  
Heauen is aboue all yet; there sits a Iudge,  
That no King can corrupt

Camp. Your rage mistakes vs

Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,  
Vpon my Soule two reuerend Cardinall Vertues:  
But Cardinall Sins, and hollow hearts I feare ye:  
Mend 'em for shame my Lords: Is this your comfort?  
The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Lady?  
A woman lost among ye, laugh't at, scornd?  
I will not wish ye halfe my miseries,  
I haue more Charity. But say I warn'd ye;  
Take heed, for heauens sake take heed, least at once  
The burthen of my sorrowes, fall vpon ye

Car. Madam, this is a meere distraction,  
You turne the good we offer, into enuy

Quee. Ye turne me into nothing. Woe vpon ye,  
And all such false Professors. Would you haue me  
(If you haue any Iustice, any Pitty,  
If ye be any thing but Churchmens habits)  
Put my sicke cause into his hands, that hates me?  
Alas, ha's banish'd me his Bed already,  
His Loue, too long ago. I am old my Lords,  
And all the Fellowship I hold now with him  
Is onely my Obedience. What can happen  
To me, about this wretchednesse? All your Studies  
Make me a Curse, like this

Camp. Your feares are worse

Qu. Haue I liu'd thus long (let me speake my selfe,  
Since Vertue findes no friends) a Wife, a true one?  
A Woman (I dare say without Vainglory)  
Neuer yet branded with Suspition?  
Haue I, with all my full Affections  
Still met the King? Lou'd him next Heau'n? Obey'd him?  
Bin (out of fondnesse) superstitious to him?  
Almost forgot my Prayres to content him?  
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well Lords.  
Bring me a constant woman to her Husband,  
One that ne're dream'd a loy, beyond his pleasure;  
And to that Woman (when she has done most)  
Yet will I adde an Honor; a great Patience

Car. Madam, you wander from the good  
We ayme at

Qu. My Lord,  
I dare not make my selfe so guiltie,  
To giue vp willingly that Noble Title  
Your Master wed me to: nothing but death  
Shall e're diuorce my Dignities



Car. Pray heare me

Qu. Would I had neuer trod this English Earth,  
Or felt the Flatteries that grow vpon it:  
Ye haue Angels Faces; but Heauen knowes your hearts.  
What will become of me now, wretched Lady?  
I am the most vnhappy Woman liuing.  
Alas (poore Wenches) where are now your Fortunes?  
Shipwrack'd vpon a Kingdome, where no Pitty,  
No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weepe for me?  
Almost no Graue allow'd me? Like the Lilly  
That once was Mistris of the Field, and flourish'd,  
Ile hang my head, and perish

Car. If your Grace

Could but be brought to know, our Ends are honest,  
You'd feele more comfort. Why shold we (good Lady)  
Vpon what cause wrong you? Alas, our Places,  
The way of our Profession is against it;  
We are to Cure such sorrowes, not to sowe 'em.  
For Goodnesse sake, consider what you do,  
How you may hurt your selfe: I, vtterly  
Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage.  
The hearts of Princes kisse Obedience,  
So much they loue it. But to stubborne Spirits,  
They swell and grow, as terrible as stormes.  
I know you haue a Gentle, Noble temper,  
A Soule as euen as a Calme; Pray thinke vs,  
Those we professe, Peace-makers, Friends, and Seruants

Camp. Madam, you'l finde it so:

You wrong your Vertues  
With these weake Womens feares. A Noble Spirit  
As yours was, put into you, euer casts  
Such doubts as false Coine from it. The King loues you,  
Beware you loose it not: For vs (if you please  
To trust vs in your businesse) we are ready  
To vse our vtmost Studies, in your seruice

Qu. Do what ye will, my Lords:

And pray forgiue me;  
If I haue vs'd my selfe vnmannerly,  
You know I am a Woman, lacking wit  
To make a seemely answer to such persons.  
Pray do my seruice to his Maiestie,  
He ha's my heart yet, and shall haue my Prayers  
While I shall haue my life. Come reuerend Fathers,  
Bestow your Councels on me. She now begges  
That little thought when she set footing heere,  
She should haue bought her Dignities so deere.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Duke of Norfolke, Duke of Suffolke, Lord Surrey, and  
Lord  
Chamberlaine.

Norf. If you will now vnite in your Complaints,  
And force them with a Constancy, the Cardinall  
Cannot stand vnder them. If you omit  
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,  
But that you shall sustaine moe new disgraces,  
With these you beare alreadie

Sur. I am ioyfull  
To meete the least occasion, that may giue me  
Remembrance of my Father-in-Law, the Duke,  
To be reueng'd on him

Suf. Which of the Peeres  
Haue vncontemn'd gone by him, or at least  
Strangely neglected? When did he regard  
The stampe of Noblenesse in any person  
Out of himselfe?

Cham. My Lords, you speake your pleasures:  
What he deserues of you and me, I know:  
What we can do to him (though now the time  
Giues way to vs) I much feare. If you cannot  
Barre his accesse to'th' King, neuer attempt  
Any thing on him: for he hath a Witchcraft  
Ouer the King in's Tongue

Nor. O feare him not,  
His spell in that is out: the King hath found  
Matter against him, that for euer marres  
The Hony of his Language. No, he's settled  
(Not to come off) in his displeasure

Sur. Sir,  
I should be glad to heare such Newes as this  
Once euery houre

Nor. Beleeue it, this is true.  
In the Diuorce, his contrarie proceedings  
Are all vnfolded: wherein he appeares,  
As I would wish mine Enemy

Sur. How came  
His practises to light?  
Suf. Most strangely

Sur. O how? how?

Suf. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miscarried,

And came to th' eye o'th' King, wherein was read  
How that the Cardinall did intreat his Holinesse  
To stay the Iudgement o'th' Diuorce; for if  
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceiue  
My King is tangled in affection, to  
A Creature of the Queenes, Lady Anne Bullen

Sur. Ha's the King this?

Suf. Beleeue it

Sur. Will this worke?

Cham. The King in this perceiues him, how he coasts  
And hedges his owne way. But in this point  
All his trickes founder, and he brings his Physicke  
After his Patients death; the King already  
Hath married the faire Lady

Sur. Would he had

Suf. May you be happy in your wish my Lord,  
For I professe you haue it

Sur. Now all my ioy  
Trace the Coniunction

Suf. My Amen too't

Nor. All mens

Suf. There's order giuen for her Coronation:  
Marry this is yet but yong, and may be left  
To some eares vnrecounted. But my Lords  
She is a gallant Creature, and compleate  
In minde and feature. I perswade me, from her  
Will fall some blessing to this Land, which shall  
In it be memoriz'd

Sur. But will the King  
Digest this Letter of the Cardinals?  
The Lord forbid

Nor. Marry Amen

Suf. No, no:  
There be moe Waspes that buz about his Nose,  
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinall Campeius,  
Is stolne away to Rome, hath 'tane no leaue,  
Ha's left the cause o'th' King vnhandled, and  
Is posted as the Agent of our Cardinall,  
To second all his plot. I do assure you,  
The King cry'de Ha, at this

Cham. Now God incense him,

And let him cry Ha, lowder

Norf. But my Lord

When returnes Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd in his Opinions, which  
Haue satisfied the King for his Diuorce,  
Together with all famous Colledges  
Almost in Christendome: shortly (I beleeeue)  
His second Marriage shall be publishd, and  
Her Coronation. Katherine no more  
Shall be call'd Queene, but Princesse Dowager,  
And Widdow to Prince Arthur

Nor. This same Cranmer's

A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine  
In the Kings businesse

Suff. He ha's, and we shall see him

For it, an Arch-byshop

Nor. So I heare

Suf. 'Tis so.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinall

Nor. Obserue, obserue, hee's moody

Car. The Packet Cromwell,

Gau't you the King?

Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber

Card. Look'd he o'th' inside of the Paper?

Crom. Presently

He did vnseale them, and the first he view'd,  
He did it with a Serious minde: a heede  
Was in his countenance. You he bad  
Attend him heere this Morning

Card. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I thinke by this he is

Card. Leaue me a while.

Exit Cromwell.

It shall be to the Dutches of Alanson,  
The French Kings Sister; He shall marry her.  
Anne Bullen? No: Ile no Anne Bullens for him,  
There's more in't then faire Visage. Bullen?  
No, wee'l no Bullens: Speedily I wish  
To heare from Rome. The Marchionesse of Penbroke?

Nor. He's discontented

Suf. Maybe he heares the King  
Does whet his Anger to him

Sur. Sharpe enough,  
Lord for thy lustice

Car. The late Queenes Gentlewoman?  
A Knights Daughter  
To be her Mistris Mistris? The Queenes, Queene?  
This Candle burnes not cleere, 'tis I must snuffe it,  
Then out it goes. What though I know her vertuous  
And well deseruing? yet I know her for  
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to  
Our cause, that she should lye i'th' bosome of  
Our hard rul'd King. Againe, there is sprung vp  
An Heretique, an Arch-one; Cranmer, one  
Hath crawl'd into the fauour of the King,  
And is his Oracle

Nor. He is vex'd at something.  
Enter King, reading of a Scedule.

Sur. I would 'twere somthing y would fret the string,  
The Master-cord on's heart

Suf. The King, the King

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated  
To his owne portion? And what expence by'th' houre  
Seemes to flow from him? How, i'th' name of Thrift  
Does he rake this together? Now my Lords,  
Saw you the Cardinall?

Nor. My Lord, we haue  
Stood heere obseruing him. Some strange Commotion  
Is in his braine: He bites his lip, and starts,  
Stops on a sodaine, lookes vpon the ground,  
Then layes his finger on his Temple: straight  
Springs out into fast gate, then stops againe,  
Strikes his brest hard, and anon, he casts  
His eye against the Moone: in most strange Postures  
We haue seene him set himselfe

King. It may well be,  
There is a mutiny in's minde. This morning,  
Papers of State he sent me, to peruse  
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found  
There (on my Conscience put vnwittingly)  
Forsooth an Inuentory, thus importing  
The seuerall parcels of his Plate, his Treasure,  
Rich Stuffes and Ornaments of Houshold, which  
I finde at such proud Rate, that it out-speakes

Possession of a Subject

Nor. It's Heuens will,  
Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet,  
To blesse your eye withall

King. If we did thinke  
His Contemplation were aboue the earth,  
And fixt on Spirituall object, he should still  
Dwell in his Musings, but I am affraid  
His Thinkings are below the Moone, not worth  
His serious considering.

King takes his Seat, whispers Louell, who goes to the Cardinall.

Car. Heauen forgiue me,  
Euer God blesse your Highnesse

King. Good my Lord,  
You are full of Heauenly stuffe, and beare the Inuentory  
Of your best Graces, in your minde; the which  
You were now running o're: you haue scarce time  
To steale from Spirituall leysure, a briefe span  
To keepe your earthly Audit, sure in that  
I deeme you an ill Husband, and am glad  
To haue you therein my Companion

Car. Sir,  
For Holy Offices I haue a time; a time  
To thinke vpon the part of businesse, which  
I beare i'th' State: and Nature does require  
Her times of preseruation, which perforce  
I her fraile sonne, among'st my Brethren mortall,  
Must giue my tendance to

King. You haue said well

Car. And euer may your Highnesse yoake together,  
(As I will lend you cause) my doing well,  
With my well saying

King. 'Tis well said agen,  
And 'tis a kinde of good deede to say well,  
And yet words are no deeds. My Father lou'd you,  
He said he did, and with his deed did Crowne  
His word vpon you. Since I had my Office,  
I haue kept you next my Heart, haue not alone  
Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home,  
But par'd my present Hauings, to bestow  
My Bounties vpon you

Car. What should this meane?

Sur. The Lord increase this businesse

King. Haue I not made you  
The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,  
If what I now pronounce, you haue found true:  
And if you may confesse it, say withall  
If you are bound to vs, or no. What say you?

Car. My Soueraigne, I confesse your Royall graces  
Shower'd on me daily, haue bene more then could  
My studied purposes requite, which went  
Beyond all mans endeauors. My endeauors,  
Haue euer come too short of my Desires,  
Yet fill'd with my Abilities: Mine owne ends  
Haue bene mine so, that euermore they pointed  
To'th' good of your most Sacred Person, and  
The profit of the State. For your great Graces  
Heap'd vpon me (poore Vndeseruer) I  
Can nothing render but Allegiant thankses,  
My Prayres to heauen for you; my Loyaltie  
Which euer ha's, and euer shall be growing,  
Till death (that Winter) kill it

King. Fairely answer'd:  
A Loyall, and obedient Subiect is  
Therein illustrated, the Honor of it  
Does pay the Act of it, as i'th' contrary  
The fowlenesse is the punishment. I presume,  
That as my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you,  
My heart drop'd Loue, my powre rain'd Honor, more  
On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart,  
Your Braine, and euery Function of your power,  
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,  
As 'twere in Loues particular, be more  
To me your Friend, then any

Car. I do professe,  
That for your Highnesse good, I euer labour'd  
More then mine owne: that am, haue, and will be  
(Though all the world should cracke their duty to you,  
And throw it from their Soule, though perils did  
Abound, as thicke as thought could make 'em, and  
Appeare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty,  
As doth a Rocke against the chiding Flood,  
Should the approach of this wilde Riuer breake,  
And stand vnshaken yours

King. 'Tis Nobly spoken:  
Take notice Lords, he ha's a Loyall brest,  
For you haue seene him open't. Read o're this,  
And after this, and then to Breakfast with  
What appetite you haue.

Exit King, frowning vpon the Cardinall, the Nobles throng after  
him

smiling, and whispering.

Car. What should this meane?

What sodaine Anger's this? How haue I reap'd it?  
He parted Frowning from me, as if Ruine  
Leap'd from his Eyes. So lookes the chafed Lyon  
Vpon the daring Huntsman that has gall'd him:  
Then makes him nothing. I must reade this paper:  
I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis so:  
This paper ha's vndone me: 'Tis th' Accompt  
Of all that world of Wealth I haue drawne together  
For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedome,  
And fee my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence!  
Fit for a Foole to fall by: What crosse Diuell  
Made me put this maine Secret in the Packet  
I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?  
No new deuice to beate this from his Braines?  
I know 'twill stirre him strongly; yet I know  
A way, if it take right, in spight of Fortune  
Will bring me off againe. What's this? To th' Pope?  
The Letter (as I liue) with all the Businesse  
I writ too's Holinesse. Nay then, farewell:  
I haue touch'd the highest point of all my Greatnesse,  
And from that full Meridian of my Glory,  
I haste now to my Setting. I shall fall  
Like a bright exhalation in the Euening,  
And no man see me more.  
Enter to Woolsey, the Dukes of Norfolke and Suffolke, the Earle  
of Surrey,  
and the Lord Chamberlaine.

Nor. Heare the Kings pleasure Cardinal,  
Who commands you  
To render vp the Great Seale presently  
Into our hands, and to Confine your selfe  
To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchesters,  
Till you heare further from his Highnesse

Car. Stay:

Where's your Commission? Lords, words cannot carrie  
Authority so weighty

Suf. Who dare crosse 'em,  
Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expressely?

Car. Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,  
(I meane your malice) know, Officious Lords,  
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feele  
Of what course Mettle ye are molded, Enuy,  
How eagerly ye follow my Disgraces  
As if it fed ye, and how sleeke and wanton  
Ye appeare in euery thing may bring my ruine?  
Follow your enuious courses, men of Malice;  
You haue Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt



In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Seale  
You aske with such a Violence, the King  
(Mine, and your Master) with his owne hand, gaue me:  
Bad me enioy it, with the Place, and Honors  
During my life; and to confirme his Goodnesse,  
Ti'de it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?  
Sur. The King that gaue it

Car. It must be himselfe then

Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Priest

Car. Proud Lord, thou lye:  
Within these fortie houres, Surrey durst better  
Haue burnt that Tongue, then saide so

Sur. Thy Ambition  
(Thou Scarlet sinne) 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 haire of his. Plague of your policie,  
You sent me Deputie for Ireland,  
Farre from his succour; from the King, from all  
That might haue mercie on the fault, thou gau'st him:  
Whil'st your great Goodnesse, out of holy pittie,  
Absolu'd him with an Axe

Wol. This, and all else  
This talking Lord can lay vpon my credit,  
I answer, is most false. The Duke by Law  
Found his deserts. How innocent I was  
From any priuate malice in his end,  
His Noble lurie, and foule Cause can witness.  
If I lou'd many words, Lord, I should tell you,  
You haue as little Honestie, as Honor,  
That in the way of Loyaltie, and Truth,  
Toward the King, my euer Roiall Master,  
Dare mate a sounder man then Surrie can be,  
And all that loue his follies

Sur. By my Soule,  
Your long Coat (Priest) protects you,  
Thou should'st feele  
My Sword i'th' life blood of thee else. My Lords,  
Can ye endure to heare this Arrogance?  
And from this Fellow? If we liue thus tamely,  
To be thus laded by a peece of Scarlet,  
Farewell Nobilitie: let his Grace go forward,  
And dare vs with his Cap, like Larkes

Card. All Goodnesse  
Is poyson to thy Stomacke

Sur. Yes, that goodnesse  
Of gleaning all the Lands wealth into one,  
Into your owne hands (Card'nall) by Extortion:  
The goodnesse of your intercepted Packets  
You writ to'th Pope, against the King: your goodnesse  
Since you prouoke me, shall be most notorious.  
My Lord of Norfolke, as you are truly Noble,  
As you respect the common good, the State  
Of our despis'd Nobilitie, our Issues,  
(Whom if he liue, will scarce be Gentlemen)  
Produce the grand summe of his sinnes, the Articles  
Collected from his life. Ile startle you  
Worse then the Sacring Bell, when the browne Wench  
Lay kissing in your Armes, Lord Cardinall

Car. How much me thinks, I could despise this man,  
But that I am bound in Charitie against it

Nor. Those Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand:  
But thus much, they are foule ones

Wol. So much fairer  
And spotlesse, shall mine Innocence arise,  
When the King knowes my Truth

Sur. This cannot saue you:  
I thanke my Memorie, I yet remember  
Some of these Articles, and out they shall.  
Now, if you can blush, and crie guiltie Cardinall,  
You'l shew a little Honestie

Wol. Speake on Sir,  
I dare your worst Obiections: If I blush,  
It is to see a Nobleman want manners

Sur. I had rather want those, then my head;  
Haue at you.  
First, that without the Kings assent or knowledge,  
You wrought to be a Legate, by which power  
You maim'd the Iurisdiction of all Bishops

Nor. Then, That in all you writ to Rome, or else  
To Forraigne Princes, Ego & Rex meus  
Was still inscrib'd: in which you brought the King  
To be your Seruant

Suf. Then, that without the knowledge  
Either of King or Councell, when you went  
Ambassador to the Emperour, you made bold  
To carry into Flanders, the Great Seale

Sur. Item, You sent a large Commission  
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude  
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,  
A League betweene his Highnesse, and Ferrara

Suf. That out of meere Ambition, you haue caus'd  
Your holy-Hat to be stamp't on the Kings Coine

Sur. Then, That you haue sent innumerable substance,  
(By what meanes got, I leaue to your owne conscience)  
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the wayes  
You haue for Dignities, to the meere vndooing  
Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are,  
Which since they are of you, and odious,  
I will not taint my mouth with

Cham. O my Lord,  
Presse not a falling man too farre: 'tis Vertue:  
His faults lye open to the Lawes, let them  
(Not you) correct him. My heart weepes to see him  
So little, of his great Selfe

Sur. I forgiue him

Suf. Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleasure is,  
Because all those things you haue done of late  
By your power Legatine within this Kingdome,  
Fall into 'th' compasse of a Premunire;  
That therefore such a Writ be sued against you,  
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,  
Castles, and whatsoever, and to be  
Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge

Nor. And so wee'll leaue you to your Meditations  
How to liue better. For your stubborne answer  
About the giuing backe the Great Seale to vs,  
The King shall know it, and (no doubt) shal thanke you.  
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.

Exeunt. all but Wolsey.

Wol. So farewell, to the little good you beare me.  
Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatnesse.  
This is the state of Man; to day he puts forth  
The tender Leaues of hopes, to morrow Blossomes,  
And beares his blushing Honors thicke vpon him:  
The third day, comes a Frost; a killing Frost,  
And when he thinkes, good easie man, full surely  
His Greatnesse is a ripening, nippes his roote,  
And then he fals as I do. I haue ventur'd  
Like little wanton Boyes that swim on bladders:  
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,  
But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride

At length broke vnder me, and now ha's left me  
Weary, and old with Seruice, to the mercy  
Of a rude streame, that must for euer hide me.  
Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,  
I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched  
Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes fauours?  
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire too,  
That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their ruine,  
More pangs, and feares then warres, or women haue;  
And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer,  
Neuer to hope againe.  
Enter Cromwell, standing amazed.

Why how now Cromwell?

Crom. I haue no power to speake Sir

Car. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder  
A great man should decline. Nay, and you weep  
I am false indeed

Crom. How does your Grace

Card. Why well:

Neuer so truly happy, my good Cromwell,  
I know my selfe now, and I feele within me,  
A peace about all earthly Dignities,  
A still, and quiet Conscience. The King ha's cur'd me,  
I humbly thanke his Grace: and from these shoulders  
These ruin'd Pillers, out of pittie, taken  
A load, would sinke a Nauy, (too much Honor.)  
O 'tis a burden Cromwel, 'tis a burden  
Too heauy for a man, that hopes for Heauen

Crom. I am glad your Grace,  
Ha's made that right vse of it

Card. I hope I haue:

I am able now (me thinkes)  
(Out of a Fortitude of Soule, I feele)  
To endure more Miseries, and greater farre  
Then my Weake-hearted Enemies, dare offer.  
What Newes abroad?

Crom. The heauiest, and the worst,  
Is your displeasure with the King

Card. God blesse him

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas Moore is chosen  
Lord Chancellor, in your place

Card. That's somewhat sodain.  
But he's a Learned man. May he continue

Long in his Highnesse fauour, and do Iustice  
For Truths-sake, and his Conscience; that his bones,  
When he ha's run his course, and sleepes in Blessings,  
May haue a Tombe of Orphants teares wept on him.  
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome;  
Install'd Lord Arch-bishop of Canterbury

Card. That's Newes indeed

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,  
Whom the King hath in secrecie long married,  
This day was view'd in open, as his Queene,  
Going to Chappell: and the voyce is now  
Onely about her Corronation

Card. There was the waight that pull'd me downe.  
O Cromwell,  
The King ha's gone beyond me: All my Glories  
In that one woman, I haue lost for euer.  
No Sun, shall euer vsher forth mine Honors,  
Or gilde againe the Noble Troopes that waighted  
Vpon my smiles. Go get thee from me Cromwel,  
I am a poore falne man, vnworthy now  
To be thy Lord, and Master. Seeke the King  
(That Sun, I pray may neuer set) I haue told him,  
What, and how true thou art; he will aduance thee:  
Some little memory of me, will stirre him  
(I know his Noble Nature) not to let  
Thy hopefull seruice perish too. Good Cromwell  
Neglect him not; make vse now, and prouide  
For thine owne future safety

Crom. O my Lord,  
Must I then leaue you? Must I needes forgo  
So good, so Noble, and so true a Master?  
Beare witnesse, all that haue not hearts of Iron,  
With what a sorrow Cromwel leaues his Lord.  
The King shall haue my seruice; but my prayres  
For euer, and for euer shall be yours

Card. Cromwel, I did not thinke to shed a teare  
In all my Miseries: But thou hast forc'd me  
(Out of thy honest truth) to play the Woman.  
Let's dry our eyes: And thus farre heare me Cromwel,  
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleepe in dull cold Marble, where no mention  
Of me, more must be heard of: Say I taught thee;  
Say Wolsey, that once trod the wayes of Glory,  
And sounded all the Depths, and Shoales of Honor,  
Found thee a way (out of his wracke) to rise in:  
A sure, and safe one, though thy Master mist it.  
Marke but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me:

Cromwel, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,  
By that sinne fell the Angels: how can man then  
(The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it?  
Loue thy selfe last, cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
Corruption wins not more then Honesty.  
Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace  
To silence enuious Tongues. Be iust, and feare not;  
Let all the ends thou aym'st at, be thy Countries,  
Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall'st (O Cromwell)  
Thou fall'st a blessed Martyr.  
Serue the King: And prythee leade me in:  
There take an Inuentory of all I haue,  
To the last peny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe,  
And my Integrity to Heauen, is all,  
I dare now call mine owne. O Cromwel, Cromwel,  
Had I but seru'd my God, with halfe the Zeale  
I seru'd my King: he would not in mine Age  
Haue left me naked to mine Enemies

Crom. Good Sir, haue patience

Card. So I haue. Farewell  
The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heauen do dwell.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 Y'are well met once againe

2 So are you

1 You come to take your stand heere, and behold  
The Lady Anne, passe from her Corronation

2 'Tis all my businesse. At our last encounter,  
The Duke of Buckingham came from his Triall

1 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow,  
This generall ioy

2 'Tis well: The Citizens  
I am sure haue shewne at full their Royall minds,  
As let 'em haue their rights, they are euer forward  
In Celebration of this day with Shewes,  
Pageants, and Sights of Honor

1 Neuer greater,  
Nor Ile assure you better taken Sir

2 May I be bold to aske what that containes,  
That Paper in your hand

1 Yes, 'tis the List  
Of those that claime their Offices this day,  
By custome of the Coronation.  
The Duke of Suffolke is the first, and claimes  
To be high Steward; Next the Duke of Norfolke,  
He to be Earle Marshall: you may reade the rest

1 I thanke you Sir: Had I not known those customs,  
I should haue beene beholding to your Paper:  
But I beseech you, what's become of Katherine  
The Princesse Dowager? How goes her businesse?

1 That I can tell you too. The Archbishop  
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other  
Learned, and Reuerend Fathers of his Order,  
Held a late Court at Dunstable; sixe miles off  
From Ampthill, where the Princesse lay, to which  
She was often cyted by them, but appear'd not:  
And to be short, for not Appearance, and  
The Kings late Scruple, by the maine assent  
Of all these Learned men, she was diuorc'd,  
And the late Marriage made of none effect:  
Since which, she was remou'd to Kymmaltoune,  
Where she remaines now sicke

2 Alas good Lady.  
The Trumpets sound: Stand close,  
The Queene is comming.

Ho-boys. The Order of the Coronation. 1 A liuely Flourish of  
Trumpets. 2  
Then, two Iudges. 3 Lord Chancellor, with Purse and Mace before  
him. 4  
Quirristers singing. Musicke. 5 Maior of London, bearing the  
Mace. Then  
Garter, in his Coate of Armes, and on his head he wore a Gilt  
Copper  
Crowne. 6 Marquesse Dorset, bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his  
head, a  
Demy Coronall of Gold. With him, the Earle of Surrey, bearing the  
Rod of  
Siluer with the Doue, Crowned with an Earles Coronet. Collars of  
Esses. 7  
Duke of Suffolke, in his Robe of Estate, his Coronet on his head,  
bearing  
a long white Wand, as High Steward. With him, the Duke of  
Norfolke, with  
the Rod of Marshalship, a Coronet on his head. Collars of Esses. 8  
A  
Canopy, borne by foure of the Cinque-Ports, vnder it the Queene in  
her

Robe, in her haire, richly adorned with Pearle, Crowned. On each side her,  
the Bishops of London, and Winchester. 9 The Olde Dutchesse of Norfolk,  
in a Coronall of Gold, wrought with Flowers bearing the Queenes Traine. 10  
Certaine Ladies or Countesses, with plaine Circlets of Gold, without  
Flowers. Exeunt, first passing ouer the Stage in Order and State, and  
then, A great Flourish of Trumpets.

2 A Royall Traine beleeue me: These I know:  
Who's that that beares the Scepter?

1 Marquesse Dorset,  
And that the Earle of Surrey, with the Rod

2 A bold braue Gentleman. That should bee  
The Duke of Suffolke

1 'Tis the same: high Steward

2 And that my Lord of Norfolk?

1 Yes

2 Heauen blesse thee,  
Thou hast the sweetest face I euer look'd on.  
Sir, as I haue a Soule, she is an Angell;  
Our King ha's all the Indies in his Armes,  
And more, and richer, when he straines that Lady,  
I cannot blame his Conscience

1 They that beare  
The Cloath of Honour ouer her, are foure Barons  
Of the Cinque-Ports

2 Those men are happy,  
And so are all, are neere her.  
I take it, she that carries vp the Traine,  
Is that old Noble Lady, Dutchesse of Norfolk

1 It is, and all the rest are Countesses

2 Their Coronets say so. These are Starres indeed,  
And sometimes falling ones

2 No more of that.  
Enter a third Gentleman.

1 God saue you Sir. Where haue you bin broiling?  
3 Among the crowd i'th' Abbey, where a finger  
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled  
With the meere ranknesse of their ioy



2 You saw the Ceremony?

3 That I did

1 How was it?

3 Well worth the seeing

2 Good Sir, speake it to vs?

3 As well as I am able. The rich streame  
Of Lords, and Ladies, hauing brought the Queene  
To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off  
A distance from her; while her Grace sate downe  
To rest a while, some halfe an houre, or so,  
In a rich Chaire of State, opposing freely  
The Beauty of her Person to the People.  
Beleeue me Sir, she is the goodliest Woman  
That euer lay by man: which when the people  
Had the full view of, such a noyse arose,  
As the shrowdes make at Sea, in a stiffe Tempest,  
As lowd, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes,  
(Doublets, I thinke) flew vp, and had their Faces  
Bin loose, this day they had beene lost. Such ioy  
I neuer saw before. Great belly'd women,  
That had not halfe a weeke to go, like Rammes  
In the old time of Warre, would shake the prease  
And make 'em reele before 'em. No man liuing  
Could say this is my wife there, all were wouen  
So strangely in one peece

2 But what follow'd?

3 At length, her Grace rose, and with modest paces  
Came to the Altar, where she kneel'd, and Saint-like  
Cast her faire eyes to Heauen, and pray'd deuoutly.  
Then rose againe, and bow'd her to the people:  
When by the Arch-byshop of Canterbury,  
She had all the Royall makings of a Queene;  
As holy Oyle, Edward Confessors Crowne,  
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all such Emblemes  
Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire  
With all the choyssest Musicke of the Kingdome,  
Together sung Te Deum. So she parted,  
And with the same full State pac'd backe againe  
To Yorke-Place, where the Feast is held

1 Sir,

You must no more call it Yorke-place, that's past:  
For since the Cardinall fell, that Titles lost,  
'Tis now the Kings, and call'd White-Hall

3 I know it:

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

2 What two Reuerend Byshops

Were those that went on each side of the Queene?

3 Stokeley and Gardiner, the one of Winchester,  
Newly preferr'd from the Kings Secretary:  
The other London

2 He of Winchester

Is held no great good louer of the Archbishops,  
The vertuous Cranmer

3 All the Land knowes that:

How euer, yet there is no great breach, when it comes  
Cranmer will finde a Friend will not shrinke from him

2 Who may that be, I pray you

3 Thomas Cromwell,

A man in much esteeme with th' King, and truly  
A worthy Friend. The King ha's made him  
Master o'th' Iewell House,  
And one already of the Priuy Councell

2 He will deserue more

3 Yes without all doubt.

Come Gentlemen, ye shall go my way,  
Which is to'th Court, and there ye shall be my Guests:  
Something I can command. As I walke thither,  
Ile tell ye more

Both. You may command vs Sir.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Katherine Dowager, sicke, lead betweene Griffith, her  
Gentleman  
Vsher, and Patience her Woman.

Grif. How do's your Grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sicke to death:

My Legges like loaden Branches bow to'th' Earth,  
Willing to leaue their burthen: Reach a Chaire,  
So now (me thinkes) I feele a little ease.  
Did'st thou not tell me Griffith, as thou lead'st mee,  
That the great Childe of Honor, Cardinall Wolsey  
Was dead?

Grif. Yes Madam: but I thinke your Grace  
Out of the paine you suffer'd, gaue no eare too't

Kath. Pre'thee good Griffith, tell me how he dy'de.

If well, he stept before me happily  
For my example

Grif. Well, the voyce goes Madam,  
For after the stout Earle Northumberland  
Arrested him at Yorke, and brought him forward  
As a man sorely tainted, to his Answer,  
He fell sicke sodainly, and grew so ill  
He could not sit his Mule

Kath. Alas poore man

Grif. At last, with easie Rodes, he came to Leicester,  
Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reuerend Abbot  
With all his Couent, honourably receiu'd him;  
To whom he gaue these words. O Father Abbot,  
An old man, broken with the stormes of State,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:  
Giue him a little earth for Charity.  
So went to bed; where eagerly his sicknesse  
Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,  
About the houre of eight, which he himselfe  
Foretold should be his last, full of Repentance,  
Continuall Meditations, Teares, and Sorrowes,  
He gaue his Honors to the world agen,  
His blessed part to Heauen, and slept in peace

Kath. So may he rest,  
His Faults lye gently on him:  
Yet thus farre Griffith, giue me leaue to speake him,  
And yet with Charity. He was a man  
Of an vnbounded stomacke, euer ranking  
Himselfe with Princes. One that by suggestion  
Ty'de all the Kingdome. Symonie, was faire play,  
His owne Opinion was his Law. I'th' presence  
He would say vntruths, and be euer double  
Both in his words, and meaning. He was neuer  
(But where he meant to Ruine) pittifull.  
His Promises, were as he then was, Mighty:  
But his performance, as he is now, Nothing:  
Of his owne body he was ill, and gaue  
The Clergy ill example

Grif. Noble Madam:  
Mens euill manners, liue in Brasse, their Vertues  
We write in Water. May it please your Highnesse  
To heare me speake his good now?

Kath. Yes good Griffith,  
I were malicious else

Grif. This Cardinall,  
Though from an humble Stocke, vndoubtedly  
Was fashion'd to much Honor. From his Cradle

He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one:  
Exceeding wise, faire spoken, and perswading:  
Lofty, and sowre to them that lou'd him not:  
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as Summer.  
And though he were vnsatisfied in getting,  
(Which was a sinne) yet in bestowing, Madam,  
He was most Princely: Euer witnesse for him  
Those twinnes of Learning, that he rais'd in you,  
Ipswich and Oxford: one of which, fell with him,  
Vnwilling to out-lieue the good that did it.  
The other (though vnfinish'd) yet so Famous,  
So excellent in Art, and still so rising,  
That Christendome shall euer speake his Vertue.  
His Ouerthrow, heap'd Happinesse vpon him:  
For then, and not till then, he felt himselfe,  
And found the Blessednesse of being little.  
And to adde greater Honors to his Age  
Then man could giue him; he dy'de, fearing God

Kath. After my death, I wish no other Herald,  
No other speaker of my liuing Actions,  
To keepe mine Honor, from Corruption,  
But such an honest Chronicler as Griffith.  
Whom I most hated Liuing, thou hast made mee  
With thy Religious Truth, and Modestie,  
(Now in his Ashes) Honor: Peace be with him.  
Patience, be neere me still, and set me lower,  
I haue not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,  
Cause the Musitians play me that sad note  
I nam'd my Knell; whil'st I sit meditating  
On that Coelestiall Harmony I go too.

Sad and solemne Musicke.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,  
For feare we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter solemnely tripping one after another, sixe  
Personages,  
clad in white Robes, wearing on their heades Garlands of Bayes,  
and golden  
Vizards on their faces, Branches of Bayes or Palme in their hands.  
They  
first Conge vnto her, then Dance: and at certaine Changes, the first  
two  
hold a spare Garland ouer her Head, at which the other foure make  
reuerend  
Curtisies. Then the two that held the Garland, deliuer the same to  
the other  
next two, who obserue the same order in their Changes, and  
holding the  
Garland ouer her head. Which done, they deliuer the same Garland  
to the

last two: who likewise obserue the same Order. At which (as it were by inspiration) she makes (in her sleepe) signes of reioycing, and holdeth vp her hands to heauen. And so, in their Dancing vanish, carrying the Garland with them. The Musicke continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?  
And leaue me heere in wretchednesse, behinde ye?  
Grif. Madam, we are heere

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

Kath. No? Saw you not euen now a blessed Troope  
Inuite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces  
Cast thousand beames vpon me, like the Sun?  
They promis'd me eternall Happinesse,  
And brought me Garlands (Griffith) which I feele  
I am not worthy yet to weare: I shall assuredly

Grif. I am most ioyfull Madam, such good dreames  
Possesse your Fancy

Kath. Bid the Musicke leaue,  
They are harsh and heauy to me.

Musicke ceases.

Pati. Do you note  
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sodaine?  
How long her face is drawne? How pale she lookes,  
And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes?

Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray

Pati. Heauen comfort her.  
Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And't like your Grace -  
Kath. You are a sawcy Fellow,  
Deserue we no more Reuerence?

Grif. You are too blame,  
Knowing she will not loose her wonted Greatnesse  
To vse so rude behaiour. Go too, kneele

Mes. I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon,  
My hast made me vnmannerly. There is staying  
A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you

Kath. Admit him entrance Griffith. But this Fellow  
Let me ne're see againe.

Exit Messeng.

Enter Lord Capuchius.

If my sight faile not,  
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperour,  
My Royall Nephew, and your name Capuchius

Cap. Madam the same. Your Seruant

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

Cap. Noble Lady,  
First mine owne seruice to your Grace, the next  
The Kings request, that I would visit you,  
Who grieues much for your weaknesse, and by me  
Sends you his Princely Commendations,  
And heartily entreats you take good comfort

Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,  
'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;  
That gentle Physicke giuen in time, had cur'd me:  
But now I am past all Comforts heere, but Prayers.  
How does his Highnesse?

Cap. Madam, in good health

Kath. So may he euer do, and euer flourish,  
When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name  
Banish'd the Kingdome. Patience, is that Letter  
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No Madam

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliuer  
This to my Lord the King

Cap. Most willing Madam

Kath. In which I haue commended to his goodnesse  
The Modell of our chaste loues: his yong daughter,  
The dewes of Heauen fall thicke in Blessings on her,  
Beseeching him to giue her vertuous breeding.  
She is yong, and of a Noble modest Nature,  
I hope she will deserue well; and a little  
To loue her for her Mothers sake, that lou'd him,  
Heauen knowes how deerely.  
My next poore Petition,  
Is, that his Noble Grace would haue some pittie  
Vpon my wretched women, that so long  
Haue follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,

Of which there is not one, I dare auow  
(And now I should not lye) but will deserue  
For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule,  
For honestie, and decent Carriage  
A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)  
And sure those men are happy that shall haue 'em.  
The last is for my men, they are the poorest,  
(But pouerty could neuer draw 'em from me)  
That they may haue their wages, duly paid 'em,  
And something ouer to remember me by.  
If Heauen had pleas'd to haue giuen me longer life  
And able meanes, we had not parted thus.  
These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,  
By that you loue the deerest in this world,  
As you wish Christian peace to soules departed,  
Stand these poore peoples Friend, and vrge the King  
To do me this last right

Cap. By Heauen I will,  
Or let me loose the fashion of a man

Kath. I thanke you honest Lord. Remember me  
In all humilitie vnto his Highnesse:  
Say his long trouble now is passing  
Out of this world. Tell him in death I blest him  
(For so I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell  
My Lord. Griffith farewell. Nay Patience,  
You must not leaue me yet. I must to bed,  
Call in more women. When I am dead, good Wench,  
Let me be vs'd with Honor; strew me ouer  
With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know  
I was a chaste Wife, to my Graue: Embalme me,  
Then lay me forth (although vnqueen'd) yet like  
A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterre me.  
I can no more.

Exeunt. leading Katherine.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch before  
him, met  
by Sir Thomas Louell.

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, is't not

Boy. It hath strooke

Gard. These should be houres for necessities,  
Not for delights: Times to repayre our Nature  
With comforting repose, and not for vs  
To waste these times. Good houre of night Sir Thomas:

Whether so late?

Lou. Came you from the King, my Lord?

Gar. I did Sir Thomas, and left him at Primero  
With the Duke of Suffolke

Lou. I must to him too  
Before he go to bed. Ile take my leaue

Gard. Not yet Sir Thomas Louell: what's the matter?  
It seemes you are in hast: and if there be  
No great offence belongs too't, giue your Friend  
Some touch of your late businesse: Affaires that walke  
(As they say Spirits do) at midnight, haue  
In them a wilder Nature, then the businesse  
That seekes dispatch by day

Lou. My Lord, I loue you;  
And durst commend a secret to your eare  
Much waightier then this worke. The Queens in Labor  
They say in great Extremity, and fear'd  
Shee'l with the Labour, end

Gard. The fruite she goes with  
I pray for heartily, that it may finde  
Good time, and liue: but for the Stocke Sir Thomas,  
I wish it grubb'd vp now

Lou. Me thinkes I could  
Cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience sayes  
Shee's a good Creature, and sweet-Ladie do's  
Deserue our better wishes

Gard. But Sir, Sir,  
Heare me Sir Thomas, y'are a Gentleman  
Of mine owne way. I know you Wise, Religious,  
And let me tell you, it will ne're be well,  
'Twill not Sir Thomas Louell, tak't of me,  
Till Cranmer, Cromwel, her two hands, and shee  
Sleepe in their Graues

Louell. Now Sir, you speake of two  
The most remark'd i'th' Kingdome: as for Cromwell,  
Beside that of the lewell-House, is made Master  
O'th' Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir,  
Stands in the gap and Trade of moe Preferments,  
With which the Lime will loade him. Th' Archbyshop  
Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare speak  
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,  
There are that Dare, and I my selfe haue ventur'd  
To speake my minde of him: and indeed this day,  
Sir (I may tell it you) I thinke I haue  
Incenst the Lords o'th' Councell, that he is



(For so I know he is, they know he is)  
A most Arch-Heretique, a Pestilence  
That does infect the Land: with which, they moued  
Haue broken with the King, who hath so farre  
Giuen eare to our Complaint, of his great Grace,  
And Princely Care, fore-seeing those fell Mischiefes,  
Our Reasons layd before him, hath commanded  
To morrow Morning to the Councell Boord  
He be conuented. He's a ranke weed Sir Thomas,  
And we must root him out. From your Affaires  
I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir Thomas.

Exit Gardiner and Page.

Lou. Many good nights, my Lord, I rest your seruant.  
Enter King and Suffolke.

King. Charles, I will play no more to night,  
My mindes not on't, you are too hard for me

Suff. Sir, I did neuer win of you before

King. But little Charles,  
Nor shall not when my Fancies on my play.  
Now Louel, from the Queene what is the Newes

Lou. I could not personally deliuer to her  
What you commanded me, but by her woman,  
I sent your Message, who return'd her thanks  
In the great'st humblenesse, and desir'd your Highnesse  
Most heartily to pray for her

King. What say'st thou? Ha?  
To pray for her? What is she crying out?

Lou. So said her woman, and that her suffrance made  
Almost each pang, a death

King. Alas good Lady

Suf. God safely quit her of her Burthen, and  
With gentle Trauaile, to the gladding of  
Your Highnesse with an Heire

King. 'Tis midnight Charles,  
Prythee to bed, and in thy Prayres remember  
Th' estate of my poore Queene. Leaue me alone,  
For I must thinke of that, which company  
Would not be friendly too

Suf. I wish your Highnesse  
A quiet night, and my good Mistris will  
Remember in my Prayers

King. Charles good night.

Exit Suffolke.

Well Sir, what followes?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Den. Sir, I haue brought my Lord the Arch-byshop,  
As you commanded me

King. Ha? Canterbury?

Den. I my good Lord

King. 'Tis true: where is he Denny?

Den. He attends your Highnesse pleasure

King. Bring him to Vs

Lou. This is about that, which the Byshop spake,  
I am happily come hither.  
Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Auoyd the Gallery.

Louel seemes to stay.

Ha? I haue said. Be gone.

What?

Exeunt. Louell and Denny.

Cran. I am fearefull: Wherefore frownes he thus?  
'Tis his Aspect of Terror. All's not well

King. How now my Lord?  
You do desire to know wherefore  
I sent for you

Cran. It is my dutie  
T' attend your Highnesse pleasure

King. Pray you arise  
My good and gracious Lord of Canterburie:  
Come, you and I must walke a turne together:  
I haue Newes to tell you.  
Come, come, giue me your hand.  
Ah my good Lord, I greeue at what I speake,  
And am right sorrie to repeat what followes.  
I haue, and most vnwillingly of late  
Heard many greeuous, I do say my Lord  
Greeuous complaints of you; which being consider'd,  
Haue mou'd Vs, and our Councill, that you shall  
This Morning come before vs, where I know

You cannot with such freedome purge your selfe,  
But that till further Triall, in those Charges  
Which will require your Answer, you must take  
Your patience to you, and be well contented  
To make your house our Towre: you, a Brother of vs  
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness  
Would come against you

Cran. I humbly thanke your Highnesse,  
And am right glad to catch this good occasion  
Most throughly to be winnowed, where my Chaffe  
And Corne shall flye asunder. For I know  
There's none stands vnder more calumnious tongues,  
Then I my selfe, poore man

King. Stand vp, good Canterbury,  
Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted  
In vs thy Friend. Giue me thy hand, stand vp,  
Prythee let's walke. Now by my Holydame,  
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd  
You would haue giuen me your Petition, that  
I should haue tane some paines, to bring together  
Your selfe, and your Accusers, and to haue heard you  
Without indurance further

Cran. Most dread Liege,  
The good I stand on, is my Truth and Honestie:  
If they shall faile, I with mine Enemies  
Will triumph o're my person, which I waigh not,  
Being of those Vertues vacant. I feare nothing  
What can be said against me

King. Know you not  
How your state stands i'th' world, with the whole world?  
Your Enemies are many, and not small; their practises  
Must beare the same proportion, and not euer  
The Iustice and the Truth o'th' question carries  
The dew o'th' Verdict with it; at what ease  
Might corrupt mindes procure, Knaues as corrupt  
To sweare against you: Such things haue bene done.  
You are Potently oppos'd, and with a Malice  
Of as great Size. Weene you of better lucke,  
I meane in periur'd Witness, then your Master,  
Whose Minister you are, whiles heere he liu'd  
Vpon this naughty Earth? Go too, go too,  
You take a Precepit for no leape of danger,  
And woe your owne destruction

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

King. Be of good cheere,

They shall no more preuaile, then we giue way too:  
Keepe comfort to you, and this Morning see  
You do appeare before them. If they shall chance  
In charging you with matters, to commit you:  
The best perswasions to the contrary  
Faile not to vse, and with what vehemencie  
Th' occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties  
Will render you no remedy, this Ring  
Deliuier them, and your Appeale to vs  
There make before them. Looke, the goodman weeps:  
He's honest on mine Honor. Gods blest Mother,  
I sweare he is true-hearted, and a soule  
None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,  
And do as I haue bid you.

Exit Cranmer.

He ha's strangled his Language in his teares.  
Enter Olde Lady.

Gent. within. Come backe: what meane you?  
Lady. Ile not come backe, the tydings that I bring  
Will make my boldnesse, manners. Now good Angels  
Fly o're thy Royall head, and shade thy person  
Vnder their blessed wings

King. Now by thy lookes  
I gesse thy Message. Is the Queene deliuer'd?  
Say I, and of a boy

Lady. I, I my Liege,  
And of a louely Boy: the God of heauen  
Both now, and euer blesse her: 'Tis a Gyrl  
Promises Boyes heereafter. Sir, your Queen  
Desires your Visitation, and to be  
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,  
As Cherry, is to Cherry

King. Louell

Lou. Sir

King. Giue her an hundred Markes.  
Ile to the Queene.

Exit King.

Lady. An hundred Markes? By this light, Ile ha more.  
An ordinary Groome is for such payment.  
I will haue more, or scold it out of him.  
Said I for this, the Gyrl was like to him? Ile  
Haue more, or else vnsay't: and now, while 'tis hot,  
Ile put it to the issue.

Exit Ladie.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cranmer, Archbyshop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman  
That was sent to me from the Councell, pray'd me  
To make great hast. All fast? What meanes this? Hoa?  
Who waites there? Sure you know me?  
Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my Lord:  
But yet I cannot helpe you

Cran. Why?  
Keep. Your Grace must waight till you be call'd for.  
Enter Doctor Buts.

Cran. So

Buts. This is a Peere of Malice: I am glad  
I came this way so happily. The King  
Shall vnderstand it presently.

Exit Buts

Cran. 'Tis Buts.  
The Kings Physitian, as he past along  
How earnestly he cast his eyes vpon me:  
Pray heauen he found not my disgrace: for certaine  
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,  
(God turne their hearts, I neuer sought their malice)  
To quench mine Honor; they would shame to make me  
Wait else at doore: a fellow Councillor  
'Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyes.  
But their pleasures  
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.  
Enter the King, and Buts, at a Windowe aboue.

Buts. Ile shew your Grace the strangest sight

King. What's that Buts?  
Butts. I thinke your Highnesse saw this many a day

Kin. Body a me: where is it?  
Butts. There my Lord:  
The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury,  
Who holds his State at dore 'mongst Purseuants,  
Pages, and Foot-boyes

Kin. Ha? 'Tis he indeed.  
Is this the Honour they doe one another?  
'Tis well there's one about '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 neere our fauour  
To dance attendance on their Lordships pleasures,  
And at the dore too, like a Post with Packets:  
By holy Mary (Butts) there's knavery;  
Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtaine close:  
We shall heare more anon.

A Councill Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed  
vnder  
the State. Enter Lord Chancellour, places himselfe at the vpper end  
of the  
Table, on the left hand: A Seate being left void about him, as for  
Canterburys Seate. Duke of Suffolke, Duke of Norfolke, Surrey,  
Lord  
Chamberlaine, Gardiner, seat themselues in Order on each side.  
Cromwell at  
lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speake to the businesse, M[aster]. Secretary;  
Why are we met in Councill?

Crom. Please your Honours,  
The chiefe cause concernes his Grace of Canterbury

Gard. Ha's he had knowledge of it?  
Crom. Yes

Norf. Who waits there?  
Keep. Without my Noble Lords?  
Gard. Yes

Keep. My Lord Archbishop:  
And ha's done halfe an houre to know your pleasures

Chan. Let him come in

Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

Cranmer approaches the Councill Table.

Chan. My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry  
To sit heere at this present, and behold  
That Chayre stand empty: But we all are men  
In our owne natures fraile, and capable  
Of our flesh, few are Angels; out of which frailty  
And want of wisdom, you that best should teach vs,  
Haue misdemean'd your selfe, and not a little:  
Toward the King first, then his Lawes, in filling  
The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines

(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions,  
Diuers and dangerous; which are Heresies;  
And not reform'd, may proue pernicious

Gard. Which Reformation must be sodaine too  
My Noble Lords; for those that tame wild Horses,  
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;  
But stop their mouthes with stubborn Bits & spurre 'em,  
Till they obey the mannage. If we suffer  
Out of our easinesse and childish pittie  
To one mans Honour, this contagious sicknesse;  
Farewell all Physicke: and what followes then?  
Commotions, vprores, with a generall Taint  
Of the whole State; as of late dayes our neighbours,  
The vpper Germany can deerely witnesse:  
Yet freshly pittied in our memories

Cran. My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progresse  
Both of my Life and Office, I haue labour'd,  
And with no little study, that my teaching  
And the strong course of my Authority,  
Might goe one way, and safely; and the end  
Was euer to doe well: nor is there liuing,  
(I speake it with a single heart, my Lords)  
A man that more detests, more stirres against,  
Both in his priuate Conscience, and his place,  
Defacers of a publique peace then I doe:  
Pray Heauen the King may neuer find a heart  
With lesse Allegeance in it. Men that make  
Enuy, and crooked malice, nourishment;  
Dare bite the best. I doe beseech your, Lordships,  
That in this case of Iustice, my Accusers,  
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
And freely vrge against me

Suff. Nay, my Lord,  
That cannot be; you are a Counsellor,  
And by that vertue no man dare accuse you

Gard. My Lord, because we haue busines of more moment,  
We will be short with you. 'Tis his Highnesse pleasure  
And our consent, for better tryall of you,  
From hence you be committed to the Tower,  
Where being but a priuate man againe,  
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,  
More then (I feare) you are prouided for

Cran. Ah my good Lord of Winchester: I thanke you,  
You are alwayes my good Friend, if your will passe,  
I shall both finde your Lordship, Iudge and Iuror,  
You are so mercifull. I see your end,  
'Tis my vndoing. Loue and meekenesse, Lord  
Become a Churchman, better then Ambition:

Win straying Soules with modesty againe,  
Cast none away: That I shall cleere my selfe,  
Lay all the weight ye can vpon my patience,  
I make as little doubt as you doe conscience,  
In doing dayly wrongs. I could say more,  
But reuerence to your calling, makes me modest

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary,  
That's the plaine truth; your painted glosse discourers  
To men that vnderstand you, words and weaknesse

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, y'are a little,  
By your good faour, too sharpe; Men so Noble,  
How euer faulty, yet should finde respect  
For what they haue beene: 'tis a cruelty,  
To load a falling man

Gard. Good M[aster]. Secretary,  
I cry your Honour mercie; you may worst  
Of all this Table say so

Crom. Why my Lord?

Gard. Doe not I know you for a Fauourer  
Of this new Sect? ye are not sound

Crom. Not sound?

Gard. Not sound I say

Crom. Would you were halfe so honest:  
Mens prayers then would seeke you, not their feares

Gard. I shall remember this bold Language

Crom. Doe.  
Remember your bold life too

Cham. This is too much;  
Forbare for shame my Lords

Gard. I haue done

Crom. And I

Cham. Then thus for you my Lord, it stands agreed  
I take it, by all voyces: That forthwith,  
You be conuaid to th' Tower a Prisoner;  
There to remaine till the Kings further pleasure  
Be knowne vnto vs: are you all agreed Lords

All. We are

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,  
But I must needs to th' Tower my Lords?



Gard. What other,  
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:  
Let some o'th' Guard be ready there.  
Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?  
Must I goe like a Traytor thither?  
Gard. Receiue him,  
And see him safe i'th' Tower

Cran. Stay good my Lords,  
I haue a little yet to say. Looke there my Lords,  
By vertue of that Ring, I take my cause  
Out of the gripes of cruell men, and giue it  
To a most Noble Iudge, the King my Maister

Cham. This is the Kings Ring

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit

Suff. 'Ts the right Ring, by Heau'n: I told ye all,  
When we first put this dangerous stone a rowling,  
'Twold fall vpon our selues

Norf. Doe you thinke my Lords  
The King will suffer but the little finger  
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. Tis now too certaine;  
How much more is his Life in value with him?  
Would I were fairely out on't

Crom. My mind gaue me,  
In seeking tales and Informations  
Against this man, whose honesty the Diuell  
And his Disciples onely enuy at,  
Ye blew the fire that burnes ye: now haue at ye.  
Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seate.

Gard. Dread Soueraigne,  
How much are we bound to Heauen,  
In dayly thanks, that gaue vs such a Prince;  
Not onely good and wise, but most religious:  
One that in all obedience, makes the Church  
The cheefe ayme of his Honour, and to strengthen  
That holy duty out of deare respect,  
His Royall selfe in Iudgement comes to heare  
The cause betwixt her, and this great offender

Kin. You were euer good at sodaine Commendations,  
Bishop of Winchester. But know I come not  
To heare such flattery now, and in my presence  
They are too thin, and base to hide offences,  
To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell,

And thinke with wagging of your tongue to win me:  
But whatsoere thou tak'st me for; I'm sure  
Thou hast a cruell Nature and a bloody.  
Good man sit downe: Now let me see the proudest  
Hee, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.  
By all that's holy, he had better starue,  
Then but once thinke his place becomes thee not

Sur. May it please your Grace; -  
Kin. No Sir, it doe's not please me,  
I had thought, I had had men of some vnderstanding,  
And wisdom of my Councell; but I finde none:  
Was it discretion Lords, to let this man,  
This good man (few of you deserue that Title)  
This honest man, wait like a lowsie Foot-boy  
At Chamber dore? and one, as great as you are?  
Why, what a shame was this? Did my Commission  
Bid ye so farre forget your selues? I gaue ye  
Power, as he was a Counsellour to try him,  
Not as a Groome: There's some of ye, I see,  
More out of Malice then Integrity,  
Would trye him to the vtmost, had ye meane,  
Which ye shall neuer haue while I liue

Chan. Thus farre  
My most dread Soueraigne, may it like your Grace,  
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd  
Concerning his Imprisonment, was rather  
(If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryall,  
And faire purgation to the world then malice,  
I'm sure in me

Kin. Well, well my Lords respect him,  
Take him, and vse him well; hee's worthy of it.  
I will say thus much for him, if a Prince  
May be beholding to a Subiect; I  
Am for his loue and seruice, so to him.  
Make me no more adoe, but all embrace him;  
Be friends for shame my Lords: My Lord of Canterbury  
I haue a Suite which you must not deny mee.  
That is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptisme,  
You must be Godfather, and answere for her

Cran. The greatest Monarch now aliuie may glory  
In such an honour: how may I deserue it,  
That am a poore and humble Subiect to you?

Kin. Come, come my Lord, you'd spare your spoones;  
You shall haue two noble Partners with you: the old  
Duchesse of Norfolke, and Lady Marquesse Dorset? will  
these please you?  
Once more my Lord of Winchester, I charge you  
Embrace, and loue this man

Gard. With a true heart,  
And Brother; loue I doe it

Cran. And let Heauen  
Witnesse how deare, I hold this Confirmation

Kin. Good Man, those ioyfull teares shew thy true hearts,  
The common voyce I see is verified  
Of thee, which sayes thus: Doe my Lord of Canterbury  
A shrewd turne, and hee's your friend for euer:  
Come Lords, we trifle time away: I long  
To haue this young one made a Christian.  
As I haue made ye one Lords, one remaine:  
So I grow stronger, you more Honour gaine.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Noyse and Tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'l leaue your noyse anon ye Rascals: doe  
you take the Court for Parish Garden: ye rude Slaues,  
leaue your gaping

Within. Good M[aster]. Porter I belong to th' Larder

Port. Belong to th' Gallowes, and be hang'd ye Rogue:  
Is this a place to roare in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree  
staues, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em:  
Ile scratch your heads; you must be seeing Christenings?  
Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes heere, you rude  
Raskalls?

Man. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impossible,  
Vnlesse wee sweepe 'em from the dore with Cannons,  
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleepe  
On May-day Morning, which will neuer be:  
We may as well push against Powles as stirre 'em

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

Man. Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in?  
As much as one sound Cudgell of foure foote,  
(You see the poore remainder) could distribute,  
I made no spare Sir

Port. You did nothing Sir

Man. I am not Sampson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colebrand,  
To mow 'em downe before me: but if I spar'd any  
That had a head to hit, either young or old,  
He or shee, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker:  
Let me ne're hope to see a Chine againe,

And that I would not for a Cow, God saue her

Within. Do you heare M[aster]. Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good M[aster]. Puppy,  
Keepe the dore close Sirha

Man. What would you haue me doe?

Por. What should you doe,  
But knock 'em downe by th' dozens? Is this More fields  
to muster in? Or haue wee some strange Indian with the  
great Toole, come to Court, the women so besiege vs?  
Bless me, what a fry of Fornication is at dore? On my  
Christian Conscience this one Christening will beget a  
thousand, here will bee Father, God-father, and all together

Man. The Spoones will be the bigger Sir: There is  
a fellow somewhat neere the doore, he should be a Brasier  
by his face, for o' my conscience twenty of the Dogdayes  
now reigne in's Nose; all that stand about him are  
vnder the Line, they need no other pennance: that FireDrake  
did I hit three times on the head, and three times  
was his Nose discharged against mee; hee stands there  
like a Morter-piece to blow vs. There was a Habberdashers  
Wife of small wit, neere him, that rail'd vpon me,  
till her pinck'd porrenger fell off her head, for kindling  
such a combustion in the State. I mist the Meteor once,  
and hit that Woman, who cryed out Clubbes, when I  
might see from farre, some forty Truncheoners draw to  
her succour, which were the hope o'th' Strond where she  
was quartered; they fell on, I made good my place; at  
length they came to th' broome staffe to me, I defide 'em  
stil, when sodainly a File of Boyes behind 'em, loose shot,  
deliuer'd such a showre of Pibbles, that I was faine to  
draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Worke, the  
Diuell was amongst 'em I thinke surely

Por. 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 Limbes of Limehouse,  
their deare Brothers are able to endure. I haue some of  
'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance  
these three dayes; besides the running Banquet of two  
Beadles, that is to come.  
Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham. Mercy o' me: what a Multitude are heere?  
They grow still too; from all Parts they are comming,  
As if we kept a Faire heere? Where are these Porters?  
These lazy knaues? Y'haue made a fine hand fellowes?  
Theres a trim rabble let in: are all these  
Your faithfull friends o'th' Suburbs? We shall haue  
Great store of roome no doubt, left for the Ladies,  
When they passe backe from the Christening?

Por. And't please your Honour,  
We are but men; and what so many may doe,  
Not being torne a pieces, we haue done:  
An Army cannot rule 'em

Cham. As I liue,  
If the King blame me for't; Ile lay ye all  
By th' heeles, and sodainly: and on your heads  
Clap round Fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaues,  
And heere ye lye baiting of Bombards, when  
Ye should doe Seruice. Harke the Trumpets sound,  
Th'are come already from the Christening,  
Go breake among the preasse, and finde away out  
To let the Troope passe fairely; or Ile finde  
A Marshallsey, shall hold ye play these two Monthes

Por. Make way there, for the Princesse

Man. You great fellow,  
Stand close vp, or Ile make your head ake

Por. You i'th' Chamblet, get vp o'th' raile,  
Ile pecke you o're the pales else.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Trumpets sounding: Then two Aldermen, L[ord]. Maior,  
Garter,  
Cranmer, Duke of Norfolke with his Marshals Staffe, Duke of  
Suffolke, two  
Noblemen, bearing great standing Bowles for the Christening  
Guifts: Then  
foure Noblemen bearing a Canopy, vnder which the Dutchesse of  
Norfolke,  
Godmother, bearing the Childe richly habited in a Mantle, &c.  
Traine borne  
by a Lady: Then followes the Marchionesse Dorset, the other  
Godmother, and  
Ladies. The Troope passe once about the Stage, and Garter  
speakes.

Gart. Heauen  
From thy endlesse goodnesse, send prosperous life,  
Long, and euer happie, to the high and Mighty  
Princesse of England Elizabeth.

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your Royall Grace, & the good Queen,  
My Noble Partners, and my selfe thus pray

All comfort, ioy in this most gracious Lady,  
Heauen euer laid vp to make Parents happy,  
May hourelly fall vpon ye

Kin. Thanke you good Lord Archbishop:  
What is her Name?

Cran. Elizabeth

Kin. Stand vp Lord,  
With this Kisse, take my Blessing: God protect thee,  
Into whose hand, I giue thy Life

Cran. Amen

Kin. My Noble Gossips, y'haue beene too Prodigall;  
I thanke ye heartily: So shall this Lady,  
When she ha's so much English

Cran. Let me speake Sir,  
For Heauen now bids me; and the words I vtter,  
Let none thinke Flattery; for they'l finde 'em Truth.  
This Royall Infant, Heauen still moue about her;  
Though in her Cradle; yet now promises  
Vpon this Land a thousand thousand Blessings,  
Which Time shall bring to ripenesse: She shall be,  
(But few now liuing can behold that goodnesse)  
A Patterne to all Princes liuing with her,  
And all that shall succeed: Saba was neuer  
More couetous of Wisedome, and faire Vertue  
Then this pure Soule shall be. All Princely Graces  
That mould vp such a mighty Piece as this is,  
With all the Vertues that attend the good,  
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall Nurse her,  
Holy and Heauenly thoughts still Counsell her:  
She shall be lou'd and fear'd. Her owne shall blesse her;  
Her Foes shake like a Field of beaten Corne,  
And hang their heads with sorrow:  
Good growes with her.  
In her dayes, Euery Man shall eate in safety,  
Vnder his owne Vine what he plants; and sing  
The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.  
God shall be truely knowne, and those about her,  
From her shall read the perfect way of Honour,  
And by those claime their greatnesse; not by Blood.  
Nor shall this peace sleepe with her: But as when  
The Bird of Wonder dyes, the Mayden Phoenix,  
Her Ashes new create another Heyre,  
As great in admiration as her selfe.  
So shall she leaue her Blessednesse to One,  
(When Heauen shal call her from this clowd of darknes)  
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, Loue, Truth, Terror,

That were the Seruants to this chosen Infant,  
Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;  
Where euer the bright Sunne of Heauen shall shine,  
His Honour, and the greatnesse of his Name,  
Shall be, and make new Nations. He shall flourish,  
And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his branches,  
To all the Plaines about him: Our Childrens Children  
Shall see this, and blesse Heauen

Kin. Thou speakest wonders

Cran. She shall be to the happinesse of England,  
An aged Princesse; many dayes shall see her,  
And yet no day without a deed to Crowne it.  
Would I had knowne no more: But she must dye,  
She must, the Saints must haue her; yet a Virgin,  
A most vnspotted Lilly shall she passe  
To th' ground, and all the World shall mourne her

Kin. O Lord Archbishop

Thou hast made me now a man, neuer before  
This happy Child, did I get any thing.  
This Oracle of comfort, ha's so pleas'd me,  
That when I am in Heauen, I shall desire

To see what this Child does, and praise my Maker.  
I thanke ye all. To you my good Lord Maior,  
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:  
I haue receiu'd much Honour by your presence,  
And ye shall find me thankfull. Lead the way Lords,  
Ye must all see the Queene, and she must thanke ye,  
She will be sicke els. This day, no man thinke  
'Has businesse at his house; for all shall stay:  
This Little-One shall make it Holy-day.

Exeunt.

THE EPILOGVE. Tis ten to one, this Play can neuer please  
All that are heere: Some come to take their ease,  
And sleepe an Act or two; but those we feare  
W'haue frighted with our Trumpets: so 'tis cleare,  
They'l say tis naught. Others to heare the City  
Abus'd extreamply, and to cry that's witty,  
Which wee haue not done neither; that I feare  
All the expected good w'are like to heare.  
For this Play at this time, is onely in  
The mercifull construction of good women,  
For such a one we shew'd 'em: If they smile,  
And say twill doe; I know within a while,  
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,  
If they hold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap.

FINIS. The Famous History of the Life of King HENRY the Eight.

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Godmother, and

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