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*The "Teaching of English" Series*

*General Editor*—SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

SHAKESPEARE'S  
KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

No. 93



ANNE BULLEN.

SHAKESPEARE'S  
KING HENRY THE  
EIGHTH

822.33  
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EDITED BY  
EVELYN SMITH, B.A.

*"The reader acts the play  
himself in the theatre of  
his own mind"*

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## GENERAL EDITOR'S PREFACE

THIS series is planned with one simple aim in view—to make the reading of Shakespeare's plays as easy and straightforward as possible.

Notes are reduced to the smallest compass. First, in order that the reader's imagination may have definite material to work with, the list of the *dramatis personæ* is followed by a suggestion of their dress and appearance; and when practicable, illustrations are given. Second, the text, which is presented without any further preliminary, is accompanied by footnotes which form a Glossary of obsolete or misleading words.

The play may therefore be read at first sight without let or hindrance—without even the delay and distraction which would be caused by turning to a later page for such merely necessary explanations. But there will be many for whom, if not at a first reading yet perhaps at a second, something further may be desirable—a bit of historical information, a paraphrase of a difficult passage, or the clearing up of a confused metaphor. To supply these, and to supply them at the right time, is the object of the brief notes placed immediately after the text.

Fourth, and last, comes a causerie in several divisions: offering, for any who are studiously inclined, a short commentary; marking the place of this particular drama in Shakespeare's career; tracing its importance in his poetic development; estimating its artistic value; and suggesting a number of other questions on which an intelligent student might reflect with pleasure.





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## THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

<p>KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.            CARDINAL WOLSEY.            CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.            CAPUCIUS, <i>Ambassador from            the Emperor Charles V.</i>            CRANMER, <i>Archbishop of            Canterbury.</i>            DUKE OF NORFOLK.            DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.            DUKE OF SUFFOLK.            EARL OF SURREY.            LORD CHAMBERLAIN.            LORD CHANCELLOR.            GARDINER, <i>King's Secre-            tary, afterwards Bishop            of Winchester.</i>            BISHOP OF LINCOLN.            LORD ABERGAVENNY.            LORD SANDS.            SIR HENRY GUILFORD.            SIR THOMAS LOVELL.            SIR ANTHONY DENNY.            SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.            Secretaries to Wolsey.            CROMWELL, <i>servant to Wol-            sey, afterwards King's            Secretary.</i>            GRIFFITH, <i>Gentleman-usher            to Queen Katharine.</i>            Gentleman of the King's.            Gentleman of the Queen's.</p>	<p>Three Gentlemen.            DOCTOR BUTIS, <i>Physician            to the King.</i>            Garter King-at-Arms.            Surveyor to the Duke of            Buckingham.            BRANDON, <i>and a Sergeant-            at-Arms.</i>            Door-keeper of the Council            Chamber.            Page to Gardiner.            A Crier.            QUEEN KATHARINE, <i>wife to            King Henry, afterwards            divorced.</i>            ANNE BULLEN, <i>her Maid            of Honour : afterwards            Queen.</i>            An Old Lady, <i>friend to            Anne Bullen.</i>            PATIENCE, <i>woman to Queen            Katharine.</i>            Several Lords and Ladies            in the dumb shows ;            Women attending upon            the Queen ; Spirits,            which appear to her ;            Scribes, Officers, Guards,            and other Attendants.</p>
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*Scene* : Chiefly in London and Westminster ; once  
 at Kimbolton, in Huntingdonshire.

*Time* : 1520-44.

## INTRODUCTION

### COSTUME OF THE PERIOD

MANY of the younger courtiers of the time liked the bizarre effect of what were called "blistered" clothes, a Swiss-German fashion which for a time strongly influenced that of France and England. Only a young and slim and handsome man could have looked well in the fantastic dress which excited the scorn of Sir Thomas Lovell—shirt cut low in the neck, and elaborately embroidered with black silk, a waistcoat no broader than a broad sash, passing straight across the body under the arms, and ending at the waist, where it was tied with coloured thongs, or "points," to the breeches, which were cut low enough to show a strip of shirt below the thongs, and which, like the sleeves, were "slittered" in such a way that puffs of shirt or hose could be pushed through the holes, with the blistered effect so desirable to the dandy of the time. The origin of fashions is always interesting: in our own time we have seen Parisiennes copying the kilt of the Scottish soldier over in France during the Great War, and the influence of Egyptian line and ornament and colouring on dress after the discovery of Tutankhamen's tomb. At the end of the fifteenth century, in 1477, the Swiss defeated the Duke of Burgundy at Nantes, and the victorious soldiers, whose clothes were all tattered and torn, cut up his banners, silk pavilions, and all the material they

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could find, and repaired their old garments or made themselves new ones; but, whether through lack of skill or insufficiency of material, these were made in such a way that their shirts still stuck out through gaps and rents. When the victorious army returned, civilians by a freak of fancy copied their clothes, and so the blistered effect came in.

With this type of dress a loose, long coat or cloak was worn, and the shoes were of the universally fashionable low-heeled and square-toed shape. Hair



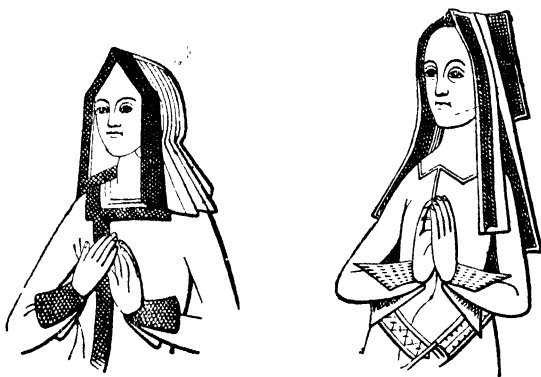
was worn long or of the "bobbed" length till about the twenties of the century—that is, short hair was becoming usual among well-dressed men at the time of the opening of the play.

The more usual and far more characteristically English fashion is that immortalized in the pictures of Holbein. The shirt was made right up to the neck, where it ended in a frill, and sometimes, as in the portraits of Henry, this frill was turned over and laced with a thin strip of linen. The "waistcoat" was a garment with detachable sleeves, a petti-cote or little coat, and was made of rich material of a colour contrasting with that of the coat. Over the petti-cote went a coat like a waisted full-skirted tunic. Still another garment was the overcoat, reaching only to the knees, but of ample breadth, with puffed sleeves often cut to the elbow, so that the rich sleeves of the petti-cote might show below them. This overcoat hung

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open in front, to display its lining and border of some rich and heavy stuff. The hose were generally of the same colour as the coat, and were drawn up well above the knee; the shoes, of course, were square-toed, and the headgear was a flat cap which admitted several variations, looking like that of a befeater, or a playing-card knave, or the biretta of a cardinal.

Women's dress was sometimes very beautiful. The most characteristic and becoming fashion is that of



an overdress of some dark and rich material, cut low and square at the neck, to show the top of a finely pleated or embroidered shift, square-cut like the dress. The wide sleeves are turned back in deep hanging cuffs to display under-sleeves of a light or brilliant colour. This colour might be repeated in a panel down the front of the gown, or in pleats at the sides. The head-dress was a development of that fashionable in the reign of Henry VII., familiar to everybody who knows a playing-card queen by sight. It was stiffened, rounded, padded, made with or without wings or ear-flaps; it is necessary to look at pictures.

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of the ladies of the court of Henry VIII. to realize its infinite variety.

Rich jewels were worn—necklaces with pendants by the women, and heavy chains and carcanets, from which often hung a single jewel of great size and beauty, by the men. Jewelled embroidery was used to adorn collars and sleeves, or to edge the gown and the coat, and sometimes the shoes were sewn with imitation jewels. The general effect of the dress of the men is often more magnificent than that of the women.

Wolsey's gentleman-usher, Cavendish, who wrote



his biography, describes him issuing forth among his suitors "apparelled all in red, in the habit of a cardinal; which was either of fine scarlet, or else of crimson satin, taffety, damask, or caffia, the best that he could get for money: and upon his head a round pillion, with a noble of black velvet set to the same in the inner side; he had also a tippet of fine sables about his neck; holding in his hand a very fair orange, whereof the meat or substance within was taken out, and filled up again with the part of a sponge, wherein was vinegar, and other confections against the pestilential airs: the which he most commonly smelt unto, passing among the press, or when he was pestered with many suitors." His

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“holy hat,” as Suffolk calls it, and the Great Seal were borne before him by two gentlemen of his household.

In the latest production of the play the angels of the vision were imagined as being like the little angels of the Italian Pre-Raphaelite painters, which you will see if you look at a book illustrating Botticelli, Fra Angelico, Fra Lippo Lippi, etc. No one can lay down the law as to what an angel should look like, but the imagination of these painters is more delightful in this respect than that of any other school. This is how the appearance of the masquers is described by Holinshed, following Cavendish: “All in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold, and crimson satin paned, and caps of the same, with visards of good physiognomy, their hair and beards either of fine gold-wire silk, or black silk.” They were accompanied by sixteen torch-bearers, and other attendants, all clothed in satin of the same colour.

### THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY AS THEY WERE IN REAL LIFE

The actual appearance of the persons of the court of Henry VIII. may be clearly imagined, as many drawings and paintings were made of them, chiefly by Holbein, and these may be seen at Windsor and in the National Portrait Gallery.\* But the well-known drawing of Henry by Holbein, and the picture after Holbein which is generally reproduced in history books, show him as he was in the early fifties; at the opening of the play he was not yet thirty, and, accord-

\* If you have access to a public reference library, or a good private one, you may have the opportunity of looking at the reproductions in the big illustrated edition of Pollard's *Henry VIII.*, or a book called *The Court of Henry VIII.*, engraved by Bartolozzi after Hans Holbein.



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ing to contemporary accounts, an extraordinarily handsome man, tall and well made, with a fair, bright complexion, auburn hair combed straight and short in the French fashion, and a face described as "angelic rather than handsome," and "so beautiful that it would become a pretty woman." Even when considerable allowance has been made for over-enthusiastic description of royalty there can be no doubt that the Henry of this time was very different from the bloated and corpulent monarch of the later portraits. He was a skilled athlete: he drew the bow with greater strength than any man in England; he was an excellent horseman and jousted "marvellously." He was a scholar, a linguist, a poet, and a musician. He played the lute and the harpsichord well, and he composed—one of his anthems, "O Lord, the maker of all things," is sometimes given in a cathedral service to-day. Shakespeare does not call attention to the king's versatility: the praise of Henry V. in Act I., Scene i., of that play might have been written of Henry VIII.

Queen Katharine has been described as "rather ugly," an unfair description, judging from her portrait, which was painted four or five years before the opening of the play. But the contemporary who calls her "rather ugly than otherwise," and says she is "of low stature and rather stout," adds praise of her popularity, saying that she is "more beloved by the islanders than any queen that has ever reigned." She was a woman of character and learning; her extraordinary resolution in upholding her rights to the very end belies the plea of weakness she often makes in the play. But strength of purpose was of little avail in the network of policy which from the very beginning of her sojourn in England tangled itself about the life of the unhappy queen. Only for the first few years of her married life with Henry did she enjoy the rights and privileges of her position.

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Her first marriage with Arthur, Henry's elder brother, was ended by the death of her boy husband while still in his sixteenth year, and arrangements for her betrothal to Henry were delayed by political intriguing between England and Spain, during which Henry VII. did not scruple to make every use of the fact that the Spanish princess was in his country and in his power to gain his own ends. In a letter to her father, the girl complained of the unkindness of the English king. But after the death of Henry VII., during her early married life with Henry VIII., she found full scope for her gifts, and was for a time a happy woman. She showed the interest in and capacity for handling affairs of state that is suggested when she intercedes with Henry on behalf of his overtaxed subjects in I. ii. of the play; during her husband's invasion of France she was made regent, and when trouble with Scotland developed, she put herself at the head of the English troops, and was riding north when news came of the defeat of the Scots at Flodden and the end of the campaign. Such trust and power belonged to the queen, and there was gaiety in her life, too: one of the most charming accounts of the "merrie England" of old tells how Henry and Katharine rode a-Maying from Greenwich to Shooter's Hill, where they were entertained by a company of archers disguised as Robin Hood and his men.

But this time of power and happiness was not to endure, and again the queen became victim of considerations of state. The process of her downfall is told in the play, where, however, it appears due to the caprice of Henry rather than to his settled desire for a male heir to the throne. It must be remembered that he was anxious to establish the power of his line; that five of Katharine's children, two of whom were boys, had died, Princess Mary being the sole survivor; and that he was not alone in regarding this as a punishment for the union with his brother's

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wife, forbidden in Deuteronomy. None ~~the~~ less, the annulling of the marriage was a tragedy for the queen, and she strove against it with determination and courage, refusing to swear to the Act of Succession which declared her marriage null and Anne's child heir to the throne, even when she was threatened with death if she persisted in her disobedience to the king's will. In her last illness she dictated a letter to Henry, as she is described as doing in the play, ending with the apparently genuine declaration, "I vow mine eyes desire you above all things."

Anne Bullen has been described as ugly by her enemies. In Holbein's drawing at Windsor she is not beautiful, with her rather full lower lip and hint of a double chin, and his finished portrait does not show the charm of another by an unknown artist, in which the dark eyes, delicate brows, and expression at once lively and demure suggest the Anne who captivated Henry and the poet \* who knew his love for her was hopeless—

" There is written her fair neck round about  
*Noli me tangere* ; for Cæsar's I am,  
And wild for to hold, though I seem tame."

The play tells of Wolsey's power and his fall, and his good qualities are very fairly given in Griffith's description of him to Katharine. He was a man in whom everything was on a large scale—pride, arrogance, love of display, energy, force, and diplomatic and political ability. The Venetian ambassador thus describes him : " He is very handsome, learned, extremely eloquent, of vast ability and indefatigable. He alone transacts the business which occupies all the magistrates and councils of Venice, both civil and criminal ; and all state affairs are managed by him, let their nature be what it may. He is grave, and

\* Sir Thomas Wyatt.

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has the reputation of being extremely just ; he favours the people exceedingly, and especially the poor, hearing their suits and seeking to dispatch them instantly." With this picture of the "proudest prelate that ever breathed" may be contrasted the French ambassador's of him after he was prosecuted under the Statute of Præmunire and forced to give up the Seal: "His face is dwindled to half its natural size. In truth his misery is such that his enemies, Englishmen as they are, cannot help pitying him." He gained his ascendancy in the first years of Henry's reign, before the young king had deeply interested himself in affairs of state, and so complete did it become that the Venetian ambassador says that he had to make proposals to the cardinal first, lest he should resent the precedence conceded to the king.

Cranmer comes rather suddenly into the play. In 1529, while he was a lecturer and examiner in divinity at Cambridge, plague broke out in the town, and he went to stay with two of his pupils, who were related to him, at their home in Essex. The king happened to be in the neighbourhood, and two of his counsellors, one of whom was Gardiner, were staying with Cranmer's host. Conversation naturally veered towards the royal divorce, and Cranmer expressed his opinion as to how it could be achieved without an appeal to Rome. This was reported to Henry, who, in high delight, exclaimed, "I will speak to him. Let him be sent for out of hand. This man, I trow, has got the right sow by the ear." This was the beginning of the rise of Cranmer, a rise for which he had no particular ambition, and which proved fatal to him ; for, when Mary the daughter of Katharine succeeded to the throne, and Roman Catholicism was again declared the national faith, he was accused of heresy, and, having renounced the recantations he had been persuaded to make against his work in the Reformation, he was burnt at the stake. His character

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as "a man that delighted not in revenging" is emphasized by Shakespeare; his part in the play does not allow a full analysis of the strange blend of strength and weakness, moral force and moral cowardice, wisdom and folly, that appeared in the man. Such contradictions are of course brought sharply into light at a time of violent upheaval, and Cranmer had the faculty of seeing both sides of a question, which sometimes appears as weakness. The expression of controlled perplexity in the portrait by Fliccius, in the National Portrait Gallery, admirably suggests the character as it is revealed by history.

Other portraits show the nobles of England as they were at the time of the play—Brandon, Earl of Suffolk, bright-eyed and big-nosed, with fine hair and beard; Howard, Earl of Surrey, third Duke of Norfolk, with his rather sensitive troubled face and dark eyes; and one of Holbein's most famous paintings is that of Thomas Cromwell, with his shrewd eyes and long upper lip, an efficient servant of power and his own cause. Cromwell, of whom it has been said, "no man was more completely blighted by the sixteenth-century worship of the state," and Gardiner, strong and unscrupulous, a supporter of the old faith of Rome and a friend to the new learning of the Renaissance, are both typical of their period, and though their part in Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.* is necessarily not a big one, they are conspicuous figures in the history of the time.

Shakespeare makes a few changes in historical events (see pages 33, 115), and in the identity and behaviour of the historical persons of the play. The Duke of Norfolk was really appointed Lord High Steward for the trial of Buckingham on the charge of treason. Buckingham was his friend; his son had married Buckingham's daughter; he gave sentence against him with tears running down his cheeks; he

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was rewarded by a grant of manors from the confiscated estates of the condemned man. The whole episode is characteristic of the spirit of the time. Shakespeare avoids any reference to Norfolk's part in the trial. This Norfolk died in 1524, and his son, Surrey, became Norfolk, and would have held this title in Act III. where he appears as Surrey. He did much of what his father is represented as doing—it was he who, with Suffolk, demanded the surrender of the Great Seal. Three nobles in succession held the office of Lord Chamberlain during the time of the play; Shakespeare naturally represents it as held by one man. It was not Charles Knyvet or Knevet, his surveyor, but Robert Gilbert, his chancellor, who betrayed Buckingham. The proper name of Griffith was Griffin Richardes. These points are, however, of no great importance.

### HISTORICAL EVENTS OF THE PERIOD OF THE PLAY

Before the opening of the play.

- 1501. Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII., marries Katharine of Aragon.
- 1502. Death of Arthur.
- 1507-1509. Wolsey made chaplain to Henry VII., and employed in diplomatic work, in which he is so successful that the king gives him various preferments, culminating in his appointment to the Deanery of Lincoln.
- 1509. Henry VIII. succeeds to the throne, and marries Katharine. Wolsey is made his almoner.
- 1511. Wolsey becomes Privy Councillor.
- 1512. War with France and Scotland.
- 1514. Peace negotiations successfully conducted by Wolsey, who brings about the marriage between

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- Louis XII. of France and Henry's sister, Mary Tudor. He becomes Bishop of Lincoln and Archbishop of York.
1515. Wolsey made Cardinal by the Pope, and Chancellor by the king.
1518. Wolsey becomes Papal Legate.
1519. Charles V.\* becomes Emperor, and both he and his rival, Francis I. of France, are anxious for an alliance with England.
1520. The Field of the Cloth of Gold. Wolsey plays a double game with the king and the Emperor—he wants the support of Charles V. in his candidature for the Papacy, and yet pretends friendship with France.
1521. Arraignment and execution of Buckingham. War between France and Germany. Secret league at Calais between the Pope, the Emperor, and Henry.
1522. War with France.
1527. Henry becomes acquainted with Anne Bullen. He begins to express doubts as to the validity of his marriage with Katharine.
1528. Cardinal Campeggio arrives in England. Wolsey involves England in a brief and disastrous war with Charles.
1529. The Emperor and the King of France make peace without consulting England. Court at Blackfriars to try divorce case. Return of Campeggio to Rome. Wolsey deprived of the Great Seal. Sir Thomas More made Lord Chancellor. Cranmer begins to work for the divorce.
1530. Wolsey pardoned, but afterwards arrested for

\* Charles was King of Spain, Sicily, Naples, and Sardinia, Lord of the Netherlands, the county of Burgundy, and the Austrian archduchies; he had the New World and its resources at his command, and when he became King of Germany he gained the imperial crown. He was the most important ruler of the time.

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- ~~High~~ treason. He dies at Leicester Abbey on his way to the Tower.
1532. Anne made Marchioness of Pembroke.
1533. Cranmer made Archbishop of Canterbury. Nullity of Henry's marriage with Katharine declared. Coronation of Anne. Birth and christening of Elizabeth.
1536. Death of Katharine.
1544. Cranmer called before the Council.

Important event not mentioned in the play.

1534. Papal supremacy abolished in England : Henry declared to be "the only Supreme Head on earth of the Church of England."





THE FAMOUS HISTORY  
OF THE LIFE OF  
KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

PROLOGUE

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

*Sad*, Grave.

*Working*, *i.e.* Working on the feelings of the audience.

*Targets*, Shields.

*Guarded with yellow*, Trimmed with yellow. (See page 156.)

## PROLOGUE

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

*Happiest, Most favourable.*

## ACT I

## SCENE I

*London. An antechamber in the palace of Bridewell. This room is one in the old castle, which had stood near the Fleet ditch and the well of St. Bride since the time of William the Conqueror. The windows are narrow and deep-set; the walls hung with tapestry; the floor strewn with rushes. There is little furniture: an oaken bench, and one or two stools. A few years later Henry built "a stately and beautiful house" at Bridewell, and it is in this that the events of Acts II. and III., with the exception of the Blackfriars scene, take place. Edward VI. gave Bridewell to the City of London as a workhouse and house of correction. Most of its buildings were burnt down in the Great Fire of 1666.*

*[Enter, on one side, the Duke of Norfolk; on the other, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.]*

*Buck.* Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done,

Since last we saw in France?

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

*Buck.* An untimely ague  
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when  
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,

*Two lights of men, Henry VIII. of England and Francis I. of France.*

Met in the vale of Andren.

*Norf.* 'Twi'x Guynes and Arde :  
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback ;  
Beheld them when they 'lighted, how they clung  
In their embracement, as they grew together ;  
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have  
weigh'd

Such a compounded one ?

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

*Norf.* Then you lost  
The view of earthly glory : men might say,  
Till this time pomp was single, but now married  
To one above itself. Each following day  
Became the next day's master, till the last  
Made former wonders its. To-day the French,  
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,  
Shone down the English ; and, to-morrow, they  
Made Britain India : every man that stood  
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were  
As cherubins, all gilt : the madams too,  
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
The pride upon them, that their very labour  
Was to them as a painting : now this 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,  
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

*Andren, Guynes, Ardres, Guines,* towns in Picardy ; the first be-  
longed to the French, the second to the English.

*Clinquant,* Glittering with gold lace.

*India.* The idea of vast wealth in India was becoming common in  
Elizabethan England.

*Their very labour,* The toil of bearing so much finery on them.

*As a painting,* Their cheeks became flushed with the exertion.

*Masque.* See page 150.

*Censure,* Judgment.

(For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challenged  
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
Beyond nought's compass; that former fabulous  
story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit,  
That Bevis was believ'd.

*Buck.* O, you go far.

*Norf.* As I belong to worship, and affect  
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing  
Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;  
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;  
Order gave each thing view; the office did  
Distinctly his full function.

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

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

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

*Norf.* All this was order'd by the good discretion  
Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

*Buck.* 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,

*Bevis*, Bevis of Southampton, who does wonderful deeds in the old  
romances. On one occasion he is said to have killed a hundred  
men.

*Worship*, Nobility. *Affect*, Pretend to, lay claim to.

*In honour*, Out of consideration of my honourable position.

*Tract*, Course.

*Disposing*, Orderly arrangement. *Rebell'd*, Interfered with.

*Office*, Officers in charge. *Certes*, Certainly.

*Promises no element*, Whom you would not naturally expect to take  
such a part.

*Fierce*, Wild, extravagant.

*Keech*, Lump of fat. The sneer is at Wolsey's massive proportions,  
and at his origin—the butcher's son.

And keep it from the earth.

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

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

*Buck.* Why the devil,  
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,  
Without the privy o' the king, to appoint  
Who should attend on him ? He makes up the file  
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 in him he papers.

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

*Buck.* O, many  
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em

*Is a niggard*, Which is not likely when it comes to giving out sins,  
such as pride. *Privy*, Private knowledge.

*He papers, i.e.* (whom) he papers, registers by writing his name on  
paper—without the consent of the royal council.

*Sicken'd*, Weakened, made poor.

*Manors*, Sold for their worth in magnificent clothes, etc.

For this great journey. What did this vanity  
But minister communication of  
A most poor issue ?

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

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

*Norf.* Which is budded out ;  
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd  
Our merchants' goods at Bordeaux.

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

*Norf.* Marry, is 't.

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

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

*Norf.* Like it your grace,  
The state takes notice of the private difference  
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you  
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you  
Honour and plenteous safety), that you read  
The cardinal's malice and his potency  
Together : to consider further that

*Minister communication.* See Holinshed, " He knew not for what cause so much money should be spent about the sight of a vain talk to be had, and communication to be ministered of things of no importance."

*Hideous storm,* On Monday, 18th June, interrupting the tournament. *Aboded, Boded,* gave warning of.

*Flaw'd,* Cracked, broken. *Attach'd,* Seized.

*Ambassador,* Denis Polliot, commanded to remain at home in silence. *Marry,* A mild oath, (by) Mary.

*Proper,* Fine. *Superfluous rate,* Far too high a price. *Read,* Consider.

*Like it,* May it please.



What his high hatred would effect wants not  
 A minister in his power. You know his nature,  
 That he's revengeful ; and I know his sword  
 Hath a sharp edge : it's long, and 't may be said  
 It reaches far ; and where 'twill not extend,  
 Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel ;  
 You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock  
 That I advise your shunning.

[*Enter Cardinal Wolsey (the purse borne before him), certain of the guard, and two secretaries with papers. 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 ?

*First Sec.* Here, so please you.

*Wol.* Is he in person ready ?

*First Sec.* Ay, please your grace.

*Wol.* Well, we shall then know more ; and Bucking-  
 ham

Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt Cardinal and Train.*]

*Buck.* This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I  
 Have not the power to muzzle him ; therefore best  
 Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book  
 Out-worths a noble's blood.

*Norf.* What, are you chaf'd ?  
 Ask God for temperance ; that's the appliance only  
 Which your disease requires.

*Buck.* I read in 's looks  
 Matter against me ; and his eye revil'd  
 Me, as his abject object : at this instant

*Minister, Servant, agent.*

*Bosom up, Think over in private.*

*Purse, An emblem of his office as Lord High Chancellor, which included among its duties those now belonging to the Exchequer.*

*Surveyor, Steward (Charles Knyvet, Buckingham's cousin).*

*Book, Learning.*

*Temperance, Moderation, patience.*

*Appliance, Application, remedy.*

KING HENRY VIII

[ACT I, SCENE I

He bores me with some trick : he's gone to the king ;  
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

*Norf.* Stay, my lord,  
And let your reason with your choler question  
What 'tis you go about : to climb steep hills  
Requires slow pace at first : anger is like  
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,  
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England  
Can advise me like you : be to yourself  
As you would to your friend.

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

*Norf.* Be advis'd ;  
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
That it do singe yourself : we may outrun,  
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,  
And lose by over-running. Know you not,  
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,  
In seeming to augment it wastes it ? Be advis'd :  
I say again, there is no English soul  
More stronger to direct you than yourself,  
If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

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

*Norf.* Say not, treasonous.

*Bores*, Deceives (connected with O.F. *bourder*, to lie), or, perhaps, injures (as by boring or countermining).

*Self-mettle*, His own high spirits.

*Prescription*, Orders, advice.

*Motions*, Motives.

*Be advis'd*, Consider, reflect.

*Gall*, Spleen. (See page 158.)

*Intelligence*, Information.

*Buck.* To the king I'll say 't ; and make my voice  
 as strong  
 As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,  
 Or wolf, or both,—for he is equal ravenous  
 As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief  
 As able to perform 't ; his mind and place  
 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 rinsing.

*Norf.* Faith, and so it did.

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

*Suggests,* Incites, tempts.

*Charles,* Charles V., Emperor of Germany : his mother, Joanna, was  
 sister of Katharine of Aragon.

*Colour,* Pretext.

*Combination,* Meeting.

*Amity,* Friendship.

And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know  
 soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal  
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,  
 And for his own advantage.

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

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

[*Enter Brandon ; a Sergeant-at-arms before him, and  
 two or three of the Guard.*]

*Bran.* Your office, sergant ; execute it.

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

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

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

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

*Bran.* Nay, he must bear you company.—**The King**  
 [To *Abergavenny*]  
 Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know

*Brandon*, Buckingham was really arrested by Marney, captain of  
 the King's Guard.

*Hereford*, Pronounced as a dissyllable.

*Practice*, Plot.

How he determines further.

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

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

*Buck.* So, so;  
These are the limbs o' the plot:—no more, I hope?

*Bran.* A monk o' the Chartreux.

*Buck.* O, Nicholas Hopkins?

*Bran.* He.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II

*The council-chamber in the palace. On a dais stands a state seat, with the ends richly carved, and the back hung with a "cloth of state."*

[*Cornets. Enter King Henry, Cardinal Wolsey, the Lords of the Council, Sir Thomas Lovell, Officers, and Attendants. The King enters leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.*]

*K. Hen.* My life itself, and the best heart of it,  
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level  
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks  
To you that choked it.—Let be call'd before us  
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person

*Attach, Arrest.*

*Confederacy, Plot.*

*Level, Direct aim.*

I'll hear him his confessions justify ;  
 And point by point the treasons of his master  
 He shall again relate.

*[The King takes his state. The Lords of the Council take their several places. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.*

*A noise without, crying "Room for the Queen." Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk : she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.]*

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

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

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

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

*K. Hen.* Lady mine, proceed.

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

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks  
 The sides of loyalty, and almost appears

*State*, A state seat, a throne with a canopy.

*Moiety*, Half.

*Solicited*, Informed by petitioners.

*Repeat*, State.

*Flaw'd*, Broken.

In loud rebellion.

*Norf.* Not almost appears,—  
It doth appear ; for, upon these taxations,  
The clothiers all, not able to maintain  
The many to them 'longing, have put off  
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,  
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger  
And lack of other means, in desperate manner  
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,  
And danger serves among them.

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

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

*Q. Kath.* No, my lord,  
You know no more than others : but you frame  
Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome  
To those which would not know them, and yet must  
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,  
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are  
Most pestilent to the hearing ; and, to bear 'em,  
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say  
They are devis'd by you ; or else you suffer  
Too hard an exclamation.

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

*Q. Kath.* I am much too venturous  
In tempting of your patience ; but am bolden'd

*Spinsters*, Women spinners.

*Carders*, Those who comb out wool or flax with an implement called  
a *card*.

*Fullers*, Those who *full*, *i.e.* press, clean, and thicken cloth.

*Tell*, Count.

*Exclamation*, Outcry, reproach.

*Still*, Always.

## KING HENRY VIII

[ACT I, SCENE II

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  
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.

*K. Ken.*

By my life,

This is against our pleasure.

*Wol.*

And for me,

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

*Allgiance*, Pronounce four syllables.*Brake*, Thicket.*Censurers*, Judges, critics.*A single voice*, My one vote.*Cope*, Encounter.*Allow'd*, Approved.



State-statues only.

*K. Hen.* Things done well,  
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;  
 Things done without example, in their issue  
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
 Of this commission ? I believe, not any.  
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each ?  
 A trembling contribution ! Why, we take,  
 From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber ;  
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,  
 The air will drink the sap. To every county  
 Where this is question'd send our letters, with  
 Free pardon to each man that has denied  
 The force of this commission : pray, look to 't :  
 I put it to your care.

*Wol.* A word with you. [*To the Secretary.*]  
 Let there be letters writ to every shire,  
 Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd com-  
 mons

Hardly conceive of me ; let it be nois'd,  
 That through our intercession this revokement  
 And pardon comes : I shall anon advise you  
 Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*]

[*Enter Surveyor.*]

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

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

*Trembling*, Enough to make the contributor tremble with weakness  
 —the metaphor in the following lines describes the sapping of  
 his strength.

*Question'd*, Disputed.

*Hardly*, Harshly.

*Revokement*, Withdrawal (of the tax).

*Bound*, indebted (he has so many natural virtues).

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

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

*K. Hen.* Speak freely.

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

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

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

*K. Hen.* Speak on :

*Well dispos'd,* Used to a good purpose.

*Infect, Taint.*

*Carry it so,* Manage it in such a way as to——

*Not friended by his wish,* Even if his wish (that the king should die  
 without an heir) is not fulfilled.

*Deliver,* Recount.

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

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

*K. Hen.* What was that Hopkins?

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

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

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

*Q. Kath.* If I know you well,  
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office  
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed

*Rose,* The manor of the Red Rose, belonging to Buckingham, later  
the site of Merchant Taylors' school.

*Presently,* At once.

*Doubted,* Feared.

*Verity,* Truth.

*Demure,* Sober, solemn.

You charge not in your spleen a noble person,  
And spoil your nobler soul ! I say, take heed ;  
Yes, heartily beseech you.

*K. Hen.* Let him on.—  
Go forward.

*Surv.* On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions  
The monk might be deceiv'd ; and that 'twas danger-  
ous

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

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

*Surv.* I can, my liege.

*K. Hen.* Proceed.

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

*K. Hen.* I remember  
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 com-  
mitted,  
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."

*K. Hen.* A giant traitor !

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

*Q. Kath.* God mend all !

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

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

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,  
Another spread on '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.

*K. 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 ! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III

*A room in the palace.*

[*Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands.*]

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

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

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

*Period, End and aim.*

*Mysteries, Weird and wonderful fashions.*

*Pepin, Clotharius, Founders of two ancient lines of French kings.*

*Present, Instant.*

*Shrewd, Clever.*

## KING HENRY VIII

[ACT I, SCENE iii]

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

*Cham.* 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.

*Cham.* What is 't for ?

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

*Cham.* I'm glad 'tis there : now I would pray our  
monsieurs

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

*Lov.* They must either  
(For so run the conditions) leave 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,  
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,  
And understand again like honest men,  
Or pack to their old playfellows ; there, I take it,  
They may, " cum privilegio," wear away  
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

*Sands.* 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases

*Spavin, springhalt,* Two diseases of horses, both affecting the gait  
of the animal. *Louvre,* Palace of the French king.

*Tall stockings, etc.* See page 11. *Types, Signs.*

*Cum privilegio,* With privilege, without any interference.

Are grown so catching.

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

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

*Sands.* I hate their fiddling ! 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Sands.* He may, my lord,—has wherewithal ; in  
him  
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine :  
Men of his way should be most liberal,

## KING HENRY VIII

[ACT I, SCENE IV

They are set here for examples.

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

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

## SCENE IV

*London. A hall in York Place.*

[*Hautboys.* A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Enter, on one side, Anne Bullen, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests ; on the other, Sir Henry Guilford.

*York Place was the palace which, after the fall of Wolsey, was taken over by Henry, enlarged and improved to meet the royal needs, and renamed Whitehall. The hall in which Wolsey's banquet is held would not be that in which so many of Shakespeare's plays were acted before Queen Elizabeth, as the latter was specially built as a "banqueting house" in 1581. It is an apartment of the mediæval type of architecture, with tall arched windows of stained glass, and high vaulted ceiling. At one end is a dais on which is set the small table for the Cardinal. The walls are hung with cloth of gold and silver and "baudkin," stuff made partly of silk and partly of gold. The tables are set magnificently, with perfumed cloths and plate of silver and gold, some of which is further enriched with pearl and precious*

*Comptrollers, Stewards, masters of the ceremonies.*



*stones. The Cardinal's attendants are clad in coats of fine scarlet, guarded with black velvet a hand broad. Like every banquet at York Place, all is set forth "in so gorgeous a sort, and costly manner, that it is a heaven to behold."*]

*Guil.* 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 the 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.

*Cham.* You are young, Sir Harry Guilford.

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

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

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

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

*Sands.* By my faith,

KING HENRY VIII

[ACT I, SCENE IV

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

[*Sets himself between Anne Bullen and another lady*]  
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;  
I had it from my father.

*Anne.* Was he mad, sir ?

*Sands.* O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too :  
But he would bite none ; just as I do now,—  
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*]

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

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

[*Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey attended, and takes his state.*]

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

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

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

*Sands.* The red wine first must rise  
In their fair checks, my lord ; then we shall have 'em  
Talk us to silence.

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

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

[*Drum and trumpets ; chambers discharged without.*]

*Chambers,* Small pieces of ordnance used for firing salutes, but not for war.

*Wol.* What's that ?

*Cham.* Look out there, some of ye.

[*Exit a Servant.*]

*Wol.* What warlike voice,

And to what end, is this ?—Nay, ladies, fear not ;

By all the laws of war you're privileg'd.

[*Re-enter Servant.*]

*Cham.* How now ! what is 't ?

*Serv.* 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

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

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

You have now a broken banquet ; but we'll mend it.

A good digestion to you all ; and, once more

I shower a welcome on ye ;—welcome all !

[*Hautboys. Enter 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 ?

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

To tell your grace ;—That, having heard by fame

Of this so noble and so fair assembly

This night to meet here, they could do no less,

Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,

But leave their flocks ; and, under your fair conduct,

Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat  
An hour of revels with them.

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

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses  
Anne Bullen.*]

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

*Wol.* My lord,—

*Cham.* Your grace ?

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

*Cham.* I will, my lord.

[*Whispers the Masquers.*]

*Wol.* What say they ?

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

*Wol.*

Let me see, then.—

[*Comes from his state.*]

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

*K. Hen.* You have found him, cardinal :

[*Unmasking*]

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

*Wol.*

I am glad

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

*K. Hen.*

My lord chamberlain,

*Unhappily, Unfavourably.* (See page 123.)

Pr'ythee, come hither : what fair lady's that ?

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

The Viscount Rochford,—one of her highness' women.

*K. Hen.* By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet-heart,

I were unmannerly, to take you out,  
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen !

Let it go round.

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

*Lov.* Yes, my lord.

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

*K. Hen.* I fear, too much.

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

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

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

[*Exeunt with trumpets.*]

*A measure*, A stately dance. (See page 152.)  
*Knock it*, Strike up.

## ACT II

## SCENE I

*A street in Westminster. between Westminster Hall, where Buckingham has been tried, and the river, where, at the foot of a flight of steps, his barge awaits him. The houses are of wood, with gables; the street is paved with cobbles.*

[Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.]

*First Gent.* Whither away so fast?

*Sec. Gent.* O,—God save you!  
E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become  
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

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

*Sec. Gent.* Were you there?

*First Gent.* Yes, indeed was I.

*Sec. Gent.* Pray speak what has happen'd?

*First Gent.* You may guess quickly what.

*Sec. Gent.* Is he found guilty?

*First Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon 't.

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

*First Gent.* So are a number more.

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

*First Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke  
Came to the bar; where to his accusations

*Hall,* Westminster Hall (built by William Rufus), where state trials were held.

*Bar,* In the old Westminster Hall a wooden bar separated the prisoner from the rest of the court.

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

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

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

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

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

*Sec. Gent.* I do not think he fears death.

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

*Sec. Gent.* Certainly  
 The cardinal is the end of this.

*First Gent.* 'Tis likely,

*Alleg'd,* Brought forward.

*Sharp reasons,* Acute arguments.

*Attorney,* Advocate, pleader.

*Vivâ voce* (literally, *with the living voice*), To give evidence in his  
 hearing.

*Fain,* Gladly.

*Peers,* Equals.

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.

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

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

*Sec. Gent.* All the commons  
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,  
Wish him ten fathom deep ; this duke as much  
They love and dote on ; call him bounteous Bucking-  
ham,  
The mirror of all courtesy,—

*First Gent.* 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 ; with him, Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands, and common people.*]

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

*Buck.* All good people,  
You that thus far have come to pity me,  
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.  
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,

*Attainder*, Impeachment (properly, loss of civil rights by parliamentary vote). *State*, Statecraft.

*Envious*, Malicious.

*Requite*, Reward.

*Perniciously*, Dangerously, so intensely that they could do him any kind of harm.

*Mirror of all courtesy*, All the good qualities of courtesy are reflected in him as in a mirror.

*Arraignment*, Condemnation.

*Tipstaves*, Officers bearing weapons tipped with metal.

*Halberd*, A long-handled weapon with a head like spear and axe head combined.



And by that name must die ; yet, heaven bear  
witness—

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

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

*Buck.* Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you  
As I would be forgiven : I forgive all ;  
There cannot be those numberless offences  
'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with : no black  
envy

Shall mark my grave.—Commend me to his grace ;  
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him  
You met him half in heaven : my vows and prayers  
Yet are the king's ; and, till my soul forsake,  
Shall cry for blessings on him : may he live  
Longer than I have time to tell his years !  
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be ;

*Premises, The matter set before it, the evidence against me.  
Tell, Count.*

KING HENRY VIII

[ACT II, SCENE I

And, when old time shall lead him to his end,  
Goodness and he fill up one monument !

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

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

*Buck.* Nay, Sir Nicholas,  
Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.  
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,  
And Duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward  
Bohun :

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it ;  
And with that blood will make '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,  
And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !  
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying  
My father's loss, like a most loyal prince  
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,  
Made my name once more noble. Now his son  
Henry, the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all  
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken  
For ever from the world. I had my trial,  
And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes  
me

A little happier than my wretched father :  
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both  
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most ;  
A most unnatural and faithless service !  
Heaven has an end in all : yet, you that hear me,  
This from a dying man receive as certain :—

Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,  
 Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make friends  
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
 Like water from ye, never found again  
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,  
 Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye ; the last hour  
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.  
 Farewell : and when you would say something that  
 is sad,

Speak how I fell.—I have done ; and God forgive  
 me ! [*Exeunt Buckingham and Train.*]

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

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

*First Gent.* Good angels keep it from us !  
 What may it be ? you do not doubt my faith, sir ?

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

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

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

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

*Sec. Gent.* But that slander, sir,  
 Is found a truth now : for it grows again

*Rub, Impediment.* (See page 158.)

*Buzzing, Whispered rumour.*

*Allay, Still.*

Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain  
 The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,  
 Or some about him near, have, out of malice  
 To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple  
 That will undo her : to confirm this too,  
 Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately ;  
 As all think, for this business.

*First Gent.* '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.

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

*First Gent.* 'Tis woeful.  
 We are too open here to argue this ;  
 Let's think in private more. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II

*An antechamber in the King's new palace at Bridewell. The walls are panelled ; the ceiling is patterned with raised plaster mouldings, ornamented with the Tudor rose. The recess within which the King sits reading is curtained off with a " painted cloth " on which is depicted the subject of some favourite classical legend.*

[Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.]

*Cham.* " MY LORD—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's,

*Purpos'd, Plotted.*

by commission and main power, took 'em from me ; with this reason,—His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king ; which stopped our mouths, sir."

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

[*Enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.*]

*Norf.* Well met, my lord chamberlain.

*Cham.* Good day to both your graces.

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

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

*Norf.* What's the cause ?

*Cham.* It seems the marriage with his brother's  
wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

*Suf.* No, his conscience

Has crept too near another lady.

*Norf.* 'Tis so ;

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

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

*Norf.* How holily he works in all his business !  
And with what zeal ! for, now he has crack'd the  
league

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

He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters  
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,  
Fears, and despairs,—and all these for his marriage :  
And out of all these to restore the king,  
He counsels a divorce ; a loss of her,  
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years

KING HENRY VIII

[ACT II, SCENE II

About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;  
Of her that loves him with that excellence  
That angels love good men with ; even of her  
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,  
Will bless the king : and is not this course pious ?

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

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

*Suf.* And free us from his slavery.

*Norf.* We had need pray,  
And heartily, for our deliverance ;  
Or this imperious man will work us all  
From princes into pages : all men's honours  
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd  
Into what pitch he please.

*Suf.* For me, my lords,  
I love him not, nor fear him ; there's my creed :  
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,  
If the king please ; his curses and his blessings  
Touch me alike, they'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.

*Norf.* Let's in ;  
And with some other business put the king  
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon  
him :—

My lord, you'll bear us company ?

*Cham.* Excuse me ;

*French king's sister*, The Duchess of Alençon, sister of Francis I.  
Holinshed attributes this political motive to Wolsey.

*Pitch*, Height, high rank. (See page 157.)

*Creed*, Statement of belief.

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

*Norf.* Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.  
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

[*Norfolk opens a folding-door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*]

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

*K. Hen.* Who's there, ha ?

*Norf.* Pray God he be not angry.

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

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I, ha ?

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

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

[*Enter Wolsey and Campeius.*]

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

The quiet of my wounded conscience,  
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,

[*To Campeius*]

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom ;  
Use us and it.—My good lord, have great care  
I be not found a talker.

[*To Wolsey.*]

*Wol.* Sir, you cannot.

I would your grace would give us but an hour  
Of private conference.

*K. Hen.* We are busy ; go.

[*To Norfolk and Suffolk.*]

*Estate, State.*

*Have great care . . . talker,* See to it that my welcome does not  
end with mere words.

KING HENRY VIII

[ACT II, SCENE II

<i>Norf.</i> This priest has no pride in him ?	} [ <i>Aside to each other.</i> ]
<i>Suf.</i> Not to speak of ;	
I would not be so sick though for his place :	
But this cannot continue.	
<i>Norf.</i> If it do,	
I'll venture one have-at-him.	}
<i>Suf.</i> 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,  
 The trial just and noble. All the clerks,  
 I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,  
 Have their free voices :—Rome, the nurse of judgment,  
 Invited by your noble self, hath sent  
 One general tongue unto us, this good man,  
 This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius,—  
 Whom once more I present unto your highness.

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

*Cam.* Your grace must needs deserve all strangers'  
 loves,  
 You are so noble. To your highness' hand  
 I tender my commission ;—by whose virtue  
 (The court of Rome commanding) you, my lord

*Have-at-him, Attack.* "Have at you!" was a phrase often used  
 by swordsmen when making a bold and desperate attack.

*Clerks, Originally clergymen, then men of learning.*

*Have their free voices, Are free to express their opinions as they will.*

*Holy conclave, The College of Cardinals, which meets in Rome to  
 elect the Pope and transact various ecclesiastical business.*

*Tender, Offer, give.*



Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant  
In the impartial judging of this business.

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

Forthwith for what you come.—Where's Gardiner ?

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

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

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

[*Re-enter Wolsey with Gardiner.*]

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

*Gard.* [*Aside to Wol.*] But to be commanded  
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

*K. Hen.* Come hither, Gardiner.

[*They converse apart.*]

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

*Wol.* Yes, he was.

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

*Wol.* Yes, surely.

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

*Wol.* How! of me ?

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

*Doctor Pace*, Vicar of Stepney and Dean of St. Paul's, etc. *Wolsey*,  
fearing lest he should gain too much favour with the king,  
contrived that he should constantly be sent out of the country  
on embassies. *Still, Ever.*

## KING HENRY VIII

[ACT II, SCENE iii]

That he ran mad, and died.

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

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

[*Exit Gardiner.*]

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

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III

*An antechamber in the Queen's apartments. In general design this resembles that of Scene ii.*

[*Enter Anne Bullen and an old Lady.*]

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

His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she  
So good a lady that no tongue could ever  
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,  
She never knew harm-doing—O, now, after  
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,  
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which  
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than  
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process

*Modesty, In temperate language, in a tactful way.*

To give her the *avaunt* ! it is a pity  
Would move a monster.

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

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

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

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

*Old L.* Our content  
Is our best having.

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

*Old L.* I think you would,  
For all this spice of your hypocrisy :  
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,  
Have too a woman's heart ; which ever yet  
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty ;  
Which, to say sooth, are blessings ; and which gifts  
(Saving your mincing) the capacity  
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,  
If you might please to stretch it.

*Anne.* Nay, good troth,—  
*Old L.* Yes, troth, and troth ;—you would not be a  
queen ?

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

*Avaunt, Begone ! To give her the avaunt, To bid her begone, to  
dismiss her.*

*Perk'd up, Dressed up.*

*Cheveril, Supple and pliant, like cheveril, soft kid leather.*

[Enter the Lord Chamberlain.]

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

The secret of your conference ?

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

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

*Anne.* Now, I pray God, Amen ;

*Cham.* You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly bless-  
ings

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

*Anne.* I do not know  
What kind of my obedience I should tender ;  
More than my all is nothing : nor my prayers  
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes  
More worth than empty vanities ; yet prayers and  
wishes

Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,  
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,  
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness ;  
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

*Cham.* Lady,  
I shall not fail to approve for the far conceit  
The king hath of you.—[*Aside*] I have perus'd her  
well ;

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,

*Commends, Sends by me.*

*Approve, Confirm.*

*Conceit, Opinion.*

That they have caught the king : and who knows yet  
 But from this lady may proceed a gem  
 To lighten all this isle ?—I'll to the king,  
 And say I spoke with you.

*Anne.*

My honour'd lord.

[*Exit Chamberlain.*]

*Old L.* Why, this it is ; see, see !

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

*Anne.*

This is strange to me.

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

There was a lady once, ('tis an old story),  
 That would not be a queen, that would she not,  
 For all the mud in Egypt : have you heard it ?

*Anne.* Come, you are pleasant.

*Old L.*

With your theme, I could  
 O'er mount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke !  
 A thousand pounds a year for pure respect !  
 No other obligation ! By my life,  
 That promises moe thousands : honour's train  
 Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time  
 I know your back will bear a duchess ;—say,  
 Are you not stronger than you were ?

*Anne.*

Good lady,

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

*Suit of pounds,* Petition for money.

*Compell'd,* Forced (upon you).

*Mud in Egypt,* A proverbial expression for wealth—as the mud deposited by the annual overflow of the Nile brings fertility and riches to the land of Egypt.

*Moe,* More.

To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful

In our long absence : pray, do not deliver

What here you have heard to her.

*Old L.*

What do you think me ?

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV

*The great hall of the monastery of Blackfriars, where occasionally a parliament was called or an important assembly was held. It is built of stone, with high vaulted ceiling and pointed arches to windows and doors. The windows are of stained glass. According to Cavendish, Wolsey's biographer, the hall was set out like a court, with tables, benches, and bars, and a dais for the judges. There was a "cloth of estate," a canopy, under which sat the King; the Queen sat some distance beneath the King; under the Judges' feet sat the Officers of the court.*

*This is the stage direction of the First Folio :*

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

*Sennet, A set of trumpet notes.*

*mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and their trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him, as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court in manner of a consistory; between them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.]*

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

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

*Wol.* Be 't so.—Proceed.

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

*Crier.* Henry King of England, come into the court.

*K. Hen.* Here.

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

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

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

*Q. Kath.* Sir, I desire you do me right and justice  
And do 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,

*Commission,* Pronounce with four syllables.

*Indifferent,* Impartial.

That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
 And take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness,  
 I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
 At all times to your will conformable :  
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
 Yea, subject to your countenance,—glad or sorry,  
 As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour  
 I ever contradicted your desire,  
 Or made it not mine too ? Or which of your friends  
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
 He were mine enemy ? what friend of mine,  
 That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I  
 Continue in my liking ? nay, gave notice  
 He was from thence discharg'd ? Sir, call to mind  
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest  
 With many children by you : if, in the course  
 And process of this time, you can report,  
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,  
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,  
 Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt  
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
 To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,  
 The king, your father, was reputed for  
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
 And unmatched wit and judgment : Ferdinand,  
 My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one  
 The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many  
 A year before : it is not to be question'd  
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them  
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,  
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful : wherefore I humbly  
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may  
 Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose counsel  
 I will implore : if not, i' the name of God,

*Had to him deriv'd your anger, Had brought your anger upon him*



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

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

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

*Wol.* Your pleasure, madam ?

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

*Wol.* Be patient yet.

*Q. Kath.* I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,  
Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that  
You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge  
You shall not be my judge : for it is you  
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—  
Which God's dew quench !—Therefore I say again,  
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul  
Refuse you for my judge ; whom, yet once more

*Of your choice,* The queen had chosen the Archbishop of Canter-  
bury, the Bishops of Ely, Rochester, and St. Asaph.

*Elect,* Chosen.

*Bootless,* Useless.

*That longer you desire the court,* That you desire the court to delay.

*Make my challenge,* Raise my objection on a legal point.

*Abhor,* Another legal term—to protest strongly.

I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
At all a friend to truth.

*Wol.*

I do profess

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

I have no spleen against you, nor injustice  
For you or any : how far I have proceeded,  
Or how far further shall, is warranted  
By a commission from the consistory,  
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me  
That I have blown this coal : I do deny it :  
The king is present : if it be known to him  
That I gainsay 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  
Remove these thoughts from you : the which before  
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,  
And to say so no more.

*Q. Kath.*

My lord, my lord,

I am a simple woman, much too weak  
To oppose your cunning. You'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,  
Gone slightly o'er low steps ; and now are mounted  
Where powers are your retainers ; and your words,

*Consistory*, College of Cardinals.  
*Gainsay my deed*, Deny what I have done.  
*Powers*, Men of rank and power.

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 retires.*]

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

*K. Hen.* Call her again.

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

*Grif.* Madam, you are call'd back.

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

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

[*Exeunt Queen, Griffith, and Attendants.*]

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

*Tender, Consider.*

*Government, Self-control.*

*Speak, Speak or give evidence in favour of.*

Carried herself towards me.

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

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

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,  
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd  
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador ;  
Who had been hither sent on the debating  
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and  
Our daughter Mary : i' the progress of this business,

*To this point, On this point.*

Ere a determinate resolution, he  
 (I mean the bishop) did require a respite  
 Wherein he might the king his lord advértese  
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,  
 Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook  
 The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,  
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble  
 The region of my breast ; which 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 male issue  
 Should die as they were born, or shortly after  
 This world had air'd them : hence I took a thought  
 This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,—  
 Well worthy the best heir o' the world,—should not  
 Be gladdened in 't by me : then follows, that  
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
 By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me  
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in  
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer  
 Toward this remedy, whereupon we are  
 Now present here together ; that's to say,  
 I meant to rectify my conscience,—which  
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—  
 By all the reverend fathers of the land,  
 And doctors learn'd.—First I began in private  
 With you, my Lord of Lincoln ; you remember  
 How under my oppression I did reek,  
 When I first mov'd you.

*Lin.*

Very well, my liege.

*K. Hen.* I have spoke long ; be pleas'd yourself to say

*Determinate resolution*, Final decision.

*Respite*, Delay.

*Hulling in*. To *hull* is to drive before the wind, masts stripped of sails. It has been pointed out that a hulling ship cannot be steered (see next line) as her helm is lashed to her side.

*Reek*, Steam, sweat.

*Mov'd you*, Sought your opinion and advice.

How far you satisfied me.

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

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

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

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

*Motion, Suit.*

## ACT III

## SCENE I

*London. Palace at Bridewell. A room in the Queen's apartment.*

[*The Queen and some of her Women at work.*]

*Q. Kath.* Take thy lute, wench : my soul grows sad  
with troubles ;  
Sing, and disperse '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,  
Ev'n the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art ;  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

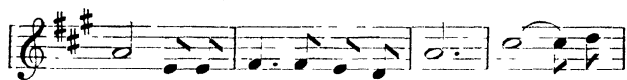
*Orpheus*, The son of the god Apollo, and a musician whose power to charm by the sweetness of his music is described in the song.

## ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE.

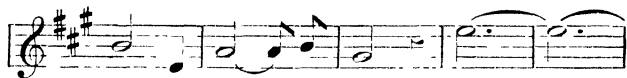
A. S. SULLIVAN.



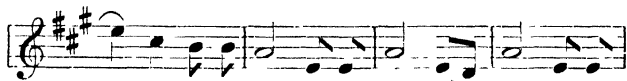
Or - - - pheus, with his lute, with his lute, made



trees, And the moun-tain tops that freeze, Bow them-



selves, when he did sing, Or - - - -



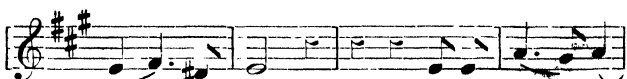
- pheus, with his lute, with his lute, made trees, And the



moun-tain tops that freeze, Bow them selves, when



he did sing, Bow them-selves, when



he did sing; To his mu - sic, .



. . . plants and flow'rs Ev - er sprung; as sun and





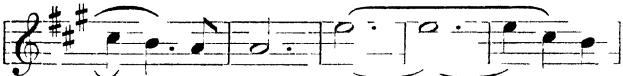
show'rs There had made a last ing spring To his



mu - sic, plants and flow'rs Ev - er sprung ,



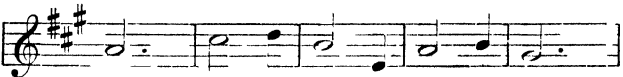
as sun and show ers There had made a last



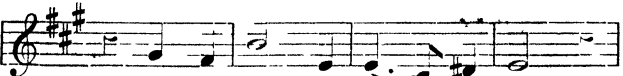
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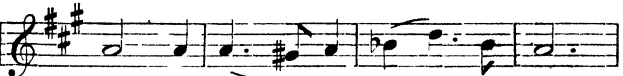
thing that heard him play, Ev'n the bil lows of the



sea, Hung their heads, and then lay by,



Hung their heads, and then lay by



In sweet mu - sic is such art ;



Kill - ing care and grief of heart,

KING HENRY VIII

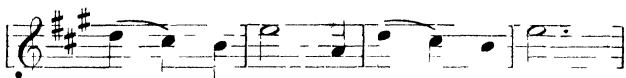
[ACT III, SCENE I



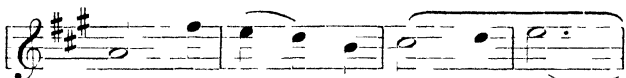
In sweet mu - sic is such art ; . . .



. . kill - ing care and grief of heart



Fall a - sleep, or hear - ing die,



Fall a - sleep, or hear - - - -



- - - - ing, or hear - - - ing die.

[Enter a Gentleman.]

*Q. Kath.* How now !

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

*Q. Kath.* Would they speak with me ?

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

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

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour ?

I do not like their coming :—now I think on 't,

They should be good men, their affairs as righteous :

But all hoods make not monks.

*An't, If it.*

*Presence, Presence-chamber.*

*Will'd, Wished.*

[Enter Wolsey and Campeius.]

*Wol.* Peace to your highness !

*Q. Kath.* Your graces find me here part of a housewife ;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords ?

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

*Q. Kath.* Speak it here ;

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,

Deserves a corner : would all other women

Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !

My lords, I care not (so much I am happy

Above a number) if my actions

Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,

Envy and base opinion set against them,

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 ergà te mentis integritas, regina  
serenissima,—

*Q. Kath.* O, good my lord, no Latin ;

I am not such a truant since my coming,

As not to know the language I have liv'd in :

A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,  
suspicious ;

Pray, speak in English : here are some will thank you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake ;—

Believe me, she has had much wrong : lord cardinal,

*Part of a housewife,* She is engaged in weaving or sewing. Holinshed says that she had "a skein of white thread about her neck" when she received the cardinals.

*Against,* In the sense of defence and prevention—to be ready to ward off the worst that may happen to me.

*So even,* Of such a steady goodness.

*Tanta est . . .* So great is our integrity of purpose towards thee, most serene highness (literally, queen).

*Good my lord,* "My lord" came to be regarded as one word, hence the use of an adjective qualifying the expression.

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed  
May be absolv'd in English.

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

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

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

*Taint, Disgrace.*

*How you stand minded,* What is your state of mind with regard to,  
what view you take.

*Weighty,* Gravely important.

*Suddenly,* All at once.

*Fit,* Division or canto of a song or ballad.

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 :

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

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

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

*Q. Kath.* How, sir ?

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

*Wol.* He tells you rightly.

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

*Cam.* Your rage mistakes us.

*Q. Kath.* The more shame for ye ; holy men I  
thought ye,  
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues ;  
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye :  
Mend 'em for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort,

*Forsooth, In truth,  
Part, Go.*

*Weigh out, Outweigh, make amends for.  
Cardinal sins, Chief sins.*

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

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

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

*Cam.* Your fears are worse.

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

*Mere, Complete.*

*Distraction, Madness.*

*I am old, Katharine was in her forty-fourth year.*

*Fondness, Foolish affection.*

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

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

*Wol.* Pray, hear me.

*Q. Kath.* Would I had never trod this English  
earth,  
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !  
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.  
What will become of me now, wretched lady !  
I am the most unhappy woman living.—  
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes ?

[*To her Women.*]

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

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

*Cam.* Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your  
virtues

KING HENRY VIII

[ACT III, SCENE II

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

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

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

If I have 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,  
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

*Antechamber to the King's apartment.*

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

*Norf.* 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.

*Us'd myself unmannerly,* Comported myself in an unmannerly way,  
been discourteous.

*Wit,* Knowledge.

*Force,* Urge.

*Offer,* Favourable opportunity.

*Seemly,* Suitable.

*Constancy,* Firmness.



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

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

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

*Norf.* O, fear him not ;  
His spell in that is out : the king hath found  
Matter against him that for ever mars  
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,  
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

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

*Norf.* 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,  
And came to the eye of the king ; wherein was read,

*Uncontentm'd, Undespised.*

*Contrary.* Wolsey pretended to Henry that he was favouring the  
divorce, but in reality he was doing all he could to delay it,  
hoping that Henry would tire of Anne and be willing to marry  
the French king's sister.

*Miscarried, Went astray.*

KING HENRY VIII

[ACT III, SCENE II

How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness  
To stay the judgment o' the divorce ; for if  
It did take place, " I do," quoth he, " perceive  
My king is tangled in affection to  
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen."

*Sur.* Has the king this ?

*Suf.* Believe it.

*Sur.* Will this work ?

*Cham.* The king in this perceives him, how he  
coasts

And hedges his own way. But in this point  
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic  
After his patient's death ; the king already  
Hath married the fair lady.

*Sur.* Would he had !

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

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

*Suf.* My Amen to 't !

*Norf.* All men's !

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

*Sur.* But, will the king  
Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?  
The Lord forbid !

*Norf.* Marry, Amen !

*Suf.* No, no ;

*Profess, Declare.* Trace the conjunction, Follow this union.  
*Conjunction.* An astronomical term used of the position of a planet  
when it is in line with the sun or with another planet.

*Memoriz'd,* Made memorable.

*Digest,* Take in, put up with. Compare the modern use of  
"swallow" in the phrase "to swallow an insult."

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

*Cham.* Now, Heaven incense him,  
 And let him cry " Ha ! " louder !

*Norf.* 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,  
 And widow to Prince Arthur.

*Norf.* This same Cranmer's  
 A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pains  
 In the king's business.

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

*Norf.* So I hear.

*Suf.* 'Tis so.—

The cardinal :

[*Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.*]

*Norf.* Observe, observe, he's moody.

*Wol.* The packet, Cromwell,  
 Gave 't you the king ?

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

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

*Crom.* Presently

He did ~~unseal~~ <sup>unseal</sup> them : and the first he view'd,  
 He ~~did it with~~ <sup>did it with</sup> a serious mind ; a heed

KING HENRY VIII

[ACT III, SCENE II

Was in his countenance. You he bade  
Attend him here this morning.

*Wol.* Is he ready to come abroad ?

*Crom.* I think by this he is.

*Wol.*

Leave me a while.—

[*Exit Cromwell.*]

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

*Norf.* He's discontented.

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

*Sur.*

Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice !

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

To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen !—  
This candle burns not clear : 'tis I must snuff it ;  
Then, out it goes. What though I know her virtuous  
And well-deserving ? yet I know her for  
A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to  
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of  
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up  
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one  
Hath crawl'd into favour of the king,  
And is his oracle.

*Norf.* He is vex'd at something.

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

*Suf.*

The king, the king !

[*Enter the King, reading a schedule, and Lovell.*]

*K. Hen.* What piles of wealth hath he accumulated

*Abroad, Out-doors.*

*Hard-rul'd, Hard (for me) to rule.*

*Spleeny, Hot-headed.*

*Fret, Chafe, wear away.*

To his own portion ! and what expense by the hour  
Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of thrift,  
Does he rake this together ?—Now, my lords,—  
Saw you the cardinal ?

*Norf.* My lord, we have  
Stood here observing him : some strange commotion  
Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;  
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,  
Then lays his finger on his temple ; straight  
Springs out into fast gait ; then, stops again,  
Strikes his breast hard ; and anon, he casts  
His eye against the moon : in most strange postures  
We have seen him set himself.

*K. Hen.* It may well be ;  
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning  
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,  
As I 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 outspeaks  
Possession of a subject.

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

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

[*He takes his seat and whispers Lovell, who goes to  
Wolsey.*]

*Wot you,* Do you know.

*Several parcels,* Separate particulars.

*Parcel,* A part.

*Outspeaks . . . subject,* Speaks of a fuller amount than a subject  
should possess.

*Withal,* Emphatic form of *with*.

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

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

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

*K. Hen.* You have said well.

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

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

*Wol.* [*Aside*] What should this mean ?

*Sur.* [*Aside to others*] The Lord increase this business !

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

*Audit, Accounts.*  
*Tendance, Attention.*

*Husband, Thrifty manager, economist.*  
*Prime, First.*

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

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

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

*Wol.* I do profess  
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd  
More than mine own ; that am, have, and will be  
(Though all the world should crack their duty to you,  
And throw it from their soul ; though perils did  
Abound as thick as thought could make them, and

*Requite, Reward.*

*Which . . . endeavours, May refer to royal graces, or to studied purposes.*

*Fil'd with my abilities, Kept pace with my abilities.*

KING HENRY VIII

[ACT III, SCENE II

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.

*K. Hen.*

'Tis nobly spoken :—

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,  
For you have seen him open 't.—Read o'er this ;

[*Giving him papers*]

And after, this : and then to breakfast with  
What appetite you have.

[*Exit, 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

Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together

For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the popedom,

And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,

Fit for a fool to fall by ! what cross devil

Made me put this main secret in the packet

I sent the king ?—Is there no way to cure this ?

No new device to beat this from his brains ?

I know 'twill stir him strongly ; yet I know

A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune

Will bring me off again. What's this—" To the  
Pope " ?

The letter, as I live, with all the business

I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell !

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;

And, from that full meridian of my glory,

I haste now to my setting : I shall fall

*Gall'd*, Irritated with a slight wound.

*Main*, Important.

*Meridian*, Highest point in the sky that the sun appears to touch.



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

[*Re-enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.*]

*Norf.* Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal, who commands you

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

*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,  
As if it fed ye ! and how sleek and wanton  
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin !  
Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;  
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,  
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal  
You ask with such a violence, the king  
(Mine and your master) with his own hand gave me :  
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,  
During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,  
Tied it by letters-patents :—now, who'll take it ?

*Sur.* The king, that gave it.

*Exhalation, Meteor.*

*Asher-house,* At Asher or Esher, near Hampton Court, a residence of the Bishop of Winchester. Wolsey at this time held this office, but Norfolk's "my Lord of Winchester" probably refers to Gardiner, who succeeded him.

*Wanton,* Careless, frivolous.

*Letters-patents,* Writings sealed with the great seal. The plural of the adjective is a survival of the Norman-French form.

KING HENRY VIII

[ACT III, SCENE II

*Wol.* It must be himself, then.

*Sur.* Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

*Wol.* Proud lord, thou liest !

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better  
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

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

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

*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,

*Mate, Match, cope with.*

*Jaded, Treated like jades, worn-out horses.*

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

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.

*Wol.* How much, methinks, I could despise this man,

But that I am bound in charity against it !

*Norf.* Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand :

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

*Wol.*

So much fairer

And spotless shall mine innocence arise,

When the king knows my truth.

*Sur.*

This cannot save you :

I thank my memory, I yet remember

Some of these articles ; and out they shall.

Now, if you can blush and cry " guilty," cardinal,

You'll show a little honesty.

*Wol.*

Speak on, sir,

I dare your worst objections : if I blush

It is to see a nobleman want manners.

*Sur.* I had rather want those than my head. Have at you !

First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge,

*Dare, Frighten.* The metaphor is from a method of snaring larks.

(See page 157.)

You wrought to be a legate, by which power  
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

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

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

*Sur.* Item, you sent a large commission  
To Gregory de 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 sub-  
stance

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

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

*Sur.* I forgive him.

*Suf.* Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is

*Wrought, Worked, schemed.*

*Legate*, Representative of pope in England. (See note on page 98.)  
*Ego et Rex meus*. As has been pointed out, Wolsey is merely follow-  
ing the normal Latin order in placing the first person before  
the third : none the less the phrase sticks in the popular  
imagination as exactly symbolic of his attitude.

*To carry . . . seal*. The great seal must never be taken out of the  
country.

*Item*, Likewise, direct from Latin.

Because all those things you have done of late  
 By your power legatine within this kingdom  
 Fall into the compass of a præmunire,  
 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.

*Norf.* And so we'll leave you to your meditations  
 How to live better. For your stubborn answer  
 About the giving back the great seal to us,  
 The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.  
 So, fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all except Wolsey.*]

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

*Power legatine*, Authority as a papal legate. By the *Statutes of Præmunire* obedience to a papal legate was illegal. The first of these statutes was named from its first two words, *Præmunire fac*, cause to be warned. A *præmunire* is an offence against the statute.

*Wolsey*, Frolicsome.

*Tenements*, Holdings.  
*Rude*, Rough.

More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again.—

[*Enter Cromwell, amazedly.*]

Why, how now, Cromwell !

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

*Wol.* What, amaz'd

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

*Crom.* How does your grace ?

*Wol.* Why, well ;

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

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

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

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

*Wol.* God bless him !

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

*Wol.* That's somewhat sudden :  
 But he's a learned man. May he continue  
 Long in his highness' favour, and do justice  
 For truth's sake and his conscience ; that his bones,  
 When he has run his course and sleeps in blessing,

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them !  
What more ?

*Crom.* That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,  
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That's news indeed.

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

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

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

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

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me,

*Orphans' tears.* The Lord Chancellor is the general guardian of rich  
orphans.

*Make use, i.e.* Of your opportunities.

Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
 Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;  
 And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
 Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,  
 Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,  
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—  
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;  
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :  
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,  
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by 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 Crom-  
 well,  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! Serve the king ;  
 And,—pr'ythee, lead me in :  
 There take an inventory of all I have ;  
 To the last penny, 'tis the king's : my robe,  
 And my integrity to heaven, is all  
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !  
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Crom.* Good sir, have patience.

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

[*Exeunt.*]



## ACT IV

## SCENE I

*A street in Westminster.*

[*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*]

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

*Sec. Gent.* So are you.

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

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation ?

*Sec. Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter

The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

*First Gent.* 'Tis very true : but that time offer'd sorrow ;

This, general joy.

*Sec. Gent.* 'Tis well : the citizens, I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds (As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward)

In celebration of this day with shows, Pageants, and sights of honour.

*First Gent.* Never greater, Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

*Encounter, Meeting.*                      *Let . . . rights, Give them their due.*

*Forward, Ready (to do).*

*Better taken, More graciously accepted, or, perhaps, better performed.*

KING HENRY VIII

[ACT IV, SCENE I

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

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

*Sec. Gent.* I thank you, sir ; had I not known those  
customs,  
I should have been beholden to your paper.  
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,  
The princess dowager ? how goes her business ?

*First Gent.* That I can tell you too. The Arch-  
bishop  
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other  
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,  
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off  
From Ampthill, where the princess lay ; to which  
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not :  
And, to be short, for not appearance, and  
The king's late scruple, by the main assent  
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,  
And the late marriage made of none effect :  
Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton,  
Where she remains now, sick.

*Sec. Gent.* Alas, good lady !—

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

*High-steward.* Since the time of Henry IV. this title and office have  
been reserved for special occasions. The office ceases when the  
occasion requiring it is over.

*Earl Marshal.* *Marshal* originally meant a manager of horses, but  
the office became invested with great military authority. The  
present office of Earl Marshal is hereditary, and is held by the  
Dukes of Norfolk.

*Dunstable.* The divorce of Henry and Katharine was first pro-  
nounced in the chapel of Dunstable Priory, by Cranmer.

## THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION

[*A lively flourish of trumpets ; then, enter*]

1. *Two judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.*
3. *Choristers, singing.* [Music.]
4. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquis Dorset, bearing a 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 SS.*
6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports ; under it, the Queen in her robe, her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

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

*Garter*, Garter king-of-arms, the chief herald of the order of the Garter.

*Collars of SS.*, Made of S-shaped links, and thus called "esses." They were worn by the equestrian nobility.

*Cinque-ports*, Dover, Hastings, Romney, Hythe, Sandwich. They undertook to provide and sustain a number of armed ships at sea for forty days in the year. One of the privileges they claimed in return for this service was to hold the canopy over the sovereign on his or her coronation day.

KING HENRY VIII

[ACT IV, SCENE I

Who's that, that bears the sceptre ?

*First Gent.*

Marquis Dorset :

And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

*Sec. Gent.* A bold brave gentleman. That should  
be

The Duke of Suffolk.

*First Gent.*

'Tis the same,—high-steward.

*Sec. Gent.* And that my Lord of Norfolk ?

*First Gent.*

Yes.

*Sec. Gent.*

Heaven bless thee !

[*Looking on the Queen.*]

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

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

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more and richer, when he strains that lady ;

I cannot blame his conscience.

*First Gent.*

They that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons

Of the Cinque-ports.

*Sec. Gent.* Those men are happy ; and so are all are  
near her.—

I take it, she that carries up the train

Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

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

*Sec. Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars,  
indeed.

[*Exit procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*]

[*Enter a third Gentleman.*]

*First Gent.* God save you, sir ! where have you  
been broiling ?

*Third Gent.* 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.

*Sec. Gent.*

You saw

The ceremony ?

*Strains, Embraces.*

*Rankness, Exuberance.*

*Third Gent.* That I did.

*First Gent.* How was it ?

*Third Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

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

*Third Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream  
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen  
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off  
A distance from her ; while her grace sat down  
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,  
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely  
The beauty of her person to the people,—  
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman  
That ever wedded 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. No man living  
Could say, " This is my wife," there ; all were woven  
So strangely in one piece.

*Sec. Gent.* But what follow'd ?

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

*Opposing*, Showing.

*Shrouds*, Ropes fastening the masts to the sides of the ship.

*Makings*, Signs and symbols of her royal office.

*Bird of peace*, Rod of ivory surmounted with a dove.

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.

*First Gent.* Sir, you must no more call it York-  
place ; that's past ;  
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost ;  
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

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

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

*Third Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner ; the one of  
Winchester  
(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary),  
The other, London.

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

*Third Gent.* 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.

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

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

*Sec. Gent.* He will deserve more.

*Third Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.—  
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which  
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests ;

*York-place.* The feast was really held at Westminster Hall, but  
there is a dramatic touch in its being held at a house that had  
belonged to Wolsey, the enemy of Anne's advancement.

*Preferr'd,* Promoted.

*Held,* Considered.

*Jewel-house,* A department in the Tower of London where the crown  
jewels and regalia are kept.

ACT IV, SCENE II]

SHAKESPEARE'S

Something I can command. As I walk thither  
I'll tell ye more.

*Both.* You may command us, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II

*A room in Kimbolton Castle. The walls are hung with tapestry ; there is little furniture. The chair which is brought for Katharine is a plain panel-backed oak armchair. The floor is strewn with rushes.*

[*Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick ; led between Griffith and Patience, one of her women.*]

*Grif.* How does your grace ?

*Kath.* O, Griffith, sick to death !

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

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

*Kath.* Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :  
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,  
For my example.

*Grif.* Well, the voice goes, madam :  
For after the stout Earl Northumberland  
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward  
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,  
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill

*Something . . . command,* I have a right to entertain you to something, even if, at a time such as this, it may not be very much.

*Happily,* Haply, perhaps.

*Voice,* Rumour.

*Stout,* Bold and proud.

*Sorely tainted,* Having grave charges made against him.

He could not sit his mule.

*Kath.* Alas, poor man !

*Grif.* 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, An old man, broken with the storms of state, Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ; Give him a little earth for charity ! "

So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness Pursu'd him still ; and, three nights after this, About the hour of eight (which he himself Foretold should be his last), full of repentance, Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows, He gave his honours to the world again, His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

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

*Grif.* Noble madam,  
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues

*With easy roads,* By easy stages.

*Covent,* Old form of convent, as in Covent Garden.

*Eagerly,* Sharply.

*Stomach,* Pride.

*Suggestion,* Underhand devices.

*Tied,* Brought into bondage.

*Simony,* Buying and selling appointments to places in the Church.

*Presence,* Royal presence.



We write in water. May it please your highness  
To hear me speak his good now ?

*Kath.*

Yes, good Griffith ;

I were malicious else.

*Grif.*

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

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

*Raised in you.* You refers to Ipswich and Oxford. Wolsey founded a grammar school at Ipswich, but it did not long survive his fall. He began the foundation of Cardinal College at Oxford. It is now Christ Church, but its crest is still a cardinal's hat.

*Modesty, Temperance ;* here the power of seeing both sides.

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

[*Sad and solemn music.*]

*Grif.* She is asleep :—good wench, let's sit down  
quiet,  
For fear we wake her ;—softly, gentle Patience.

[*The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces ; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance ; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head ; at which, the other four make reverend 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 they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.*]

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

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye ?

*Grif.* Madam, we are here.

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

*Grif.* None, madam.

*Kath.* No ? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop  
Invite me to a banquet ; whose bright faces  
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun ?

They promis'd me eternal happiness,  
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel  
I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall, assuredly.

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

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

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

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

*Pat.* Heaven comfort her !

[Enter a Messenger.]

*Mess.* An 't like your grace,—

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

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

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

*Kath.* Admit him entrance, Griffith : but this  
fellow

Let me ne'er see again.

[Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.]

[Re-enter Griffith, with Capucius.]

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

*Cap.* Madam, the same,—your servant.

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

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

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

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

*Cap.* Madam, in good health.

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

*Pat.* No, madam.  
[Giving it to Katharine.]

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

*Cap.* Most willing, madam.

*Kath.* In which I have commended to his goodness  
The model of our chaste loves, 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  
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :  
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,  
(And now I should not lie) but will deserve,  
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,

*Sends you his commendations,* A common phrase of courteous  
greeting in Shakespeare's day.

For honesty and decent carriage,  
 A right good husband, let him be a noble ;  
 And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.  
 The last is, for my men ;—they are the poorest,  
 But poverty could never draw them from me ;—  
 That they may have their wages duly paid them,  
 And something over to remember me by ;  
 If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life  
 And able means, we had not parted thus.  
 These are the whole contents :—and, good my lord,  
 By that you love the dearest in this world,  
 As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,  
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king  
 To do me this last right.

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

*Kath.* I thank you, honest lord. Remember me  
 In all humility unto his highness :  
 Say his long trouble now is passing  
 Out of this world : tell him, in death I bless'd him,  
 For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,  
 My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,  
 You must not leave me yet : I must to bed ;  
 Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,  
 Let me be used with honour ; strew me over  
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know  
 I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me,  
 Then lay me forth : although unqueen'd, yet like  
 A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.  
 I can no more.

[*Exit Katharine, supported by Patience.*]

*Decent carriage,* Comely demeanour.  
*Let him be,* Even if he be.

## ACT V

## SCENE I

*The gallery in the palace at Greenwich. This is a long panelled apartment, with square-headed windows and doors, characteristic of Tudor architecture. It might serve many purposes in a palace; in private houses it was probably used for exercise and music.*

[Enter Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him.]

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.

[Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.]

Good hour of night, Sir Thomas.

Whither so late?

Lov.

Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero

*Act V., Scene i.* Many events widely separated in actual time are crowded together in this act. Elizabeth was born in 1533; Cranmer was brought before the council in 1544. Lovell, who appears in Scene i., died in 1524; Cromwell was executed in 1540. As Elizabeth was born and christened at Greenwich, the scenes may be supposed to take place there.

*Primero*, A Spanish card game, resembling the *ombre* that became so fashionable in the eighteenth century, and was immortalized by Pope in *The Rape of the Lock*.

With the Duke of Suffolk.

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

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

It seems you are in haste : an if there be  
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend  
Some touch of your late business : 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 is sick,  
They say, in great extremity ; and fear'd  
She'll with the sickness end.

*Gar.* For one more innocent  
I could pray heartily ; that it may find  
Good time, and live ; but for this 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,—  
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, he's made master

*Touch, Hint.*

*Extremity, Extremity of danger.*

*Good time, Good fortune.*

*Mine own way, i.e. A Roman Catholic.*

*Commend, Deliver.*

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

*Lov.* Many good nights, my lord ; I rest your  
 servant. [*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*]

[*As Lovell is going out, enter the King and the Duke  
 of Suffolk.*]

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

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

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

*Lov.* I could not personally deliver to her

*Master o' the rolls,* Appointed to take charge of the rolls on which  
 were written Acts of Parliament, etc.

*Gap,* Opening through which preferments pass.

*Trade,* Track.

*Arch,* Principal.

*Fell,* Fierce.

*Fancy,* Inclination.

*Incens'd,* Made to understand.

*Broken with,* Communicated with.

*Convented,* Summoned.



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.

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

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

*K. Hen.* Alas, good lady !

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

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

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

*K. Hen.* Charles, good-night.—

[*Exit Suffolk.*]

[*Enter Sir Anthony Denny.*]

Well, sir, what follows ?

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

*K. Hen.* Ha ! Canterbury ?

*Den.* Ay, my good lord.

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

*Den.* He attends your highness' pleasure.

*K. Hen.* Bring him to us.

[*Exit Denny.*]

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

## KING HENRY VIII

[ACT V, SCENE I

[*Re-enter Denny with Cranmer.*]

K. Hen.

Avoid the gallery.

[*Lovell seems to stay.*]

Ha !—I have said.—Be gone.

What !—

[*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*]

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

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

K. Hen. How now, my lord ? you do desire to  
know

Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran.

It is my duty

To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen.

Pray you, arise,

My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.

Come, you and I must walk a turn together ;

I have news to tell you ; come, come, give me your  
hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,

And am right sorry to repeat what follows :

I have, and most unwillingly, of late

Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,

Grievous complaints of you ; which, being consider'd,

Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall

This morning come before us ; where, I know,

You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,

But that, till further trial in those charges

Which will require your answer, you must take

Your patience to you, and be well contented

To make your house our Tower : you a brother of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness

Would come against you.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] I humbly thank your highness ;

And am right glad to catch this good occasion

Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff

And corn shall fly asunder : for I know,

There's none stands under more calumnious tongues

*Avoid, Leave.**Calumnious, Slanderous.*

Than I myself, poor man.

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

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

*K. Hen.* Know you not  
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole  
world ?  
Your enemies are many, and not small ; their  
practices  
Must bear the same proportion : and not ever  
The justice and the truth o' the question carries  
The due o' the verdict with it : at what ease  
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt  
To swear against you ? Such things have been done.  
You are potently oppos'd ; and with a malice  
Of as great size. 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 ;

*Holidame, An oath.* (O.E. *haligdom*, holiness ; the substitution of *dame* for *dom* arose from a popular idea that the word referred to Our Lady.)

*Indurance, Durance, imprisonment.*

*Liege, Lord.*

*Ever, Always.*

*Ween you of better luck, Do you think to have better luck ?*

*Minister, Servant.*

*Stand on, Rely on.*

*Potently, Powerfully.*

*Naughty, Wicked.*

## KING HENRY VIII

[ACT V, SCENE I

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

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

*K. Hen.* Be of good cheer ;  
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.  
Keep comfort to you ; and this morning see  
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,  
In charging you with matters, to commit you,  
The best persuasions to the contrary  
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency  
The occasion shall instruct you : if entreaties  
Will render you no remedy, this ring  
Deliver them, and your appeal to us  
There make before them.—Look, the good man  
weeps !

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother !  
I swear he 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 an old Lady.*]

*Gent.* [*Within*] Come back ; what mean you ?

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

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

*Lady.* Ay, ay, my liege ;  
And of a lovely boy : the God of heaven  
Both now and ever bless her ! 'tis a girl,  
Promises beyond hereafter. Sir, your queen

*Be of good cheer,* Be of good courage. (*Cheer* means face, which  
expresses the feelings.)

Desires your visitation, and to be  
 Acquainted with a stranger ; one as like you  
 As cherry is to cherry.

*K. Hen.* Lovell.—  
 [*Re-enter Lovell.*]

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

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

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

## SCENE II

*Lobby before the council-chamber.*

[*Enter Cranmer, Servants, Door-keeper, etc., at-  
 tending.*]

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

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

Who waits there ? Sure, you know me ?

*D. Keep.* Yes, my lord ;  
 But yet I cannot help you.

*Cran.* Why ?

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

[*Enter Doctor Butts.*]

*Cran.* So.

*Butts.* [*Aside*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad

## KING HENRY VIII

[ACT V, SCENE II

I came this way so happily : the king  
Shall understand it presently. [Exit Butts.]

*Cran.* [Aside] 'Tis Butts,  
The king's physician ; as he pass'd along,  
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me !  
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace ! For certain,  
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me  
(God turn their hearts ! I never sought their malice)  
To quench mine honour : they would shame to make  
me

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

[Enter, at a window above, the King and Butts.]

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

*K. Hen.* What's that, Butts ?

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

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

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

*K. Hen.* Ha ! 'tis he, indeed :  
Is this the honour they do one another ?  
'Tis well there's one above '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.]

*So happily,* By such a lucky chance.

*Sound,* Proclaim.

*A window above.* Windows overlooking passages, kitchens, chapels,  
etc., are common in mediæval and Elizabethan architecture.  
They served as convenient spyholes.

*Pursuivants,* State messengers.

*Parted,* Shared.

*Post,* Messenger.

## SCENE III

*The council-chamber.*

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

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

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

*Gar.* Has he had knowledge of it ?

*Crom.* Yes.

*Nor.* Who waits there ?

*D. Keep.* Without, my noble lords ?

*Gar.* Yes.

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

*Chan.* Let him come in.

*D. Keep.* Your grace may enter now.

[*Enter Cranmer.*]

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

*Capable, Susceptible.*

*Misdemean'd yourself, Behaved ill.*

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

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

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

*Cran.* My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress  
 Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,  
 And with no little study, that my teaching  
 And the strong course of my authority  
 Might go one way, and safely ; and the end  
 Was ever, to do well : nor is there living  
 (I speak it with a single heart, my lords)  
 A man that more detests, more stirs against,  
 Both in his private conscience and his place,  
 Defacers of a public peace, than I do.  
 Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart  
 With less allegiance in it ! Men that make  
 Envy and crooked malice nourishment  
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,  
 That, in this case of justice, my accusers,

*Pace . . . hands,* Do not put them through their paces while leading them.

*Manage,* Technical term for training and control of a horse.

*Upper Germany,* Refers to troubles caused by the Anabaptists (a sect holding that baptism ought to be administered only to adults, and by total immersion).



Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
And freely urge against me.

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

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

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

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

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

*Gar.* Good master secretary,  
I cry your honour mercy ; you may, worst

*Sectary*, One of a sect opposed to the established form of religion.

*Painted gloss*, Fine explanations.

*Cry . . . mercy*, Beg . . . pardon.

Of all this table, say so.

*Crom.* Why, my lord ?

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

*Crom.* Not sound ?

*Gar.* Not sound, I say.

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

*Gar.* I shall remember this bold language.

*Crom.* Do.

Remember your bold life too.

*Chan.* This is too much ;

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

*Gar.* I have done.

*Crom.* And I.

*Chan.* Then thus for you, my lord ;—it stands  
agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith  
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner ;  
There to remain till the king's further pleasure  
Be known unto us :—are you all agreed, lords ?

*All.* We are.

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

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

[*Enter Guard.*]

*Cran.* For me ?  
Must I go like a traitor thither ?

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

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

*Chan.* 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.

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

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

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

[*Enter the King, frowning on them ; he takes his seat.*]

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

*K. Hen.* You were ever good at sudden commen-  
dations,  
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.—  
Good man, [*To Cranmer*] sit down. Now let me see  
the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :

*Gave me, Misgave me.*

*Dear, Earnest, heart-felt.*

By all that's holy, he had better starve  
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

*Sur.* May it please your grace,—

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

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

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

*Cran.* The greatest monarch now alive may glory  
*As he was, As if he was.* *Groom, Servant.*

*Purgation, Clearing.*

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

*K. Hen.* Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons ; you shall have two noble partners with you ; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquis Dorset ; will these please you ?—

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

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

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

*K. Hen.* Good man, those joyful tears show thy  
true heart :

The common voice, I see, is verified  
Of thee, which says thus, "Do my Lord of Canterbury  
A shrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever."—

Come, lords, we trifle time away ; I long  
To have this young one made a Christian.  
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain ;  
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV

*The palace-yard, within the gate-house.*

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

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

*Spare your spoons.* It was customary for godparents to give the baby apostle spoons.

*Confirmation, Assurance.*

*Shrewd turn, Bad turn.*

*Parish-garden, Paris Garden, near the Globe Theatre. Here bear-baiting was held. (See page 157.)*

*Gaping, Bawling.*

KING HENRY VIII

[ACT V, SCENE IV

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

*Port.* 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 ?

*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.

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

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

*Port.* You did nothing, sir.

*Man.* I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,  
To mow 'em down before me : but if I spared any  
That had a head to hit, either young or old,  
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,  
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again ;  
And that I would not for a cow, God save her !

[*Within*] Do you hear, master porter ?

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

*Man.* What would you have me do ?

*Port.* What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens ? Is this Moorfields to muster in ? On my Christian conscience, this one christening is the

*Sir Guy*, Guy of Warwick, a hero of romance, whose chief feat was slaying the Danish giant Colbrand. Relics of Guy, including his huge porridge-pot, are still to be seen at Warwick Castle.

*Chine*, Joint of beef.

*Not for a cow*, A common rustic expression.

*Moorfields*. Here the train-bands of the city exercised.

first of a thousand ; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

*Man.* The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose ; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance : that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head. 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 miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out " Clubs ! " when I might see from far some twenty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on ; I made good my place : at length they came to the broom-staff to me ; I defied 'em still : when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, deliver'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.

*Port.* These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples ; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like

*Under the line,* The equator, where the heat of the sun is greatest.

*Drake,* Dragon.

*Pink'd porringer,* The round velvet cap much affected by citizens' wives, pinked or pierced with a pattern of small round holes.

*Clubs,* The battle-cry of the apprentices of London.

*Came to the broom-staff,* A phrase like *came to blows*.

*Loose shot,* Random shooters.

*Tribulation of Tower-hill . . . limbs of Limehouse.* There is said to be a reference here to Puritan meeting-places : probably the phrases are merely well-sounding descriptions of a noisy rabble.

*Limbo Patrum,* The purgatory where the saints who lived before the coming of Christ are said to await the Resurrection.

KING HENRY VIII

[ACT V, SCENE IV

to dance these three days ; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

[*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*]

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

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

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

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

*Port.* Make way there for the princess !

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

*Port.* You i' the camlet,  
Get up o' the rail ; I'll peck you o'er the pales else !

[*Exeunt.*]

*Running banquet*, Light refreshment or dessert ; *i.e.* the whipping inflicted by the two beadles, to follow the three days in prison.

*Baiting*, Drinking heavily.

*Bombards*, Large leather drinking-cups.

*Marshalsea*, A prison in Southwark.

*Camlet*, A material made of wool or hair.

*Peck*, Pitch.



## SCENE V

*The chapel of Greyfriars, at Greenwich.*

[*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, etc. Train borne by a Lady : then follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*]

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

[*Flourish. Enter King, and train.*]

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

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

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

*Cran.* Elizabeth.

*K. Hen.* Stand up, lord.—

[*The King kisses the child.*]

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

*Cran.* Amen.

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

*Gossips,* In original sense of godparents.

KING HENRY VIII

[ACT V, SCENE V

I thank ye heartily ; so shall this lady,  
When she has so much English.

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

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

*Saba*, The Queen of Sheba.

*Princely*, Royal.

*Read*, Learn.

*Phoenix*, The fabulous bird of Arabia, which, having lived for five hundred years, perished in the flame kindling a nest of fragrant twigs and branches, and sprang alive once more from its own ashes.

*Admiration*, Wonder.

(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)

Who from the sacred ashes of her honour  
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
 And so stand fix'd : peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,  
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;  
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,  
 His honour and the greatness of his name  
 Shall be, and make new nations : he shall flourish,  
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
 To all the plains about him :—our children's children  
 Shall see this, and bless heaven.

*K. Hen.* Thou speakest wonders.

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

*K. Hen.* O lord archbishop,  
 Thou hast made me now a man ! never, before  
 This happy child, did I get anything :  
 This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,  
 That when I am in heaven I shall desire  
 To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—  
 I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,  
 And your good brethren, I am much beholden ;  
 I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,  
 And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords ;—  
 Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye ;  
 She will be sick else. This day, no man think  
 Has business at his house ; for all shall stay :  
 This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.]

*New nations.* The settlement of Virginia was made in 1607.

*An aged princess.* Elizabeth was sixty-nine when she died.

## EPILOGUE

'Tis ten to one this play can never please  
All that are here : some come to take their ease,  
And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,  
We have frighted with our trumpets ; so, 'tis clear,  
They'll say 'tis naught : others, to hear the city  
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, " That's witty ! "  
Which we have not done neither : that, I fear,  
All the expected good we'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.

*Construction, Interpretation.*

## HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY

### THE LATER LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

*Henry VIII.*, either part or the whole of the play, must have been the last work of Shakespeare, for he appears to have left London for Stratford in 1610, and it was acted as "a new play" in 1613. When the old Globe Theatre, with which his name is inseparably associated, was burned to the ground, he was living in his native town, where, to quote Nicholas Rowe, his first eighteenth-century editor, "the latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of friends."

As soon as his financial position was secure, and the success of his career certain, Shakespeare had set about the formation of his estate at Stratford, buying one of the most important dwellings of the town, the "Great House" of Sir Hugh Clopton, which he renamed New Place, repairing it, planting a fruit orchard, acquiring plough land and pasture land. All records of his business dealings show him to have had much shrewd good sense in the practical affairs of life, knowing how to make money and how to spend it, and allowing no man to cheat him with impunity.

As a boy of eighteen, Shakespeare had married Ann Hathaway, the daughter of a farmer of Shotttery a little village near Stratford, and his wife was still living when, after a long absence in London, he returned to Stratford. His eldest child, Susanna, whose

## HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY

epitaph describes her as "witty\* above her sex," was married to a physician, Dr. John Hall, and had one little girl, Elizabeth, the only grandchild Shakespeare lived to see. It was to Susanna that he left New Place, and practically all his estate. His son Hamnet had died in boyhood; his other daughter, Judith, married the son of one of his old Warwickshire friends, Thomas Quiney, in 1616.

Although he settled at New Place in 1611, Shakespeare did not completely sever his connection with his old life. He made frequent visits to London, and the actors Burbage, Heming, and Condell remained his close friends until the end. In his Sonnets he had complained of his lot as an actor :

" Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there,  
And made myself a motley to the view,"

and reproached Fortune :

" That did not better for my life provide  
Than public means which public manners breeds.  
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,  
And almost thence my nature is subdued  
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand——"

But, even if he was glad to leave the stage, his mind must have dwelt on the place where his art was made manifest, and his magic held men spellbound. Much forced allegory has been read into his last unquestioned play, *The Tempest*, but the vision Prospero the enchanter dismisses may well be the poet's thought of his own work and his life :

" Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits and  
Are melted into air, into thin air :

---

\* In the older sense of the word, possessed of a good, clear understanding.

## KING HENRY VIII

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep."

Prospero is an old man, and Shakespeare was forty-seven when he left London ; but age is not measured by years, and the end of the achievement of his genius is the end of a life crowded with experience, whatever its events, lived by a spirit not only alive to every delight of the world, but familiar with the extremities of human suffering and the depths of human evil.

Some biographers of Shakespeare say that, in a sense, we know little of him from his work, which, like that of every great dramatist, is "objective"—that is, his men and women speak, as it were, with their own voices, from their own minds and hearts, expressing their characters and opinions, not those of their creator. And yet the dramatist *is* every one of his characters: to a certain extent his heart must have experienced their emotions, his mind must have thought their thoughts. You cannot read half a dozen plays of Shakespeare and profess ignorance of "Shakespeare the man."

As far as the record of his contemporaries goes, the personality of Shakespeare seems to have been gentle and attractive, his character one worthy of respect. The publisher, Chettle, spoke of his "civil demeanour" and his "uprightness of dealing." After his death, his friend and rival, Ben Jonson, declared, "I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature." Heming and Con-  
dell, two of his fellow-actors, who published his plays, speak, in their Preface to the First Folio, of keeping

## HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY

alive the memory of "so worthy a friend and fellow as was our Shakespeare."

## CHIEF RECORDED EVENTS OF THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

(For Reference.)

1564. On 26th April William Shakespeare is baptized at the parish church of Stratford-on-Avon. He is the first son and third child of John Shakespeare, a trader in agricultural produce, and holder of various important municipal offices in Stratford (four years after the poet's birth he was high bailiff, or mayor, of the town), and of Mary Arden, who came of good yeoman stock.

1582. At the age of eighteen Shakespeare marries \* Ann Hathaway, eight years older than himself, daughter of a farmer of Shottery. It is generally supposed that the marriage was not a happy one. Much has been made of a passage in *Twelfth Night*, where the Duke gives advice to his page :

“ Then let thy love be younger than thyself  
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent ;  
For women are as roses, whose fair flower  
Being once displayed, doth fall that very  
hour——”

and of the fact that Shakespeare's sole bequest to his wife in his will is the "second best † bed with its furniture."

\* There is no existing record of Shakespeare's marriage, but a deed is extant wherein two husbandmen of Stratford bind themselves to stand surety for the validity of the marriage in contemplation between William Shakespeare and Ann Hathaway.

† Others say, however, that this was a sign of affection, as the bed would be his own, the best one being kept for guests.



## KING HENRY VIII

1583. Birth of Shakespeare's daughter Susanna.
1584. Birth of his twin children, Judith and Hamnet. The boy died at the age of eleven.
1592. The poet and dramatist, Robert Greene, in a pamphlet called *A Groatworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*, attacks a young actor as "an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes factotum is, in his own conceit, the only Shakescene in the country." Obviously Shakespeare is meant, and, by this time, he must have left Stratford for London and the theatres. Later, the publisher of this pamphlet apologizes for Greene's ill-natured attack, and speaks of Shakespeare as "excellent in the quality \* he professes."
- 1593-1594. Publication of the poems *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, both dedicated to the Earl of Southampton.†
1594. Shakespeare mentioned as one of the actors in the Lord Chamberlain's company. He plays before the queen at Greenwich.
1596. The College of Heralds grants John Shakespeare a coat of arms, obtained three years later. He is known to have been in financial difficulties before this date. It is thought likely that his son returned to Stratford in this year, and established the fortunes of the family on a firmer basis.
1597. Shakespeare buys New Place at Stratford.
1598. Francis Meres, a schoolmaster and divine, pub-

\* Technical term for the actor's profession.

† An interesting tradition is the story of Southampton's gift to Shakespeare of £1,000, "to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to." Rowe, Shakespeare's first biographer, heard this from the poet D'Avenant, Shakespeare's godson.

## HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY

lishes his *Palladis Tamia* (Treasury of Wit), in which he praises Shakespeare as the greatest dramatist of the time. He mentions his narrative poems, his sonnets, six comedies (*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Love's Labour's Won*,\* *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *The Merchant of Venice*), and six tragedies (*Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, *Henry IV.*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and *Romeo and Juliet*).

- 1599. Globe Theatre built. Shakespeare becomes a shareholder in the receipts of this theatre.
- 1601. Death of John Shakespeare, from which his son inherits the houses in Henley Street now known as "Shakespeare's House."
- 1602. Shakespeare purchases arable land near Stratford.
- 1603. The Lord Chamberlain's company receives its licence from James I., and is henceforth known as the King's Company or the King's Servants. Theatres closed on account of the plague, and the court leaves London.
- 1604. Shakespeare is one of the actors chosen to walk in the procession accompanying the king on his entry into London.
- 1605. He buys a moiety (portion) of the tithes of Stratford, but this investment does not prove a very satisfactory one.
- 1607. His elder daughter, Susanna, marries Dr. John Hall. Their daughter Elizabeth was the only grandchild Shakespeare lived to see. She was the last surviving descendant of the poet.
- 1609. The Burbages, who had leased the Blackfriars Theatre, bought out the lessee. Shakespeare is one of the players to obtain shares (profits much less than at the Globe).

\* Perhaps *All's Well that Ends Well*, or *Much Ado about Nothing*.

## KING HENRY VIII

1610. Shakespeare purchases pastoral land, to add to the land bought in 1602.
1611. He settles at Stratford.
1616. His younger daughter, Judith, marries Thomas Quiney, son of one of his old friends. Of their three sons one died in infancy, the other two in young manhood.
1616. Death of Shakespeare (23rd April). He is buried in Stratford Parish Church, and over his grave are inscribed these lines :

“ Good friend, for Jesus’ sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here ;  
Blest be the man that spares these stones,  
And curst be he that moves these bones.”

## THE WORK OF SHAKESPEARE

- c. 1590–1600. Plays :—*Love’s Labour’s Lost* ; *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* ; *The Comedy of Errors* ; *Romeo and Juliet* ; *Henry VI.* ; *Richard III.* ; *Richard II.* ; *Titus Andronicus* ; *The Merchant of Venice* ; *King John* ; *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* ; *All’s Well that Ends Well* ; *The Taming of the Shrew* ; *Henry IV.* ; *The Merry Wives of Windsor* ; *Henry V.* ; *Much Ado About Nothing* ; *As You Like It* ; *Twelfth Night*.
- Poems :—*Venus and Adonis* ; *Lucrece* ; *The Sonnets*.
- 1600–1610. *Julius Cæsar* ; *Hamlet* ; *Troilus and Cressida* ; *Othello* ; *Measure for Measure* ; *Macbeth* ; *King Lear* ; *Timon of Athens* ; *Pericles* ; *Antony and Cleopatra* ; *Coriolanus*.
- 1610–1613. *Cymbeline* ; *The Winter’s Tale* ; *The Tempest* ; *Henry VIII.*

## HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY

### THE ELIZABETHAN THEATRE

From the earliest times the English have been a play-loving people ; but there was no regular theatre in London until 1576. Before this date actors took their wheeled and canopied stage, or "pageant," into the courtyard of an inn—the Red Lion, the Bull, the Bell, the Cross Keys, or the Belle Savage—and this was their temporary theatre. The audience assembled at the windows or on the balconies of the building, or crowded in the yard itself. The disadvantages of this arrangement are obvious, and as drama increased in excellence and popularity, it seemed advisable that the players should have a place of their own, where they might be independent of the good will of the inn-keeper, and the necessity of sharing profits with him ; and where, even more to be desired, they should be without the jurisdiction of the city magistrates, always suspicious of them as the cause of crowds and possible uproar. So, in 1576, James Burbage erected a building in Shoreditch, then outside the city boundaries, and called it "The Theater." It was followed by the "Curtene." These were the two playhouses in existence when Shakespeare came to London in 1584 or 1585 ; but, during his life there, others sprang up, notably the Rose, Swan, Fortune, Blackfriars, and Globe, all situated on the river. Of these the most important was the Globe, the sign of which showed Hercules carrying the burden of Atlas, the terrestrial globe, on his shoulders. This famous theatre, where many of Shakespeare's greatest plays were acted for the first time, was doomed to a short life. In 1613, during a performance of *Henry VIII.*, "set forth with many circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting on the stage," the discharge of two small cannon set fire to the thatch of the roof, and in

## KING HENRY VIII

a short time the whole theatre was burnt to the ground. It was rebuilt in the following year, but only to be demolished and built over during the Civil War.

There was a distinction between the public and the private theatres. The latter offered entertainments by the boys of the great choir schools of Paul's and the Chapel Royal, under the direction of their singing masters. At the beginning of the seventeenth century the children of the Chapel at the second Blackfriars became so popular that the professional companies of actors were for the time being thrown into the shade. A famous passage in *Hamlet* (II. ii.) alludes rather bitterly to the success of these boys.

In building his "Theater" Burbage had the inn-yard in mind. He made it hexagonal instead of rectangular, and his "scaffold" or stage was a bigger and a more elaborate structure than the old movable pageant. But it bore definite traces of its origin: the unseated pit was still called the "yard," the boxes were the "rooms," and a painted sign, suggesting that of the tavern, distinguished the building. The public theatres were only partially roofed; the spectators in the "yard" were exposed to wind and weather. The private theatres were more luxurious, boasting a roof, and being seated throughout. They were frequented by audiences of superior social standing: a character in a play of 1600 says:

"I' faith, I like the audience that frequenteth there,  
With much applause. A man shall not be choked  
With the stench of garlic, nor be pasted  
To the barmy jacket of a beer brewer."

Prices of places varied from a penny to half a crown, but, taking into consideration the difference in the spending value of money in the two periods, it was not much cheaper to see a play in Shakespeare's time

## HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY

than in our own. A custom which must have been most distressing for the actors allowed a number of the audience to occupy stools on the stage of certain theatres. For this privilege the charge was sixpence. A contemporary satirist vividly describes the conduct of the young gallants who come in just as the quaking prologue has by rubbing got some colour into his cheeks, mew at the passionate speeches, blare at the merry, examine the lace on the play-suits, and take up rushes from the stage and tickle the ears of their friends to excite laughter among the audience.

The typical Elizabethan stage was an *apron stage*, which differs from our modern *picture stage* in that it projects into the pit of the theatre. Its exact construction is still a matter of controversy, though certain details are clear from stage directions in the original editions of the plays of the period. In most theatres, public and private, there was a rear stage, a curtained aperture topped with a balcony. The usefulness of this contrivance, to which constant allusion is made, is at once apparent. It might serve as study, bedchamber, tomb, counting-house, or cave, while the balcony might be the abode of the gods, or the city walls, or any place for which the direction "above" is given. All sorts of spectacular effects were contrived. There is, for instance, the death of the villain Jew in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*. The stage direction is, "*Enter, above, Barabas, with a hammer, very busy, and carpenters,*" and we learn that he is planning a collapsible gallery for the destruction of certain enemies, but his confederate turns against him, and a later stage direction runs, "*A charge sounded within: Ferneze cuts the cord; the floor of the gallery gives way and Barabas falls into a cauldron placed in a pit.*" In another of Marlowe's plays a man is hanged in chains from the walls; in one of Peele's "*Absalome hangs by the hair.*" (An item in

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the accounts of a contemporary stage manager\* runs: "Pd. for pulleys and workmanship for to hang Absolome, xiiii.") There was some sort of realistic representation of fire—a stage direction is "*Enter Tamburlaine and his three sons . . . ; four attendants bearing the hearse of Zenocrate, and the drums sounding a doleful march ; the town burning,*" and others, in another play, "*They make a fire,*" and "*Throws herself into the flames.*" And, if there was no scenery in the modern sense of the word, there were plenty of stage properties in the Elizabethan theatre. Those of the Lord Admiral's † men in 1598 include a rock, a cage, tombs, a rainbow, mossy banks, a "chayne" of dragons, a bay tree, a snake, and the city of Rome.

The actors are sometimes described as entering by the sides of the stage, sometimes by doors. Some of the original stage directions in *Henry VIII.* read, "*Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one doore. At the other, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Aburgauenny*"; "*Enter Anne Bullen, and divers other ladies, and gentlemen, as guests at one doore ; at another doore enter Sir Henry Guilford*"; "*Enter two gentlemen at severall doores.*" If you look through a reproduction of the First Folio you will find similar directions in other plays.

The costume worn by the actors was magnificent. As a rule, Elizabethan fashion prevailed, though such details as a Moor's coat, a Robin Hood's suit, Tasso's robe, and so on, noted in Henslowe's papers, suggest a certain appropriateness. There are records of cloaks of black velvet and black satin and scarlet trimmed with copper lace, doublets of peach and carnation, hose of cloth of gold and embroidered satin, jerkins of

\* Philip Henslowe, who built the Rose, the Fortune (with Alleyn the actor), and reconstructed the Bear Garden as the Hope Theatre. His Diary is a most interesting record of stage costumes and property.

† They acted at the Rose, and, for a short time, Shakespeare's company was amalgamated with them.

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green and black trimmed with silver lace, and womens' gowns of orange tawny velvet with silver lace and yellow satin embroidered with silk and gold lace. One dramatist got less for his play than was spent on the gown of his heroine—and this heroine was impersonated by a boy. It was not customary for women to appear on the stage before the Restoration.

In a good company the women's parts were played by young boys with smooth complexions and voices yet unbroken, but sometimes the heroine must have presented a strange appearance. The first character to be undertaken by an English actress on an English stage was that of Desdemona, and the prologue especially written for the revival of *Othello* in which she played speaks of the men heroines familiar to all the audience :

“ For to speak truth, men act, that are between  
Forty or fifty, wenches of fifteen,  
With bone so large and nerve so uncompliant,  
When you call Desdemona, enter Giant.”

Small wonder that the innovation was at once successful.\*

Each company of actors was licensed to perform in the name of some royal or noble person. Thus we hear of Leicester's men, the Earl of Oxford's men, Nottingham's men, the Queen's players, and so on. From time to time, with the promotion or the death of a patron, a company would change its name—that to which Shakespeare belonged was known successively as Leicester's, Lord Strange's, the Lord Chamberlain's, and the King's men. With the growth of the popularity of the theatre the salaries of actors and

\* Before this actresses had appeared on the stage in England, but as a foreign innovation. In 1633 Prynne in his *Histrio-Mastix* writes of how “ some French women, or monsters rather,” “ attempted to act a French play,” and dismisses it as “ an impudent, shameful, unwomanly, and graceless attempt.”



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their social importance increased. Their Puritan enemies would have it that they were "rogues and vagabonds," but they seem to have been "glorious vagabonds," with money enough to bring them "dignity and reputation" if they chose to save it and spend it wisely.

Shakespeare was evidently a good actor. He was called "excellent in the quality he professes" (see page 142), and he was among those chosen to act before Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich and King James I. at Wilton House. The parts he is said to have taken—Adam in *As You Like It* and the Ghost in *Hamlet*—are not big ones, but they are parts which demand an imaginative rendering, and would not be entrusted to an indifferent actor. There are many allusions in his plays to actors, their environment and their art, and in *Hamlet* he gives a definite criticism and exposition of this art (III. ii.), and shows how moving the power of the player may be (II. ii.).

## THE MASQUE

One of the most delightful social customs of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries was that of the masque. In the time of the Stuarts it became an elaborate affair, resembling a little play, and staged at Whitehall with all manner of costly and ingenious devices, but, even with Ben Jonson's poetry and the scenery of Inigo Jones to captivate the onlookers, the main interest of the masque was what it had been in the earlier simpler form illustrated in some of Shakespeare's plays—the dance and the disguising.

The masquers would disguise themselves in strange and gay costumes. Clumsy and commonplace effects were not tolerated: the thing must be original and amusing.

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“’Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly \* ordered,  
And better in my mind not undertook,”

says Salanio, discussing the masque that is to be hurriedly got up as a send-off for Bassanio. It was common for the masquers to pretend to be from some far-off country. In the earliest detailed description of a masque or mumming, that when the citizens of London rode to pay their court to the boy king, Richard II., the Emperor and his knights, the Pope and his cardinals, are represented in all their glory of jewels and silk and embroidery of gold and scarlet robes. In *Love's Labour's Lost* the king and his courtiers masquerade as Muscovites or Russians, with a retinue of blackamoors. Henry and his friends represent themselves as shepherds from another country, who can speak no English. These shepherds must not be pictured as wearing simple rustic dress—however lowly the rank the disguisers assumed, the most gorgeous apparel was designed for them.

When the masquers were ready, musicians and torch-bearers went before them to announce their coming. Noise and light were essential to the success of the entertainment—as a rule drums and trumpets were considered sufficient, but the king's visit to the cardinal is heralded by the discharge of cannon, causing much pretended alarm among those assembled for the banquet. Sometimes the masquers would challenge those they visited to a game of hazard, with dice loaded, so that they might lose and give the jewels and gold they had brought as presents. This was done by Henry and his masquers, † though Shakespeare does not choose to represent it.

\* *i.e.* Prettily and ingeniously.

† “Then went the maskers and first saluted all the dames, and returned to the most worthy, and there opened their great cup filled with crowns and other pieces of gold, to whom they set certain pieces of gold to cast at. Thus perusing all the ladies and gentlewomen, to some they lost, and of some they won: and mark-

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Then came the dancing. The masquers danced certain more or less elaborate figures by themselves ; early in Henry's reign it became customary to choose partners from the audience to perform other dances. In the seventeenth century three figure dances were given by the masquers—the entry, the main, and the going-out ; a wild roisterous dance was performed by the professional actors who took part in the *anti-masque*, which served as a foil to the grace and stateliness of the masque itself ; and the revels, galliards, corantos, and other popular court dances, were danced by the masquers \* and their audience.

This arrangement of dances belongs to the more elaborate form of the masque, which at first sight seems far removed from the original simple disguising or mumming. It is easy to see how the development came about. The masquers at first expressed their homage to the person or persons honoured by their visit in dumb show ; then it was found more convenient for the chief masquer to make a complimentary speech ; gradually this speech developed into a little play, the plot of which was a pretty piece of flattery designed to please those in whose honour the entertainment was given. But in the typical masque the poetic structure was always light and airy, an accompaniment to the spectacular effect which culminated in the dance. This spectacular effect was increased in beauty and elaboration when it became customary to set the masque on some kind of stage, at first a movable decorated pageant, or wagon on wheels, brought into the hall, and then on a platform within the hall. The first Stuart kings

ing after this manner all the ladies, they returned to the cardinal with great reverence, pouring down all their gold so left in their cup, which was above two hundred crowns. 'At all !' quoth the cardinal, and so cast the dice and won them, whereat was made great noise and joy." (Holinshed.)

\* Although actresses were unknown on the public stage, court ladies took part in the masque.

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spent enormous sums on the staging and production of masques. Few collaborations have been more successful than that of Ben Jonson, who wrote several of these little light pieces for the Jacobean court, and Inigo Jones, the famous painter and architect, who designed the costumes and scenery for them. It ended in a quarrel—a quarrel which Jonson, as was his way, celebrated in verse, expostulating with his collaborator for his preoccupation with “shows, shows, mighty shows”—but fortunately they had done a good deal together before this. It was Inigo Jones who first enclosed his stage in a frame, thus anticipating the modern “picture stage” (see page 147). The “banqueting hall” which he built for the representation of these shows still stands in Whitehall.

Those who are interested in the setting of the later masques should look at the detailed descriptions which preface Jonson's masques. Those who like to see how the earlier more informal kind were conducted should read *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii., *Romeo and Juliet*, IV. v., and *Timon of Athens*, I. ii. The growing popularity of the masque in the seventeenth century is illustrated by the masque-like element in Act IV. of *Macbeth*, and the dream of Posthumus in Act V. of *Cymbeline*. In both of these plays the show is connected with the main action; in *The Tempest* it is a side issue, a display of Prospero's art in honour of the betrothal of his daughter. But throughout *The Tempest* there are “quaint devices” in the masque fashion; the vision of Katharine in Act IV. of *Henry VIII.* also shows its influence.

With the outbreak of the Civil War the masque naturally came to an end, and when England was ready for entertainment again, the attraction of splendid and ingenious staging and stage effects was offered in full by the public theatres.

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### THE HISTORICAL PLAY

One of the notable characteristics of the Elizabethan age is its enjoyment of the story of England's past, of the victories she won against her enemies abroad and against those who threatened her liberty at home. A number of plays dramatized the outstanding events of the reign of some English king—*The Troublesome Reign of King John*, *A True Tragedy of Richard III.*, *The Famous Victories of Henry V.*, and so on. These early "chronicle plays" have not much literary or dramatic value. Their popularity in their own time may be accounted for by the growing patriotism of Tudor England, the increase of her consciousness of and her pride in herself as England. Heywood, a contemporary of Shakespeare, praises "our English chronicles," both as a method of giving instruction, enabling men even of "weak capacity" to "discourse of any notable thing recorded even from William the Conqueror—nay, from the landing of Brute, untill this day," and as an incentive to patriotism. "What English blood, seeing the person of any bold Englishman presented, and doth not hugge his fame, and hunnye at his valour?"

It was Christopher Marlowe, the greatest of English dramatists before Shakespeare, who, in his *Edward II.*, first gave historical drama form and beauty, and the interest that comes from a vivid conception of character. Shakespeare's early historical plays clearly show his influence.

In writing many of his "histories" Shakespeare utilized older plays, some of which are still extant, as well as the chronicles of Holinshed.

There is much variety in the historical drama of Shakespeare's time—there are chronicle histories pure and simple; there are romantic historical comedies;

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there are historical tragedies. Much of this earlier historical drama may well be described in the words of Polonius—" Historical - pastoral, tragical - historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral "; there is such a hotch-potch of interest and incident in one play. The popular " comic relief " provided by scenes of fooling and the enjoyment of representation of hand-to-hand combat is glanced at in the Prologue to *Henry VIII.* :

" 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."

This Prologue is clearly meant to distinguish the most recent historical play from the type that was already growing old-fashioned and falling into disrepute among the most judicious theatre-goers.

The detailed study of Elizabethan and Jacobean historical drama is beyond the scope of most students in their school days : however, those who are interested in the fashion (of which we have seen some revival in our own day : among the most popular plays of the past ten years are Mr. G. B. Shaw's *Saint Joan* and Mr. Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln*, though neither of these is of patriotic appeal) should read *The Famous Victories of Henry V.*, or *The Troublesome-Reign of King John*, Peele's *Edward I.*, Marlowe's *Edward II.*, Heywood's *Edward IV.*, or *The Tanner of Tamworth*, and Chapman's *Bussy d'Ambois*, the subject of which is drawn from contemporary French history, to appreciate its variety in kind, and the enormous difference between the crude old chronicle plays and the histories of Shakespeare.

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### ELIZABETHAN MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND BELIEFS

(To which allusion is made in *Henry VIII.*)

The grievance against the young men who ape the fashions of the French court, which forms the topic of conversation among the older men in Act I., Scene iii., is based on the historical account of Henry VIII.'s reign, but it expresses the common complaint against the "travelled gallant" of the Elizabethan and Jacobean age. It was in the sixteenth century that it became fashionable for a young man to complete his education with foreign travel, and, though there was a common notion that "home-keeping youth have ever homely wits," the young traveller, with his airs and affectations, came in for a good deal of satire on his return home. Rosalind's advice to Jaques when he tells her he has been a traveller (*As You Like It*, IV. i.) is in the spirit of Lovell's description of the young man home from France; in Bacon's *Essay on Travel* and in the seventeenth-century character sketches you will find similar criticism, implied or plainly spoken. The satire still has its point, but the affectation and vanity of the traveller grow less in days when travel is more common and more easily and cheaply undertaken.

For entertainments, the Elizabethan custom of the masque is nowhere better illustrated than in I. iv. The prologue alludes to a popular figure on the stage when he speaks of the "fellow in the long motley coat guarded with yellow." Such a coat was worn by the court fool, by the Vice, the buffoon of the old morality play, and by the fool on the stage. The neater, more attractive dress of jerkin with points and bells which we associate with the jester, and which is

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illustrated in manuscripts of the Middle Ages,\* was by no means his universal garb, either then or in Tudor times.

A favourite place of amusement is referred to by the porter when he speaks of "Parish-garden," *i.e.* Paris garden, in V. iv. This "garden" was a building resembling the Globe Theatre in external appearance, and standing not far from it on the Bankside. It was primarily intended for bear-baiting, and the rowdy behaviour of the crowds who assembled there to enjoy this popular diversion became a byword, and is still remembered in our phrase "a perfect bear garden."

The porter's man says of the crowd awaiting the procession :

" 'Tis as much impossible  
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep  
On May-day morning."

The festivities of May Day were among the chief joys of the year. Early in the morning it was customary to rise early and go out to bring in the May, and to deck house doors with green and blossomy branches, and garlands of flowers. Later came Morris dances and May games, exhibitions of archery, feasting, and all kinds of revelry.

Hawking and fowling were favourite sports. In this play the "pitch" is once spoken of : it was the height to which the hawk soared before hovering. The practice of "daring" larks is alluded to by Surrey :

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

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\* In the initial letter of a fifteenth-century MS. of Psalm xiv. (The fool hath said in his heart) the artist has painted a jester, wearing this costume, with the king his master.



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For this sport a small hawk was used, called a "hobby." The sight of the hobby above them so frightened or "dared" the larks that they remained perfectly still on the ground. Then a net was spread over them, and, when they rose, they were enmeshed in it. Another method was to drive larks into the snare with "daring-glasses,"\* small mirrors, and pieces of scarlet cloth.

Tennis and bowls were favourite games. The original French tennis was played, with hand or racket, on a paved court, in an enclosed oblong building. Bowls was played very much as it is nowadays, with the jack as mark. A smooth ground is all-important in this game, and the "rub" was any hindrance that diverted the bowl from its course. Metaphors like Buckingham's "the least rub in your fortunes" are common in Elizabethan talk.

The part played by music in social life of the Tudor times is pleasantly alluded to by Lord Sands, where he says :

" 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,  
Hold current music too."

The plain-song was the simple melody. A man of any pretension to social accomplishments was able to read such a melody and take his part in a song if his host wished him to do so.

Cards were a favourite diversion, one of the most popular games being primero (V. i.).

When Buckingham speaks of the "flow of gall" (I. i.), he alludes to an old scientific belief to which constant reference will be found in the plays of Shakespeare—that of the "humours," † connected with that

\* "They set out their faces as fowlers do their daring-glasses, that the larks that soar highest may stoop soonest." (Daniel.)

† Latin *humor*, moisture ; *humère*, to be moist.

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of the "elements." The old theory was that the world could be resolved into four *elements*—earth, air, fire, and water—and that, in man's body, these elements gave rise to four *humours*—the melancholic, sanguine, choleric, and phlegmatic. If one humour were present in too great a proportion, the man would be "humorous"—that is, unbalanced, eccentric, a crank. Rash or passionate behaviour might be caused by a temporary prevalence of a "humour," unfair, biassed judgment by a "flow of gall," gall corresponding to choler. One of the characters in a play by Ben Jonson thus describes the naming of the humours :

"So in every human body  
The choler, melancholy, phlegm, and blood,  
By reason that they flow continually  
In some one part, and are not continent,  
Receive the name of humours."

## EARLY EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

In Shakespeare's time it was not fashionable for a dramatist to publish his own works, and it was not until seven years after his death that two of his fellow-actors, Heming and Condell, collected his plays into one volume, and published what is known—from the size of the paper on which it is printed—as the First Folio Edition (1623). During his life, however, booksellers had piratically published single editions of some of the plays. These Quartos, as they are called, were sold in St. Paul's Churchyard for sixpence each. The churchyard was then "like the close of a country cathedral, with a high and strong wall around it." There many booksellers had their shops and stalls, and the vaults of the old cathedral were used as storehouses for their reserve stock.

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There are certain differences between these old editions of Shakespeare and the modern ones. Stage directions occur in Folios and Quartos, but no list of *dramatis personæ* is given, nor any preliminary description of the places where scenes are supposed to happen. Occasionally a passage of blank verse is printed as prose, or vice versa. Sometimes the meaning of a passage is obscure, but with the correction of a more or less obvious misprint it becomes clear. Other Quarto and Folio editions of Shakespeare's plays were published during the seventeenth century. In the eighteenth century the work of editing the text began. Rowe, Pope, Hanmer, Capell, Theobald, Dr. Johnson, brought out editions which contain lists of *dramatis personæ*, indications of where the scene is supposed to take place, and emendations of passages where certain words or phrases appear to be corrupt. Some of these emendations have been found unnecessary, others have been accepted by later scholars and critics. For some of those made in the First Folio version of *Henry VIII*. (there is no existing Quarto version of the play) see pages 191-192. Students who are sufficiently advanced to be interested in textual questions should examine this version at first hand where possible. There is a facsimile in the library of every big town.

### DATE OF THE COMPOSITION OF "HENRY VIII."

There are two ways of discovering at what date a play was written—by consulting *external evidence*, allusions to it in letters or books or other records of the time; or by examining *internal evidence*, allusions to contemporary events the date of which is known, and, more important, though more difficult for the

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young student, the construction of the blank verse and the general style of the play (see page 171).

External evidence points to 1613 as the year in which *Henry VIII.* was first acted—that is, if the play had an alternative title *All Is True*, which can hardly be doubted. A new play, described by one contemporary writer as *All Is True*, by others as *Henry VIII.*, was being acted when fire broke out in the Globe Theatre and destroyed it (see page 145). History calls the play *Henry the 8*—Edmond Howes, in his continuation of Stow's *Chronicle*\* (1613), stating that this play was in progress when the accident happened, owing to “the negligent discharging of a peal of ordinance.” In one letter (that of the Rev. Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering), written on June 30, 1613, it is called *Henry VIII.*—“no longer than yesterday, while Burbage his company were acting at the Globe the play of *Henry VIII.*, and there shooting of certain chambers in way of triumph, the fire catch'd and fastened upon the thatch of the house, and there burned so furiously as it consumed the whole house, and all in less than two hours”; in another letter (that of Sir Henry Wotton to his nephew, Sir Edward Bacon, on July 2, 1613), it is called *All Is True*. The following extract from this letter leaves little doubt that this *All Is True* and Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.* are one and the same play. “The King's Players had a new play, called *All Is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of *Henry 8*, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the Knights of the Order, with their Georges and Garter, the Guards with their embroidered coats, and the like: sufficient in truth

\* Stow's *Annals*, or *Chronicle*, was a general history of England from the earliest times right up to the historian's death in 1605. During the first half of the seventeenth century two more editions were published, brought up to date by Howes.

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within a while to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now, King *Henry* making a masque at the Cardinal *Wolsey's* house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper, or other stuff, wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming within less than an hour the whole house to the very grounds." All this pageantry is that of Shakespeare's play. The only other contemporary play, as far as we know, dealing with the events of Henry's reign is Samuel Rowley's *When You See Me You Know Me*, and Wotton's description does not fit it, and, as it already has one sub-title (*The Famous Chronicle History of King Henry VIII.*) it is unlikely to have had a third. Whereas the prologue to Shakespeare's plays indicates *All Is True* as a likely alternative title, with its insistence on the truth of the story that is to be shown. The "new play" of 1613 was beyond reasonable doubt Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*.

As far as internal evidence goes, 1612 or early 1613 is a likely date for the composition of the play. Some critics have held that the praise of Elizabeth (see pages 135, 136) proves that it was written during her lifetime, but it is unlikely that Shakespeare would have dramatized the story of Katharine's divorce in such a way as to excite the strongest sympathy for the queen who was cast off to make way for Elizabeth's mother. (It may be noted in passing that the Anne of the play is by no means the artful minx invariably represented on the stage—though this representation may be historically correct and is certainly dramatically satisfying.) It is unlikely, too, that any Elizabethan would have had the temerity to speak of his queen as "aged princess." The praise of Elizabeth is in the tone of affectionate and loyal remembrance ;

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the concluding lines in praise of James honour the monarch reigning when the play was written. It has been supposed that the "new nations" refer to the colonization of Virginia,\* and, as this had received a distinct impetus in 1610 and 1611, the allusion strengthens the likelihood that 1612 or thereabouts is the date at which the play was written.

## SOURCES OF THE PLAY

The substance of the play of *Henry VIII.* is mainly derived from the second edition of Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland* †—the chief source of all Shakespeare's historical plays. The fifth act is based on an account of the accusation and acquittal of Cranmer given in Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*. The author of the play may have had access to other works, but he made no very important use of them. For a full account of all possible sources see Ward's *English Dramatic Literature*, Vol. II. The chief divergences from Holinshed will be found on page 18. The following passages should be compared with their equivalent passages in the play.

\* The original colony had been in great difficulties: in fact, in June 1610, authorities agreed that it was useless to attempt to found a colony on the James, and that it would be better to set sail for Newfoundland. However, they were met at the mouth of the river by Lord Delaware, with supplies and a number of new colonists, and they returned. Other colonists arrived in 1611.

† Holinshed used Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey* for the parts of his Chronicle relating to the Cardinal.

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### THE TRIAL OF BUCKINGHAM

(Holinshed)

(ACT II., Scene i.)

There were also appointed to sit as peers and judges upon the said Duke of Buckingham, the Duke of Suffolk, the Marquis Dorset, the Earls of Worcester, Devonshire, Essex, Shrewsbury, Kent, Oxford, and Derby, the Lord of Saint Johns, the Lord De la Ware, the Lord Fitz Warren, the Lord Willoughby, the Lord Brooke, the Lord Cobham, the Lord Herbert, and the Lord Morley. There was made within the hall of Westminster a scaffold for these lords, and a presence for a judge, railed and counter-railed about, and barred with degrees. When the lords had taken their place, the duke was brought to the bar, and upon his arraignment pleaded not guilty, and put himself upon his peers. Then was his indictment read, which the duke denied to be true, and (as he was an eloquent man) alleged reasons to falsify the indictment; pleading the matter for his own justification very pithily and earnestly. The king's attorney against the duke's treasons alleged the examinations, confessions, and proofs of witnesses.

The duke desired that the witnesses might be brought forth. And then came before him Charles Kneuet,\* Perke, De la Court, and Hopkins the monk of the priory of Charterhouse beside Bath, which like a false hypocrite had induced the duke to the treason with his false forged prophecies. Diverse presumptions and accusations were laid unto him by Charles Kneuet, which he would fain have covered. The depositions were read, and the deponents delivered as prisoners to the officers of the Tower. Then spake the Duke of Norfolk, and said, " My lord, the

\* Knyvet.

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king our sovereign lord hath commanded that you shall have his laws ministered with favour and right to you. Wherefore if you have any other thing to say for yourself, you shall be heard. Then he was commanded to withdraw him, and so was led into Paradise, a house so named. The lords went to counsel a great while, and after took their places.

Then said the Duke of Norfolk to the Duke of Suffolk, "What say you of Sir Edward Duke of Buckingham touching the high treasons?" The Duke of Suffolk answered, "He is guilty," and so said the marquis and all the other earls and lords. Thus was this Prince Duke of Buckingham found guilty of high treason by a duke, a marquis, seven earls, and twelve barons. The duke was brought to the bar sore chafing, and sweat marvellously; and after he had made his reverence, he paused a while. The Duke of Norfolk as judge said, "Sir Edward, you have heard how you be indicted of high treason; you pleaded thereto not guilty, putting yourself to the peers of the realm, which have found you guilty."

The Duke of Buckingham said, "My Lord of Norfolk, you have said as a traitor should be said unto, but I was never any: but my lords I nothing malign for that you have done to me, but the eternal God forgive you my death, and I do: I shall never sue to the king for life, howbeit he is a gracious prince, and more grace may come from him than I desire. I desire you my lords and all my fellows to pray for me." Then was the edge of the axe turned towards him, and he led into a barge. Sir Thomas Lovell desired him to sit on the cushions and carpet ordained for him. He said, "Nay; for when I went to Westminster I was Duke of Buckingham, now I am but Edward Bohun, the most caitiff of the world." Thus they landed at the Temple, where received him Sir Nicholas Vawse and Sir William Sands, baronets, and led him through the city, who desired ever the people to pray for him.



## KING HENRY VIII

### THE QUEEN AND THE CARDINALS (Holinshed)

(ACT III., Scene i.)

And thus the court passed from sessions to sessions, and day to day, till at certain of their sessions the king sent the two cardinals to the queen (who was then in Bridewell) to persuade with her by their wisdoms, and to advise her to surrender the whole matter into the king's hands by her own consent and will, which should be much better to her honour, than to stand to the trial of law, and thereby to be condemned, which should seem much to her dishonour.

The cardinals being in the queen's chamber of presence, the gentleman usher advertised the queen that the cardinals were come to speak with her. With that she rose up, and with a skein of white thread about her neck, came into her chamber of presence, where the cardinals were attending. At whose coming, quoth she, "What is your pleasure with me?" "If it please your grace," quoth Cardinal Wolsey, "to go into your privy chamber, we will show you the cause of our coming." "My lord," quoth she, "if ye have any thing to say, speak it openly before all these folk, for I fear nothing that ye can say against me, but that I would all the world should hear and see it, and therefore speak your mind." Then began the cardinal to speak to her in Latin. "Nay, good my lord," quoth she, "speak to me in English."

"Forsooth," quoth the cardinal, "good madame, if it please you, we come both to know your mind how you are disposed to do in this matter between the king and you, and also to declare secretly our opinions and counsel unto you: which we do only for very

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zeal and obedience we bear unto your grace." "My lord," quoth she, "I thank you for your good will. but to make you answer in your request I cannot so suddenly, for I was set among my maids at work, thinking full little of any such matter, wherein there needeth longer deliberation, and a better head than mine to make answer, for I need counsel in this case which toucheth me so near, and for any counsel or friendship that I can find in England, they are not for my profit. What think you, my lords, will any Englishman counsel me, or to be friend to me against the king's pleasure that is his subject? Nay forsooth. And as for my counsel in whom I will put my trust, they be not here, they be in Spain, in my own country.

"And my lords, I am a poor woman, lacking wit, to answer to any such noble persons of wisdom as you be, in so weighty a matter, therefore I pray you be good to me, poor woman, destitute of friends here in a foreign region, and your counsel also I will be glad to hear." And therewith she took the cardinal by the hand, and led him into her privy chamber with the other cardinal, where they tarried a season talking with the queen. Which communication ended, they departed to the king, making to him relation of her talk.

## CRANMER AND THE COUNCIL

(Foxe)

(ACT V., Scenes ii. and iii.)

On the morrow, about nine of the clock before noon, the Council sent a gentleman usher for the Archbishop, who when he came to the council-chamber door, could not be let in, but of purpose (as it seemed) was compelled there to wait among the

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pages, lackeys, and servingmen, all alone. Doctor Butts, the king's physician, resorting that way, and espying how my Lord of Canterbury was handled, went to the king's highness and said, "My Lord of Canterbury if it please your grace, is well promoted : for now he is become a lackey or a servingman, for yonder he standeth this half-hour without the council-chamber door amongst them." "It is not so," quoth the king, "I trow, nor the Council hath not so little discretion as to use the Metropolitan of the Realm in that sort, specially being one of their own number : but let them alone," said the king, "and we shall hear more anon."

Anon the Archbishop was called into the council-chamber : to whom was alleged, as before is rehearsed. The Archbishop answered in like sort as the king had advised him : and in the end, when he perceived that no manner of persuasion or entreaty could serve, he delivered to them the king's ring, revoking his cause into the king's hands. The whole Council being thereat somewhat amazed : the Earl of Bedford with a loud voice confirming his words with a solemn oath, said, "When you first began this matter, my lords, I told you what would come of it. Do you think that the king will suffer this man's finger to ache ? much more, I warrant you, will he defend his life against babbling varlets. You do but cumber yourselves to hear tales and fables against him." And so incontinently, upon the receipt of the king's token, they all rose and carried to the king his ring, surrendering that matter, as the order and use was, into his own hands.

When they were all come into the king's presence, his highness, with a severe countenance, said unto them, "Ah, my lords, I thought I had wiser men of my Council than now I find you. What discretion was this in you, thus to make the Primate of the Realm and one of you in office, to wait at the council-

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chamber door amongst servingmen? You might have considered that he was a councillor as well as you, and you had no such commission of me so to handle him. I was content that you should try him as a councillor, and not as a mean subject. But now I well perceive that things be done against him maliciously, and if some of you might have had your minds, you would have tried him to the uttermost. But I do you all to wit, and protest, that if a Prince may be beholding unto his subject," and so (solemnly laying his hand upon his breast) said, "by the faith I owe to God, I take this man here my Lord of Canterbury, to be of all other a most faithful subject unto us, and one to whom we are much beholding, giving him great commendations otherwise." And with that one or two of the chiefest of the Council, making their excuse, declared, that in requesting his indurance, it was rather meant for his trial and his purgation against the common fame and slander of the world, than for any malice conceived against him. "Well, well, my lords," quoth the king, "take him and well use him, as he is worthy to be, and make no more ado." And with that every man caught him by the hand and made fair weather of altogether, which might easily be done with that man.

## THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE PLAY

*Henry VIII.* is printed in the First Folio as the last of the histories, but there is considerable doubt as to its authorship among scholars and critics. Some consider that Shakespeare has no part in it at all, but that it is by Fletcher, who succeeded Shakespeare as the favourite playwright of the town; others say that Shakespeare and Fletcher collaborated to produce it; others that Massinger, another seventeenth-century dramatist, had a hand in it; and a few hold that its

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inclusion in the First Folio is justifiable, for it is by Shakespeare, and Shakespeare alone.

The construction of the play, with its shifting centre of interest, suggests that it may be the work of more than one man, and yet, faulty as the action may seem when it is analysed in the study, it is extraordinarily moving and exciting on the stage. It has always been a favourite—on account of its pageantry, some critics say—and it is true that it demands splendid staging; that, for it, such staging seems necessary and delightful, and not tiresome and out of proportion, as sometimes in Shakespearian drama. But its popularity depends on something more than masques and processions. It is quick with emotion and passion of a kind that men never forget; it is a play of downfalls, the downfall of the bad and the good, of scheming and remorseless ambition and of proud and patient loyalty—all dependent on the whim of a man in great place, with no more evil in him than in any human being who allows himself to be swayed by the impulse of his own heart. (But it has been said that whenever man gives himself up to his own spirit, he turns into a devil.) There is life in it, that dramatic life which is essentially Shakespeare's, and thrills and stirs and saddens those who watch and listen, in the seventeenth or in the twentieth century. "Except perhaps in the beautiful and famous passage where Hengo dies in his uncle's arms," says Swinburne, "I doubt whether in any of the variously and highly-coloured scenes played out upon the wide and shifting stage of his fancy the genius of Fletcher has ever unlocked the source of tears." It is a significant saying. And if Fletcher did indeed write the death-scene of Katharine, he surpassed himself at the beginning of his career, and, while a young man, showed a tenderness, a comprehension of the infinite pity of things, which seldom comes before the experience of middle age, and then only to a few rare spirits. Only in this play, too, did

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he achieve scenes of such dramatic emotion as those of the farewell of Buckingham and the fall of Wolsey. Even the Cranmer episode in Act V., often cut in the modern acting version of the play, is informed with dramatic vitality—a vigour and movement that it is difficult to feel in Fletcher's work, skilled and beautiful as it is. But all this cannot be exactly explained—the criterion is the "feel" of the thing, and as experts will differ in assigning an unsigned painting or anonymous work of art to such and such a master, so, unless definite written evidence is discovered, there will be enduring disagreement as to the authorship of *Henry VIII*.

The controversy did not arise, however, out of the technically faulty construction of the play, but out of the style in which it is written. To appreciate the significance of this, it is first necessary to appreciate the manner of Shakespeare's later blank verse. Students of metre should compare the two following passages, one from an early, one from a late play, and notice in the second the effect of the run-on line, the extra syllable at the cæsura, and the occurrence of a word that cannot normally bear a stress where, according to general practice, the last accent of the iambic line should fall.

### (1) TITANIA'S REBUKE TO OBERON

These are the forgeries of jealousy :  
And never, since the middle summer's spring,  
Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,  
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,  
Or in the beached margent of the sea  
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,  
But with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport.  
(*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, II. i.)

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### (2) PERDITA WISHES FOR SPRING FLOWERS

O Proserpina,  
For the flowers now, that frighted thou lett'st fall  
From Dis's wagon!—daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes  
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady  
Most incident to maids: bold oxlips and  
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,  
The flower-de-luce being one!

(*The Winter's Tale*, IV. iv.)

The most noticeable effect of Shakespeare's later verse is given by the increase of the proportion of "run-on" to that of "end-stopped" lines. It has been well said that the early blank verse moves line by line; the later paragraph by paragraph; and the effect of this is completely realized if you read aloud a scene from, say, *Richard II.*, and then one from *Antony and Cleopatra* or *Coriolanus*. The earlier verse is by no means monotonous: there is a lovely variation of the cadence within the line; but it is not so flexible for stage purposes as is that of the later period. If you have acted in a Shakespearian play you will have discovered this; and you may have noticed how often modern dramatic critics complain of the unsatisfactory enunciation of the actors in an early play, such as *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, a fault for which they are less blamed when the play is a later one, for the reason that their task is much less difficult. The seventeenth-century dramatist Massinger (so oddly credited with part of *Henry VIII.*), Shirley, and Ford exaggerate this run-on line: some

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passages of their blank verse have almost lost the clear iambic pentameter tune, and read like metrical prose.

There are other changes in the style of the later period. There is less adorning with classical allusion, and less "conceit" or strained and over-fanciful metaphor or simile, though, like all writers of great imaginative power, Shakespeare was always prone to "conceit," was never afraid of the astonishing and the far-fetched, and though some of the loveliest classical imagery ever evoked in English poetry is Perdita's for the memory of her spring flowers in *The Winter's Tale*, one of the last of the plays.

Now the metrical style of *Henry VIII.* is not that of the last group of Shakespeare's plays. The run-on line is there, but the most noticeable effect is that of what is called the "feminine ending," the redundant syllable at the end of the line. This "feminine ending" is of course often used by Shakespeare, but not as frequently as in *Henry VIII.* It is characteristic of Fletcher's verse. There are also other differences from Shakespeare's usual style, and resemblances to that of Fletcher, which can be profitably discussed only by those who have a considerable knowledge of the work of the two men, and the faculty of appreciating distinctive characteristics of style.

It was as long ago as the eighteenth century that the qualities of the versification of *Henry VIII.* which set it apart from Shakespeare's later plays were first pointed out by the critic Roderick, but not much interest was taken in their significance until 1850, when Spedding, encouraged by a remark of Tennyson's that the verse of *Henry VIII.* was very much like that of Fletcher, thoroughly investigated the matter. He assigned part of the play to Shakespeare, part to Fletcher, as follows :

I. i., ii., Shakespeare ; iii., iv., Fletcher.

II. i., ii., Fletcher ; iii., iv., Shakespeare.



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III. i., part of ii., iii., Fletcher ; ii. as far as the exit of Henry, Shakespeare.

IV., Fletcher.

V. i., Shakespeare (altered) ; ii., iii., iv., Fletcher.

Most critics of note have agreed with him as to the joint authorship of the play, though there has been some controversy as to the assignation of the various passages to Shakespeare and to Fletcher. But Swinburne, in a passage that should be read from end to end, declared that the whole play was Shakespeare's. He gives a very necessary check to the tendency to attach too much importance to "the test of the metre-mongers," and to the "critics of the finger-counting or syllabic school." "Prosody is at best no more than the skeleton of verse, as verse is the body of poetry ; while the gain of such painful labourers in a field they know not how to till is not even a skeleton of worthless or irrelevant fact, but the shadow of such a skeleton reflected in water." He points out that if Fletcher did indeed write the great scenes of *Henry VIII*. "he was perhaps not a greater poet, but he certainly was a tragic writer capable of loftier self-control and severer self-command, than he has ever shown himself elsewhere," and suggests the interesting theory that the exceptional quality of the style of the play may "perhaps be explicable as a tentative essay in a new line by one who tried so many styles before settling into his latest." \*

At an early stage in the study of Shakespeare it is merely of passing interest to know that his authorship of the play is questioned ; later, though you may find it impossible to establish your conclusion as incontrovertible, you may find the testing of the matter for yourself very well worth while.

\* Swinburne, *A Study of Shakespeare*, "Second Period: Comic and Historic," pages 82-103 in original edition.

## ON THINKING IT OVER

“A permanent cause of false criticism is connected with the habit of not taking the trouble to think.”

COLERIDGE.

### PRELIMINARY EXERCISES

#### ACT I

WHAT idea as to the general spirit of the play is given by the prologue? If you have read *Henry V.*, compare the function and effect of its first chorus with those of the prologue to *Henry VIII.* Who were (a) a fellow in a long motley coat guarded with yellow; (b) the first and happiest hearers of the town?

What event has just taken place in France, and how is it described by the Duke of Norfolk? Who was responsible for its organization, and, according to the English nobles, what is its value, and what result has it had? What impression as to the character of Cardinal Wolsey is made on the audience before he enters? Of what treachery does Buckingham declare him to be guilty, and what happens to Buckingham himself just after he has sworn to expose him? How does Wolsey turn the king's decision to his own advantage? What are the charges against Buckingham? What is the queen's attitude towards them? What description is given of the way in which the English ape the fashions of France? Describe the

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visit of the masquers to the cardinal's banquet. How, according to Shakespeare, does Henry first meet Anne Bullen ?

Learn by heart :

" Then you lost . . . was believed " (page 26).

Write in your own words the meaning of :

(a) A beggar's book

Outworths a noble's blood.

(b) We must not stint

Our necessary actions, in the fear

To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,

As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow

That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further

Than vainly longing.

What does " net " stand for in Buckingham's metaphor, " The net has fall'n upon me " ?

What is a mixed metaphor ? Explain :

I stood i' the level

Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks

To you that choked it.

Compare the use of these words in ordinary modern English and in the play of *Henry VIII*. : sad, censure, proper, attached, minister, shrewd, bevy, prescription, cope, suggests, practice, presently, demure, allow, deliver.

What is the meaning of these Elizabethan words : clinquant, certes, keech, flawed, moiety ?

## ACT II

How does the First Gentleman describe Buckingham's trial ? How has Wolsey contrived to deprive him of the help of his son-in-law ? What is the sentiment of the people towards the cardinal and the condemned duke ? Describe the scene where Buckingham speaks to the people for the last time. Compare

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his last words, from "Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels" to "mean to sink ye," with the words of Wolsey in Act III., Scene ii. Why, according to the opinions of the gentlemen discussing the matter, is Wolsey determined to contrive Katharine's fall? Compare the cardinal's present policy with that attributed to him by Buckingham in Act I., Scene i. What is his plan for Henry's second marriage? Do the English nobles realize Henry's infatuation for Anne? Why has Cardinal Campeius come from Rome? How does Katharine attempt to move Henry to do her right and justice? Who answers her impassioned words, and how? By what unexpected step does she delay the proceedings of the court? How does Henry speak of her when she has left the court? Do you think his praise is merely hypocritical? How does Wolsey instantly secure his own justification? In what way do Henry's concluding words in Act II., Scene iv., bode no good for Wolsey?

Learn by heart :

"All good people . . . to heaven" (page 53).

"Nay, Sir Nicholas . . . God forgive me" (page 55).

"Sir, I desire you do me right and justice . . . Your pleasure be fulfilled" (page 68).

"My lord, my lord . . . judged by him" (page 71).

Distinguish the Elizabethan and modern uses of the following words : envious, purposed, estate, conceit, approve.

Learn by heart the meaning of these words : requite, attainder, halberd, avaunt, cheveril, sennet.

By whom and of whom are the following words spoken?—

(a) All

Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

(b) All men's honours

Lie like one lump before him, to be fashioned  
Into what pitch he pleases.

(c) We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

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- (d) I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief  
And wear a golden sorrow.
- (e) Beauty and honour in her are so mingled  
That they have caught the king.
- (f) We are a queen,—or long have dream'd so,—  
certain  
The daughter of a king.
- (g) You have many enemies, that know not  
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,  
Bark when their fellows do.

## ACT III

Why do the cardinals visit the queen? Describe their interview with her. Where does the pathos of the queen's situation make itself most poignantly felt? Notice her attitude towards the king:

“He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers  
While I shall have my life——”

and compare what Buckingham and Wolsey say of the king in the hour of their ruin and disgrace. Discuss the general idea of the kingship in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. What is Wolsey's secret scheme with regard to the divorce, and by what chance does it become known to the king? What part has Cranmer played in the business of the divorce? What discovery is made by Henry with regard to the private expenditure of the cardinal? Describe Wolsey's demeanour when he is accused by the king and by the nobles respectively. Study the picture of fallen ambition in Act III., Scene ii., and compare it with any others you know in Shakespearian drama. Show from Act III., Scene ii., how history may be condensed for dramatic purposes.

## ON THINKING IT OVER

By whom are the following words spoken, and to whom or what do they refer ?

(a) O, good my lord, no Latin.

(b) One

Hath crawled into the favour of the king,  
And is his oracle.

(c) I have touched the highest point of all my greatness.

(d) If we live thus tamely,  
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,  
Farewell nobility.

(e) All my glories

In that one woman have I lost for ever.

(f) The king shall have my service ; but my prayers

For ever and for ever shall be yours.

(g) A woman lost among ye, laughed at, scorned.

(h) He hath a witchcraft

Over the king in's tongue.

(i) I would 'twere something that would fret the string,

The master-cord on's heart.

(j) Press not a falling man too far.

Learn by heart :

“ Orpheus with his lute ” (page 76).

“ Farewell, a long farewell ” (page 98).

“ Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear ”  
(page 100).

Learn the meanings of the following words, as used by Shakespeare : part, fondness, wit, offer (noun), posted, parcels, exhalation, to dare (of larks).

## ACT IV

The scenes of this act are in strong contrast : the one is a pageant ; the other Swinburne called “ the crowning glory of the poem.” Scene i. has, however,

## KING HENRY VIII

a dramatic value apart from its pageantry ; it throws into stronger relief the sadness of the passing of the former queen. Is Katharine remembered and spoken of by those who watch Anne's coronation ? Notice in Scene ii. the fine dramatic effect and the pathos of the dying queen's hearing of the death of her proud enemy, and the fineness of character which allows her to grant him his good qualities. Show how, though deprived of " all the royal makings of a queen," Katharine still keeps her " wonted greatness " not only in expecting homage where homage is due, but in her care for those dependent on her. Dr. Johnson gives high praise to this scene (see page 186).

Learn by heart :

" The rich stream . . . is held " (page 106).

" I thank you . . . no more " (page 114).

Distinguish the uses of the following words in Elizabethan and in modern English : encounter, opposing, voice, stout, eagerly, suggestion.

Write in modern prose :

The citizens,

I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds—  
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward—  
In celebration of this day with shows,  
Pageants, and sights of honour.

## ACT V

In this act a new interest is introduced—the attempt of Cranmer's enemies to ruin him. It is of little purport to the main theme of the play, except in so far as it casts a new and more favourable light on the character of the king.

" He's a rank weed, and we must root him out," says Gardiner of Cranmer. What is Cranmer's fault according to his enemy, and what move is made to destroy him ? How is his safety assured ? What

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type of man is Gardiner? Describe in your own words the scene in which Cranmer appears before the Council.

What glorious future is painted for England under Elizabeth and under James I.?

By whom and of whom are the following words spoken?—

- (a) To me you cannot reach you play the spaniel,  
And think with wagging of your tongue to win  
me.
- (b) These are the youths that thunder at a play-  
house, and fight for bitten apples.
- (c) A most unspotted lily shall she pass  
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn  
her.

Learn by heart :

“ Let me speak . . . mourn her ” (page 135).

Compare the use of these words in ordinary modern English and in the play of *Henry VIII.*: trade, estate, avoid, practices, minister, naughty, presently, post, dear, groom, shrewd, gossip, admiration.

Learn the meaning of these words: primero, fell (adj.), liege, pursuivants, drake, bombard, phoenix.

## AFTER A MORE DETAILED STUDY OF THE PLAY

(For Older Students)

1. Shakespearian critics invariably consider *Henry VIII.* as standing apart from the other historical plays. Show how it differs from them, and point out any quality it has in common with them.

2. This is how Chapman, a contemporary of Shakespeare's, excuses himself for representing facts as they are not: “ For the authenthical truth of either person or



## KING HENRY VIII

action, who (worth the respecting) will expect it in a poem, whose subject is not truth, but things like the truth." Consider the value of historical drama from this point of view.

3. " ' He is very English, too English, even,' says the Master, on whom his enemies alone . . . might possibly and plausibly retort that he was ' very French, too French, even,' but he certainly was not ' too English ' to see and cleave to the main fact, the radical and central truth, of personal and national character, of typical history or tradition, without seeking to embellish, to degrade, in either or in any way to falsify it. From king to king, from cardinal to cardinal, from the earliest in date of subject to the latest of his histories, we find the same thread running, the same kink of honourable and righteous judgment, of equitable and careful equanimity, connecting and combining play with play in an unbroken and infrangible chain of evidence to the singleness of the poet's eye, the identity of the workman's hand, which could do justice and would do no more than justice, alike to Henry and to Wolsey, to Pandulph and to John. . . . The master poet of England—all Englishmen may reasonably and honourably be proud of it—has not two weights and two measures for friend and foe." (Swinburne.) Discuss this praise of Shakespeare's impartiality with reference to the play of *Henry VIII*.

4. What do we hear of the sorrows and the enjoyments of " the people " of Tudor England in the play of *Henry VIII*.? In what light does Shakespeare invariably represent the lowlier subjects of the king?

5. Most of the historical plays of Shakespeare's contemporaries which touch upon the period of the Reformation or mention Spain are violently anti-papal and anti-Spanish in feeling. Is any such feeling shown in *Henry VIII*.?

6. It has been pointed out that in no other play

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but *Henry VIII.* does Shakespeare neglect the law of "poetic justice," of the retribution which must be suffered by the wrongdoer. In this play—"The strongest sympathies which have been awakened in us run opposite to the course of the action. Our sympathy is for the grief and goodness of Queen Katharine, while the course of the action requires us to entertain as a theme of joy and compensatory satisfaction the coronation of Anne Bullen and the birth of her daughter; which are in fact a part of Katharine's injury, and amount to little less than the triumph of wrong. For throughout the play the king's cause is not only felt by us, but represented to us, as a bad one. . . . The mere caprice of passion drives the king into the commission of what seems a great iniquity; our compassion for the victim of it is elaborately excited: no attempt is made to awaken any counter-sympathy for *him*; yet his passion has its way, and is crowned with all felicity, present and to come. The effect is much like that which would have been produced by the *Winter's Tale* if Hermione had died in the fourth act in consequence of the jealous tyranny of Leontes, and the play had ended with the coronation of a new queen and the christening of a new heir, no period of remorse intervening. It is as if Nathan's rebuke to David had ended, not with the doom of death to the child just born, but with a prophetic promise of the felicities of Solomon. . . . I know no other play of Shakespeare which is chargeable with a fault like this, none in which the moral sympathy of the spectator is not carried along with the main current of action to the end. In all the historical tragedies a providence may be seen presiding over the development of events, as just and relentless as the fate in a Greek tragedy. . . . The singularity of *Henry VIII.* is that while four-fifths of the play are occupied in matters which are to make us incapable of mirth—'Be sad as we would make you,' etc.—the

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remaining fifth is devoted to joy and triumph, and ends with universal festivity." (Spedding.) Is this a convincing description of the general atmosphere of the play? Is there any reason why the law of "poetic justice" should have been neglected by Shakespeare in this particular play? Does history suggest the possibility of other motives than the king's capricious passion for the divorce of Katharine? In real life, were his desires and ambitions "crowned with all felicity"?

7. Consider any one of the following plays of Shakespeare with which you are familiar, and study its construction: *Henry IV.*, *Henry V.*, *Macbeth*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Hamlet*, *Coriolanus*. Describe the main theme of the play: show how this is set going in the opening scenes or *exposition*; how, from these scenes, some kind of *conflict* arises, which culminates in a *crisis*, after which the fortunes of the hero improve, or, if the play is a tragedy, decline to a *catastrophe*. If there is a parallel or under-plot, show how it is linked with the main plot and develops with it.

Try to analyse *Henry VIII.* in the same way. You will soon find out why Pepys said that it is made up of a great many patches. Distinguish the main themes of interest, and show which are to a certain extent connected with one another, and which are so far independent that they may be cut without interfering with the action of the play.

8. Discuss the justice of the following classifications of the play of *Henry VIII.*: "a sort of historical masque\or show play" (Coleridge); "a chronicle-history with three and a half catastrophes, varied by a marriage and a coronation pageant, ending abruptly with the birth of a child . . . and all this loosely connected by the nominal hero" (Herzberg).

9. "The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katharine have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy.

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But the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written." (Dr. Johnson.) Do you feel this to be a just estimate of the value of the play?

10. Shakespeare has created other characters besides Wolsey who are swayed by ambition, the most famous of which are "the mounting Bolingbroke," who succeeds in usurping the crown of England, and Macbeth, who murders his king to obtain the crown of Scotland. Analyse and compare his studies of the ambitious character. Do you know any modern plays or novels in which such a character is the central figure? Have you come across any convincing representation of great ambition fulfilled?

11. It has been said that the prominence given to Buckingham is out of proportion if Wolsey is to be regarded as the hero of the play. How is Buckingham represented, and what effect has the episode of his trial and death on the feelings of the audience with regard to the cardinal?

12. How are the personality and character of Henry VIII. represented in the play?

13. Describe the characterization of Norfolk, Surrey, Griffith, Anne Bullen.

14. What light is thrown on the action or on other more important characters of the play by the old lady in Act II., and the messenger in Act IV.?

15. "All sense of loyalty to England, to its freedom, to its institutions, had utterly passed away. The one duty which the statesman owned was a duty to his 'prince,' a prince whose personal will and appetite was overriding the highest interests of the state, trampling underfoot the wisest counsels, and crushing with the blind ingratitude of Fate the servants who opposed him." Discuss the picture of England and English statesmen given in the play of *Henry VIII.* It was a picture appreciated by a king of England.

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George II. would always hear Wolsey say to his secretary :

“ Let it be nois'd,  
That through our intercession this revokement  
And pardon comes ”

with “ something more than a smile.” After a performance of the play at Hampton Court a nobleman asked Sir Richard Steele how the king had enjoyed it. “ So terribly well, my lord,” was the answer, “ that I was afraid I should have lost all my actors ! For I was not sure the king would not keep them to fill the posts at court that he saw them so fit for in the play.”

16. Dr. Johnson declares the death-scene of Katharine “ above any other part of Shakespear's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender and pathetic, without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices, without the help of romantic circumstances, without improbable sallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery.” Swinburne calls it the “ crowning glory of the poem,” “ a scene on which the only criticism ever passed, the only commendation ever bestowed, by the verdict of successive centuries, has been that of tears and silence.” Mr. Arthur Symons, on the other hand, considers that the character of Katharine is merely copied from Holinshed, where it is picturesquely given, and says, “ To speak of the character of Katharine as one of the triumphs of Shakespear's art seems to me altogether a mistake. . . . As for the famous death-scene, I can simply express my astonishment that any one could have been found to say of it, with Johnson, that it is ‘ above any other part of Shakespear's tragedies tender and pathetic.’ Tender and pathetic it certainly is, but with a pathos just a little limp . . . flaccid almost.” It is interesting to consider and compare these impressions, and to dis-

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cuss the following descriptions of the other outstanding characters of the play, also by Symons: "The Henry of history is a puzzling character, but the Henry of a play should be adequately conceived and intelligibly presented. . . . As it is, we know no more than after reading Holinshed whether the Henry of the play believed or did not believe—or what partial belief he had—in those 'scruples,' for instance, to which he refers, not without a certain unction. He is illogical, insubstantial, the merely superficial presentation of a deeply interesting historical figure, who would, we may be sure, have had immense interest for Shakespeare, and to whom Shakespeare would have given his keenest thought, his finest workmanship. . . . A greater opportunity still is lost in the case of Wolsey. We hear a great deal of his commanding qualities, but when do we see them? Arrogance we see, and craft, but nowhere does he produce upon us that impression of tremendous power—of magnificence, in good and evil, which it is clearly intended that he should produce . . . How dramatically would Shakespeare have worked the ascending fortunes of the man to a climax—with what crushing effect, and yet how inevitably, brought in the moment of downfall! As it is, the effect is at once trivial and spasmodic, and the famous soliloquies, even, when one looks at them as they really are, but fine rhetorical preachments, spoken to the gallery: fine, rhetorical, moving, memorable, but not the epilogue of broken fortune, the last words of a littleness worse than death, as Shakespeare or as nature would have given them. One feels that there is no psychology underneath this big figure: it stands, and then it is doubled up by a blow; but one sees with due clearness neither why it stood so long nor why it fell so suddenly. The events happen, but they are not brought about by that subtle logic which in Hamlet or in Lear constructs the action out of the character, and so enables us to

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follow, to understand, every change, however sudden and unlooked for, in the uncertain fortunes of a tormented human creature struggling with the powers of fate and of his own nature."\*

17. There are few plays which in the course of their representation make such a variety of emotional appeal, and make it successfully, as does *Henry VIII*. Having read, or, better still, having seen the play, describe the emotions evoked by its most outstanding scenes.

18. In what scenes of this play is prose used? Look again at other plays of Shakespeare you have read, and notice if there is any similarity between their prose scenes and those of *Henry VIII*. Compare the use of rhyme in *Henry VIII*, and in other plays, even of the latest period, undoubtedly by Shakespeare.

19. In your history of language lessons—

(a) Learn the meanings and look up the derivations of the following words: arraignment, attainder, avaunt, baiting, bombards, bootless, certes, chattels, cherubins, cheveril, clinquant, fell, holidame, keech, liege, marry, methinks, moe, moiety, plain-song, pursuivant, requite, rub, sennet, spleen, taint, tender (verb), trow, wot.

(b) Distinguish between the uses of these words in Shakespearian and modern English: admiration, allowed, approve, attach, avoid, banquet, bevy, can, capable, censure, clerks, colour, commend, conceit, cope, dear, decent, deliver, demure, disposing, distraction, eagerly, encounter, envy, estate, exclamation, exhalation, fancy, fondness, gossip, groom, happiest, husband, incensed, indifferent, level, mere, minister, naughty, offer, parcel, part (verb), practice, prescription, presently, profess, proper, purposed, read, sad, shrewd, spinster, state, suggests, tell, temperance, trade, voice, wit, worship.

\* In connection with Symons's criticism, see note on *The Authorship of the Play*, page 169.

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Note the derivation and the literal meaning of these words.

20. From time to time, for the sake of testing your understanding of what you read, and your power of expression, you should try to write a short passage of the play you are studying in modern prose. Every one knows that part of the meaning is bound up in the form, and you cannot get the entire value of the original passage in another rendering, but this exercise of paraphrasing does prove if you are reading with intelligence. In paraphrasing the following passages do not necessarily *reproduce* the explanation of word or phrase given in the footnotes, for this is a mere explanation, and might fit in clumsily with your rendering :

“ As I belong to worship . . . function ” (page 27).

“ We must not stint . . . state statues only ”  
(page 37).

“ My lord cardinal . . . inducement ” (page 73).

“ Good my lord . . . companion ” (page 91).

“ Know you not . . . destruction ” (page 120).

21. Read an account of the events from 1520 to 1544 in an English history book, and notice any changes made by Shakespeare in dramatizing this period in *Henry VIII*. How far can you account for these changes ?

22. Discuss the following changes made by Shakespeare in the material he found in Holinshed :

(a) The fall of Wolsey is described in one scene. In history more than a year elapsed between his disgrace and death. During that time Henry granted him pardon, and restored to him the archbishopric of York, but his enemies again excited the royal anger against him.

(b) Henry and Anne Bullen, according to Shakespeare, first met during the masque at York Place.

(c) Wolsey died more than five years before the queen. Shakespeare makes her hear the account of his recent death as she herself is dying.



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(d) Shakespeare invents the scene of Katharine's death.

23. Find out how many days the action of the play may be supposed to occupy, not counting the intervals that elapse between the episodes shown. Notice where the dramatist compresses or rearranges his historical material to suit the purposes of the play.

24. Compare the extracts from Holinshed and Foxe on pages 164-169 with the corresponding scenes in the play.

25. Write a short note on the Elizabethan beliefs, customs, and institutions to which allusion is made in the following passages :

(a) To see a fellow

In a long motley coat guarded with yellow.

(b) Do you take the court for Parish-garden ?

(c) Let his grace go forward

And dare us with his cap like larks.

(d) When they once perceive

The least rub in your fortunes.

(c) This top-proud fellow

Whom from the flow of gall I name not.

(f) These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples.

(g) The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,  
Short blistered breeches and those types of travel.

(h) Come, come, my lord, you'll spare your spoons.

(i) I'll venture one have-at-him.

26. Who speak these words, and on what occasions :

(a) Meit that make

Envy and crooked malice nourishment

Dare bite the best.

(b) O my good lord, that comfort comes too late ;  
'Tis like a pardon after execution.

(c) 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.

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- (d) I do believe  
 You are mine enemy, and make my challenge  
 You shall not be my judge.

27. The following are emendations of various passages by Shakespearian editors. Suggest why these have been made. Do any of them seem unnecessary? (Consult the context of the passages in every case.)

FIRST FOLIO *	EMENDATIONS
<p>I. i., page 28.            He <i>papers</i>.</p>	<p>The <i>papers</i> (Campbell).            He <i>paupers</i> (Staunton).            He <i>prefers</i> (Keightley).</p>
<p>I. i., page 32.            Like a glass            Did break i' the <i>wrenching</i>.</p>	<p><i>rinsing</i> (Pope).</p>
<p>II. i., page 53.            Enter Sir <i>Walter</i> Sands.</p>	<p>Sir <i>William</i> Sands            (Theobald, following Hol-            inshed).</p>
<p>II. iii., page 63.            Still growing in a majesty            and pomp, the which            To leave, a thousandfold            more bitter, than            'Tis sweet at first t' acquire.</p>	<p>(a) Still growing in a ma-            jesty and pomp,            The which to leave, a            thousandfold more bit-            ter            Than sweet at first t' ac-            quire (Pope).            (b) Still growing in a ma-            jesty and pomp,—the            which            To leave, 's a thousand-            fold more bitter, than            'Tis sweet at first to ac-            quire (Capell).</p>

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\* The spelling is modernized except where the old spelling is necessary to show the process of emendation.

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### FIRST FOLIO

### EMENDATIONS

III. ii., page 92.

*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.

That am I, have been, and  
 will be :  
 Though . . .  
 . . . horrid ; yet, my duty,  
 etc. (Rowe).  
 That I am true, and will be,  
 Though, etc. (Singer).  
 That aim I have, and will,  
 Though, etc. (Knight).  
 That am your slave and  
 will be.  
 Though, etc. (Badham).

IV. ii., page 109.

One that by suggestion  
*Ty'de* all the kingdom.

*Tyth'd* (tithed) all the  
 kingdom (Hanmer).

IV. ii., page 110.

Was fashioned to much  
 honour. From his cradle  
 He was a scholar, and a  
 ripe, and good one.

Was fashioned to much  
 honour, from his cradle ;  
 He was a scholar, and a  
 ripe and good one.  
 (Theobald).

V. iii., page 124.

But we all are men  
 In our own natures frail,  
*and capable*  
*Of our flesh, few are angels ;*  
 out of which frailty.

and capable  
 Of frailty, few are angels  
 (Pope).  
 and culpable ;  
 Those frailty-free are  
 angels (Theobald).  
 incapable ;  
 Of our flesh, few are  
 angels (Malone).



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