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# THE NEW TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE



Edited by M. R. Ridley, M.A.



THE LIFE OF  
KING HENRY VIII  
by William Shakespeare



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## Editor's General Note

**The Text.** The editor has kept before him the aim of presenting to the modern reader the nearest possible approximation to what Shakespeare actually wrote. The text is therefore conservative, and is based on the earliest reliable printed text. But to avoid distraction (*a*) the spelling is modernised, and (*b*) a limited number of universally accepted emendations is admitted without comment. Where a Quarto text exists as well as the First Folio the passages which occur only in the Quarto are enclosed in square brackets [ ] and those which occur only in the Folio in brace brackets { }.

**Scene Division.** The rapid continuity of the Elizabethan curtainless production is lost by the 'traditional' scene divisions. Where there is an essential difference of place these scene divisions are retained. Where on the other hand the change of place is insignificant the scene division is indicated only by a space on the page. For ease of reference, however, the 'traditional' division is retained at the head of the page and in line numbering.

**Notes.** Passages on which there are notes are indicated by a † in the margin.

**Punctuation** adheres more closely than has been usual to the 'Elizabethan' punctuation of the early texts. It is often therefore more indicative of the way in which the lines were to be delivered than of their syntactical construction.

**Glossaries** are arranged on a somewhat novel principle, not alphabetically, but in the order in which the words or phrases occur. The editor is much indebted to Mr J. N. Bryson for his collaboration in the preparation of the glossaries.





## Preface

**The Text.** The play appeared in print for the first time in the First Folio. It is well printed, though there are some oddities of punctuation. The stage-directions are highly elaborate.

**Date of Composition.** There is a body of evidence, which need not be summarised in detail, proving that *Henry VIII* was a new play when it was acted at the Globe on June 29, 1613, and resulted in the theatre being burned down, owing to the thatch catching fire after the discharge of a 'peal of chambers' (presumably that in I. iv. 48).

**Authorship.** There is a general, though not unanimous, agreement with Spedding's view that there are two hands to be discovered at work in the play, of which one wrote I. i., ii.; II. iii., iv.; III. ii. 1-203; V. i., and the other the rest. On Spedding's view the first hand was Shakespeare's and the second Fletcher's. A few critics have rejected the theory of a divided authorship, and some others would either find yet a third hand or give Shakespeare's supposed share to Massinger. But Spedding's view commands as general assent as can be expected in such a disputable question. Sir Edmund Chambers, though he 'sees no reason to dissent' from Spedding, is not wholly happy about it, and his views, as always, are worth recording. He does not find the play very characteristic Fletcher, nor very characteristic Shakespeare either. He finds Fletcher's touch unmistakable in I. iii and V. iv., and 'probable to possible' in the rest of the play not by Spedding attributed to Shakespeare. But he voices the natural doubt of many readers in

## KING HENRY VIII

the quiet note 'There is some very good writing for him in the pathetic scenes, and the play as a whole is a little out of his ordinary line.' That is exactly the trouble; in a great deal of the play the accent is as certainly not Shakespeare's as it is certainly like Fletcher's; but what is being said in this familiar accent has often a firmness and a depth of feeling about it which are in Fletcher's work unhappily far from familiar. But if we deny these scenes to Fletcher, we are faced with the almost impossible task of finding another dramatist who was capable of surpassing Fletcher and yet content to imitate his manner, and in any case are venturing into a wilderness of unprofitable conjecture.

**Sources.** The two main sources are the inevitable Holinshed and Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*.

**Duration of Action.** The play covers thirteen years from 1520 (the Field of the Cloth of Gold) to 1533 (the birth and christening of Elizabeth), but it plays fast and loose with the order of events even within that period, and also inserts into it one episode, the arraignment of Cranmer, which did not occur till 1544. The time represented on the stage is seven days, with four intervals.

**Criticism.** *Hazlitt*.—This play contains little action or violence of passion, yet it has considerable interest of a more mild and thoughtful cast, and some of the most striking passages in the author's work. . . . Dr Johnson observes of this play, that "the meek sorrow and virtuous distress of Katherine have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Katherine. Every other part may be easily conceived

## PREFACE

and easily written." This is easily said ; but with all due deference to so great a reputed authority as that of Johnson, it is not true. For instance, the scene of Buckingham led to execution is one of the most affecting and natural in Shakespeare, and one to which there is hardly an approach in any other author. Again the character of Wolsey, the description of his pride and of his fall, are inimitable, and have, besides their gorgeousness of effect, a pathos, which only the genius of Shakespear could lend to the distresses of a proud, bad man like Wolsey.



THE LIFE OF  
KING HENRY VIII

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY *the Eighth.*  
CARDINAL WOLSEY.  
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.  
CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.*  
CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*  
DUKE OF NORFOLK.  
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.  
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.  
EARL OF SURREY.  
Lord Chamberlain.  
Lord Chancellor.  
GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*  
Bishop of Lincoln.  
LORD ABERGAVENNY.  
LORD SANDS.  
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.                      SIR THOMAS LOVELL.  
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.                      SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.  
Secretaries to Wolsey.  
CROMWELL, *Servant to Wolsey.*  
GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-usber to Queen Katharine.*  
Three Gentlemen.  
DOCTOR BUTTS, *Physician to the King.*  
Garter King-at-Arms.  
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.  
BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.  
Door-keeper of the Council-chamber.    Porter, and his Man.  
Page to Gardiner.    A Crier.  
QUEEN KATHARINE, *wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.*  
ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.*  
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.  
PATIENCE, *woman to Queen Katharine.*

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows ; Women attending upon the Queen ; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

Spirits.

SCENE : *London ; Westminster ; Kimbolton.*

# THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF KING HENRY VIII

## The Prologue

I come no more to make you laugh : things now,  
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,  
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe :  
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow  
We now present. Those that can pity, here  
May (if they think it well) let fall a tear,  
The subject will deserve it. Such as give  
Their money out of hope they may believe,  
May here find truth too. Those that come to see  
Only a show or two, and so agree, 10  
The play may pass : if they be still, and willing,  
I'll undertake may see away their shilling  
Richly in two short hours. Only they  
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,  
A noise of targets ; or to see a fellow  
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,  
Will be deceiv'd ; for, gentle hearers, know,  
To rank our chosen truth with such a show



## KING HENRY VIII

As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting  
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring 20  
To make that only true we now intend,  
Will leave us never an understanding friend.  
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known  
The first and happiest hearers of the town,  
Be sad, as we would make ye. Think ye see  
The very persons of our noble story, †  
As they were living; think you see them great,  
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat  
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see  
How soon this mightiness meets misery: 30  
And if you can be merry then, I'll say  
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

## Act First

### SCENE I

*London. An ante-chamber in the palace*

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door; at the other, the  
Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny*

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

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

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

*Nor.* 'Twixt Guynes and Arde,  
 I was then present, saw them salute on horseback,  
 Beheld them when they 'lighted, how they clung  
 In their embracement, as they grew together, 10  
 Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have  
 weigh'd  
 Such a compounded one ?

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

*Nor.* Then you lost  
 The view of earthly glory : men might say  
 Till this time pomp was single, but now married  
 To one above itself. Each following day  
 Became the next day's master, till the last  
 Made former wonder its. To-day the French,  
 All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods  
 Shone down the English ; and to-morrow, they 20  
 Made Britain India : every man that stood

KING HENRY VIII

Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were  
As cherubins, all gilt : the madams too,  
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
The pride upon them, that their very labour  
Was to them as a painting : now this masque  
Was cried incomparable ; and the ensuing night  
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,  
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,  
As presence did present them ; him in eye 30  
Still him in praise ; and being present both,  
'Twas said they saw but one, and no discerner  
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns  
(For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd  
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
Beyond thought's compass, that former fabulous  
story,  
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,  
That Bevis was believ'd. †

*Buc.* O, you go far.

*Nor.* As I belong to worship, and affect 40  
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing  
Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal,  
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,  
Order gave each thing view ; the office did

Distinctly his full function.

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

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

*Buc.* I pray you, who, my lord ?

*Nor.* All this was order'd by the good discretion 50  
Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

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

*Nor.* Surely, sir,  
There 's in him stuff that puts him to these ends ;  
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace  
Chalks successors their way ; nor call'd upon 60  
For high feats done to the crown ; neither allied  
To eminent assistants ; but, spider-like,  
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,  
The force of his own merit makes his way  
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys  
A place next to the king.

KING HENRY VIII

*Abe.* I cannot tell  
What heaven hath given him ; let some graver eye  
Pierce into that ; but I can see his pride  
Peep through each part of him : whence has he that,  
If not from hell ? The devil is a niggard, 70  
Or has given all before, and he begins  
A new hell in himself.

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

*Abe.* I do know 80  
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have  
By this so sicken'd their estates that never  
They shall abound as formerly.

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

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

*Buc.* Every man,  
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was †  
A thing inspir'd, and not consulting broke 91  
Into a general prophecy : That this tempest,  
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded  
The sudden breach on 't.

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

*Abe.* Is it therefore  
The ambassador is silenc'd ?

*Nor.* Marry is 't.

*Abe.* A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd  
At a superfluous rate !

*Buc.* Why, all this business  
Our reverend cardinal carried.

*Nor.* Like it your grace, 100  
The state takes notice of the private difference  
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you  
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you  
Honour, and plenteous safety) that you read  
The cardinal's malice and his potency

KING HENRY VIII

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 revengful ; and I know his sword  
Hath a sharp edge ; it 's long, and 't may be said 110  
It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend, †  
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,  
You 'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that  
rock

That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse borne before him, certain  
of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The  
Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham,  
and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain*

*Wol.* The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha !  
Where 's his examination ?

*Sec.* Here, so please you.

*Wol.* Is he in person, ready ?

*Sec.* Ay, please your grace.

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

*Exeunt Wolsey and his Train*

*Buc.* This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I 120  
Have not the power to muzzle him, therefore best  
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book

Outworths a noble's blood.

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

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

*Nor.* Stay, my lord,  
And let your reason with your choler question 130  
What 'tis you go about : to climb steep hills  
Requires slow pace at first : anger is like  
A full hot horse, who being allow'd his way,  
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England  
Can advise me like you : be to yourself  
As you would to your friend.

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

*Nor.* Be advis'd ;  
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot 140  
That it do singe yourself : we may outrun



KING HENRY VIII

By violent swiftness that which we run at ;  
 And lose by over-running : know you not,  
 The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,  
 In seeming to augment it, wastes it ? Be advised :  
 I say again there is no English soul  
 More stronger to direct you than yourself ;  
 If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
 Or but allay, the fire of passion.

*Buc.*

Sir,

I am thankful to you, and I'll go along 150  
 By your prescription : but this top-proud fellow,  
 Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but †  
 From sincere motions, by intelligence,  
 And proofs as clear as founts in July, when  
 We see each grain of gravel, I do know  
 To be corrupt and treasonous.

*Nor.*

Say not ' treasonous.'

*Buc.*

To the king I'll say 't, and make my vouch as strong  
 As shore of rock : attend. This holy fox,  
 Or wolf, or both (for he is equal ravenous  
 As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief 160  
 As able to perform 't) his mind and place  
 Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,  
 Only to show his pomp, as well in France,  
 As here at home, suggests the king our master

To this last costly treaty ; the interview,  
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass  
Did break i' the wrenching.

*Nor.* Faith, and so it did.

*Buc.* Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal  
The articles o' the combination drew  
As himself pleas'd ; and they were ratified 170  
As he cried ' Thus let be,' to as much end  
As give a crutch to the dead. But our count-cardinal  
Has done this, and 'tis well ; for worthy Wolsey  
(Who cannot err) he did it. Now this follows,  
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy  
To the old dam, treason) Charles the emperor, †  
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt  
(For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came  
To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation :  
His fears were that the interview betwixt 180  
England and France might through their amity  
Breed him some prejudice ; for from this league  
Peep'd harms that menac'd him : privily  
Deals with our cardinal ; and, as I trow—  
Which I do well, for I am sure the emperor  
Paid ere he promis'd ; whereby his suit was granted  
Ere it was ask'd—but when the way was made  
And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd,

KING HENRY VIII

That he would please to alter the king's course,  
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know 190  
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal  
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,  
And for his own advantage.

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

*Buc.* No, not a syllable :  
I do pronounce him in that very shape  
He shall appear in proof.  
*Enter Brandon, a Sergeant-at-arms before him, and  
two or three of the Guard*

*Bra.* Your office, sergeant ; execute it.

*Ser.* Sir,  
My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl  
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I 200  
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name  
Of our most sovereign king.

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

*Bra.* I am sorry †  
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on  
The business present : 'tis his highness' pleasure

You shall to the Tower.

*Buc.* It will help me nothing  
 To plead mine innocence ; for that dye is on me  
 Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of  
 heaven  
 Be done in this and all things ! I obey. 210  
 O my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well !

*Bra.* Nay, he must bear you company. (*to Abergavenny*)  
 The king  
 Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know  
 How he determines further.

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

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

*Buc.* So, so ;  
 These are the limbs o' the plot : no more, I hope. 220

*Bra.* A monk o' the Chartreux.

*Buc.* O, Nicholas Hopkins ?

*Bra.* He.

*Buc.* My surveyor is false ; the o'er-great cardinal  
 Hath show'd him gold ; my life is spann'd already :

## KING HENRY VIII

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,  
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,  
By darkening my clear sun. My lords, farewell.

*Exeunt*

### SCENE II

*The same. The council-chamber*

*Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder; the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovell: the Cardinal places himself under the King's feet on his right side.*

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

*A noise within, crying 'Room for the Queen!' Enter Queen Katharine, ushered by the Duke of Norfolk, and the Duke of Suffolk: she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.*

*Kat.* Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.



KING HENRY VIII

The clothiers all, not able to maintain  
The many to them 'longing, have put off  
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,  
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger  
And lack of other means, in desperate manner  
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,  
And danger serves among them.

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

*Wol.* Please you, sir, 40  
I know but of a single part in aught  
Pertains to the state, and front but in that file  
Where others tell steps with me.

*Kat.* No, my lord?  
You know no more than others? But you frame  
Things that are known alike, which are not whole-  
some

To those which would not know them, and yet must  
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions  
(Whereof my sovereign would have note) they are  
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em,  
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say 50  
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer

Too hard an exclamation.

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

*Kat.* I am much too venturous  
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd  
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief  
Comes through commissions, which compel from  
each  
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied  
Without delay; and the pretence for this  
Is nam'd, your wars in France: this makes bold mouths,  
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze 61  
Allegiance in them; their curses now  
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,  
This tractable obedience is a slave  
To each incensed will. I would your highness  
Would give it quick consideration; for  
There is no primer business.

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

*Wol.* And for me,  
I have no further gone in this than by  
A single voice, and that not pass'd me but 70  
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am



KING HENRY VIII

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 virtue must go through. We must not stint  
Our necessary actions, in the fear  
To cope malicious censurers, which ever,  
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow  
That is new-trimm'd ; but benefit no further 80  
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,  
By sick interpreters (once weak ones) is  
Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft,  
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
For our best act. If we shall stand still,  
In fear our notion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,  
We should take root here, where we sit, or sit  
State-statues only.

*Hen.* Things done well,  
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;  
Things done without example, in their issue 90  
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
Of this commission ? I believe, not any.  
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each ?  
A trembling contribution ! Why, we take

From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber ;  
 And though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,  
 The air will drink the sap. To every county  
 Where this is question'd send our letters, with  
 Free pardon to each man that has denied 100  
 The force of this commission : pray, look to 't ;  
 I put it to your care.

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

*Enter Surveyor*

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

*Hen.* It grieves many : 110  
 The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker ;  
 To nature none more bound ; his training such  
 That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,  
 And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,  
 When these so noble benefits shall prove  
 Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,

KING HENRY VIII

They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly  
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,  
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,  
Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find †  
His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady, 121  
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces  
That once were his, and is become as black  
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us, you shall hear  
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him  
Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount  
The fore-recited practices, whereof  
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

*Wol.* Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what you,  
Most like a careful subject, have collected 130  
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

*Hen.* Speak freely.

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

*Wol.* Please your highness note  
This dangerous conception in this point,

Not friended by his wish to your high person ; 140  
 His will is most malignant, and it stretches  
 Beyond you to your friends.

*Kat.* My learn'd lord cardinal,  
 Deliver all with charity.

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

*Surv.* He was brought to this  
 By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton. †

*Hen.* What was that Henton ?

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

*Hen.* How know'st thou this ? 150

*Surv.* Not long before your highness sped to France,  
 The duke being at the Rose, within the parish  
 Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand  
 What was the speech among the Londoners,  
 Concerning the French journey. I replied,  
 Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,  
 To the king's danger : presently, the duke  
 Said, 'twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted  
 'Twould prove the verity of certain words

KING HENRY VIII

Spoke by a holy monk, ' that oft,' says he, 160  
' Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit  
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour  
To hear from him a matter of some moment :  
Whom after under the confession's seal  
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke  
My chaplain to no creature living, but  
To me, should utter, with demure confidence  
This pausingly ensued : neither the king, nor 's heirs  
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper ; bid him strive  
To the love o' the commonalty : the duke 170  
Shall govern England.'

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

*Hen.* Let him on.  
Go forward.

*Surv.* On my soul, I 'll speak but truth.  
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions  
The monk might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dangerous  
To ruminat on this so far, until 180  
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,

It was much like to do : he answer'd 'Tush,  
It can do me no damage ;' adding further,  
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,  
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads  
Should have gone off.

*Hen.* Ha ! what, so rank ? Ah, ha !  
There 's mischief in this man ; canst thou say further ?

*Surv.* I can, my liege.

*Hen.* Proceed.

*Surv.* Being at Greenwich,  
After your highness had reprov'd the duke  
About Sir William Bulmer,—

*Hen.* I remember 190  
Of such a time : being my sworn servant,  
The duke retain'd him his. But on ; what hence ;

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

*Hen.* A giant traitor !

*Wol.* Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom, 200  
And this man out of prison ?

KING HENRY VIII

*Kat.*

God mend all !

*Hen.* There 's something more would out of thee ; what  
say'st ?

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

*Hen.*

There 's his period,

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

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*Exeunt*

SCENE III

*An antechamber in the palace*

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands*

*L.C.* Is 't possible the spells of France should juggle  
Men into such strange mysteries ?

*San.*

New customs,

Though they be never so ridiculous,

(Nay, let 'em be unmanly) yet arc follow'd.

*L.C.* As far as I see, all the good our English  
 Have got by the late voyage is but merely  
 A fit or two o' the face ; but they are shrewd ones,  
 For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly  
 Their very noses had been counsellors  
 To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so. 10

*San.* They have all new legs, and lame oncs : one would  
 take it,  
 That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin  
 Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

*L.C.* Death ! my lord,  
 Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,  
 That, sure, they 've worn out Christendom.

*Enter Sir Thomas Lovell*

How now ?

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell ?

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

*L.C.* What is 't for ?

*Lov.* The reformation of our travell'd gallants,  
 That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors. 20

*L.C.* I'm glad 'tis there : now I would pray our monsieurs  
 To think an English courtier may be wise,



KING HENRY VIII

And never see the Louvre.

*Lov.*

They must either

(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants  
 Of fool and feather, that they got in France,  
 With all their honourable points of ignorance  
 Pertaining thereunto ; as fights and fireworks,  
 Abusing better men than they can be  
 Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean  
 The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings, 30  
 Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel ;  
 And understand again like honest men, †  
 Or pack to their old playfellows : there, I take it,  
 They may, ' cum privilegio,' wee away †  
 The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

*San.*

'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases  
 Are grown so catching.

*L.C.*

What a loss our ladies

Will have of these trim vanities !

*Lov.*

Ay, marry,

There will be woe indeed, lords ; the sly whoresons  
 Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies. 40  
 A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

*San.*

The devil fiddle 'em ! I am glad they are going,  
 For sure there 's no converting of 'em : now  
 An honest country lord as I am, beaten

A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,  
 And have an hour of hearing, and, by 'r lady,  
 Held current music too.

*L.C.* Well said, Lord Sands ;  
 Your colt's tooth is not cast yet ?

*San.* No, my lord,  
 Nor shall not while I have a stump.

*L.C.* Sir Thomas,  
 Whither were you a-going ?

*Lov.* To the cardinal's : 50  
 Your lordship is a guest too.

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

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

*L.C.* No doubt he 's noble ;  
 He had a black mouth that said other of him.

*San.* He may, my lord, 'as wherewithal : in him 60  
 Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine :  
 Men of his way should be most liberal,  
 They are set here for examples.

*L.C.* True, they are so ;

## KING HENRY VIII

But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;  
Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir Thomas,  
We shall be late else, which I would not be,  
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford  
This night to be comptrollers.

*San.*

I am your lordship's.

*Exeunt*

### SCENE IV

*A hall in York Place*

*Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen as guests, at one door ; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guildford*

*Gui.* Ladies, a general welcome from his grace  
Salutes ye all ; this night he dedicates  
To fair content, and you : none here, he hopes,  
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her  
One care abroad ; he would have all as merry  
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome, †  
Can make good people.

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir  
Thomas Lovell*

O, my lord, you're tardy:

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

*L.C.* You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

*San.* Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal 10

But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these  
Should find a running banquet, ere they rested,  
I think would better please 'em : by my life,  
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

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

*San.* I would I were ;  
They should find easy penance.

*Lov.* Faith, how easy ?

*San.* As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

*L.C.* Sweet ladies, will it please you sit ? Sir Harry,  
Place you that side, I 'll take the charge of this : 20  
His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze,  
Two women placed together makes cold weather :  
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking ;  
Pray sit between these ladies.

*San.* By my faith,  
And thank your lordship : by your leave, sweet  
ladies,  
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;  
I had it from my father.

KING HENRY VIII

*Anne.* Was he mad, sir ?

*San.* O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too ;  
But he would bite none, just as I do now,  
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

*Kisses her*

*L.C.* Well said, my lord. 30

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

*San.* For my little cure,  
Let me alone.

*Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his state*

*Wol.* You 're welcome, my fair guests : that noble lady  
Or gentleman that is not freely merry  
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome,  
And to you all good health. *Drinks*

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

*Wol.* My Lord Sands, 40  
I am beholding to you : cheer your neighbours :  
Ladies, you are not merry ; gentlemen,  
Whose fault is this ?

*San.* The red wine first must rise  
In their fair cheeks, my lord, then we shall have 'em

Talk us to silence.

*Anne.* You are a merry gamester,  
My Lord Sands,

*San.* Yes, if I make my play :  
Here 's to your ladyship, and pledge it, madam ;  
For 'tis to such a thing—

*Anne.* You cannot show me.

*Drum and trumpet : chambers discharged*

*San.* I told your grace they would talk anon.

*Wol.* What 's that ?

*L.C.* Look out there, some of ye. *Exit Servant*

*Wol.* What warlike voice, 50  
And to what end is this ? Nay, ladies, fear not ;  
By all the laws of war you 're privileged.

*Re-enter Servant*

*L.C.* How now, what is 't ?

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

*Wol.* Good lord chamberlain,  
Go, give 'em welcome ; you can speak the French  
tongue,  
And pray receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em  
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty

KING HENRY VIII

Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him. 60

*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All  
rise, and tables removed*

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

*Hautboys. Enter the King and others as masquers, habited  
like shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They  
pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute  
him*

A noble company ! what are their pleasures ?

L.C. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd  
To tell your grace ; that, having heard by fame  
Of this so noble and so fair assembly,  
This night to meet here they could do no less,  
(Out of the great respect they bear to beauty)  
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct 70  
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat  
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,  
They have done my poor house grace ; for which I  
pay 'em  
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

*They choose. The King chooses Anne Bullen*

Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd ! O beauty,

Till now I never knew thee ! *Music. Dance*

*Wol.* My lord !

*L.C.* Your grace ?

*Wol.* Pray tell 'em thus much from me :

There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,  
More worthy this place than myself, to whom  
(If I but knew him) with my love and duty 80  
I would surrender it.

*L.C.* I will, my lord. *Whispers the Masquers*

*Wol.* What say they ?

*L.C.* Such a one, they all confess,

There is indeed, which they would have your grace  
Find out, and he will take it.

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

*Hen.* (*unmasking*) Ye have found him, cardinal :  
You hold a fair assembly ; you do well, lord :  
You are a churchman, or I 'll tell you, cardinal,  
I should judge now unhappily.

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

*Hen.* My lord chamberlain, 90  
Prithee come hither, what fair lady 's that ?

*L.C.* An 't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,



KING HENRY VIII

The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

*Hen.* By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweetheart,  
I were unmannerly to take you out,  
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen,  
Let it go round.

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

*Lov.* Yes, my lord.

*Wol.* Your grace,  
I fear, with dancing is a little heated. 100

*Hen.* I fear too much.

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

*Hen.* Lead in your ladies every one. Sweet partner,  
I must not yet forsake you. Let 's be merry,  
Good my lord cardinal : I have half a dozen healths,  
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure  
To lead 'em once again, and then let 's dream  
Who 's best in favour. Let the music knock it.

*Exeunt with trumpets*

## Act Second

### SCENE I

*Westminster. A street*

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting*

1.G. Whither away so fast ?

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

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

2.G. Were you there ?

1.G. Yes indeed was I.

2.G. Pray speak what has happen'd.

1.G. You may guess quickly what.

2.G. Is he found guilty ?

1.G. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon 't.

2.G. I am sorry for 't.

1.G. So are a number more.

2.G. But, pray, how pass'd it ?

1.G. I 'll tell you in a little. The great duke

## KING HENRY VIII

Came to the bar ; where, to his accusations  
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleged  
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.  
The king's attorney on the contrary  
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions  
Of divers witnesses, which the duke desir'd  
To him brought *viva voce* to his face ;  
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor,  
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor, and John Car,           20  
Confessor to him, with that devil monk,  
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2.G.   That was he  
That fed him with his prophecies.

1.G.   The same ;  
All these accus'd him strongly, which he fain  
Would have flung from him ; but indeed he could not ;  
And so his peers, upon this evidence,  
Have found him guilty of high treason.    Much  
He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all  
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.                         †

2.G. After all this, how did he bear himself ?                         30

1.G. When he was brought again to the bar, to hear  
His knell rung out, his judgement, he was stirr'd  
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,  
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty :

But he fell to himself again, and sweetly,  
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2.G. I do not think he fears death.

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

2.G. Certainly  
The cardinal is the end of this.

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

2.G. That trick of state  
Was a deep envious one.

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

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

## KING HENRY VIII

The mirror of all courtesy—

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

*Enter Buckingham from his arraignment, tipstaves before him, the axe with the edge towards him, halberds on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands, and common people, &c.*

2.G. Let 's stand close and behold him.

Buc. All good people,  
You that thus far have come to pity me,  
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.  
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgement,  
And by that name must die : yet heaven bear witness,  
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me, 60  
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful !  
The law I bear no malice for my death,  
'T has done upon the premises but justice :  
But those that sought it, I could wish more Christians :  
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em :  
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief ;  
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ;  
For then, my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.  
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,  
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies 70  
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,  
 His noble friends and fellows ; whom to leave  
 Is only bitter to him, only dying :  
 Go with me like good angels to my end,  
 And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,  
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
 And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's name.

*Lov.* I do beseech your grace, for charity,  
 If ever any malice in your heart 80  
 Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

*Buc.* Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you  
 As I would be forgiven : I forgive all.  
 There cannot be those numberless offences  
 'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with : no black  
 envy  
 Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace :  
 And if he speak of Buckingham ; pray tell him,  
 You met him half in heaven : my vows and prayers  
 Yet are the king's ; and till my soul forsake,  
 Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live 90  
 Longer than I have time to tell his years ;  
 Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be ;  
 And when old time shall lead him to his end,  
 Goodness and he fill up one monument !

*Lov.* To the water side I must conduct your grace ;

## KING HENRY VIII

Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,  
Who undertakes you to your end.

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

*Buc.* Nay, Sir Nicholas, 100  
Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.  
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,  
And Duke of Buckingham : now, poor Edward  
Bohun ;  
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it ;  
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan  
for 't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,  
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,  
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,  
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd, 110  
And, without trial, fell ; God's peace be with him !  
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying  
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,  
Restor'd me to my honours ; and out of ruins  
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,  
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name and all

That made me happy, at one stroke has taken  
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,  
 And must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me  
 A little happier than my wretched father : 120  
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes ; both  
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most :  
 A most unnatural and faithless service !  
 Heaven has an end in all : yet, you that hear me,  
 This from a dying man receive as certain :  
 Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,  
 Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make friends,  
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
 Like water from ye, never found again 130  
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,  
 Pray for me, I must now forsake ye ; the last hour  
 Of my long weary life is come upon me :  
 Farewell :

And when you would say something that is sad,  
 Speak how I fell. I have done ; and God forgive  
 me ! *Exeunt Duke and Train*

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

2.G. If the duke be guiltless,



KING HENRY VIII

'Tis full of woe : yet I can give you inkling                    140  
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
Greater than this.

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

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

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

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

1.G.    Yes, but it held not :  
For when the king once heard it, out of anger                    150  
He sent command to the lord mayor straight  
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues  
That durst disperse it.

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

Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately,  
As all think, for this business.

1.G. 'Tis the cardinal ;

And merely to revenge him on the emperor,  
For not bestowing on him at his asking  
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

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

1.G. 'Tis woeful.

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

*Exeunt*

SCENE II

*An ante-chamber in the palace*

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter*

L.C. ' 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  
cardinal's, by commission and main power took 'em  
from me, with this reason : His master would be

KING HENRY VIII

serv'd before a subject, if not before the king ;  
which stopp'd our mouths, sir.'

I fear he will indeed ; well, let him have them ;      10  
He will have all, I think.

*Enter to the Lord Chamberlain the Dukes of Norfolk  
and Suffolk*

*Nor.* Well met, my lord chamberlain.

*L.C.* Good day to both your graces.

*Suf.* How is the king employ'd ?

*L.C.*   I left him private,  
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

*Nor.*   What 's the cause ?

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

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

*Nor.*   'Tis so ;

This is the cardinal's doing : the king-cardinal,  
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,      20  
Turns what he list. The king will know him one  
day.

*Suf.* Pray God he do ! he 'll never know himself else.

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

Between us and the emperor (the queen's great  
nephew)

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

And out of all these, to restore the king,

He counsels a divorce, a loss of her 30

That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years

About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;

Of her that loves him with that excellence

That angels love good men with ; even of her

That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,

Will bless the king : and is not this course pious ?

*L.C.* Heaven keep me from such counsel ! 'Tis most true

These news are every where ; every tongue speaks 'em,

And every true heart weeps for 't : all that dare

Look into these affairs see this main end, 40

The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open

The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon

This bold bad man.

*Suf.* And free us from his slavery.

*Nor.* We had need pray,

And heartily, for our deliverance ;

Or this imperious man will work us all

From princes into pages : all men's honours

KING HENRY VIII

Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd  
Into what pitch he please.

*Suf.* For me, my lords,  
I love him not, nor fear him, there 's my creed : 50  
As I am made without him, so I 'll stand,  
If the king please ; his curses and his blessings  
Touch me alike ; they 're breath I not believe in.  
I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him  
To him that made him proud ; the pope.

*Nor.* Let 's in ;  
And with some other business put the king  
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon  
him :  
My lord, you 'll bear us company ?

*L.C.* Excuse me,  
The king has sent me otherwhere : besides,  
You 'll find a most unfit time to disturb him : 60  
Health to your lordships.

*Nor.* Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.  
*Exit Lord Chamberlain ; and the King draws †  
the curtain and sits reading pensively*

*Suf.* How sad he looks ! sure, he is much afflicted.

*Hen.* Who 's there, ha ?

*Nor.* Pray God he be not angry.

*Hen.* Who 's there, I say ? How dare you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I ? ha ?

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

*Hen.* 70  
Ye are too bold :  
Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of business  
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha ?

*Enter Wolsey and Campeius, with a commission*

Who's there ? my good lord cardinal ? O my  
Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience ;  
Thou art a cure fit for a king ; (*to Cam.*) you're  
welcome,  
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom ;  
Use us, and it ; (*to Wol.*) my good lord, have great  
care

I be not found a talker.

*Wol.* 80  
Sir, you cannot ;  
I would your grace would give us but an hour  
Of private conference.

*Hen.* (*to Nor. and Suf.*) We are busy ; go.

*Nor.* (*aside to Suf.*) This priest has no pride in him ?

*Suf.* (*aside to Nor.*) Not to speak of :

KING HENRY VIII

I would not be so sick though for his place :  
But this cannot continue.

*Nor.* (*aside to Suf.*) If it do,

I'll venture one have-at-him.

*Suf.* (*aside to Nor.*) I another.

*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk*

*Wol.* Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom  
Above all princes, in committing freely  
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom :  
Who can be angry now ? what envy reach you ?  
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,  
Must now confess, if they have any goodness, 90  
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,  
(I mean the learned ones in Christian kingdoms)  
Have their free voices : Rome (the nurse of judge-  
ment)

Invited by your noble self, hath sent  
One general tongue unto us, this good man,  
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius,  
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

*Hen.* And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,  
And thank the holy conclave for their loves,  
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd  
for. 100

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

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

*Hen.* Two equal men : the queen shall be acquainted  
 Forthwith for what you come. Where 's Gardiner ?

*Wol.* I know your majesty has always lov'd her  
 So dear in heart, not to deny her that 110  
 A woman of less place might ask by law,  
 Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

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

*Re-enter Wolsey, with Gardiner*

*Wol.* (*aside to Gar.*) Give me your hand : much joy and  
 favour to you ;  
 You are the king's now.

*Gar.* (*aside to Wol.*) But to be commanded  
 For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

*Hen.* Come hither, Gardiner. *Walks and whispers* 120

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

*Wol.* Yes, he was.



KING HENRY VIII

*Cam.* Was he not held a learned man ?

*Wol.* Yes, surely.

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

*Wol.* How ? of me ?

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

*Wol.* Heaven's peace be with him !  
That 's Christian care enough : for living murmurers, 130  
There 's places of rebuke. He was a fool ;  
For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,  
If I command him, follows my appointment :  
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,  
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

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

*Exit Gardiner*

The most convenient place that I can think of  
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars :  
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.  
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord, 140  
Would it not grieve an able man to leave  
So sweet a bedfellow ? But, conscience, conscience !  
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. *Exeunt*

## SCENE III

*An ante-chamber of the Queen's apartments**Enter Anne Bullen and an old Lady*

*Anne.* Not for that neither ; here 's the pang that pinches.  
 His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she  
 So good a lady, that no tongue could ever  
 Pronounce dishonour of her ; by my life,  
 She never knew harm-doing : O, now, after  
 So many courses of the sun enthroned,  
 Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which  
 To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than  
 'Tis sweet at first to acquire—after this process,  
 To give her the avaunt ! it is a pity  
 Would move a monster.

10

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

*Anne.* O, God's will ! much better  
 She ne'er had known pomp ; though 't be temporal,  
 Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce †  
 It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging  
 As soul and body's severing.

*La.* Alas, poor lady,  
 She 's a stranger now again.

KING HENRY VIII

*Anne.* So much the more  
Must pity drop upon her ; verily  
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content, 20  
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

*La.* Our content  
Is our best having.

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

*La.* Beshrew me, I would,  
And venture maidenhood for 't, and so would you,  
For all this spice of your hypocrisy :  
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,  
Have (too) a woman's heart, which ever yet  
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty ;  
Which, to say sooth, are blessings ; and which gifts 30  
(Saving your mincing) the capacity  
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,  
If you might please to stretch it.

*Anne.* Nay, good troth.

*La.* Yes, troth, and troth ; you would not be a queen ?

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

*La.* 'Tis strange : a three-pence bow'd would hire me,  
Old as I am, to queen it : but I pray you,

What think you of a duchess ? have you limbs  
To bear that load of title ?

*Anne.* No, in truth.

*La.* Then you are weakly made : pluck off a little ; 40  
I would not be a young count in your way,  
For more than blushing comes to : if your back  
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak  
Ever to get a boy.

*Anne.* How you do talk !  
I swear again, I would not be a queen  
For all the world.

*La.* In faith, for little England  
You 'ld venture an emballing : I myself  
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd  
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here ?

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain*

*L.C.* Good morrow, ladies ; what were 't worth to know 50  
The secret of your conference ?

*Anne.* My good Lord,  
Not your demand ; it values not your asking :  
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

*L.C.* It was a gentle business, and becoming  
The action of good women ; there is hope  
All will be well.

*Anne.* Now I pray God, amen !

## KING HENRY VIII

L.C. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings  
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,  
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note 's  
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty 60  
Commends his good opinion of you to you ; and  
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing  
Than Marchioness of Pembroke ; to which title,  
A thousand pound a year, annual support,  
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know  
What kind of my obedience I should tender ;  
More than my all is nothing : nor my prayers  
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes  
More worth than empty vanities ; yet prayers and  
wishes  
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship, 70  
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,  
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness ;  
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

L.C. Lady,  
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit  
The king hath of you. (*aside*) I have perus'd her well,  
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,  
That they have caught the king : and who knows yet  
But from this lady may proceed a gem

To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king,  
And say I spoke with you.

*Anne.* My honour'd lord. 80

*Exit Lord Chamberlain*

*La.* Why, this it is! see, see,  
I have been begging sixteen years in court,  
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could  
Come pat betwixt too early and too late  
For any suit of pounds: and you (O fate!)  
A very fresh fish here—fie, fie, fie upon  
This compell'd fortune!—have your mouth fill'd up  
Before you open it.

*Anne.* This is strange to me.

*La.* How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no. †  
There was a lady once ('tis an old story) 90  
That would not be a queen, that would she not  
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

*Anne.* Come, you are pleasant.

*La.* With your theme, I could  
O'er mount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke?  
A thousand pounds a year for pure respect?  
No other obligation? By my life,  
That promises mo thousands: honour's train  
Is longer than his foreskirt; by this time  
I know your back will bear a duchess. Say,

KING HENRY VIII

Are you not stronger than you were ?

*Anne.*

Good lady, 100

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,  
And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being,  
If this salute my blood a jot ; it faints me .

To think what follows.

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

*La.*

What do you think me ?

*Exeunt*

SCENE IV

*A hall in Black-Friars*

*Trumpets, sennet and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands ; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors ; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone ; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph ; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat ; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross ; then a Gentleman Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-arms bearing a silver mace ; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars ; after*

*them, side by side, the two Cardinals ; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state ; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory ; below them the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.*

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

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

*Wol.* Be 't so, proceed.

*Scr.* Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

*Cri.* Henry King of England, &c.

*Hen.* Here.

*Scr.* Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

*Cri.* Katharine Queen of England, &c.

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



## KING HENRY VIII

*Kat.* Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,  
And to bestow your pity on me ; for  
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,  
Born out of your dominions : having here  
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance  
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir ;  
In what have I offended you ? what cause  
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,  
That thus you should proceed to put me off, 20  
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness,  
I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable ;  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
Yea, subject to your countenance ; glad, or sorry,  
As I saw it inclin'd : when was the hour  
I ever contradicted your desire ?  
Or made it not mine too ? Or which of your friends  
Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
He were mine enemy ? what friend of mine 30  
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking ? nay, gave notice  
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind  
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest  
With many children by you. If in the course

And process of this time you can report,  
 And prove it too, against mine honour, aught ;  
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,  
 Against your sacred person ; in God's name 40  
 Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt  
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
 To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,  
 The king, your father, was reputed for  
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
 And unmatch'd wit and judgement : Ferdinand,  
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one  
 The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many  
 A year before : it is not to be question'd  
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them 50  
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,  
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I  
 humbly  
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may  
 Be by my friends in Spain advis'd ; whose counsel  
 I will implore. If not, i' the name of God  
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

*Wol.*

You have here, lady,  
 (And of your choice) these reverend fathers, men  
 Of singular integrity and learning ;  
 Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled

KING HENRY VIII

To plead your cause : it shall be therefore bootless 60  
That longer you desire the court, as well †  
For your own quiet, as to rectify  
What is unsettled in the king.

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

*Kat.* Lord cardinal,  
To you I speak.

*Wol.* Your pleasure, madam ?

*Kat.* Sir,  
I am about to weep ; but, thinking that  
We are a queen (or long have dream'd so) certain 70  
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

*Wol.* Be patient yet.

*Kat.* I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,  
Or God will punish me. I do believe  
(Induc'd by potent circumstances) that  
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge,  
You shall not be my judge : for it is you  
Have blown this coal, betwixt my lord and me ;  
Which God's dew quench ! Therefore I say again,

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul 80  
 Refuse you for my judge, whom, yet once more,  
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
 At all a friend to truth.

*Wol.*

I do profess

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

I have no spleen against you, nor injustice  
 For you, or any : how far I have proceeded,  
 Or how far further shall, is warranted 90  
 By a commission from the consistory,  
 Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,  
 That I have blown this coal : I do deny it :  
 The king is present : if it be known to him,  
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
 And worthily, my falsehood, yea, as much  
 As you have done my truth. If he know  
 That I am free of your report, he knows  
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him  
 It lies to cure me, and the cure is to 100  
 Remove these thoughts from you : the which before  
 His highness shall speak in, I do beseech

KING HENRY VIII

You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,  
And to say so no more.

*Kat.* My lord, my lord,  
I am a simple woman, much too weak  
To oppose your cunning. You're meek, and humble-  
mouth'd ;  
You sign your place, and calling, in full seeming,  
With meekness and humility ; but your heart  
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.  
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours, 110  
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted  
Where powers are your retainers, and your words  
(Domestics to you) serve your will, as 't please  
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,  
You tender more your person's honour than  
Your high profession spiritual ; that again  
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,  
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,  
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,  
And to be judg'd by him.

*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart*

*Cam.* The queen is obstinate, 120  
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and  
Disdainful to be tried by 't : 'tis not well.  
She's going away.

*Hen.* Call her again.

*Cri.* Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

*Gent. Usb.* Madam, you are call'd back.

*Kat.* What need you note it ? pray you, keep your way :

When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help !

They vex me past my patience, pray you pass on ;

I will not tarry ; no, nor ever more

130

Upon this business my appearance make,

In any of their courts.

*Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants*

*Hen.*

Go thy ways, Kate ;

That man i' the world who shall report he has

A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,

For speaking false in that ; thou art alone

(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,

Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,

Obeying in commanding, and thy parts

Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out)

The queen of earthly queens. She 's noble born ;

140

And like her true nobility she has

Carried herself towards me.

*Wol.*

Most gracious sir,

In humblest manner I require your highness,

That it shall please you to declare in hearing

Of all these ears (for where I am robb'd and bound,

KING HENRY VIII

There must I be unloos'd, although not there  
At once and fully satisfied) whether ever I  
Did broach this business to your highness, or  
Laid any scruple in your way which might  
Induce you to the question on 't : or ever 150  
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such  
A royal lady, spake one the least word that might  
Be to the prejudice of her present state  
Or touch of her good person ?

*Hen.* My lord cardinal,  
I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,  
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught  
That you have many enemies, that know not  
Why they are so ; but like to village curs,  
Bark when their fellows do. By some of these  
The queen is put in anger ; you 're excused : 160  
But will you be more justified ? you ever  
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never desir'd  
It to be stirr'd ; but oft have hinder'd, oft,  
The passages made toward it ; on my honour,  
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point ;  
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to 't,  
I will be bold with time and your attention :  
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came ; give  
heed to 't :

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,  
 Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd 170  
 By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador,  
 Who had been hither sent on the debating  
 A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and  
 Our daughter Mary : i' the progress of this business,  
 Ere a determinate resolution, he  
 (I mean the bishop) did require a respite,  
 Wherein he might the king his lord advertise  
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,  
 Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook 180  
 The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,  
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble  
 The region of my breast which forc'd such way  
 That many maz'd considerings did throng  
 And press'd in with this caution. First, methought  
 I stood not in the smile of heaven, who had  
 Commanded nature that my lady's womb,  
 If it conceiv'd a male-child by me, should  
 Do no more offices of life to 't than  
 The grave does to the dead ; for her male issue 190  
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after  
 This world had air'd them : hence I took a  
 thought,



## KING HENRY VIII

This was a judgement on me, that my kingdom  
(Well worthy the best heir o' the world) should not  
Be gladdened in 't by me : then follows that  
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
By this my issue's fail, and that gave to me  
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in  
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer  
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are  
Now present here together ; that 's to say,  
I meant to rectify my conscience, which  
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,  
By all the reverend fathers of the land,  
And doctors learn'd. First I began in private,  
With you my Lord of Lincoln ; you remember  
How under my oppression I did reek,  
When I first mov'd you.

200

*Bis.* Very well, my liege.

*Hen.* I have spoke long, be pleased yourself to say  
How far you satisfied me.

*Bis.* So please your highness, 210

The question did at first so stagger me,  
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,  
And consequence of dread, that I committed  
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,  
And did entreat your highness to this course

Which you are running here.

*Hen.* I then mov'd you,  
 My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave  
 To make this present summons : unsolicited  
 I left no reverend person in this court ;  
 But by particular consent proceeded 220  
 Under your hands and seals ; therefore, go on,  
 For no dislike i' the world against the person  
 Of the good queen ; but the sharp thorny points  
 Of my alleged reasons, drives this forward :  
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life  
 And kingly dignity, we are contented  
 To wear our mortal state to come with her  
 (Katharine our queen) before the primest creature  
 That's paragon'd o' the world.

*Cam.* So please your highness,  
 The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness 230  
 That we adjourn this court till further day ;  
 Meanwhilc must be an earnest motion  
 Made to the queen to call back her appeal  
 She intends unto his holiness.

*Hen.* (*aside*) I may perceive  
 These cardinals trifle with me : I abhor  
 This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.  
 My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,

KING HENRY VIII

Prithee return ; with thy approach, I know,  
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court :  
I say, set on.

249

*Exeunt, in manner as they entered*

Act Third

SCENE I

*London. The Queen's apartments*

*The Queen and her Women, as at work*

*Kat.* Take thy lute, wench, my soul grows sad with troubles ;  
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst : leave working.

SONG

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

Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.

10

In sweet music is such art,  
 Killing care, and grief of heart,  
 Fall asleep, or hearing die.

*Enter a Gentleman*

*Kat.* How now ?

*Gent.* An 't please your grace, the two great cardinals  
 Wait in the presence.

*Kat.* Would they speak with me ?

*Gent.* They will'd me say so, madam.

*Kat.* Pray their graces  
 To come near. (*exit Gent.*) What can be their  
 business

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour ? 20  
 I do not like their coming : now I think on 't,  
 They should be good men, their affairs as righteous :  
 But all hoods make not monks. †

*Enter the two Cardinals, Wolsey and Campeius*

*Wol.* Peace to your highness !

*Kat.* Your graces find me here part of a housewife,  
 (I would be all) against the worst may happen :  
 What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords ?

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

KING HENRY VIII

*Kat.*

Speak it here.

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience, 30  
Deserves a corner : would all other women  
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !  
My lords, I care not (so much I am happy  
Above a number) if my actions  
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,  
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,  
I know my life so even. If your business  
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,  
Out with it boldly : truth loves open dealing.

*Wol.* *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—* 40

*Kat.* O good my lord, no Latin ;

I am not such a truant since my coming,  
As not to know the language I have liv'd in :  
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,  
suspicious :

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

*Wol.*

Noble lady,

I am sorry my integrity should breed, 50  
(And service to his majesty and you)

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

*Cam.* Most honour'd madam, 60

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

*Kat.* (*aside*) To betray me.—

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,  
 Ye speak like honest men, (pray God ye prove so !)  
 But how to make ye suddenly an answer  
 In such a point of weight, so near mine honour, 70  
 (More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,  
 And to such men of gravity and learning,  
 In truth I know not. I was set at work,  
 Among my maids, full little, God knows, looking

KING HENRY VIII

Either for such men, or such business.  
For her sake that I have been—for I feel  
The last fit of my greatness—good your graces,  
Let me have time and counsel for my cause :  
Alas, I am a woman friendless, hopeless !

*Wol.* Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears, 80  
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

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

*Cam.* I would your grace 90  
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

*Kat.* How, sir ?

*Cam.* Put your main cause into the king's protection,  
He's loving and most gracious : 'twill be much  
Both for your honour better, and your cause :  
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,  
You'll part away disgrac'd.

*Wol.* He tells you rightly.

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

*Cam.* Your rage mistakes us. 100

*Kat.* The more shame for ye ; holy men I thought ye,  
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues ;  
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye :  
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort ?  
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady ?  
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd ?  
I will not wish ye half my miseries,  
I have more charity : but say, I warn'd ye ;  
Take heed, for heaven's sake take heed, lest at once  
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye. 110

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

*Kat.* Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,  
And all such false professors ! would you have me  
(If you have any justice, any pity,  
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits)  
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me ?  
Alas, has banish'd me his bed already,  
His love, too long ago ! I am old, my lords,





*Kat.* Would I had never trod this English earth,  
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !  
 Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.  
 What will become of me now, wretched lady ?  
 I am the most unhappy woman living.  
 Alas (poor wenches) where are now your fortunes ?  
 Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,  
 No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me ?  
 Almost no grave allow'd me ? Like the lily, 150  
 That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,  
 I'll hang my head and perish.

*Wol.* If your grace  
 Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,  
 You 'ld feel more comfort. Why should we, good  
 lady,  
 Upon what cause, wrong you ? alas, our places,  
 The way of our profession is against it :  
 We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.  
 For goodness' sake, consider what you do,  
 How you may hurt yourself ; ay, utterly  
 Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage. 160  
 The hearts of princes kiss obedience,  
 So much they love it ; but to stubborn spirits,  
 They swell and grow, as terrible as storms.  
 I know you have a gentle, noble temper,

KING HENRY VIII

A soul as even as a calm ; pray think us  
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

*Cam.* Madam, you 'll find it so ; you wrong your virtues  
With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,  
As yours was put into you, ever casts  
Such doubts as false coin from it. The king loves  
you,

170

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

*Kat.* Do what ye will, my lords : and pray forgive me ;  
If I have us'd myself unmannerly,  
You know I am a woman, lacking wit  
To make a seemly answer to such persons.  
Pray do my service to his majesty,  
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers  
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers, 180  
Bestow your counsels on me. She now begs  
That little thought, when she set footing here,  
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

*Exeunt*

## SCENE II

*Ante-chamber to the King's apartment*

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain*

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

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

*Suf.* Which of the peers  
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least 10  
Strangely neglected? when did he regard  
The stamp of nobleness in any person  
Out of himself?

*L.C.* My lords, you speak your pleasures :  
What he deserves of you and me, I know ;  
What we can do to him (though now the time  
Gives way to us) I much fear. If you cannot

KING HENRY VIII

Bar his access to the king, never attempt  
Any thing on him ; for he hath a witchcraft  
Over the king in 's tongue.

*Nor.* O, fear him not,  
His spell in that is out : the king hath found 20  
Matter against him, that for ever mars  
The honey of his language. No, he 's settled  
(Not to come off) in his displeasure.

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

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

*Sur.* How came  
His practices to light ?

*Suf.* Most strangely.

*Sur.* O, how, how ?  
*Suf.* The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarried, 30  
And came to the eye o' the king, wherein was read  
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness  
To stay the judgement o' the divorce ; for if  
It did take place, ' I do ' (quoth he) ' perceive  
My king is tangled in affection, to

A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'

*Sur.* Has the king this ?

*Suf.* Believe it.

*Sur.* Will this work ?

*L.C.* The king in this perceives him, how he coasts  
And hedges his own way. But in this point  
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic 40  
After his patient's death ; the king already  
Hath married the fair lady.

*Sur.* Would he had !

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

*Sur.* Now, all my joy  
Trace the conjunction !

*Suf.* My amen to 't !

*Nor.* All men's !

*Suf.* There 's order given for her coronation :  
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left  
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,  
She is a gallant creature, and complete  
In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her 50  
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall  
In it be memoriz'd.

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

KING HENRY VIII

The Lord forbid !

*Nor.* Marry amen !

*Suf.* No, no :

There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose  
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius  
Is stol'n away to Rome, hath ta'en no leave,  
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and  
Is posted as the agent of our cardinal,  
To second all his plot. I do assure you 60  
The king cried ' Ha ! ' at this.

*L.C.* Now God incense him,  
And let him cry ' Ha ! ' louder !

*Nor.* But, my lord,  
When returns Cranmer ?

*Suf.* He is return'd in his opinions, which †  
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,  
Together with all famous colleges  
Almost in Christendom : shortly, I believe,  
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and  
Her coronation. Katharine no more  
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager 70  
And widow to Prince Arthur.

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

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

*Nor.* So I hear.

*Suf.* 'Tis so.

The cardinal !

*Enter Wolsey and Cromwell*

*Nor.* Observe, observe, he 's moody.

*Wol.* The packet, Cromwell,

Gave 't you the king ?

*Cro.* To his own hand, in 's bedchamber.

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

*Cro.* Presently

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

He did it with a serious mind ; a heed

Was in his countenance. You he bade

Attend him here this morning.

*Wol.* Is he ready

To come abroad ?

*Cro.* I think by this he is.

*Wol.* Leave me awhile.

*Exit Cromwell*

*(aside)* It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,

The French king's sister ; he shall marry her.

Anne Bullen ? No ; I 'll no Anne Bullens for him,

There 's more in 't than fair visage. Bullen ?

No, we 'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish ·



KING HENRY VIII

To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke ?

*Nor.* He 's discontented.

*Suf.* May be he hears the king 91

Does whet his anger to him.

*Sur.* Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice !

*Wol. (aside)* The late queen's gentlewoman ? A knight's  
daughter

To be her mistress' mistress ? the queen's queen ?

This candle burns not clear, 'tis I must snuff it,

Then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous

And well deserving ? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to

Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of 100

Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up

An heretic, an arch one ; Cranmer, one

Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,

And is his oracle.

*Nor.* He is vex'd at something.

*Sur.* I would 'twere something that would fret the string,  
The master-cord on 's heart !

*Enter King, reading of a schedule, and Lovell*

*Suf.* The king, the king !

*Hen.* What piles of wealth hath he accumulated

To his own portion ! and what expense by the hour

Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of thrift,  
 Does he rake this together ? Now, my lords, 110  
 Saw you the cardinal ?

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

*Hen.* It may well be,  
 There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning 120  
 Papers of state he sent me, to peruse  
 As I requir'd : and wot you what I found  
 (There on my conscience, put unwittingly) ?  
 Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,  
 The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,  
 Rich stuffs and ornaments of household, which  
 I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks  
 Possession of a subject.

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

KING HENRY VIII

*Hen.* If we did think 130  
His contemplation were above the earth,  
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still  
Dwell in his musings, but I am afraid  
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth  
His serious considering.

*King takes his seat ; whispers Lovell,  
who goes to the Cardinal*

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

*Hen.* Good my lord,  
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory  
Of your best graces in your mind ; the which  
You were now running o'er : you have scarce time 140  
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span  
To keep your earthly audit, sure, in that  
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad  
To have you therein my companion.

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

- Hen.* You have said well.
- Wol.* And ever may your highness yoke together, 150  
(As I will lend you cause) my doing well  
With my well saying !
- Hen.* 'Tis well said again,  
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well,  
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you,  
He said he did, and with his deed did crown  
His word upon you. Since I had my office,  
I have kept you next my heart, have not alone  
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,  
But par'd my present havings, to bestow  
My bounties upon you.
- Wol.* (*aside*) What should this mean ? 160
- Sur.* (*aside*) The Lord increase this business !
- Hen.* Have I not made you  
The prime man of the state ? I pray you tell me,  
If what I now pronounce you have found true :  
And, if you may confess it, say withal,  
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you ?
- Wol.* My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,  
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could  
My studied purposes requite, which went  
Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours  
Have ever come too short of my desires, 170

KING HENRY VIII

Yet fil'd with my abilities : mine own ends  
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed  
To the good of your most sacred person, and  
The profit of the state. For your great graces  
Heap'd upon me (poor undeserver) I  
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,  
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,  
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,  
Till death (that winter) kill it.

*Hen.* Fairly answer'd ;  
A loyal and obedient subject is 18c  
Therein illustrated, the honour of it  
Does pay the act of it, as, i' the contrary,  
The foulness is the punishment. I presume  
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more  
On you than any ; so your hand, and heart,  
Your brain, and every function of your power,  
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,  
As 'twere in love's particular, be more  
To me, your friend, than any.

*Wol.* I do profess 19c  
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd  
More than mine own ; that am, have, and will be †  
(Though all the world should crack their duty to you,

And throw it from their soul, though perils did  
 Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and  
 Appear in forms more horrid) yet my duty,  
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,  
 Should the approach of this wild river break,  
 And stand unshaken yours.

*Hen.* 'Tis nobly spoken :  
 Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast, 200  
 For you have seen him open 't. (*Giving him papers.*)  
 Read o'er this,  
 And after, this, and then to breakfast with  
 What appetite you have.

*Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinal : the nobles  
 throng after him, smiling and whispering*

*Wol.* What should this mean ?  
 What sudden anger 's this ? how have I reap'd it ?  
 He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
 Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion  
 Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him ;  
 Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper ;  
 I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so ;  
 This paper has undone me : 'tis the account 210  
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together  
 For mine own ends, (indeed, to gain the popedom,  
 And see my friends in Rome.) O negligence !

KING HENRY VIII

Fit for a fool to fall by : what cross devil  
Made me put this main secret in the packet  
I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure this ?  
No new device to beat this from his brains ?  
I know 'twill stir him strongly ; yet I know  
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune  
Will bring me off again. What 's this ? ' To the  
Pope ? ' 220

The letter, as I live, with all the business  
I writ to 's holiness. Nay then, farewell !  
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,  
And from that full meridian of my glory,  
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more.

*Re-enter to Wolsey the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the  
Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain*

*Nor.* Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal, who commands you  
To render up the great seal presently  
Into our hands, and to confine yourself 230  
To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,  
Till you hear further from his highness.

*Wol.*

Stay :

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

- Suf.* Who dare cross 'em,  
 Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly ?
- Wol.* Till I find more than will or words to do it  
 (I mean your malice) know, officious lords,  
 I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel  
 Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy,  
 How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, 240  
 As if it fed ye, and how sleek and wanton  
 Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin !  
 Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;  
 You have Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt  
 In time will find their fit rewards. That seal  
 You ask with such a violence, the king  
 (Mine and your master) with his own hand gave me ;  
 Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,  
 During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,  
 Tied it by letters-patents. Now, who'll take it ? 250
- Sur.* The king that gave it.
- Wol.* It must be himself then.
- Sur.* Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
- Wol.* Proud lord, thou liest :  
 Within these forty hours Surrey durst better  
 Have burnt that tongue than said so.
- Sur.* Thy ambition  
 (Thou scarlet sin) robb'd this bewailing land



KING HENRY VIII

Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law ;  
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,  
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)  
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !  
You sent me deputy for Ireland, 260  
Far from his succour, from the king, from all  
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him ;  
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,  
Absolv'd him with an axe.

*Wol.* This, and all else  
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,  
I answer, is most false. The duke by law  
Found his deserts. How innocent I was  
From any private malice in his end,  
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.  
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you 270  
You have as little honesty as honour,  
That in the way of loyalty and truth  
Toward the king, my ever royal master,  
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,  
And all that love his follies.

*Sur.* By my soul,  
Your long coat, priest, protects you, thou shouldst feel  
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My lords,  
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?

And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,  
 To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet, †  
 Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward, 281  
 And dare us with his cap, like larks.

*Wol.* All goodness  
 Is poison to thy stomach.

*Sur.* Yes, that goodness  
 Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,  
 Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;  
 The goodness of your intercepted packets  
 You writ to the pope, against the king : your goodness,  
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.  
 My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,  
 As you respect the common good, the state 290  
 Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,  
 (Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen)  
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles  
 Collected from his life. I'll startle you  
 Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench  
 Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

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

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

*Wol.* So much fairer 300

KING HENRY VIII

And spotless shall mine innocence arise,  
When the king knows my truth.

*Sur.* This cannot save you :

I thank my memory, I yet remember  
Some of these articles, and out they shall.  
Now, if you can blush, and cry ' guilty,' cardinal,  
You 'll show a little honesty.

*Wol.* Speak on, sir,

I dare your worst objections : if I blush,  
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

*Sur.* I had rather want those than my head ; have at you !  
First, that without the king's assent or knowledge, 310  
You wrought to be a legate, by which power  
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

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

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

*Sur.* Item, you sent a large commission 320  
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,  
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,

A league between his highness and Ferrara.

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

*Sur.* Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,  
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)  
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways  
You have for dignities, to the mere undoing  
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are, 330  
Which since they are of you, and odious,  
I will not taint my mouth with.

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

*Sur.* I forgive him.

*Suf.* Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,  
Because all those things you have done of late  
By your power legative within this kingdom,  
Fall into the compass of a præmunire, 340  
That therefore such a writ be sued against you,  
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,  
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be  
Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.

*Nor.* And so we 'll leave you to your meditations

KING HENRY VIII

How to live better. For your stubborn answer  
About the giving back the great seal to us,  
The king shall know it, and (no doubt) shall thank  
you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

*Exeunt all but Wolsey*

*Wol.* So farewell, to the little good you bear me. 350

Farewell? a long farewell to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;  
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost,  
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,  
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory, 360  
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me, and now has left me  
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye:  
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!  
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,

That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
 More pangs and feats than wars or women have : 370  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again.

*Enter Cromwell, and stands amazed*

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

*Cro.* I have no power to speak, sir.

*Wol.*

What, amaz'd

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

*Cro.*

How does your grace ?

*Wol.*

Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell ;  
 I know myself now, and I feel within me  
 A peace above all earthly dignities,  
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me, 380  
 I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,  
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken  
 A load would sink a navy—too much honour.  
 O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden  
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven !

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

*Wol.*

I hope I have : I am able now, methinks,  
 Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,

KING HENRY VIII

To endure more miseries, and greater far,  
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer. 390  
What news abroad ?

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

*Wol.* God bless him !

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

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

*Cro.* That Cranmer is return'd with welcome ; 400  
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That 's news indeed.

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

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

The king has gone beyond me : all my glories  
 In that one woman I have lost for ever.  
 No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,           410  
 Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
 Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell,  
 I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now  
 To be thy lord and master. Seek the king ;  
 (That sun, I pray, may never set) I have told him  
 What, and how true thou art ; he will advance thee :  
 Some little memory of me will stir him  
 (I know his noble nature) not to let  
 Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,  
 Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide           420  
 For thine own future safety.

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

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me,  
 (Out of thy honest truth) to play the woman.           430  
 Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell,



## KING HENRY VIII

And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of, say I taught thee ;  
Say Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
Found thee a way (out of his wreck) to rise in ;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me :  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition, 440  
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then  
(The image of his Maker) hope to win by it ?  
Love thyself last, cherish those hearts that hate thee ;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not ;  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's. Then if thou fall'st, O  
Cromwell,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! Serve the king ;  
And prithee lead me in : 450  
There take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny, 'tis the king's. My robe,  
And my integrity to heaven, is all  
I dare now call mine own. Cromwell, Cromwell !  
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal

I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Cro.* Good sir, have patience.

*Wol.* So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court ; my hopes in heaven do dwell.

*Exeunt*

## Act Fourth

### SCENE I

*A street in Westminster*

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another*

1.G. You're well met once again.

2.G. So are you.

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

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

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

2.G. 'Tis well : the citizens

I am sure have shown at full their royal minds—

KING HENRY VIII

As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward—  
In celebration of this day with shows, 10  
Pageants, and sights of honour. †

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

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

1.G. Yes, 'tis the list  
Of those that claim their offices this day,  
By custom of the coronation.  
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims  
To be high-steward; next the Duke of Norfolk,  
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

2.G. I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs, 20  
I should have been beholding to your paper.  
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,  
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1.G. That I can tell you too. The Archbishop  
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other  
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,  
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off  
From Ampthill, where the princess lay, to which  
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:  
And, to be short, for not appearance, and 30  
The king's late scruple, by the main assent

Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,  
 And the late marriage made of none effect :  
 Since which, she was remov'd to Kimbolton,  
 Where she remains now sick.

2.G. Alas, good lady!

*Trumpets*

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

*Hautboys*

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION

1. *A lively Flourish of Trumpets.*
2. *Then, two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.*
4. *Choristers, singing.* *Music.*
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head he wears a gilt copper crown.*
6. *Marquess Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of Esses.*
7. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of Esses.*
8. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports ; under it, the*

KING HENRY VIII

*Queen in her robe, in her hair, richly adorned with pearl,  
crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and  
Winchester.*

9. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought  
with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*  
10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold  
without flowers.*

*They pass over the stage in order and state.*

- 2.G. A royal train, believe me. These I know :  
Who's that that bears the sceptre ?

1.G. Marquess Dorset :  
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

- 2.G. A bold brave gentleman. That should be 40  
The Duke of Suffolk.

1.G. 'Tis the same : high-steward.

- 2.G. And that my Lord of Norfolk ?

1.G. Yes.

- 2.G. (*looking on the Queen*) Heaven bless thee !  
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.  
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel ;  
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,  
And more, and richer, when he strains that lady ;  
I cannot blame his conscience.

- 1.G. They that bear  
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons

Of the Cinque-ports.

2.G. Those men are happy, and so are all are near her. 50

I take it, she that carries up the train

Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

1.G. It is, and all the rest are countesses.

2.G. Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed,  
And sometimes falling ones.

1.G. No more of that.

*Exit procession ; and then a great flourish of trumpets*

*Enter a third Gentleman*

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

3.G. Among the crowd i' the abbey, where a finger  
Could not be wedg'd in more : I am stifled  
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2.G. You saw

The ceremony ?

60

3.G. That I did.

1.G. How was it ?

3.G. Well worth the seeing.

2.G. Good sir, speak it to us.

3.G. As well as I am able. The rich stream  
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen  
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off  
A distance from her ; while her grace sat down  
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,

KING HENRY VIII .

In a rich chair of state, opposing freely  
The beauty of her person to the people.  
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman 70  
That ever lay by man : which when the people  
Had the full view of, such a noise arose  
As the shrouds make at sea, in a stiff tempest,  
As loud, and to as many tunes : hats, cloaks,  
(Doublets, I think) flew up, and had their faces  
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy  
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,  
That had not half a week to go, like rams  
In the old time of war, would shake the press,  
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living 80  
Could say ' This is my wife ' there, all were woven  
So strangely in one piece.

2.G.

But what follow'd ?

3.G. At length, her grace rose, and with modest paces  
Came to the altar, where she kneel'd, and saintlike  
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.  
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people ;  
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury  
She had all the royal makings of a queen ;  
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,  
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems 90  
Laid nobly on her : which perform'd, the choir,

With all the choicest music of the kingdom,  
 Together sung 'Te Deum.' So she parted,  
 And with the same full state pac'd back again  
 To York-place, where the feast is held.

- 1.G. Sir,  
 You must no more call it York-place, that's past ;  
 For since the cardinal fell, that title's lost,  
 'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.
- 3.G. I know it ;  
 But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name  
 Is fresh about me.
- 2.G. What two reverend bishops 100  
 Were those that went on each side of the queen ?
- 3.G. Stokesly and Gardiner, the one of Winchester,  
 Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary ;  
 The other London.
- 2.G. He of Winchester  
 Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,  
 The virtuous Cranmer.
- 3.G. All the land knows that :  
 However, yet there is no great breach, when it comes,  
 Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.
- 2.G. Who may that be, I pray you ?
- 3.G. Thomas Cromwell,  
 A man in much esteem with the king, and truly 110



## KING HENRY VIII

A worthy friend. The king has made him master  
O' the jewel house,  
And one already of the privy council.

2.G. He will deserve more.

3.G. Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way,  
Which is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests :  
Something I can command. As I walk thither,  
I'll tell ye more.

*Both.* You may command us, sir. *Exeunt*

### SCENE II

#### *Kimbolton*

*Enter Katharine Dowager, sick, led between Griffith, her  
Gentleman Usber, and Patience, her woman*

*Gri.* How does your grace ?

*Kat.* O Griffith, sick to death !

My legs like loaden branches bow to the earth,  
Willing to leave their burthen ; reach a chair :  
So now, methinks, I feel a little ease.  
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,  
'That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,  
Was dead ?

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

*Kat.* Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :  
If well, he stepp'd before me happily 10  
For my example.

*Gri.* Well, the voice goes, madam,  
For after the stout Earl Northumberland  
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,  
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,  
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill  
He could not sit his mule.

*Kat.* Alas, poor man !

*Gri.* At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,  
Lodg'd in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,  
With all his covent, honourably receiv'd him ;  
To whom he gave these words, ' O father abbot, 20  
An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;  
Give him a little earth for charity ! '  
So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness  
Pursued him still, and three nights after this,  
About the hour of eight, which he himself  
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,  
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  
He gave his honours to the world again,

KING HENRY VIII

His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace. 30

*Kat.* So may he rest, his faults lie gently on him !  
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,  
And yet with charity. He was a man  
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking  
Himself with princes. One that by suggestion  
Tied all the kingdom. Simony was fair-play,  
His own opinion was his law. In the presence  
He would say untruths, and be ever double  
Both in his words, and meaning. He was never  
(But where he meant to ruin) pitiful. 40  
His promises were, as he then was, mighty :  
But his performance, as he is now, nothing :  
Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
The clergy ill example.

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

*Kat.* Yes, good Griffith,  
I were malicious else.

*Gri.* This cardinal,  
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle 50  
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one :

Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading :  
 Lofty, and sour to them that lov'd him not :  
 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.  
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting  
 (Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, madam,  
 He was most princely : ever witness for him  
 Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,  
 Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which, fell with him,  
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ; 60  
 The other (though unfinish'd) yet so famous,  
 So excellent in art ; and still so rising,  
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him :  
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
 And found the blessedness of being little.  
 And, to add greater honours to his age  
 Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

*Kat.* After my death, I wish no other herald,  
 No other speaker of my living actions, 70  
 To keep mine honour from corruption,  
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.  
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
 With thy religious truth, and modesty,  
 (Now in his ashes) honour : peace be with him !  
 Patience, be near me still, and set me lower.

KING HENRY VIII

I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,  
Cause the musicians play me that sad note  
I nam'd my knell ; whilst I sit meditating  
On that celestial harmony I go to.

80

*Sad and solemn music*

*Gri.* She is asleep : good wench, let 's sit down quiet,  
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

*The Vision*

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

*Kat.* Spirits of peace, where are ye ? are ye all gone ?

And leave me here in wretchedness, behind ye ?

*Gri.* Madam, we are here.

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

*Gri.* . . . . . None, madam.

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

90

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

*Kat.* . . . . . Bid the music leave,  
They are harsh and heavy to me. *Music ceases*

*Pat.* . . . . . Do you note  
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden ?  
How long her face is drawn ? how pale she looks  
And of an earthy cold ? Mark her eyes !

*Gri.* She is going, wench. Pray, pray.

*Pat.* . . . . . Heaven comfort her

*Enter a Messenger*

*Mes.* An 't like your grace,—

*Kat.* . . . . . You are a saucy fellow, 100  
Deserve we no more reverence ?

KING HENRY VIII

*Gri.* You are to blame.

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

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

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

*Exeunt Griffith and Messenger*

*Re-enter Griffith, with Capucius*

If my sight fail not,

You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,  
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius. 110

*Cap.* Madam, the same ; your servant.

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

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

*Kat.* O my good lord, that comfort comes too late, 120

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

*Cap.* Madam, in good health.

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

*Pat.* No, madam.

*Giving it to Katharine*

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

*Cap.* Most willing, madam. 130

*Kat.* In which I have commended to his goodness  
 The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter—  
 The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !—  
 Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding.  
 She is young, and of a noble modest nature,  
 I hope she will deserve well ; and a little  
 To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,  
 Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition  
 Is that his noble grace would have some pity  
 Upon my wretched women, that so long 140  
 Have follow'd both my fortunes, faithfully,



## KING HENRY VIII

Of which there is not one, I dare avow,  
(And now I should not lie) but will deserve,  
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,  
For honesty, and decent carriage,  
A right good husband (let him be a noble)  
And sure those men are happy that shall have 'em.  
The last is for my men, they are the poorest,  
(But poverty could never draw 'em from me)  
That they may have their wages, duly paid 'em,       150  
And something over to remember me by.  
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life  
And able means, we had not parted thus.  
These are the whole contents, and, good my lord,  
By that you love the dearest in this world,  
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,  
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king  
To do me this last right.

*Cap.*                               By heaven I will,  
Or let me lose the fashion of a man !  
*Kat.* I thank you, honest lord.   Remember me       160  
In all humility unto his highness :  
Say his long trouble now is passing  
Out of this world.   Tell him in death I bless'd him,  
For so I will.   Mine eyes grow dim.   Farewell,  
My lord.   Griffith, farewell.   Nay, Patience,

You must not leave me yet. I must to bed,  
 Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench,  
 Let me be us'd with honour ; strew me over  
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know  
 I was a chaste wife, to my grave : embalm me, 170  
 Then lay me forth (although unqueen'd) yet like  
 A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.  
 I can no more. *Exeunt, leading Katharine*

## Act Fifth

### SCENE I

*London. A gallery in the palace*

*Enter Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch  
 before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell*

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

*Boy.* It hath struck.

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

KING HENRY VIII

Whither so late ?

*Lov.* Came you from the king, my lord ?

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

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

*Gar.* Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter ? 10  
It seems you are in haste : an if there be  
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend  
Some touch of your late business : affairs that walk  
(As they say spirits do) at midnight, have  
In them a wilder nature than the business  
That seeks dispatch by day.

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

*Gar.* The fruit she goes with 20  
I pray for heartily, that it may find  
Good time, and live : but for the stock, Sir Thomas,  
I wish it grubb'd up now.

*Lov.* Methinks I could  
Cry the amen, and yet my conscience says

She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does  
Deserve our better wishes.

*Gar.* But, sir, sir,  
Hear me, Sir Thomas, you're a gentleman  
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;  
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,  
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me, 30  
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,  
Sleep in their graves.

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

*Gar.* Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,  
There are that dare, and I myself have ventur'd 40  
To speak my mind of him: and indeed this day,  
Sir (I may tell it you) I think I have  
Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is  
(For so I know he is, they know he is)  
A most arch-heretic, a pestilence  
That does infect the land: with which they mov'd

KING HENRY VIII

Have broken with the king, who hath so far  
Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace,  
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs  
Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded 50  
To-morrow morning to the council-board  
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,  
And we must root him out. From your affairs  
I hinder you too long : good night, Sir Thomas.

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

*Exeunt Gardiner and Page*

*Enter King and Suffolk*

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

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

*Hen.* But little, Charles,  
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play. 60  
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news ?

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

*Hen.* What say'st thou, ha ?  
To pray for her ? what, is she crying out ?

*Lov.* So said her woman, and that her sufferance made

Almost each pang a death.

*Hen.* Alas, good lady!

*Suf.* God safely quit her of her burthen, and 70  
With gentle travail, to the gladding of  
Your highness with an heir!

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

*Suf.* I wish your highness  
A quiet night, and my good mistress will  
Remember in my prayers.

*Hen.* Charles, good night. *Exit Suffolk*  
*Enter Sir Anthony Denny*

Well, sir, what follows?

*Den.* Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop, 80  
As you commanded me.

*Hen.* Ha? Canterbury?

*Den.* Ay, my good lord.

*Hen.* 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

*Den.* He attends your highness' pleasure.

*Hen.* Bring him to us.

*Exit Denny*

*Lov. (aside)* This is about that which the bishop spake.

KING HENRY VIII

I am happily come hither.

*Re-enter Denny, with Cranmer*

*Hen.* Avoid the gallery. (*Lovell seems to stay.*) Ha? I have said. Be gone.

What?

*Exeunt Lovell and Denny*

*Cra.* (*aside*) I am fearful : wherefore frowns he thus ?  
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

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

*Cra.* (*kneeling*) It is my duty  
To attend your highness' pleasure.

90

*Hen.* Pray you, arise,  
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.  
Come, you and I must walk a turn together ;  
I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me your  
hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,  
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.  
I have, and most unwillingly, of late  
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,  
Grievous complaints of you ; which, being consider'd,  
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall 100  
This morning come before us, where, I know,  
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,  
But that, till further trial in those charges

Which will require your answer, you must take  
 Your patience to you, and be well contented  
 To make your house our Tower : you, a brother of us, †  
 It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness  
 Would come against you.

*Cra.* (*kneeling*) I humbly thank your highness,  
 And am right glad to catch this good occasion  
 Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff 110  
 And corn shall fly asunder. For I know  
 There's none stands under more calumnious tongues  
 Than I myself, poor man.

*Hen.* Stand up, good Canterbury ;  
 Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted  
 In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up,  
 Prithce let's walk. Now, by my holiday,  
 What manner of man are you ? My lord, I look'd  
 You would have given me your petition, that  
 I should have ta'en some pains, to bring together  
 Yourself and your accusers, and to have heard you 120  
 Without indurance further.

*Cra.* Most dread liege,  
 The good I stand on is my truth and honesty :  
 If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,  
 Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh not  
 Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing



KING HENRY VIII

What can be said against me.

*Hen.* Know you not  
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole  
world ?  
Your enemies are many, and not small ; their practices  
Must bear the same proportion, and not ever  
The justice and the truth o' the question carries 130  
The due o' the verdict with it : at what ease  
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt  
To swear against you ? Such things have been done.  
You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice  
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,  
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,  
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd  
Upon this naughty earth ? Go to, go to,  
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,  
And woo your own destruction.

*Cra.* God, and your majesty, 140  
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into  
The trap is laid for me !

*Hen.* Be of good cheer,  
They shall no more prevail than we give way to :  
Keep comfort to you, and this morning see  
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,  
In charging you with matters, to commit you,

The best persuasions to the contrary  
 Fail not to use, and with what vehemency  
 The occasion shall instruct you. If entreaties  
 Will render you no remedy, this ring 150  
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us  
 There make before them. (*aside*) Look, the good  
 man weeps !

He 's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother,  
 I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul  
 None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,  
 And do as I have bid you. (*exit Cranmer.*) He has  
 strangled  
 His language in his tears.

*Enter Old Lady : Lovell following*

*Gen.* (*within*) Come back : what mean you ?

*La.* I'll not come back, the tidings that I bring  
 Will make my boldness manners. Now good angels  
 Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person 160  
 Under their blessed wings !

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

*La.* Ay, ay, my liege,  
 And of a lovely boy : the God of heaven  
 Both now and ever bless her ! 'tis a girl

KING HENRY VIII

Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen  
Desires your visitation, and to be  
Acquainted with this stranger ; 'tis as like you  
As cherry is to cherry.

*Hen.* Lovell !

*Lov.* Sir ?

*Hen.* Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen. 170

*Exit*

*La.* An hundred marks ? By this light, I'll ha' more.  
An ordinary groom is for such payment.  
I will have more, or scold it out of him.  
Said I for this, the girl was like to him ? I'll  
Have more, or else unsay 't ; and now, while 'tis hot,  
I'll put it to the issue. *Exeunt*

SCENE II

*Before the council-chamber*

*Pursuivants, Pages, &c. attending*

*Enter Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury*

*Cra.* I hope I am not too late, and yet the gentleman  
That was sent to me from the council pray'd me  
To make great haste. All fast ? what means this ?  
Ho !

Who waits there? Sure, you know me?

*Enter Keeper*

*Kee.*

Yes, my lord :

But yet I cannot help you.

*Cra.* Why?

*Enter Doctor Butts*

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

*Cra.*

So.

*Doc. (aside)* This is a piece of malice : I am glad  
I came this way so happily. The king  
Shall understand it presently.

*Exit*

*Cra.*

*(aside)* 'Tis Butts,

10

The king's physician : as he pass'd along,  
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me !  
Pray heaven he sound not my disgrace : for certain,  
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,  
(God turn their hearts, I never sought their malice)  
To quench mine honour ; they would shame to  
make me  
Wait else at door, a fellow-councillor,  
'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures  
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter the King and Butts at a window above*

*Doc.* I'll show your grace the strangest sight,

*Hen.*

What's that, Butts? 20

## KING HENRY VIII

*Doc.* I think your highness saw this many a day.

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

*Doc.* There, my lord :

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

*Hen.* Ha ! 'tis he, indeed :

Is this the honour they do one another ?

'Tis well there 's one above 'em yet ; I had thought

They had parted so much honesty among 'em,

At least good manners, as not thus to suffer

A man of his place, and so near our favour,

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,

And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy Mary, Butts, there 's knavery ;

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close :

We shall hear more anon.

*Exeunt*

30

### SCENE III

*The council-chamber*

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

*Enter Lord Chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the  
table on the left hand ; a seat being left void above him, as*

*for Canterbury's seat ; Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at lower end, as secretary. Keeper at the door.*

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

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

*Gar.* Has he had knowledge of it ?

*Cro.* Yes.

*Nor.* Who waits there ?

*Kee.* Without, my noble lords ?

*Gar.* Yes.

*Kee.* My lord archbishop ;  
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

*Ch.* Let him come in.

*Kee.* Your grace may enter now.

*Cranmer enters and approaches the council-table*

*Ch.* My good lord archbishop, I'm very sorry  
To sit here at this present, and behold  
That chair stand empty : but we all are men, 10  
In our own natures frail, and capable  
Of our flesh, few are angels ; out of which frailty  
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,  
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little :

## KING HENRY VIII

Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling  
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains  
(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions,  
Divers and dangerous ; which are heresies ;  
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

*Gar.* Which reformation must be sudden too, 20  
My noble lords ; for those that tame wild horses  
Pace 'em not **in** their hands to make 'em gentle,  
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits and spur 'em,  
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,  
Out of our easiness and childish pity  
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,  
Farewell all physic : and what follows then ?  
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint  
Of the whole state ; as of late days our neighbours,  
The upper Germany, can dearly witness, 30  
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

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

Both in his private conscience, and his place, 40  
 Defacers of a public peace, than I do.  
 Pray heaven the king may never find a heart  
 With less allegiance in it! Men that make  
 Envy and crooked malice nourishment  
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,  
 That, in this case of justice, my accusers,  
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
 And freely urge against me.

*Suf.* Nay, my lord,  
 That cannot be; you are a councillor,  
 And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you. 50

*Gar.* My lord, because we have business of more moment,  
 We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness'  
 pleasure,

And our consent, for better trial of you,  
 From hence you be committed to the Tower,  
 Where, being but a private man again,  
 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,  
 More than, I fear, you are provided for.

*Cra.* Ah, my good Lord of Winchester; I thank you,  
 You are always my good friend, if your will pass,  
 I shall both find your lordship judge and juror, 60  
 You are so merciful. I see your end,  
 'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,



KING HENRY VIII

Become a churchman better than ambition :  
Win straying souls with modesty again,  
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,  
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,  
I make as little doubt as you do conscience  
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,  
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

*Gar.* My lord, my lord, you are a sectary, 70  
That's the plain truth ; your painted gloss discovers,  
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

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

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

*Cro.* Why, my lord ?

*Gar.* Do not I know you for a favourer 80  
Of this new sect ? ye are not sound.

*Cro.* Not sound ?

*Gar.* Not sound, I say.

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

*Gar.* I shall remember this bold language.

*Cro.* Do.

Remember your bold life too.

*Ch.* This is too much ;

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

*Gar.* I have done.

*Cro.* And I.

*Ch.* Then thus for you, my lord, it stands agreed,

I take it, by all voices : that forthwith

You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner ;

There to remain till the king's further pleasure 90

Be known unto us : are you all agreed, lords ?

*All.* We are.

*Cra.* Is there no other way of mercy,

But I must needs to the Tower, my lords ?

*Gar.* What other

Would you expect ? you are strangely troublesome :

Let some o' the guard be ready there.

*Enter Guard*

*Cra.* For me ?

Must I go like a traitor thither ?

*Gar.* Receive him,

And see him safe i' the Tower.

*Cra.* Stay, good my lords,

I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords,

KING HENRY VIII

By virtue of that ring, I take my cause  
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it 100  
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

L.C. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

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

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

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

Cro. My mind gave me,  
In seeking tales and informations 110  
Against this man, whose honesty the devil  
And his disciples only envy at,  
Ye blew the fire that burns ye : now have at ye !

*Enter King, frowning on them ; takes his seat*

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven  
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince,  
Not only good and wise, but most religious :  
One that, in all obedience, makes the church  
The chief aim of his honour, and, to strengthen

That holy duty, out of dear respect,  
 His royal self in judgement comes to hear 120  
 The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

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

(*to Cranmer*) Good man, sit down. Now let me  
 see the proudest 130

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

*Sur.* May it please your grace,—

*Hen.* No, sir, it does not please me ;  
 I had thought I had had men of some understanding  
 And wisdom of my council ; but I find none :  
 Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,  
 This good man (few of you deserve that title)  
 This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy  
 At chamber-door ? and one as great as you are ? 140  
 Why, what a shame was this ! Did my commission

KING HENRY VIII

Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye  
Power as he was a councillor to try him,  
Not as a groom : there's some of ye, I see,  
More out of malice than integrity,  
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean,  
Which ye shall never have while I live.

*Cb.* Thus far,  
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace  
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd  
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather 150  
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,  
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,  
I'm sure, in me.

*Hen.* Well, well, my lords, respect him,  
Take him, and use him well ; he's worthy of it.  
I will say thus much for him, if a prince  
May be beholding to a subject, I  
Am for his love and service so to him.  
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him ;  
Be friends, for shame, my lords ! My Lord of  
Canterbury,  
I have a suit which you must not deny me ; 160  
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,  
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

*Cra.* The greatest monarch now alive may glory

In such an honour : how may I deserve it,  
That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

*Hen.* Come, come, my lord, you 'ld spare your spoons :  
you shall have

Two noble partners with you ; the old Duchess  
Of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess Dorset : will these  
please you ?

Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,  
Embrace and love this man.

*Gar.* With a true heart 170  
And brother-love I do it.

*Cra.* And let heaven  
Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.

*Hen.* Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart :  
The common voice, I see, is verified  
Of thee, which says thus : ' Do my Lord of Canter-  
bury

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'

Come, lords, we trifle time away ; I long  
To have this young one made a Christian.

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain :

So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. *Exeunt* 180

# KING HENRY VIII

## SCENE IV

### *The palace yard*

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

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

*(One within)* Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

*Por.* Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, ye rogue! Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em. I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

10

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

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

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

*Por.* You did nothing, sir. 20

*Man.* I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand, †

To mow 'em down before me : but if I spar'd any

That had a head to hit, either young or old,

He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,

Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again,

And that I would not for a cow, God save her !

*(One within)* Do you hear, master porter ?

*Por.* I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.

Keep the door close, sirrah.

*Man.* What would you have me do ? 30

*Por.* What should you do, but knock 'em down by the

dozens ? Is this Moorfields to muster in ? or have

we some strange Indian with the great tool come to

court, the women so besiege us ? Bless me, what a

fry of fornication is at door ! On my Christian con-

science, this one christening will beget a thousand ;

here will be father, godfather, and all together.

*Man.* The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a

fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a

brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty 40

of the dog-days now reign in 's nose ; all that stand

about him are under the line, they need no other

penance : that fire-drake did I hit three times on the

head, and three times was his nose discharged against



KING HENRY VIII

me ; he stands there like a mortar-piece to blow us.  
There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him,  
that rail'd upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off  
her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state.  
I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who  
cried out ' Clubs ! ' when I might see from far some 50  
forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were  
the hope o' the Strand, where she was quarter'd ;  
they fell on ; I made good my place ; at length they  
came to the broomstaff to me, I defied 'em still, when  
suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, de-  
liver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to  
draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work : the  
devil was amongst 'em I think surely.

*Por.* These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse,  
and fight for bitten apples, that no audience but the 60  
tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limchouse, †  
their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some  
of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to  
dancce these three days ; besides the running banquet  
of two beadles, that is to come.

*Enter Lord Chamberlain*

*L.C.* Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here !

They grow still too ; from all parts they are coming,  
As if we kept a fair here. Where are these porters ?

These lazy knaves? Ye've made a fine hand,  
fellows!

There's a trim rabble let in: are all these 70  
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have  
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,  
When they pass back from the christening.

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

*L.C.* As I live,  
If the king blame me for 't, I'll lay ye all  
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads  
Clap round fines for neglect: ye're lazy knaves,  
And here ye lie baiting of bombard, when 80  
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound,  
They're come already from the christening;  
Go, break among the press, and find a way out  
To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find  
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

*Por.* Make way there for the princess.

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

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

*Exeunt*

## KING HENRY VIII

### SCENE V

*The palace*

*Enter Trumpets, sounding ; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts ; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a Lady ; then follows the Marchioness Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

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

*Flourish. Enter King and Guard*

*Cra. (kneeling)* And to your royal grace, and the good queen.

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

*Hen.* Thank you, good lord archbishop :  
What is her name ?

*Cra.* Elizabeth.

*Hen.* Stand up, lord.

*The King kisses the child*

With this kiss, take my blessing : God protect thee, 10  
Into whose hand I give thy life.

*Cra.* Amen.

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

*Cra.* Let me speak, sir.

For heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter  
Let none think flattery ; for they 'll find 'em truth.  
This royal infant (heaven still move about her)  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
Which time shall bring to ripeness : she shall be, 20  
(But few now living can behold that goodness)  
A pattern to all princes living with her,  
And all that shall succeed : Saba was never  
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,  
Than this pure soul shall be. All princely graces,  
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
With all the virtues that attend the good,  
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her,  
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :

KING HENRY VIII

She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless  
her ; 30

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows  
with her :

In her days every man shall eat in safety,  
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing  
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :  
God shall be truly known, and those about her  
From her shall read the perfect way of honour,  
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.  
Nor shall this peace sleep with her ; but, as when  
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix, 40  
Her ashes new create another heir,  
As great in admiration as herself.

So shall she leave her blessedness to one,  
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of  
darkness)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,  
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
And so stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth,  
Terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;  
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine, 50

His honour, and the greatness of his name,  
 Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,  
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
 To all the plains about him. Our children's children  
 Shall see this, and bless heaven.

*Hen.* Thou speakest wonders.

*Cra.* She shall be, to the happiness of England,  
 An aged princess ; many days shall see her,  
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.  
 Would I had known no more ! but she must die,  
 She must, the saints must have her ; yet a virgin, 60  
 A most unspotted lily, shall she pass  
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

*Hen.* O lord archbishop,  
 Thou hast made me now a man ! never, before  
 This happy child, did I get any thing.  
 This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,  
 That when I am in heaven I shall desire  
 To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.  
 I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor,  
 And your good brethren, I am much beholding : 70  
 I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,  
 And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords,  
 Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,  
 She will be sick else. This day, no man think

## KING HENRY VIII

Has business at his house ; for all shall stay :  
This little one shall make it holiday. *Exeunt*

### THE EPILOGUE

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

10

## Notes

THERE is a considerable number of passages in the play which present at least a momentary (and most readers will feel an un-Shakespearean) difficulty, not from the use of unusual words, nor from any involution of thought, but rather from tricks of syntax. It would, I think, be wearisome to have all these annotated, and they can hardly be glossed. I hope that the inclusion of the 'key-word' or 'key-phrase' in the Glossary will suffice to illuminate most of them. For example, in II. iv. 97-99, so soon as one sees that *your wrong* means 'the wrong you do me,' it becomes plain that the whole sentence means 'When he sees that I am clear of your charge against me he sees that I am not unwounded by (*i.e.* not free from, in another sense) the wrong you do me by making the charge.'

*Prol.* 25, 26. One feels that, in the interests of rhyme, we should either read *See before ye* for *Think ye see*, or *history* for *noble story*.

I. i. 7. *vale of Andren*; the scene of 'The Field of the Cloth of Gold.'

I. i. 38. *Bevis*; one of the Paladins, Bevis of Southampton.

I. i. 45-47. This is Theobald's division of speeches. F begins Buckingham's speech with *All was royal* and ends it with *together*. This opening is awkward; but the conclusion avoids the difficulty of *as you guess* as addressed to one who is not guessing at all, but reporting from personal observation.

I. i. 78. *his own letter . . . papers*; Pope's explanation is: "His own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch him in whom he papers down" (*i.e.* registers). This seems clearly right down to the last four words



## KING HENRY VIII

of the text, but there the ellipse of *whom* is difficult. If we are to emend, the least dislocating suggestion is perhaps *fetch in whom be*.

I. i. 85. *What did this vanity . . .*; an obscure phrase. I do not think it amounts to much more than 'What did this folly achieve except to produce a poor result,' but it is a cumbrous way of saying it.

I. i. 90. *storm*; Holinshed records a 'hideous storme' which broke out and led to gloomy prognostications.

I. i. 111. *where 'will not extend . . . dart it*; the picture seems to be of a weapon, whose range, as normally used in the hand, proves inadequate, suddenly used as a missile.

I. i. 152. *Whom from the flow of gall . . .*; i.e. 'I am not saying this merely because I am angry.'

I. i. 176. *Charles the emperor*; Charles V of Germany, Queen Katharine's nephew.

I. i. 204-6. *I am sorry . . . present*; Johnson explained, "I am sorry to be present and an eye-witness of your loss of liberty."

I. ii. 120. *ravish'd listening*; it is tempting to follow Pope and transpose the words.

I. ii. 147. *Henton*; this clearly should be *Hopkins*, as the monk is called in Holinshed; it is moderately clear that the error comes from a hurried glance at Holinshed, who writes, "Nicholas Hopkins, a monke of an house of Chartreux order beside Bristow called Henton," the 'called Henton' being taken with the 'monke' not the 'house.'

I. iii. 32. *understand*; this may mean no more than 'have their wits,' but I cannot help feeling that there is a pun; 'they will stand on honest English legs again.' Cf. *Twelfth Night*, III. i. 90. (But admittedly the pun does not bear thinking out.)

I. iii. 34. *wee*; the later Folios read *wear*, an emendation as easy as unauthoritative. The conjecture that *wee* equals *oui* is hardly plausible. It is just worth nothing that in F there is a double space between the *o* of *privilegio* and the *w* of *wee*, as though a letter had dropped out. There is clearly some corruption. Just possibly *swet*.

I. iv. 6. *first*; this word is hardly satisfactory; but the conjectures are even less so. Perhaps Guildford, having addressed the ladies in l. 1, here turns to the men with *As, sirs*.

II. i. 29. *either pitied . . . forgotten*; Malone explains as meaning 'either produced (ineffectual) pity or no effect at all.'

II. ii. 61. (*S.D.*); a very clear instance of the use of the rear-stage and its curtains.

II. iii. 14. *that quarrel, fortune, do divorce*; does *quarrel* mean 'quarreller,' as Johnson thought, or the arrow (of a crossbow)? If the second, Lettsom's conjecture is tempting, *fortune's quarrel* (then taking *if that* = 'if'). Either will make fair sense, but *quarrel* may be corrupt: and the F punctuation is a trifle suspicious, *if that quarrell. Fortune, do . . .*

II. iii. 89. *forty pence*; there is an odd little point here which may have some significance with regard to the problem of authorship. Forty pence was an attorney's fee, and (as here) a common phrase for a small bet ('bet you a bob'); but, whereas Beaumont and Fletcher use the phrase, Shakespeare, as it happens, never does, but always the equivalent, 'ten groats.'

II. iv. 61. *That longer you desire the court*; there seems no need for the emendation of *desire*; the phrase is not easy, but Malone's explanation seems adequate, "you desire to protract the business of the court."

III. i. 23. *All boods make not monks*; the old proverb, *Cucullus non facit monachum*.

# KING HENRY VIII

## Act I Sc. i—*continued*

<i>line</i>		<i>line</i>
73	FRENCH GOING OUT, expedition to France	128 BORES, cheats
88	NOT VALUES, is not worth ( <i>ne vaux pas</i> )	130 QUESTION, debate
91	NOT CONSULTING, independently	139 DIFFERENCE IN NO PERSONS, 'no distinction of persons
93	ABODED, foreboded	144 MOUNTS, causes to mount
95	FLAW'D THE LEAGUE, broken the treaty ATTACH'D, confiscated	150 TOP-PROUD, proud in the extreme
100	LIKE IT, if it please	153 MOTIONS, conviction
108	IN, in the shape of	164 SUGGESTS, prompts
115	SURVEYOR, steward of the household	167 WRENCHING, rinsing
122	BEGGAR'S BOOK, beggarly scholar	169 COMBINATION, agreement
124	APPLIANCE ONLY, sole remedy	188 COLOUR, pretext
		204 PRACTICE, trickery
		223 SPANN'D, come to end of its span

## SCENE II

2	LEVEL, line of fire	96	LOP, smaller twigs
24	PUTTER ON, instigator	105	HARDLY CONCEIVE, think hardly
26	SOIL, soiling	110	IN, into
33	SPINSTERS, spinners	112	BOUND, indebted
	CARDERS, wool-carders	114	OUT OF, outside
	FULLERS, dry-cleaners	127	PRACTICES, sharp-practices
42	PERTAINS, which pertains	131	OUT OF, in the matter of
	FRONT BUT IN THAT FILE, am front-rank man of a file	145	OUR FAIL, failure of our direct line
67	PRIMER, most pressing	152	ROSE, <i>i.e.</i> the Red Rose (a manor of Buckingham's)
70	NOT PASS'D ME, did not pass my lips	167	WITH DEMURE CONFIDENCE, confiding discreetly
75	BRAKE, thicket	209	PERIOD, full-stop
78	COPE, run up against	210	ATTACH'D, arrested
90	EXAMPLE, precedent		

## GLOSSARY

### SCENE III

<i>line</i>	<i>line</i>
2 MYSTERIES, fantasticalities	31 BLISTER'D, puffed
7 FIT, trick	TYPES, signs
8 DIRECTLY, on the spot	40 SPEEDING, successful
10 PEPIN OR CLOTHARIUS, ancient kings of France	41 FELLOW, equal
12 SPAVIN, SPRINGHALT, diseases of horses, the first producing a halting, the second a jerky, gait	45 PLAIN-SONG, melody ( <i>i.e.</i> with- out supporting harmony)
30 TALL, long	48 COLT'S TOOTH, <i>met. for</i> youth
	67 COMPTROLLERS, masters of cere- monies

### SCENE IV

(1 stage-directions) STATE, canopy	33 CURE, charge ( <i>as in</i> 'cure of souls')
12 RUNNING BANQUET, slight colla- tion	34 LET ME ALONE, 'trust me'

## Act Second

### SCENE I

54 TIPSTAVES, ushers (with staves tipped with metal)	100 PERSON, rank
74 ONLY BITTER, the only bitterness	129 RUB, obstacle
99 FURNITURE, furnishings	149 HELD NOT, did not continue

### SCENE II

2 RIDDEN, trained	99 CONCLAVE, College of Cardinals
3 FURNISH'D, equipped	106 UNPARTIAL, impartial
21 TURNS WHAT HE LIST, manages things as he likes	112 SCHOLARS ALLOW'D, scholars of repute
49 PITCH, height	128 FOREIGN, exiled
69 ESTATE, state	135 GRIP'D, grappled
74 QUIET, soother	141 ABLE, in full vigour

# KING HENRY VIII

## SCENE III

line

- 21 PERK'D UP, finely dressed,  
pranked up  
22 CONTENT, contentment  
23 HAVING, possession  
31 MINCING, prudery  
32 CHEVERIL, kid-leather, 'elastic'  
36 THREE-PENCE BOW'D, bent 3d. bit  
40 PLUCK OFF A LITTLE, come down  
a step (*i.e. duchess to countess*)  
47 EMBALLING, probably a pun on

line

- (a) physical intercourse, (b) decoration with ball as symbol of royalty  
74 CONCEIT, estimate  
85 SUIT OF, suing for  
87 COMPELL'D, forced upon one  
93 YOUR THEME, you as my subject  
97 MO, more (*Eliz. plur.*)  
103 SALUTE, quickens  
FAINTS ME, causes me faintness

## SCENE IV

- (1 stage-directions) SENNET, elaborate flourish on trumpets  
31 TO HIM DERIV'D, drawn upon him  
48 BY, for  
99 YOUR WRONG, the wrong you do me  
154 TOUCH, injury

- 156 ARE NOT TO BE TAUGHT, need not be informed  
165 SPEAK, give witness in favour of TO, on  
191 OR . . . OR, either . . . or  
198 HULLING, drifting  
207 REEK, sweat

# Act Third

## SCENE I

- 17 PRESENCE, presence-chamber  
77 FIT, *either* spasm (*i.e. brief period*), *or, perhaps*, canto or section of a poem  
85 SO DESPERATE TO BE, so foolish as to be

- 116 HABITS, clothes  
130 FONDNESS, foolishness  
SUPERSTITIOUS, idolatrously devoted

## GLOSSARY

### SCENE II

<i>line</i>	<i>line</i>
13 OUT OF, apart from	274 MATE, rival
29 PRACTICES, manœuvres	295 SACRING BELL, bell rung at elevation of the Host
48 COASTS AND HEDGES, proceeds circuitously	339 LEGATIVE, of a legate
101 HARD-RUL'D, hard to guide	340 PRÆMUNIRE, a writ directing the sheriff to arrest one who maintained the papal supremacy against the ecclesiastic supremacy of the Crown
105 FRET, chafe to breaking-point	
142 ILL HUSBAND, bad manager	
171 FILED, marched evenly with	
214 CROSS DEVIL, imp of perversity	
261 HIS, <i>objective (not subjective) genitive</i>	

## Act Fourth

### SCENE I

#### *The Order of the Coronation*

5 GARTER, Garter King-of-Arms, the chief herald of the College of Arms	6 ESSES, <i>i.e.</i> SS (a chain of office with links in form of the letter S)
68 OPPOSING, showing	8 IN HER HAIR, with her hair down
73 SHROUDS, standing rigging which supports the mast laterally	78 RAMS, battering-rams

### SCENE II

34 STOMACH, pride	94 MUSIC, band of musicians
35 SUGGESTION, false representations	LEAVE, cease
36 TIED, held down	145 CARRIAGE, behaviour

# KING HENRY VIII

## Act Fifth

### SCENE I

<i>line</i>		<i>line</i>	
7	PRIMERO, gambling card game	86	AVOID, depart from
36	GAP AND TRADE, beaten path ( <i>'trade'</i> is a variant of <i>'tread'</i> )	121	INDURANCE FURTHER, imprison- ment besides
60	FANCY, mind	135	WHEEN YOU OF, do you expect?
68	SUFFERANCE, suffering	139	FOR, to be

### SCENE II

10	PRESENTLY, immediately	24	PURSUIVANTS, heralds' attendants
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### SCENE III

11	CAPABLE OF OUR FLESH, sus- ceptible to 'the flesh'	70	SECTARY. See ll. 80, 81
22	IN THEIR HANDS, on a long rein	71	PAINTED GLOSS DISCOVERS, painted vener ( <i>when removed</i> ) discloses
24	MANAGE, 'manège,' the indica- tions (the 'aids') of the rider	146	MEANS, means

### SCENE IV

2	PARIS-GARDEN, a well-known bear-garden on the Bank-side	41	DOG-DAYS, hottest days of year
15	POWLE'S, St Paul's	43	FIRE-DRAKE, fiery dragon
24	CUCKOLD, husband of unfaithful wife	45	MORTAR-PIECE, small cannon
32	MOORFIELDS, place of exercise of train-bands	47	PINK'D PORRINGER, small round pierced toque
		49	METEOR, <i>i.e.</i> the 'fire-drake' of l. 43

## GLOSSARY

### Act V Sc. iv—continued

<i>line</i>	50 CLUBS, the cry to the prentices to share in or quell a fight	<i>line</i>	situation of disorderly houses and residence of the rabble in general
54	TO THE BROOMSTAFF, to close quarters	80	BAITING OF BOMBARDS, crowding round a large drinking-vessel like dogs at a bear-baiting
63	LIMBO PATRUM ( <i>properly the place where the just after death await Christ's coming; sometimes used vaguely for Hell, and here prison</i> )	85	MARSHALSEA, prison
71	THE SUBURBS, <i>the traditional</i>	88	CAMLET, rough material
		89	PECK, pitch PALES, paling

### SCENE V

12 GOSSIPS, godparents

| 23 SABA, the Queen of Sheba

## Epilogue

14 HOLD, hold back



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