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

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THE PROLOGVE.

*I Come no more to make you laugh, Things now,
T [...]at beare 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 Pitty, heere
May (if they thinke it well) let fall a Teare,
The Subiect will deserue it. Such as giue
Their Money out of hope they may beleene,
May heere finde Truth too. Those that come to see
Onely a show or two, and so a gree,
The Play may passe: if they be still, and willing,
He vndertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short houres. Onely they
That come to heare a Merry, Bawdy Play,
A noyse of Targets: Or to see a Fellow
In a long Motley Coate, garded with Yellow,*

*Will be decey'd. For gentle Hear [...]s, know
To ranke our chosen Truth with such a show
As Foole, and Fight is, beside forfeiting
Our owne Braines, and the Opinion that we bring
To make that onely true, we now intend,
Will leaue vs neuer an vnderstanding Friend.
Therefore, for Goodnesse sake, and as you are knowne
The First and Happiest Hearers of the Towne,
Be sad, as we would make ye. Thinke ye see
The very Persons of our Noble Story,
As they were Liuing: Thinke you see them Great,
And follow'd with the generall throng, and sweat
Of thousand Friends: Then, in a moment, see
How soone this Mightinesse, meets Misery:
And if you can be merry then, Ile say,
A Man may weepe vpon his Wedding day.*

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

[Act 1, Scene 1]

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

Buckingham.

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

Norf.

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

Buck.

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

Nor.

'Twixt Guynes and Arde,
I was then present, saw them salute on Horsebacke,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their Embracement, as they grew together,
Which had they,
What foure Thron'd ones could haue weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck.

All the whole time
I was my Chambers Prisoner.

Nor.

Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say
Till this time Pompe was single, but now married
To one aboue it selfe. Each following day

Became the next dayes master, till the last
Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,
All Clinquant all in Gold, like Heathen Gods
Shone downe the English; and to morrow, they
Made Britaine, India: Euery man that stood,
Shew d like a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too,
Not vs'd to toyle, did almost sweat to beare
The Pride vpon them, that their very labour
Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske
Was cry'de incompareable; and th'ensuing night
Made it a Foole, and Begger. The two Kings
Equall in lustre, were now best, now worst
As presence did present them: Him in eye,
Still him in praise, and being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one, and no Discerner
Durst wagge his Tongue in censure, when these Sunnes
(For so they phrase 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd
The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did performe
t3Beyond[Page 206]The Life of King Henry the Eight.
Beyond thoughts Compasse, that former fabulous Storie
Being now seene, possible enough, got credit
That *Beuis* was beleeu'd.

Buc.

Oh you go farre.

Nor.

As I belong to worship, and affect
In Honor, Honesty, the tract of eu'ry thing,
Would by a good Discourser loose some life,
Which Actions selfe, was tongue too.

Buc.

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

Nor.

As you guesse:
One certes, that promises no Element
In such a businesse.

Buc.

I pray you who, my Lord?

Nor.

All this was ordred by the good Discretion
Of the right Reuerend Cardinall of Yorke.

Buc.

The diuell speed him: No mans Pye is freed
From his Ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce Vanities? I wonder,
That such a Keech can with his very bulke

Take vp the Rayes o'th'beneficiall Sun,
And keepe it from the Earth.

Nor.

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

Abur.

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

Buc.

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

Abur.

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

Buc.

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

Nor.

Greuingly I thinke,
The Peace betweene the French and vs, not valewes
The Cost that did conclude it.

Buc.

Euery man,
After the hideous storme that follow'd, was
A thing Inspir'd, and not consulting, broke
Into a generall Prophesie; That this Tempest

Dashing the Garment of this Peace, aboaded
The sodaine breach on't.

Nor.

Which is budded out,
For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at Burdeaux.

Abur.

Is it therefore

Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.

Th'Ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor.

Marry is't.

Abur.

A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd

Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.

At a superfluous rate.

Buc.

Why all this Businesse
Our Reuerend Cardinall carried.

Nor.

Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the priuate difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I aduise you
(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you
Honor, and plenteous safety) that you reade
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together; To consider further, that
What his high Hatred would effect, wants not
A Minister in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's Reuengefull; and I know, his Sword
Hath a sharpe edge: It's long, and't may be saide
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosome vp my counsell,
You'll finde it wholesome. Loe, where comes that Rock
That I aduice your shunning.

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

Car.

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

Secr.

Heere so please you.

Car.

Is he in person, ready?

Secr.

I, please your Grace.

Car.

Well, we shall then know more, & *Buckingham*

Shall lessen this bigge looke.
Exeunt Cardinall, and his Traine.

Buc.

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

Nor.

What are you chaff'd?
Aske God for Temp'rance, that's th'appliance onely
Which your disease requires.

Buc.

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

Nor.

Stay my Lord,
And let your Reason with your Choller question
What 'tis you go about: to climbe steepe hilles
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full hot Horse, who being allow'd his way
Selfe-mettle tyres him: Not a man in England
Can aduise me like you: Be to your selfe,
As you would to your Friend.

Buc.

Ile to the King,
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe
This [\[Page 207\]](#) The Life of King Henry the Eight.
This *Ipswich* fellowes insolence; or proclaime,
There's difference in no persons.

Norf.

Be aduis'd;
Heat not a Furnace for your foe so hot
That it do sindge your selfe. We may out-runne
By violent swiftnesse that which we run at;
And lose by ouer-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor til't run ore,
In seeming to augment it, wasts it: be aduis'd;
I say againe there is no English Soule
More stronger to direct you then your selfe;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of passion.

Buck.

Sir,
I am thankfull to you, and Ile goe along
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions, by Intelligence,
And proofes as cleere as Founts in *Iuly*, when

Wee see each graine of grauell; I doe know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Norf.

Say not treasonous.

Buck.

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

Norf.

Faith, and so it did.

Buck.

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

Norf.

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

Buck.

No, not a sillable:

I doe pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appeare in prooffe.

*Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at Armes before him, and
two or three of the Guard.*

Brandon.

Your Office Sergeant: execute it.

Sergeant.

Sir,

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

Buck.

Lo you my Lord,
The net has falne vpon me, I shall perish
Vnder deuce, and practise:

Bran.

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

Buck.

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

Bran.

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

Abur.

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

Bran.

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

Buck.

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

Bra.

A Monke o'th'*Chartreux*.

Buck:

O *Michaell Hopkins*?

Bra.

He.

Buck.

My Surueyor is falce: The ore-great *Cardinall*

Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spand already:
I am the shadow of poore *Buckingham*,
Whose figure euen this instant Clowd puts on,
By Darkning my cleere Sunne. My Lords farewell.
Exe.

Scena Secunda.
[Act 1, Scene 2]

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kin.
Lady mine proceed.

Queen.
I am solicited nor by a few,
And those of true condition; That your Subiects
Are in great griuance: There haue beene Commissions
Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although
My good Lord Cardinall, they vent reproches
Most bitterly on you, is putter on

Of these exactions: yet the King, our Maister
Whose Honor Heauen shield from soile; euen he escapes
(not
Language vnmanerly; yea, such which breakes
The sides of loyalty, and almost appeares
In lowd Rebellion.

Norf.

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

Kin.

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

Card.

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

Queen.

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

Kin.

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

Queen.

I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am boldned
Vnder your promis'd pardon. The Subiects grieffe
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each
The sixt part of his Substance, to be leuied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your warres in France: this makes bold mouths,
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegance in them; their curses now

Lie where their prayers did; and it's come to passe,
This tractable obedience is a Slaue
To each incensed Will: I would your Highnesse
Would giue it quicke consideration; for
There is no primer basenesse.

Kin.

By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Card.

And for me,
I haue no further gone in this, then by
A single voice, and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the Iudges: If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me say,
'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake
That Vertue must goe through: we must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the feare
To cope malicious Censurers, which euer,
As rau'nous Fishes doe a Vessell follow
That is new trim'd; but benefit no further
Then vainly longing. What we oft doe best,
By sicke Interpreters (once weake ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cride vp
For our best Act: if we shall stand still,
In feare our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,
We should take roote here, where we sit;
Or sit State-Statues onely.

Kin.

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

Card.

A word with you.
Let there be Letters writ to euery Shire,
Of the Kings grace and pardon: the greeued Commons
Hardly conceiue of me. Let it be nois'd,

That through our Intercession, this Reuokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding.

Exit Secret.

Enter Surueyor.

Queen.

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

Kin.

It grieues many:

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

Card.

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Card.

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

Kin.

Speake freely.

Sur.

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

Card.

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

Queen.

My learn'd Lord *Cardinall*,
Deliu'er all with Charity.

Kin.

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

Sur.

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

Kin.

What was that *Henton*?

Sur.

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

Kin.

How know'st thou this?

Sur.

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

Queen.

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

Kin.

Let him on: Goe forward.

Sur.

On my Soule, Ile speake but truth,
I told my Lord the Duke, by th'Diuels illusions
The Monke might be deceiu'd, and that 'twas dangerous
For this to ruminare on this so farre, vntill
It forg'd him some designe, which being beleeu'd
It was much like to doe: He answer'd, Tush,
It can doe me no damage; adding further,
That had the King in his last Sicknesse faild,
The Cardinals and Sir *Thomas Louels* heads
Should haue gone off.

Kin.

Ha? What, so rancke? Ah, ha,
There's mischief in this man; canst thou say further?

Sur.

I can my Liedge.

Kin.

Proceed.

Sur.

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

Kin.

I remember of such a time, being my sworn ser
(uant,
The Duke retein'd him his. But on: what hence?

Sur.

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

Kin.

A Gyant Traytor.

Card.

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

Queen.

God mend all.

Kin.

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

Sur.

After the Duke his Father, with the knife
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible Oath, whose tenor
Was, were he euill vs'd, he would outgoe
His Father, by as much as a performance
Do's an irresolute purpose.

Kin.

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

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

[Act 1, Scene 3]

Enter L. Chamberlaine and L. Sandys.

L. Ch.

Is't possible the spels of France should iuggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

L. San.

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

L. Ch.

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

L. San.

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

L. Ch.

Death my Lord,
Their cloathes are after such a Pagan cut too't,
That sure th'haue worne out C [...]istendome: how now?
What newes, Sir *Thomas Louell*?

Enter Sir Thomas Louell.

Louell.

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

L. Cham.

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L. Cham.

What is't for?

Lou.

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

L. Cham.

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

Lou.

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

L. San.

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

L. Cham.

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

Louell.

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

L. San.

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

L. Cham.

Well said Lord *Sands*,
Your Colts tooth is not cast yet?

L. San.

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

L. Cham.

Sir *Thomas*,
Whither were you a going?

Lou.

To the Cardinals;
Your Lordship is a guest too.

L. Cham.

O, 'tis true;

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

Lou.

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

L. Cham.

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

L. San.

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

L. Cham.

True, they are so;
But few now giue so great ones:
My Barge staves;
Your Lordship shall along: Come, good Sir *Thomas*,
We shall be late else, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*
This night to be Comptrollers.

L. San.

I am your Lordships.
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

[Act 1, Scene 4]

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

S. Hen. Guilf.

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

Enter L. Chamberlaine L. Sands, and Louell.

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

Cham.

You are young Sir *Harry Guilford*.

San.

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

Lou.

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

San.

I would I were,
They should finde easie pennance.

Lou.

Faith how easie?

San.

As easie as a downe bed would affoord it.

Cham.

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

San.

By my faith,
And thanke your Lordship: by your leaue sweet Ladies,
If I chance to talke a little wilde, forgiue me:
I had it from my Father.

An. Bul.

Was he mad Sir?

San.

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

Cham.

Well said my Lord:
So now y'are fairely seated: Gntlemen,
The pennance lyes on you; if these faire Ladies
Passe away frowning.

San.

For my little Cure,
Let me alone.

Hoboyes. Enter Cardinall Wolsey, and takes his State.

Card.

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

San.

Your Grace is Noble,

Let me haue such a Bowle may hold my thanks,
And saue me so much talking.

Card.

My Lord *Sands*,

I [[Page 211](#)]The Life of King Henry the Eight.

I am beholding to you: cheere your neighbours:

Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

San.

The red wine first must rise

In their faire cheekes my Lord, then wee shall haue 'em,
Talke vs to silence.

An. B.

You are a merry Gamster

My Lord *Sands*.

San.

Yes, if I make my play:

Heer's to your Ladiship, and pledge it Madam:

For tis to such a thing.

An. B.

You cannot shew me.

Drum and Trumpet, Chambers dischargd.

San.

I told your Grace, they would talke anon.

Card.

What's that?

Cham.

Looke out there, some of ye.

Card.

What warlike voyce,

And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, feare not;

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

Enter a Seruant.

Cham.

How now, what is't?

Seru.

A noble troupe of Strangers,

For so they seeme; th'haue left their Barge and landed,

And hither make, as great Embassadors

From forraigne Princes.

Card.

Good Lord Chamberlaine,

Go, giue 'em welcome; you can speake the French tongue

And pray receiue 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em

Into our presence, where this heauen of beauty

Shall shine at full vpon them. Some attend him.

All rise, and Tables remou'd.

You haue now a broken Banket, but wee'l mend it.

A good digestion to you all; and once more

I showre a welcome on yee: welcome all.

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

A noble Company: what are their pleasures?

Cham.

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

Card.

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

Choose Ladies, King and An Bullen.

King.

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

Musicke, Dance.

Card.

My Lord.

Cham.

Your Grace.

Card.

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

Whisper.

Cham.

I will my Lord.

Card.

What say they?

Cham.

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

Card.

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

Kin.

Ye haue found him Cardinall,
You hold a faire Assembly; you doe well Lord:
You are a Churchman, or Ile tell you Cardinall,

I should iudge now vnhappily.

Card.

I am glad

Your Grace is growne so pleasant.

Kin.

My Lord Chamberlaine,

Prethee come hither, what faire Ladie's that?

Cham.

An't please your Grace,

Sir *Thomas Bullens* Daughter, the Viscount *Rochford*,

One of her Highnesse women.

Kin.

By Heauen she is a dainty one. Sweet heart,

I were vnmannerly to take you out,

And not to kisse you. A health Gentlemen,

Let it goe round.

Card.

Sir *Thomas Louell*, is the Banket ready

I'th'Priuy Chamber?

Lou.

Yes, my Lord.

Card.

Your Grace

I feare, with dancing is a little heated.

Kin.

I feare too much.

Card.

There's fresher ayre my Lord,

In the next Chamber.

Kin.

Lead in your Ladies eu'ry one: Sweet Partner,

I must not yet forsake you: Let's be merry,

Good my Lord Cardinall: I haue halfe a dozen healths,

To drinke to these faire Ladies, and a measure

To lead 'em once againe, and then let's dreame

Who's best in fauour. Let the Musicke knock it.

Exeunt with Trumpets.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

[Act 2, Scene 1]

Enter two Gentlemen at seuerall Doores.

1.

Whether away so fast?

2.

O, God saue ye:

Eu'n to the Hall, to heare what shall become

Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

1.

Ile saue you

That labour Sir. All's now done but the Ceremony

Of bringing backe the Prisoner.

2.

Were you there?

1.

Yes indeed was I.

2.

Pray speake what ha's happen'd.

1.

You may guesse quickly what.

2.

Is he found guilty?

1.

Yes truly is he,
And condemn'd vpon't.

2.

I am sorry fort.

1.

So are a number more.

2.

But pray how past it?

1.

Ile tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Bar; where, to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleadged
Many sharpe reasons to defeat the Law.
The Kings Atturney on the contrary,
Vrg'd on the Examinations, proofes, confessions
Of [\[Page 212\]](#)The Life of King Henry the Eight.
Of diuers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd
To him brought *viua voce* to his face;
At which appear'd against him, his Surueyor
Sir *Gilbert Pecke* his Chancellour, and *Iohn Car*,
Confessor to him, with that Diuell Monke,
Hopkins, that made this mischiefe.

2.

That was hee

That fed him with his Prophecies.

1.

The same,
All these accus'd him strongly, which he faine
Would haue flung from him; but indeed he couldnot;
And so his Peeres vpon this euidence,
Haue found him guilty of high Treason. Mu [...]h
He spoke, and learnedly for life: But all
Was either pittied in him, or forgotten.

2.

After all this, how did he beare himselfe?

1.

When he was brought agen to th'Bar, to heare
His Knell rung out, his Iudgement, he was stir'd
With such an Agony, he sweat extreamly,

And something spoke in choller, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himselfe againe, and sweetly,
In all the rest shew'd a most Noble patience.

2.

I doe not thinke he feares death.

1.

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

2.

Certainly,
The Cardinall is the end of this.

1.

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

2.

That tricke of State
Was a deepe enuious one,

1.

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

2.

All the Commons
Hate him perniciously, and o' my Conscience
Wish him ten faddom deepe: This Duke as much
They loue and doate on: call him bounteous *Buckingham*,
The Mirror of all courtesie.

*Enter Buckingham from his Arraignement, Tipstaues before
him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Halberds on each
side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Louell, Sir Nicholas
Vaux, Sir Walter Sands, and common people, &c.*

1.

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

2.

Let's stand close and behold him.

Buck

All good people,
You that thus farre haue come to pittie me;
Heare what I say, and then goe home and lose me.
I haue this day receiu'd a Traitors iudgement,
And by that name must dye; yet Heauen beare witnes,
And if I haue a Conscience, let it sincke me,
Euen as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.
The Law I beare no mallice for my death,

'T'has done vpon the premises, but Iustice:
But those that sought it, I could wish more Christians:
(Be what they will) I heartily forgiue 'em;
Yet let 'em looke they glory not in mischief;
Nor build their euils on the graues of great men;
For then, my guiltlesse blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne're hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King haue mercies
More then I dare make faults.
You few that lou'd me,
And dare be bold to weepe for *Buckingham*,
His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to leaue
Is only bitter to him, only dying:
Goe with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long diuorce of Steele fals on me,
Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice,
And lift my Soule to Heauen.
Lead on a Gods name.

Louell.

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

Buck.

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

Lou.

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

Vaux.

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

Buck.

Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone; my State now will but mocke me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,
And Duke of *Buckingham*: now, poore *Edward Bohun*;

Yet I am richer then my base Accusers,
 That neuer knew what Truth meant: I now seale it;
 And with that bloud will make 'em one day groane for't.
 My noble Father *Henry of Buckingham*,
 Who first rais'd head against Vsurping *Richard*,
 Flying for succour to his Seruant *Banister*,
 Being distrest; was by that wretch betraid,
 And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him.
Henry the Seauenth succeeding, truly pittying
 My Fathers losse; like a most Royall Prince
 Restor'd me to my Honours: and out of ruines
 Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,
Henry the Eight, Life, Honour, Name and all
 That made me happy; at one stroake ha's taken
 For euer from the World. I had my Tryall,
 And must needs say a Noble one; which makes me
 A little happier then my wretched Father:
 Yet thus farre we are one in Fortunes; both
 Fell by our Seruants, by those Men we lou'd most:
 A most vnnaturall and faithlesse Seruice.
 Heauen ha's an end in all: yet, you that heare me,
 This from a dying man receiue as certaine:
 Where you are liberall of your loues and Councils,
 Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
 And [\[Page 213\]](#)The Life of King Henry the Eight.
 And giue your hearts to; when they once perceiue
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, neuer found againe
 But where they meane to sinke ye: all good people
 Pray for me, I must now forsake ye; the last houre
 Of my long weary life is come vpon me:
 Farewell; and when you would say somthing that is sad,
 Speake how I fell.
 I haue done; and God forgiue me.

Exeunt Duke and Trainee.

1.

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

2.

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

1.

Good Angels keepe it from vs:
 What may it be? you doe not doubt my faith Sir?

2.

This Secret is so weighty, 'twill require
 A strong faith to conceale it.

1:

Let me haue it:
I doe not talke much.

2.

I am confident;
You shall Sir: Did you not of late dayes heare
A buzzing of a Separation
Betweene the King and *Katherine*?

1.

Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the rumor; and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2.

But that slander Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it growes agen
Fresher then e're it was; and held for certaine
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinall,
Or some about him neere, haue out of malice
To the good Queene, possest him with a scruple
That will vndoe her: To confirme this too,
Cardinall *Campeius* is arriu'd, and lately,
As all thinke for this busines.

1.

'Tis the Cardinall;
And meere to reuenge him on the Emperour,
For not bestowing on him at his asking,
The Archbishopricke of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.

2.

I thinke
You haue hit the marke; but is't not cruell,
That she should feele the smart of this: the Cardinall
Will haue his will, and she must fall.

1.

'Tis wofull.
Wee are too open heere to argue this:
Let's thinke in priuate more.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

[Act 2, Scene 2]

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.

*MY Lord, the Horses your Lordship sent for, with all the
care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd.
They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the
North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man
of my Lord Cardinalls, by Commission, and maine power tooke
'em from me, with this reason: his maister would bee seru'd be
fore a Subject, if not before the King, which stop'd our mouthes
Sir.*

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

*Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Nor
folke and Suffolke.*

Norf.

Well met my Lord *Chamberlaine*.

Cham.

Good day to both your Graces.

Suff.

How is the King imployd?

Cham.

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

Norf.

What's the cause?

Cham.

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

Suff.

No, his Conscience
Ha's crept too neere another Ladie.

Norf.

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

Suff.

Pray God he doe,
Hee'l neuer know himselfe else.

Norf.

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

Cham.

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

This bold bad man.

Suff.

And free vs from his slauery.

Norf.

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

Suff.

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

Norf.

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

Cham.

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

vNor.

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Norfolke.

Thanks my good Lord *Chamberlaine*.

*Exit Lord Chamberlaine, and the King drawes the Curtaine
and sits reading pensiuely.*

Suff.

How sad he lookes; sure he is much afflicted.

Kin.

Who's there? Ha?

Norff.

Pray God he be not angry.

Kin.

Who's there I say? How dare you thrust your
(selues

Into my priuate Meditations?

Who am I? Ha?

Norff.

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

Kin.

Ye are too bold:
Go too; Ile make ye know your times of businesse:
Is this an howre for temporall affaires? Ha?

Enter Wolsey and Campeius with a Commission.

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinall? O my *Wolsey*,
The quiet of my wounded Conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a King; you'r welcome
Most learned Reuerend Sir, into our Kingdome,
Vse vs, and it: My good Lord, haue great care,
I be not found a Talker.

Wol.

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

Kin.

We are busie; goe.

Norff.

This Priest ha's no pride in him?

Suff.

Not to speake of:
I would not be so sicke though for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Norff.

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

Suff.

I another.

Exeunt Norfolke and Suffolke.

Wol.

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

Kin.

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

Cam.

Your Grace must needs deserue all strangers loues,
You are so Noble: To your Highnesse hand
I tender my Commission; by whose vertue,
The Court of Rome commanding. You my Lord

Cardinall of *Yorke*, are ioyned with me their Seruant,
In the vnpartiall iudging of this Businesse.

Kin.

Two equall men: The Queene shall be acquain
(ted

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

Wol.

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

Kin.

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

Enter Gardiner.

Wol.

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

Card.

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

Kin.

Come hither *Gardiner*.

Walkes and whispers.

Camp.

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

Wol.

Yes, he was.

Camp.

Was he not held a learned man?

Wol.

Yes surely.

Camp.

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

Wol.

How? of me?

Camp

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

Wol.

Heau'ns peace be with him:
That's Christian care enough: for liuing Murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a Foole;
For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow,
If I command him followes my appointment,

I will haue none so neere els. Learne this Brother,
We liue not to be griped by meaner persons.

Kin.

Deliuier this with modesty to th'Queene.

Exit Gardiner.

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

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

[Act 2, Scene 3]

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

An.

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

Old La.

Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

An.

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

Old L.

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

An.

So much the more
Must pittie drop vpon her; verily
I sweare, tis better to be lowly borne,
And [\[Page 215\]](#)The Life of King Henry the Eight.
And range with humble liuers in Content,
Then to be perk'd up in a glistring grieffe,
And weare a golden sorrow.

Old L.

Our content
Is our best hauing.

Anne.

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

Old. L.

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

Anne.

Nay, good troth.

Old L.

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

Anne.

No, not for all the riches vnder Heauen.

Old. L.

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

An.

No in truth.

Old. L.

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

An.

How you doe talke;
I sweare againe, I would not be a Queene,
For all the world:

Old. L.

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

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

L. Cham.

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

An.

My good Lord,

Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our Mistris Sorrowes we were pittying.

Cham.

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

An.

Now I pray God, *Amen.*

Cham.

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

An.

I doe not know
What kinde of my obedience, I should tender;
More then my All, is Nothing: Nor my Prayers
Are not words duely hallowed; nor my Wishes
More worth, then empty vanities: yet Prayers & Wishes
Are all I can returne. 'Beseech your Lordship,
Vouchsafe to speake my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blush [...]ng Handmaid, to his Highnesse;
Whose health and Royalty I pray for.

Cham.

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

Exit Lord Chamberlaine.

An.

My honour'd Lord.

Old. L.

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

An.

This strange to me.

Old L.

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

An.

Come you are pleasant.

Old. L.

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

An.

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

Old L.

What doe you thinke me —
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.**[Act 2, Scene 4]**

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets.

Enter two Vergers, with short siluer wands; next them two Scribes in the habite of Doctors; after them, the Bishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincolne, Ely, Rochester, and (S.) Saint Asaph: Next them, with some small distance, followes a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the great Seale, and a Cardinals Hat: Then two Priests, bearing each a Siluer Crosse: Then a Gentleman Vsher bare headed, accompanied with a Sergeante at Armes, bearing a Siluer Mace: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great Siluer Pillers: After them, side by side, the two Cardinals, two Noblemen, with the Sword and Mace. The King takes place vnder the Cloth of State. The two Cardinalls sit vnder him as Iudges. The Queene takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselues on each side the Court in manner of a Consistory: Below them the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in conuenient order about the Stage.

v2Card.

The Life of King Henry the Eight.

Car.

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

King.

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

Car.

Bee't so, proceed.

Scri.

Say, *Henry* (K.) King of England, come into the Court.

Crier.

Henry King of England, &c.

King.

Heere.

Scribe.

Say, *Katherine* Queene of England,
Come into the Court.

Crier.

Katherine Queene of England, &c.

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

Sir, I desire you do me Right and Iustice,
And to bestow your pittie on me; for
I am a most poore Woman, and a Stranger,
Borne out of your Dominions: hauing heere
No Iudge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equall Friendship and Proceeding. Alas Sir:
In what haue I offended you? What cause
Hath my behaiour giuen to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceede to put me off,
And take your good Grace from me? Heauen witnesse,
I haue bene to you, a true and humble Wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Euer in feare to kindle your Dislike,
Yes, subiect to your Countenance: Glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd? When was the houre
I euer contracted your Desire?
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
Haue I not stroue to loue, although I knew
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
That had to him deriu'd your Anger, did I
Continue in my Liking? Nay, gaue notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to minde,
That I haue bene your Wife, in this Obedience,
Vpward of twenty yeares, and haue bene blest
With many Children by you. If in the course

And processe of this time, you can report,
And proue it too, against mine Honor, aught;
My bond to Wedlocke, or my Loue and Dutie
Against your Sacred Person; in Gods name
Turne me away: and let the fowl'st Contempt
Shut doore vpon me, and so giue me vp
To the sharp'st kinde of Iustice. Please you, Sir,
The King your Father, was reputed for
A Prince most Prudent; of an excellent
And vnmatch'd Wit, and Iudgement. *Ferdinand*
My Father, King of Spaine, was reckon'd one
The wisest Prince, that there had reign'd, by many
A yeare before. It is not to be question'd,
That they had gather'd a wise Councell to them
Of euery Realme, that did debate this Businesse,
Who deem'd our Marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you Sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my Friends in Spaine, aduis'd; whose Counsaile
I will implore. If not, i'th' name of God
Your pleasure be fulfill'd.

Wol.

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

Camp.

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

Qu.

Lord Cardinall, to you I speake.

Wol.

Your pleasure, Madam.

Qu.

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

Wol.

Be patient yet.

Qu.

I will, when you are humble; Nay before,
Or God will punish me. I do beleeeue
(Induc'd by potent Circumstances) that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge,

You shall not be my Iudge. For it is you
Haue blowne this Coale, betwixt my Lord, and me;
(Which Gods dew quench) therefore, I say againe,
I vtterly abhorre; yea, from my Soule
Refuse you for my Iudge, whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious Foe, and thinke not
At all a Friend to truth.

Wol.

I do professe
You speake not like your selfe: who euer yet
Haue stood to Charity, and displayd th'effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom, e,
Ore-topping womans powre. Madam, you do me wrong
I haue no Spleene against you, nor iniustice
For you, or any: how farre I haue proceeded,
Or how farre further (Shall) is warranted
By a Commission from the Consistorie,
Yea, the whole Consistorie of Rome. You charge me,
That I haue blowne this Coale: I do deny it,
The King is present: If it be knowne to him,
That I gainsay my Deed, how may he wound,
And worthily my Falsehood, yea, as much
As you haue done my Truth. If he know
That I am free of your Report, he knowes
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the Cure is to
Remoue these Thoughts from you. The which before
His Highnesse shall speake in, I do beseech
You (gracious Madam) to vnthinke your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Queen.

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

She Curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.

Camp.

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Camp.

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

Kin.

Call her againe.

Crier.

Katherine, (Q)Queene of England, come into the Court.

Gent. Vsh.

Madam, you are cald backe.

Que.

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

Exit Queene, and her Attendants.

Kin.

Goe thy wayes *Kate*,
That man i'th'world, who shall report he ha's
A better Wife, let him in naught be trusted,
For speaking false in that; thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentlenesse,
Thy meeknesse Saint-like, Wife-like Gouernment,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Soueraigne and Pious els, could speake thee out)
The Queene of earthly Q [...]eenes: Shee's Noble borne;
And like her true Nobility, she ha's
Carried her selfe towards me.

Wol.

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

Kin.

My Lord Cardinall,
I doe excuse you; yea, vpon mine Honour,
I free you from't: You are not to be taught
That you haue many enemies, that know not

Why they are so; but like to Village Curses,
 Barke when their fellowes doe. By some of these
 The Queene is put in anger; y'are excus'd:
 But will you be more iustifi'de? You euer
 Haue wish'd the sleeping of this busines, neuer desir'd
 It to be stir'd; but oft haue hindred, oft
 The passages made toward it; on my Honour,
 I speake my good Lord Cardnall, to this point;
 And thus farre cleare him.
 Now, what mou'd me too't,
 I will be bold with time and your attention:
 Then marke th'inducement. Thus it came; giue heede
 (too't:
 My Conscience first receiu'd a tendernes,
 Scruple, and pricke, on certaine Speeches vtter'd
 By th'Bishop of *Bayon*, then French Ambassador,
 Who had beene hither sent on the debating
 And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleance*, and
 Our Daughter *Mary*: I'th'Progresse of this busines,
 Ere a determinate resolution, hee
 (I meane the Bishop) did require a respite,
 Wherein he might the King his Lord aduertise,
 Whether our Daughter were legitimate,
 Respecting this our Marriage with the Dowager,
 Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This respite shooke
 The bosome of my Conscience, enter'd me;
 Yea, with a spitting power, and made to tremble
 The region of my Breast, which forc'd such way,
 That many maz'd considerings, did throng
 And prest in with this Caution. First, me thought
 I stood not in the smile of Heauen, who had
 Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe
 If it conceiu'd a male-child by me, should
 Doe no more Offices of life too't; then
 The Graue does to th'dead: For her Male Issue,
 Or di'de where they were made, or shortly after
 This world had ayr'd them. Hence I tooke a thought,
 This was a Iudgement on me, that my Kingdome
 (Well worthy the best Heyre o'th'World) should not
 Be gladdened in't by me. Then followes, that
 I weigh'd the danger which my Realmes stood in
 By this my Issues faile, and that gaue to me
 Many a groaning throw: thus hulling in
 The wild Sea of my Conscience, I did steere
 Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
 Now present heere together: that's to say,
 I meant to rectifie my Conscience, which
 I then did feele full sicke, and yet not well,
 By all the Reuerend Fathers of the Land,
 And Doctors learn'd. First I began in priuate,
 With you my Lord of *Lincolne*, you remember

How vnder my oppression I did reeke
When I first mou'd you.

B. Lin.

Very well my Liedge.

Kin.

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

Lin.

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

Kin.

I then mou'd you,
My Lord of *Canterbury*, and got your leaue
To make this present Summons vnsolicited.
I left no Reuerend Person in this Court;
But by particular consent proceeded
Vnder your hands and Seales; therefore goe on,
For no dislike i'th'world against the person
Of the good Queene; but the sharpe thorny points
Of my alleadged reasons, driues this forward:
Proue but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life
And Kingly Dignity, we are contented
To weare our mortall State to come, with her,
(*Katherine* our Queene) before the primest Creature
That's Parragon'd o'th'World

Camp.

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

Kin.

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

Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.

v3Actus

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Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

[Act 3, Scene 1]

Enter Queene and her Women as at worke.

Queen.

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

SONG.

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

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen.

How now?

Gent.

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

Queen.

Would they speake with me?

Gent.

They wil'd me say so Madam.

Queen.

Pray their Graces

To come neere: what can be their busines

With me, a poore weake woman, falne from fauour?

I doe not like their comming; now I thinke on't,

They should bee good men, their affaires as righteous:

But all Hoods, make not Monkes.

Enter the two Cardinalls, Wolsey & Campian.

Wols.

Peace to your Highnesse.

Queen.

Your Graces find me heere part of a Houswife,

(I would be all) against the worst may happen:

What are your pleasures with me, reuerent Lords?

Wol.

May it please you Noble Madam, to withdraw

Into your priuate Chamber; we shall giue you

The full cause of our comming.

Queen.

Speake it heere.

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

Card.

Tanta est erga te mentis integritas Regina serenissima.

Queen.

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

Card.

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

Camp.

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

Queen.

To betray me.
My Lords, I thanke you both for your good wills,
Ye speake like honest men, (pray God ye proue so)
But how to make ye sodainly an Answere
In such a poynt of weight, so neere mine Honour,
(More neere my Life I feare) with my weake wit;

And to such men of grauity and learning;
In truth I know not. I was set at worke,
Among my Maids, full little (God knowes) looking
Either for such men, or such businesse;
For her sake that I haue beene, for I feele
The last fit of my Greatnesse; good your Graces
Let me haue time and Councell for my Cause:
Alas, I am a Woman frendlesse, hopelesse.

Wol.

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

Queen.

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

Camp.

I would your Grace
Would leaue your greefes, and take my Counsell.

Queen.

How Sir?

Camp.

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

Wol.

He tels you rightly.

Queen.

Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruine:
Is this your Christian Councell? Out vpon ye.
Heauen is aboue all yet; there sits [...] Iudge.
That no King can corrupt.

Camp.

Your rage mistakes vs.

Queen.

The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Vpon my Soule two reuerend Cardinall Vertues:
But Cardinall Sins, and hollow hearts I feare ye:
Mend 'em for shame my Lords: Is this your comfort?
The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh't at, scornd?
I will not wish ye halfe my miseries,

I[Page 219]The Life of King Henry the Eight.
I haue more Charity. But say I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heauens sake take heed, least at once
The burthen of my sorrowes, fall vpon ye.

Car.

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

Quee.

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

Camp.

Your feares are worse.

Qu.

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

Car.

Madam, you wander from the good
We ayme at.

Qu.

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

Car.

Pray heare me.

Qu.

Would I had neuer trod this English Earth,
Or felt the Flatteries that grow vpon it:
Ye haue Angels Faces; but Heauen knowes your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched Lady?

I am the most vnhappy Woman liuing.
Alas (poore Wenches) where are now your Fortunes?
Shipwrack'd vpon a Kingdome, where no Pitty,
No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weepe for me?
Almost no Graue allow'd me? Like the Lilly
That once was Mistris of the Field, and flourish'd,
Ile hang my head, and perish.

Car.

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

Camp.

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

Qu.

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

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

[Act 3, Scene 2]

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

Norf.

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

Sur.

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

Suf.

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

Cham.

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

Nor.

O feare him not,
His spell in that is out: the King hath found
Matter against him, that for euer marres
The Hony of his Language. No, he's settled
(Not to come off) in his displeasure.

Sur.

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

Nor.

Beleeue it, this is true.
In the Diuorce, his contrarie proceedings
Are all vnfolded: wherein he appeares,
As I would wish mine Enemy.

Sur.

How came
His practises to light?

Suf.

Most strangely.

Sur.

O how? how?

Suf.

The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miscarried,
And [\[Page 220\]](#)The Life of King Henry the Eight.

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

Sur.

Ha's the King this?

Suf.

Beleeue it.

Sur.

Will this worke?

Cham.

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

Sur.

Would he had.

Suf.

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

Sur.

Now all my ioy
Trace the Coniunction.

Suf.

My Amen too't.

Nor.

All mens.

Suf.

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

Sur.

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

Nor.

Marry Amen.

Suf.

No, no:
There be moe Waspes that buz about his Nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinall *Campeius*,
Is stolne away to Rome, hath 'tane no leaue,
Ha's left the cause o'th'King vnhandled, and
Is posted as the Agent of our Cardinall,

To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'de Ha, at this.

Cham.

Now God incense him,
And let him cry Ha, lowder.

Norf.

But my Lord
When returns *Cranmer*?

Suf.

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

Nor.

This same *Cranmer's*
A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine
In the Kings businesse.

Suf.

He has, and we shall see him
For it, an Arch-byshop.

Nor.

So I heare.

Suf.

'Tis so.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinall.

Nor.

Obserue, obserue, hee's moody.

Car.

The Packet Cromwell,
Gau't you the King?

Crom.

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

Card.

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

Crom.

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

Card.

Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom.

I thinke by this he is.

Card.

Leaue me a while.

Exit Cromwell.

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

Nor.

He's discontented.

Suf.

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

Sur.

Sharpe enough,
Lord for thy Iustice.

Car.

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

Nor.

He is vex'd at something.

Enter King, reading of a Scedule.

Sur.

I would 'twere somthing (yt) that would fret the string,
The Master-cord on's heart.

Suf.

The King, the King.

King.

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

Nor.

My Lord, we haue
Stood heere obseruing him. Some strange Commotion
Is in his braine: He bites his lip, and starts,
Stops on a sodaine, lookes vpon the ground,
Then layes his finger on his Temple: straight
Springs out into fast gate, then stops againe,
Strikes his brest hard, and anon, he casts
His eye against the Moone: in most strange Postures

We haue seene him set himselfe.

King.

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

Nor.

It's Heauens will,
Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet,
To blesse your eye withall.

King.

If we did thinke
His [\[Page 221\]](#)The Life of King Henry the Eight.
His Contemplation were about the earth,
And fixt on Spirituall object, he should still
Dwell in his Musings, but I am affraid
His Thinkings are below the Moone, not worth
His serious considering.

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

Car.

Heauen forgiue me,
Euer God blesse your Highnesse.

King.

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

Car.

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

King.

You haue said well.

Car.

And euer may your Highnesse yoake together,
(As I will lend you cause) my doing Well,

With my well saying.

King.

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

Car.

What should this meane?

Sur.

The Lord increase this businesse.

King.

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

Car.

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

King.

Fairely answer'd:

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

Car.

I do professe,

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

King.

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

*Exit King, frowning vpon the Cardinall, the Nobles
throng after him smiling, and whispering.*

Car.

What should this meane?
What sodaine Anger's this? How haue I reap'd it?
He parted Frowning from me, as if Ruine
Leap'd from his Eyes. So lookes the chafed Lyon
Vpon the daring Huntsman that has gall'd him:
Then makes him nothing. I must reade this paper:
I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis so:
This paper ha's vndone me: 'Tis th'Accompt
Of all that world of Wealth I haue drawne together
For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedome,
And fee my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence!
Fit for a Foole to fall by: What crosse Diuell
Made me put this maine Secret in the Packet
I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new deuice to beate this from his Braines?
I know't will stirre him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spight of Fortune
Will bring me off againe. What's this? *To th'Pope?*
The Letter (as I liue) with all the Businesse
I writ too's Holinesse. Nay then, farewell:
I haue touch'd the highest point of all my Greatnesse,
And from that full Meridian of my Glory,
I haste now to my Setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the Euening,
And no man see me more.

*Enter to Woolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolke, the
Earle of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine.*

Nor.

Heare the Kings pleasure Cardinall,
Who commands you
To render vp rhe Great Seale presently
Into our hands, and to Confine your selfe
To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester,

Till you heare further from his Highnesse.

Car.

Stay:

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

Suf.

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

Car.

Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,
(I meane your malice) know, Officious Lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feele
Of what course Mettle ye are molded, Enuy,
How eagerly ye follow my Disgraces
As [\[Page 222\]](#)The Life of King Henry the Eight.
As if it fed ye, and how sleeke and wanton
Ye appeare in euery thing may bring my ruine?
Follow your enuious courses, men of Malice;
You haue Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Seale
You aske with such a Violence, the King
(Mine, and your Master) with his owne hand, gaue me:
Bad me enioy it, with the Place, and Honors
During my life; and to confirme his Goodnesse,
Ti'de it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?

Sur.

The King that gaue it.

Car.

It must be himselfe then.

Sur.

Thou art a proud Traitor, Priest.

Car.

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

Sur.

Thy Ambition
(Thou Scarlet sinne) robb'd this bewailing Land
Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law,
The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a haire of his. Plague of your policie,
You sent me Deputie for Ireland,
Farre from his succour; from the King, from all
That might haue mercie on the fault, thou gau'st him:
Whil'st your great Goodnesse, out of holy pittie,
Absolu'd him with an Axe.

Wol.

This, and all else
This talking Lord can lay vpon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The Duke by Law

Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From any priuate malice in his end,
His Noble Iurie, and foule Cause can witness.
If I lou'd many words, Lord, I should tell you,
You haue as little Honestie, as Honor,
That in the way of Loyaltie, and Truth,
Toward the King, my euer Roiall Master,
Dare mate a sounder man then Surrie can be,
And all that loue his follies.

Sur.

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

Card.

All Goodnesse
Is poyson to thy stomacke.

Sur.

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

Car.

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

Nor.

Those Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand:
But thus much, they are foule ones.

Wol.

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

Sur.

This cannot saue you:
I thanke my Memorie, I yet remember
Some of these Articles, and out they shall.

Now, if you can blush, and crie guiltie Cardinall,
You'l shew a little Honestie.

Wol.

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

Sur.

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

Nor.

Then, That in all you writ to Rome, or else
To Forraigne Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd: in which you brought the King
To be your Seruant.

Suf.

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

Sur.

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

Suf.

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

Sur.

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

Cham.

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

Sur.

I forgiue him.

Suf.

Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleasure is,
Because all those things you haue done of late
By your power Legatiue within this Kingdome,
Fall into'th'compasse of a Premunire;

That therefore such a Writ be sued against you,
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
Castles, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge.

Nor.

And so wee'l leaue you to your Meditations
How to liue better. For your stubborne answer
About the giuing backe the Great Seale to vs,
The King shall know it, and (no doubt) shal thanke you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.

Exeunt all but Wolsey.

Wol.

So farewell, to the little good you beare me.
Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatnesse.
This is the state of Man; to day he puts forth
The tender Leaues of hopes, to morrow Blossomes,
And beares his blushing Honors thicke vpon him:
The third day, comes a Frost; a killing Frost,
And when he thinkes, good easie man, full surely
His [\[Page 223\]](#)The Life of King Henry the Eight.
His Greatnesse is a ripening, nippes his roote,
And then he fals as I do. I haue ventur'd
Like little wanton Boyes that swim on bladders:
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride
At length broke vnder me, and now ha's left me
Weary, and old with Seruice, to the mercy
Of a rude streame, that must for euer hide me.
Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,
I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes fauours?
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire too,
That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their ruine,
More pangs, and feares then warres, or women haue;
And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer,
Neuer to hope againe.

Enter Cromwell, standing amazed.

Why how now *Cromwell*?

Crom.

I haue no power to speake Sir.

Car.

What, amaz'd

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

Crom.

How does your Grace.

Card.

Why well:

Neuer so truly happy, my good *Cromwell*,
I know my selfe now, and I feele within me,

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

Crom.

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

Card.

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

Crom.

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

Card.

God blesse him.

Crom.

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

Card.

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

Crom.

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

Card.

That's Newes indeed.

Crom.

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

Card.

There was the waight that pull'd me downe,
O *Cromwell*,
The King ha's gone beyond me: All my Glories
In that one woman, I haue lost for euer.
No Sun, shall euer vsher forth mine Honors,
Or gilde againe the Noble Troopes that waighted

Vpon my smiles. Go get thee from me *Cromwel*,
I am a poore falne man, vnworthy now
To be thy Lord, and Master. Seeke the King
(That Sun, I pray may neuer set) I haue told him,
What, and how true thou art; he will aduance thee:
Some little memory of me, will stirre him
(I know his Noble Nature) not to let
Thy hopefull seruice perish too. Good *Cromwell*
Neglect him not; make vse now, and prouide
For thine owne future safety.

Crom.

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

Card.

Cromwel, I did not thinke to shed a teare
In all my Miseries: But thou hast forc'd me
(Out of thy honest truth) to play the Woman.
Let's dry our eyes: And thus farre heare me *Cromwel*,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleepe in dull cold Marble, where no mention
Of me, more must be heard of: Say I taught thee,
Say *Wolsey*, that once trod the wayes of Glory,
And sounded all the Depths, and Shoales of Honor,
Found thee a way (out of his wracke) to rise in:
A sure, and safe one, though thy Master mist it.
Marke but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me:
Cromwel, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
By that sinne fell the Angels: how can man then
(The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it?
Loue thy selfe last, cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more then Honesty.
Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace
To silence enuious Tongues. Be iust, and feare not;
Let all the ends thou aym'st at, be thy Countries,
Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall'st (O *Cromwell*)
Thou fall'st a blessed Martyr.
Serue the King: And prythee leade me in:
There take an Inuentory of all I haue,
To the last peny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe,
And my Integrity to Heauen, is all,
I dare now call mine owne. O *Cromwel*, *Cromwel*,
Had I but seru'd my God, with halfe the Zeale
I seru'd my King: he would not in mine Age
Haue left me naked to mine Enemies.

Crom.

Good Sir, haue patience.

Card.

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

Aetus Quartus. Scena Prima.

[Act 4, Scene 1]

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1
Y'are well met once againe.

2
So are you.

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

2 'Tis
[\[Page 224\]](#)
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

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

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

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

1
Neuer greater,
Nor Ile assure you better taken Sir.

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

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

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

1
That I can tell you too. The Archbishop

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

2

Alas good Lady.
 The Trumpets sound: Stand close,
 The Queene is comming.
Ho-boyes.

The Order of the Coronation.

- 1 *A liuely Flourish of Trumpets.*
- 2 *Then, two Iudges.*
- 3 *Lord Chancellor, with Purse and Mace before him.*
- 4 *Quirristers singing. Musicke.*
- 5 *Maioir of London, bearing the Mace. Then Garter, in his Coate of Armes, and on his head he wore a Gilt Copper Crowne.*
- 6 *Marquesse Dorset, bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head, a Demy Coronall of Gold. With him, the Earle of Surrey, bearing the Rod of Siluer with the Done, Crowned with an Earles Coronet. Collars of Esses.*
- 7 *Duke of Suffolke, in his Robe of Estate, his Coronet on his head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolke, with the Rod of Marshalship, a Coronet on his head. Collars of Esses.*
- 8 *A Canopy, borne by foure of the Cinque-Ports, vnder it the Queene in her Robe, in her haire, richly adorned with Pearle, Crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London, and Winchester.*
- 9 *The Olde Dutchesse of Norfolke, in a Coronall of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queenes Traine.*
- 10 *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plaine Circlets of Gold, without Flowers.*

Exeunt, first passing ouer the Stage in Order and State, and then, A great Flourish of Trumpets.

2

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

1

Marquesse Dorset,

And that the Earle of Surrey, with the Rod.

2

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

1

'Tis the same: high Steward.

2

And that my Lord of Norfolke?

1

Yes.

2

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

1

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

2

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

1

It is, and all the rest are Countesses.

2

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

2

Note: This speech is conventionally attributed to Gentleman 1.

No more of that.

Enter third Gentleman.

1

God saue you Sir. Where haue you bin broiling?

3

Among the crow'd i'th'Abbey, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
With the meere ranknesse of their ioy.

2

You saw the Ceremony?

3

That I did.

1

How was it?

3

Well worth the seeing.

2

Good Sir, speake it to vs?

3

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

2

But what follow'd?

3

At length, her Grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the Altar, where she kneel'd, and Saint-like
Cast her faire eyes to Heauen, and pray'd deuoutly,
Then rose againe, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Arch-bishop of Canterbury,
She had all the Royall makings of a Queene;
As holy Oyle, *Edward* Confessors Crowne,
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all such Emblemes
Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire
With [\[Page 225\]](#)The Life of King Henry the Eight.
With all the choyssest Musicke of the Kingdome,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full State pac'd backe againe
To Yorke-Place, where the Feast is held.

1

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

3

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

2

What two Reuerend Byshops
Were those that went on each side of the Queene?

3

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

2

He of Winchester
Is held no great good louer of the Archbishops,
The vertuous *Cranmer*.

3

All the Land knowes that:
How euer, yet there is no great breach, when it comes
Cranmer will finde a Friend will not shrinke from him.

2

Who may that be, I pray you.

3

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

2

He will deserue more.

3

Yes without all doubt.
Come Gentlemen, ye shall go my way,
Which is to'th Court, and there ye shall be my Guests:
Something I can command. As I walke thither,
Ile tell ye more.

Both.

You may command vs Sir.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

[Act 4, Scene 2]

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

Grif.

How do's your Grace?

Kath.

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

Grif.

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

Kath.

Pre'thee good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'de.
If well, he stept before me happily
For my example.

Grif.

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

Kath.

Alas poore man.

Grif.

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

Kath.

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

Grif.

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

Kath.

Yes good *Griffith*,
I were malicious else.

Grif.

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

Kath.

After my death, I wish no other Herald,
 No other speaker of my liuing Actions,
 To keepe mine Honor, from Corruption,
 But such an honest Chronicler as *Griffith*.
 Whom I most hated Liuing, thou hast made mee
 With thy Religious Truth, and Modestie,
 (Now in his Ashes) Honor: Peace be with him.
Patience, be neere me still, and set me lower,
 I haue not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,
 Cause the Musicians play me that sad note
 I nam'd my Knell; whil'st I sit meditating
 On [\[Page 226\]](#)The Life of King Henry the Eight.
 On that Cœlestiall Harmony I go too.
Sad and solemne Musicke.

Grif.

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

The Vision.

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

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

The Musicke continues.

Kath.

Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leaue me heere in wretchednesse, behinde ye?

Grif.

Madam, we are heere.

Kath.

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

Grif.

None Madam.

Kath.

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

Grif.

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

Kath.

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

Musicke ceases.

Pati.

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

Grif.

She is going Wench. Pray, pray.

Pati.

Heauen comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes.

And't like your Grace—

Kath.

You are a sawcy Fellow,
Deserue we no more Reuerence?

Grif.

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

Mes.

I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon,
My hast made me vnmannerly. There is staying

A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you.

Kath.

Admit him entrance *Griffith*. But this Fellow

Let me ne're see againe.

Exit Messeng.

Enter Lord Capuchius.

If my sight faile not,

You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperour,

My Royall Nephew, and your name *Capuchius*.

Cap.

Madam the same. Your Seruant.

Kath.

O my Lord,

The Times and Titles now are alter'd strangely

With me, since first you knew me.

But I pray you,

What is your pleasure with me?

Cap.

Noble Lady,

First mine owne seruice to your Grace, the next

The Kings request, that I would visit you,

Who grieues much for your weaknesse, and by me

Sends you his Princely Commendations,

And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath.

O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,

'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;

That gentle Physicke giuen in time, had cur'd me:

But now I am past all Comforts heere, but Prayers.

How does his Highnesse?

Cap.

Madam, in good health.

Kath.

So may he euer do, and euer flourish,

When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name

Banish'd the Kingdome. *Patience*, is that Letter

I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat.

No Madam.

Kath.

Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliuer

This to my Lord the King.

Cap.

Most willing Madam.

Kath.

In which I haue commended to his goodnesse

The Modell of our chaste loues: his yong daughter,

The dewes of Heauen fall thicke in Blessings on her,

Beseeching him to giue her vertuous breeding.

She is yong, and of a Noble modest Nature,

I hope she will deserue well; and a little

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

Cap.

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

Kath.

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

Exeunt leading Katherine.

Scena

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

[Act 5, Scene 1]

[\[Page 227\]](#)

The Life of King Henry the Eight.

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

Gard.

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

Boy.

It hath strooke.

Gard.

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

Lou.

Came you from the King, my Lord?

Gar.

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

Lou.

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

Gard.

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

Lou.

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

Gard.

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

Lou.

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

Gard.

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

Louell.

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

Gard.

Yes, yes, Sir *Thomas*,
There are that Dare, and I my selfe haue ventur'd
To speake my minde of him: and indeed this day,
Sir (I may tell it you) I thinke I haue
Incenst the Lords o'th'Councell, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most Arch-Heretique, a Pestilence
That does infect the Land: with which, they moued
Haue broken with the King, who hath so farre
Giuen eare to our Complaint, of his great Grace,
And Princely Care, fore-seeing those fell Mischiefes,
Our Reasons layd before him, hath commanded
To morrow Morning to the Councell Boord
He be conuented. He's a ranke weed Sir *Thomas*,
And we must root him out. From your Affaires
I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir *Thomas*.
Exit Gardiner and Page.

Lou.

Many good nights, my Lord, I rest your seruant.

Enter King and Suffolke.

King.

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

Suff.

Sir, I did neuer win of you before.

King.

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

Lou.

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

King.

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

Lou.

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

King.

Alas good Lady.

Suf.

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

King.

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

Suf.

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

King.

Charles good night.

Exit Suffolke.

Well Sir, what followes?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Den.

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

King.

Ha? Canterbury?

Den.

I my good Lord.

King.

'Tis true: where is he *Denny*?

Den.

He attends your Highnesse pleasure.

King.

Bring him to Vs.

Lou.

This is about that, which the Byshop spake,
I am happily come hither.

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King.

Auoyd the Gallery.

Louel seemes to stay.

Ha? I haue said. Be gone.

What?

Exeunt Louell and Denny.

Cran.

I am fearefull: Wherefore frownes he thus?

'Tis his Aspect of Terror. All's not well.

King.

How now my Lord?

You do desire to know wherefore

I sent for you.

Cran.

It is my dutie
T'attend your Highnesse pleasure.

King.

Pray you arise
My good and gracious Lord of Canterburie:
Come, you and I must walke a turne together:
I haue Newes to tell you.
Come, come, giue me your hand.
Ah my good Lord, I greeue at what I speake,
And am right sorrie to repeat what followes.
I haue, and most vnwillingly of late
x2Heard[Page 228]The Life of King Henry the Eight.
Heard many greeuous. I do say my Lord
Greeuous complaints, of you; which being consider'd,
Haue mou'd Vs, aud our Councill, that you shall
This Morning come before vs, where I know
You cannot with such freedome purge your selfe,
But that till further Triall, in those Charges
Which will require your Answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Towre: you, a Brother of vs
It fits we thus, proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran.

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

King.

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

Cran.

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

King.

Know you not
How your state stands i'th'world, with the whole world?
Your Enemies are many, and not small; their practises

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

Cran.

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

King.

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

Exit Cranmer.

He ha's strangled his Language in his teares.

Enter Olde Lady.

Gent.

within.

Come backe: what meane you?

Lady.

Ile not come backe, the tydings that I bring
Will make my boldnesse, manners. Now good Angels
Fly o're thy Royall head, and shade thy person
Vnder their blessed wings.

King.

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

Lady.

I, I my Liege,
And of a louely Boy: the God of heauen
Both now, and euer blesse her: 'Tis a Gyrl

Promises Boyes heereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your Visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As Cherry, is to Cherry.

King.

Louell.

Lou.

Sir.

King.

Giue her an hundred Markes.

Ile to the Queene.

Exit King.

Lady.

An hundred Markes? By this light, Ile ha more.

An ordinary Groome is for such payment.

I will haue more, or scold it out of him.

Said I for this, the Gyrl was like to him? Ile

Haue more, or else vnsay't: and now, while 'tis hot,

Ile put it to the issue.

Exit Ladie.

Scena Secunda.

[Act 5, Scene 2]

Enter Cranmer, Archbysshop of Canterbury.

Cran.

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

Enter Keeper.

Keep.

Yes, my Lord:

But yet I cannot helpe you.

Cran.

Why?

Keep.

Your Grace must waight till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Buts.

Cran.

So.

Buts.

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

Exit Buts

Cran.

'Tis *Buts.*

The Kings Physitian, as he past along
How earnestly he cast his eyes vpon me;
Pray heauen he sound not my disgrace: for certaine

This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turne their hearts, I neuer sought their malice)
To quench mine Honor; they would shame to make me
Wait else at doore: a fellow Councillor
'Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyes.
But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter the King, and Buts, at a Windowe
aboue.*

Buts.

Ile shew your Grace the strangest sight.

King.

What's that *Buts*?

Buts

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Butts.

I thinke your Highnesse saw this many a day.

Kin.

Body a me: where is it?

Butts,

There my Lord:

The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
Who holds his State at dore 'mongst Purseuants,
Pages, and Foot-boyes.

Kin.

Ha? 'Tis he indeed.

Is this the Honour they doe one another?

'Tis well there's one aboue 'em yet; I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,
At least good manners; as not thus to suffer
A man of his Place, and so neere our fauour
To dance attendance on their Lordships pleasures,
And at the dore too, like a Post with Packets:
By holy *Mary* (*Butts*) there's knauery;
Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtaine close:
We shall heare more anon.

[Act 5, Scene 3]

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

Chan.

Speake to the businesse, (M.) Master Secretary;
Why are we met in Councill?

Crom.

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

Gard.

Ha's he had knowledge of it?

Crom.

Yes.

Norf.

Who waits there?

Keep.

Without my Noble Lords?

Gard.

Yes.

Keep.

My Lord Archbishop:

And ha's done halfe an houre to know your pleasures.

Chan.

Let him come in.

Keep.

Your Grace may enter now.

Cranmer approaches the Councill Table.

Chan.

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

Gard.

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

Cran.

My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progresse
Both of my Life and Office, I haue labour'd,
And with no little study, that thy teaching
And the strong course of my Authority,

Might goe one way, and safely; and the end
Was euer to doe well: nor is there liuing,
(I speake it with a single heart, my Lords)
A man that more detests, more stirres against,
Both in his priuate Conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a publique peace then I doe:
Pray Heauen the King may neuer find a heart
With lesse Allegiance in it. Men that make
Enuy, and crooked malice, nourishment;
Dare bite the best. I doe beseech your Lordships,
That in this case of Iustice, my Accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely vrge against me.

Suff.

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

Gard.

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

Cran.

Ah my good Lord of *Winchester*. I thanke you,
You are alwayes my good Friend, if your will passe,
I shall both finde your Lordship, Iudge and Iuror,
You are so mercifull. I see your end,
'Tis my vndoing. Loue and meekenesse, Lord
Become a Churchman, better then Ambition:
Win straying Soules with modesty againe,
Cast none away: That I shall cleere my selfe,
Lay all the weight ye can vpon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you doe conscience,
In doing dayly wrongs. I could say more,
But reuerence to your calling, makes me modest.

Gard.

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

Crom.

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

Gard.

Good (M.)Master Secretary,

I cry your Honour mercie; you may worst
Of all this Table say so.

Crom.

Why my Lord?

Gard.

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

Crom.

Not sound?

Gard.

Not sound I say.

Crom.

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

Gard.

I shall remember this bold Language.

Crom.

Doe.

Remember your bold life too.

Cham.

This is too much;
Forbeare for shame my Lords.

Gard.

I haue done.

Crom.

And I.

Cham.

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

A [...]

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All.

We are.

Cran.

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

Gard.

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

Enter the Guard.

Cran.

For me?
Must I goe like a Traytor thither?

Gard.

Receiue him,
And see him safe i'th'Tower.

Cran.

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

Cham.

This is the Kings Ring.

Sur.

'Tis no counterfeit.

Suff.

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

Norf.

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

Cham.

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

Crom.

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

Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seate.

Gard.

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

Kin.

You were euer good at sodaine Commendations,
Bishop of *Winchester*. But know I come not
To heare such flattery now, and in my presence
They are too thin, and base to hide offences,
To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell,
And thinke with wagging of your tongue to win me:
But whatsoere thou tak'st me for; I'm sure
Thou hast a cruell Nature and a bloody.
Good man sit downe: Now let me see the proudest
Hee, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better starue,

Then but once thinke his place becomes thee not.

Sur.

May it please your Grace;—

Kin.

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

Chan.

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

Kin.

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

Cran.

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

Kin.

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

Gard.

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

Cran.

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

Kin.

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

Scena Tertia.

[Act 5, Scene 4]

*Noyse and Tumult within: Enter Porter and
his man.*

Port.

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

Good (M.)Master Porter I belong to th'Larder.

Port.

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

Man.

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

Por.

How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man.

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Man.

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

Port.

You did nothing Sir.

Man.

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

Within.

Do you heare (M.)Master Porter?

Port.

I shall be with you presently, good (M.)Master *Puppy*,
Keepe the dore close Sirha.

Man.

What would you haue me doe?

Por.

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

Man.

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

Por.

These are the youths that thunder at a Playhouse,
and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the
tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limehouse,
their deare Brothers are able to endure. I haue some of
'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance

these three dayes; besides the running Banquet of two
Beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham.

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

Por.

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

Cham.

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

Por.

Make way there, for the Princesse.

Man.

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

Por.

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

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

[Act 5, Scene 5]

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

Gart.

Heauen

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

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran.

And to your Royall Grace, & the good Queen,
My Noble Partners, and my selfe thus pray
All comfort, ioy in this most gracious Lady,
Heauen euer laid vp to make Parents happy,
May hourelly fall vpon ye.

Kin.

Thanke you good Lord Archbishop:
What is her Name?

Cran.

Elizabeth.

Kin.

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

Cran.

Amen.

Kin.

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

Cran.

Let me speake Sir,
For Heauen now bids me; and the words I vtter,
Let none thinke Flattery; for they'l finde 'em Truth.
This Royall Infant, Heauen still moue about her;
Though in her Cradle; yet now promises
Vpon this Land a thousand thousand Blessings,
Which Time shall bring to ripenesse: She shall be,
(But few now liuing can behold that goodnesse)
A Patterne to all Princes liuing with her,
And all that shall succeed: *Saba* was neuer
More couetous of Wisedome, and faire Vertue
Then this pure Soule shall be. All Princely Graces
That mould vp such a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Vertues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall Nurse her,
Holy [\[Page 232\]](#)The Life of King Henry the Eight.
Holy and Heauenly thoughts still Counsell her:
She shall be lou'd and fear'd. Her owne shall blesse her;
Her Foes shake like a Field of beaten Corne,
And hang their heads with sorrow:
Good growes with her.
In her dayes, Euery Man shall eate in safety,
Vnder his owne Vine what he plants; and sing

The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
God shall be truely knowne, and those about her,
From her shall read the perfect way of Honour,
And by those claime their greatnesse; not by Blood.
Nor shall this peace sleepe with her: But as when
The Bird of Wonder dyes, the Mayden Phoenix,
Her Ashes new create another Heyre,
As great in admiration as her selfe.
So shall she leaue her Blessednesse to One,
(When Heauen shall call her from this clowd of darknes)
Who, from the sacred Ashes of her Honour
Shall Star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Loue, Truth, Terror,
That were the Seruants to this chosen Infant,
Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;
Where euer the bright Sunne of Heauen shall shine,
His Honour, and the greatnesse of his Name,
Shall be, and make new Nations. He shall flourish,
And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his branches,
To all the Plaines about him: Our Childrens Children
Shall see this, and blesse Heauen.

Kin.

Thou speakest wonders.

Cran.

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

Kin.

O Lord Archbishop
Thou hast made me now a man, neuer before
This happy Child, did I get any thing.
This Oracle of comfort, ha's so pleas'd me,
That when I am in Heauen, I shall desire
To see what this Child does, and praise my Maker.
I thanke ye all. To you my good Lord Maior,
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
I haue receiu'd much Honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankfull. Lead the way Lords,
Ye must all see the Queene, and she must thanke ye,
She will be sicke els. This day, no man thinke
'Has businesse at his house; for all shall stay:
This Little-One shall make it Holy-day.

Exeunt.

THE EPILOGVE.

TIs ten to one, this Play can neuer please

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