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

THE PROLOGUE.

Some no more to make you laugh, Things now,
You bear a Weights, and a Serious Brown,
Sad, high, and working, full of State and woe:
Such Noble Storey, as draw the Eyes to flow.
We now present. Tho' that can Fairy, beare
May (if they think it well), let fall a Tear,
The Subtle will determine. Such as sine
The Money out of hope, they may belote,
May beare Faith, Truth too. Tho' that come to see
Only a show or sone, and so a gree,
The Play may passe: if they be still, and willing,
He undertake may see away their filling.
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come heare a Merry, Bowdy Play,
A notable of Toogtes; or to see a Fellow
In a long Monet Coate, garred with Yellow,
Will bee deccy'd. For gentle Hearers, know
To rannke our chosen Truth with such a show
As Poole, and Eight is, beside forgotting
Our owne Brains, and the Opinion that we bring
To make that true, we now intend.
Will leave us never an understanding Friend.
Therefore, for Good wiff fake, and as you are knowne
The First and Happiest Pleasers of the Towne,
Be sad, as we would make ye. To see ye see
The very Person of our Noble Story,
As they were Lanning; Thynke ye see them Great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat
Of the very Friends: Then, in a moment, see
How some this Myghtiness, meets Mistery:
And if you can be very then, lie say,
A Man may wepe upon his Wedding day.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Duke of Norfolke at one shore.
At the other, the Duke of Buckinghaim, and the Lord
Amstrongcy.

Buckinghain.

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

Nor. I thank you, Grace:
Healthfull, and ever flasts a fresh Admire.
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An unctuitly Age:
Saile me a Prisone in my Chamber, when
Those Sunnes of Glory, those two Lghts of Men
Met in the vale of Andret:

Nor. Twice Gepneys and Arde,
I was then present, law them natures on Horsebacke,
Behold them when they lighted, how they clung
In their Embracment, as they grew together,
Which had they,
What foute Thouold ones could have weigd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my Chambers Prisone.

Nor. Then you left
The view of earthy glory: Men might say
Till this time Pompe was single, but now married
To one absolute selfe. Each following day
Became the next day's matter, till the last
Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,
All Cinquant all in Gold, like Heathon Gods
Shone downe the English, and to morrow, they
Made Britaine, India: Every man that flound,
Shou aliike a Mine: Their Dwarfish Pages were
As Chausby, all gift the Madam too,
Not ond to toyle, did almsot sweat to bare
The Pride upon them, thent very labour
Woz to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske
Was made, by being apparelled, and the ensuing night
Made it a Bowdy, and Heiger. The two Kings
Equal in lute, were now beett, now worst
As pretence did present them; Him in eye,
Still him in praise, and being pretence both,
Twosaid they saw but one, and no Dicerner
Durf wagge his Tongue in cenfure, when thse Sunnes
(For to they prahce 'em), by their Heralds challenge'd
The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did performe.
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A thing inspir'd, and not confusing,broke
Into a general Prophesie; That this Tempest
Dulleth the Garment of this Peace, abounded
The Godfaine breaketh out.  
Nor. Which is bidden out,
For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attack'd
Our Merchants goods at Burdeux.

Aber. Is it therefore
Th' Ambassadors is silent &
Nor. Marry is't.

Aber. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd.

At a superfluous rate.

Bus. Why all this Businesse
Our Returnd Cardinal carri'd.

Nor. Like is your Grace,
The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinal. I advice you
(And take it from a heart, that willis towards you)
Honour, and plentiful safety) that you reade
The Cardinals Malice, and his Poreney
Together; To consider further, that
What his high Hadred would effect, wants not
A Minifier in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's Reueneful; and I know, his Sword
Hath a sharpe edge: It's long, and may be saife
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he draws it. Bosome vp my counsell,
You'll finde it wholesome. Let where comes that Rock
That I advice your flumming.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the Purest borne before him, certaine
of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers: The
Cardinal in his passege, fixteth his eye on Buck-
ham, and Buckingham on him, both full of dislasse.

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

Secr. Here to please you.

Car. Is he in person, really?

Secr. I, please your Grace.

Car. Well, we shall then know more, & Buckingham,
Shall leffen this bigge lookke.

Exeunt Cardinal, and his Trainee.

Bus. This Butchers Curte is venom'd-mouthed, and I
Hauve not the power to muzzle him, therefore beft
Not wake him in his fumber. A Beggers booke,
Out-worths a Nobles blood.

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

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

Nor. Stay my Lord,
And let your Reason with your Choller question
What is't you go about to clime steepphiles
Requires, first and last in. Anger is like
A full hot Hoth, who being aduow'd his way
Selfe-mettle tythes him: Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: Be to your selfe,
As you would to your Friend.

Bus. Ile to the King,
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe...
This Ipsioc fellows insolence, or proclaime, There's difference in no perons.
Nerf. Be adult; Here not a Furnace for your foe so hot That do junge your felde. We may out-runne By violent Smit, as that which we run at; And lose by out-running: know you not, The fire that mounts the liquorill run on, In setting to augment it, wells it: be adult; I say againe there is no English Soule More stronger to direct you then your felde; If the law of reason you would quench, Or but allay the fire of paffion.

Erek, Sir, I am thankfull to you, and Ie goe along By your precept, but this top-proud fellow, Whom from the lowes of gall name not, but From sincere motions, by Intelligence, And prooves as cleere as Points in July, when We seace each graine of grauel, I doe know To be corrupt and treafonous.

Nerf. Say not treafonous. Erek, To that King I clef say'tt & make my vouch as strong As those of Rockee: attend. This holy Foxe, Or Vale, or both (for equal rauous As he is subtile, and as prone to mischiefe, As able to perform't his minde, and place Infecting another, yea, reciprocallly, Only to shew his pompe, as well in France, As here at home,苦苦, the King our Master To this last costly Treaty: There-mever, That I swallowed too much treasure, and like a glasse Did break'th'vase-breaching.

Nerf. Faun, and so I'd it. Erek, Pray give me favour Sir. This cunning Cardinal The Articles o'th Combination drew As himselfe pleas'd; they were ratified As he crime thus let be, to as much end, As give a Crotch to th' dead. But our Count-Cardinal Has done this, and its well for worthy Wolffe Who cannot erre be made. Now this followes, (Which as it take, is a kind of Puppie To th'old Gun Trafon) Charles the Emperour, Vnder pretence to fee the Queen his Aunt, (Fer twas indeed his colour, but he came To whipt with) Where masses will make visitation, His fears were that he would the Interview between England and France, might through their amity Breed him some prender, for from this Leauge, Peep'd hazards that men'd him. Prudely Deales with our Cardinal, and I troa Which I doe well, for I am sure the Emperour Paid er he promisse, whereby his Suit was granted Ere it was asked. But when the way was made, And pau'd with gold, the Emperour thus defir'd, This he would please to alter the King's Courte, And break the trauail peace. I for the King know (As soone as he shall by me) that this the Cardinal Does buy and sell his Honor at his pleasure, And for his owne advantage.

Nerf. I am sorry To heare this of him; and could with thee, Something mishake in.

Erek. Nor more a filial.

I doe pronounce him in that very shape Her all appear in proofes.
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The other moity ere you ask is gien,
Repeat your will, and take it.

Queen. Thankes your Maiestie
That you would loose your selfe, and in that loose
Not unconsidered leave your Honour, nor
The dignity of your Office, is the point
Of my Petition.

King. Lady mine proceed.
Queen. I am soliciter nor by a few,
And those of true condition: That your Subjectts
Are in great greaense. There have bene Commisions
Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their Loyalties, wherein, although
My good Lord Cardinal, they went reproches
Moll bitterly on you, as pouter on
Of their excations: yet the King, our Master
(Not whose Honor Heaven shield from soyleuen be escapes
Language unnamely spea, such which breaks
The fides of loyalty, and almst appears
In lowd Rebellen.

Nef. Not almst appears,
It doth appears for, upon their Taxations,
The Clothiers all not able to maintaine
The many to them longings, have put off
The Spindlers, Carders, Pullers,  Weavers, who
Vnfit for other life, compeld by hunger
And lack of other meanes, in desperate manner
During theu soot too th'eeth, are all in vprore,
And danger ferues among them.

King. Taxation?
Who reigned and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alijie with vs,
Know you of this Taxation?

Card. Please you Sir,
I know not of a single part in ought
Pertains to th' State and from 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 wholefome
Tothose which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquiescance. Their excations
(Whereof my Souerainge would haue note) they are
Most penitent to th'hearing, and to hear 'em,
The Backe is Sacrifice to th'load; They say
They are dev'd by you, or els you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

Card. Still eachone
The nature of it, in what kinde let's know,
Is this Excitation?

Queen. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am boldned
Under your promis'd pardon. The Subiects grieft
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each
The first part of his Substance, to be leant
Withoout delay, and the precedence for this
Is made by your warres in France; this makes bold mouths,
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their ears now
I the where their prayers die, and it's come to passe.
This trallable obedience is a Slave.
To each incontinent Will, I would your Highness
Would give it quicke consideration; for
There is no prince benefic.

Kiss. By Right,
This is against our pleasure.

Card. And for me,
I haue no further gone in this, then by
A fingle voice, and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the Judges: If I am
Traduc't by ignorant Tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me say,
'Tis but the face of Peace, and the rough Brake
That Verum must go through: we must not flint
Our necessary actions, in the lease
To cope malicious Censurers, which never,
As rauious Fishes doe a Vesell follow
That is new trim'd; but benefit no further
Then vainly longing. What we oft doe best,
By fickle Interpreters (once weake ones) is
Not ours, nor not alow'd; what wrothys off
Hitting a greater quality, is cride vp
For our best Ait: if we shall stand still,
In feare our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,
We should take route here, where we fis
Or fit State- Statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themseues from feare:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a President
Of this Commissioun? I believe, nor any,
We must not tend our Subjectts from our Lawes,
And flique them in our Will. Sixt part of each?
A trembling Contribution; why we take
From every Tree, lop, barke, and part of Timber:
And though we leave it with a route thus hackt,
The Ayre will drink the Sup. To every Country
Where this is question'd, send to Letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this Commissioun: play looke too's;
I put it to your care.

Card. A word with you.
Let there be Letters writ to every Shire,
Of the Kings grace and pardon: the greedt Commons
Hardly accustomed of me. Let it be noised,
That through our Intercession, this Reckonment
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding.

Exit Secretary.

Euer Sedguror.

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

King. It grieues many:
The Gentleman is Lestis d, and a most rare Speaker,
To Nature none more bound; his speaking flue,
That he may furnishe and inflame great Teachers,
And never seekes for ayd out of himselfe: yet se
When these to Noble benefis shall proue.
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious courses, ten times more vgly
Then ever they were faire. This man so compleat,
Who woule not colde mongst wonderers, and when we
Almoost with rauish'd life, could not finde
His hour of speech, a minute. Ed. (my Lords)
Hath into monstruous habits, put the Graces
That once were his, and is become as blacke,
As if befeaste d in hel. Six by Vs you shal hear
(This was his Gentleman in truit) of him
Things to strike Honour fad. Bid him recount
The fore-recit'd praisis, wheareat
We cannot feele too little, harte too much,
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Card. Stand forth, & with bold spirit relate what you Moft. like a careful Subject have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham,

Kim. Speake freely.

Sur. First, it was usual with him; every day it would intents his Speeches; That if the King Should without being moved, he were not to
Make the Speaker his. Those very words I've heard him vext to his Sonne in Law,
Lord Abberbury, to whom ofth he menac'd
Renenge upon the Cardinall.

Card. Please your Highnesse more.

This dangerous conception in this point,
Not tired by his with to your High perfon;
His will is most malignant, and left stretches
Beyond your to your friends.

Queen. My least soul Lord Cardinals,
Deatuer all with Charity.

Kim. Speake on;

How grounded hee his Title to the Crowne
Upon our failes; to this poyn't haft thou heard him;
At any time speake ought?

Sur. He was brought on this;
By a vaine Prophete of Nicholas Henton.

Kim. What was that Henten?

Sur. Sir, a Chaftroux Fryer,
His Confeffor, who fed him every minute
With words of Soueraignty.

Kim. How knowl'lt thou this?

Sur. Not long before your Hignesse sped to France,
The Duke being at the Rofe, within the Parliam.
Saint Laurence Poulter, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners,
Concerning the French Journey. I replie,
Men feare the French would prove perfidous.
To the Kings danger: presently, the Duke
Said, twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted
I would prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy Monk, that oft, sayes he,
Hath fent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my Chaplain, a choyce howe
To heare from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after vnder the Commifions Scale,
He folemly had tworne, that what he spoke
My Chaplainne to no Creature living, but
To me, should vter, with demure Confidence,
This faftly enfl'd neither the King, nor's Heyres
(Tell you the Duke) fhall prosper, but him finue
To the lone oth' Commonalty, the Duke
Shall govern England.

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Dukes Surveyor, and loft your Office
On the complaint oth' Tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your pleane a Noble person,
And profey your noble Soole; I lay, take heed,
Yet, heftly beforc you.

Kim. Let him on: Goe forward.

Sur. On my Soole, if I speake but truth,
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' Duels illufion
The Monke might be deceived, and that 'twas dangerous
For this to rummote on this to faire, vntill
It f哥d him some defigne, which being beleue'd
It was much like to doe. He anfwer'd, Thuf,
It can doe me no damage; adding further,
That had the King in his left Stinkeffe fald,
The Cardinals and Sir Thomas Langley heads
Should have gone off.

Kim. Hai! What, to rancke? Ah, ha!
There's michiefe in this man; can't thou say further?
Sur. I can my Lidge.

Kim. Proceed.

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

Kim. I remember officell a time, being my sworn fer.
The Duke retaine'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 have paid
The Part my Father meant to act upon
Th' Viper Richard, who being at Salisbury,
Made fum to come in's preference, with which if granted,
(As he made femblance of his duty) would
Hane put his knife into him.

Kim. A Gyant Traylor.

Card. Now Madam, may your Highnesse live in free-dome,
And this man out of Prifon.

Queen. God mend all,

(fay I?)

Kim. That's something more would out of thee: what
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, with all teares,
Was, were he enu'd, he would forgive
His Father, by as much as a performance
Do's an irreleolute purpote.

Kim. There is his period,
To fteenth his knife in vs: he is attached.
Call him to present trial: if he may
Finde mercy in the Law, his bitt; if none,
Let him not lack of vs: By day and night
He's Traylor to th' height.

Exeunt.

Scene Tertia.

Enter L. Chamberlain and L. Staudts.

L. Chb. Is't possible the spils of France should luggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

L. Sau. New cuitome,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
(Not let'em be vunamly) yet are follow'd.

L. Chb. As faire as I see, all the good our England
Have got by the late Voyage, is but meere
A fit or two oth' face, (but they are shrewd ones)
For when they hold 'em, you would sweare direcly
Their very notes had beene Councilours
To Pigson or Claudions they keep the State to.

L. Sau. They have all new legs,
And lame ones some would take it,
That never fre'emp pace before, the Spanes
A spring-halt rain'd among' em.

L. Chb. Death my Lord,
Their clothes are after such a Pigson cuttoo,
That sure 'll have wore out Chk iftend dome how now?
What news, Sir Thomas Lowell?

Enter Sir Thomas Lowell.

Lowell. Faith my Lord,
I heare of none but the new Proclamation,
That's aplant upon the Court Gatee.

L. Chb.
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L. Cham. What's it for?

Lew. The reformation of our traid'ld Gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talk, and Taylors.
L. Cham. I'm glad 'tis there;
Now I would pray out Monseurs
To think an English Courtier may be wife,
And never see the Jalousie.
Lew. They must either
(For to run the Conditions) leave those remnant
Of Pooles and Feathers, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto: as Fights and Fire-workes,
Abating better men then they can be
Out of a foraigne wifedome, renouncing elene
The faith they have in Tennis and tall Stockings,
Short blifted Breeches, and those types of Travell;
And underhand againe like honest men.
Or pack to their old Playflower, there, I take it,
They may Cum Pratitie, wee away.
The lag end of their lawdnesse, and be laugh'd at.

L. San. Tis time to give 'em Physickes, their diseases
Are growne so catching,
L. Cham. What a loffe our Ladies
Will have of their trim vanities?
Lew. I marry,
There will be woes indeed Lords, the flye whoresons
Have got a speeding tricke to lay downe Ladies:
A French Song, and a Fiddle, he's no Fellow.
L. San. The Dinell fiddle 'em,
I am glad they are going,
For sure there's no connecting of 'em:
An honest Country Lord as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plaine songs,
And have an houre of hearing, and by' th Lady,
Held currant Muficke too.
L. Cham. Well said Lord Sands,
Your Colts tooth is not caft yet?
L. San. No my Lord,
Nor shall not while I have a stompe.
L. Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you going?
Lew. To the Cardinall;
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 affure you.
Lew. That Churchman
Beares a bounteous minde indeed,
A hand as fruitfull as the Land that feeds vs,
His dewes fall every where.
L. Cham. None doubt hee's Noble;
He had a blacke month that said other of him.
L. San. He may my Lord,
He's where he shal be himself;
Spring would discall a worde finne, then ill Doctrine,
Men of his way, should be most liberal,
They are fayre here for examples.
L. Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give to great ones:
My Sarge staves;
Your Lordship shall along: Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else, which I would not be,
For I was spake to, with Sir Henry Guilford.
This night to be Compromisers.
L. San. I am your Lordships.

Scena Quarta.

Hoboes. A small Table under a State for the Cardinall, a longer Table for the Gueues; Then Enter Anne Bulen, and dines other Ladies, & Gentlemen, as Gueues at one Door, at an other Door sat Sir Henry Guilford.

S. Hen. Gueue, Ladies,
A general welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all; This Night he dedicates
To faire content, and you: None here he hopes
In all this Noble Bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: bee would have all as merry;
As first, good Company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.
Enter L. Chamberlain L. Sands, and Louell.
O my Lord, y're tardy;
The very thought of this faire Company,
Clap wings to me,
Cham. You are young Sir Henry Guilford.
San. Sir Thomas Louell, had the Cardinall
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should finde a running Banket ere they refell,
I thinke would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of faire ones.
Lew. O that your Lordship were but now Conessor,
To one or two of that.
San. I would I were,
They should finde eafe pensance.
Lew. Faith how eafe?
San. As eafe as a downe bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet: Ladies will it please you first, Sir Harry
Place you that side, he 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 keep 'em wakings,
Pray for beneficent Ladies.
San. By my faiths,
And thank your Lordship: by your leave sweet Ladies,
If I chance to talke a little wide, forgive me:
I had it from my Father.
An Bul. Was he mad Sir?
San. O very mad; exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bile none, dull as I doe now,
He would Kisse you Twentiy with a breath.
Cham. Well said my Lord:
So now y'are fairly feared: Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you; if these faire Ladies
Pallie away wakings.
San. For my little Cure,
Let me alone.

Hoboes. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and take his State.
Card. You're wel, one my faire Gueues, 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 have such a bowle may hold my thanks,
And faze me fo much talking.
Card. My Lord Sands,
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours: Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen, whose fault it is? Sam. The red wine first must rule
In their faire checkross my Lord, then we shall have em, talk vs to silence.
An B. You are a merry Gaminer
My Lord Sanders,
Sam. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your Ladship, and pledge it Madame: For this to such a thing.
An B. You cannot shew me
Dread and Trumpets, Chambers discharged.
Sam. I told your Grace, they would talk anon.
Card. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of ye.
Card. What warlike if, and to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, see not; By all the lawes of Warr y're priviledg'd.

Enter a Seruant.
Cham. How now, what is't?
Seru. A noble troupe of strangers, For so they feeme; th'have left their Bargie and landed, And hither make, as great Embassadors From forrageing Princes.
Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine, Go, give 'em welcome: you can speak the French tongue, And pray receive 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him: All curs, and Tables remou'd.
You have now a broken Banket, but we'll mend it. A good digestion to you all; and once more I shewre a welcome on ye: welcome all.

Hoboyes. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like Shepheardes, after'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully fa-

A noble Company: what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they praid
To tell your Grace: That having heard by fame
This is Noble and to faire assemblly.
This night to meet here they could do no lesse,
(Out of the great respect they bear to beauty)
But leave their Packets, and under your faire Conduct
Craze leave to view thee, Ladies, and entreat
An houre of Resell 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 ever touch'd! O Beauty,
Till now I never knew thee.

Musick, 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 love and duty
I would surrender it.
Cham. I will my Lord.
Card. What say they?
Of divers witnesses, which the Duke deft'd
To him brought, gave over to his face;
As which appear'd against him, his Surveyor
Sir Gilbert Pbeck, his Chancellour, and John Cor,
Confessor to him, with that Dwell Monke,
Hopkyn, that made this mischief.

2. That was he
That fed him with his Prophecies.

1. The faire,
All these accou'd him strangely, which he faine
Would have flung from him; but indeed he could not;
And to his Peeres upon this evidence,
Hath found him guilty of high Treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly for life: But all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2. After all this, how did he bear himselfe?
1. When he was brought agen to th' Bar, to hear
His Knell rung out, his Judgement, he was fir'd
With such an Agony, he swear ex技术rally,
And forthwith spoke in choller, ill, and foamy:
But he fell to himselfe againe, and sweetly,
In all the reft shew'd a most Noble patience.

2. I doe not think he fears death.
1. Sure he does not,
He never was so womanish, the caufe
He may a little griefe at.

2. Certainly,
The Cardinall is the end of this.

1. Tis likely,
By all conjuncures: First Kidder's Attendance;
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remond'd
Earle Surrey, was sent thither, and in haft too,
Least he should help his Father.

2. That this of State
Was a deepie emonious one,
1. At his returne,
No doubt he will require it; this is noted
(And generally) who euer the King favours,
The Cardinall instantly will finde employment,
And faire enough from Court too.

3. All the Commons
Hate him perronically, and 'my Conference
With him is deadly deeped: This Duke as much
They lose and dose on call him bounteious Buckingham,
The Mirror of all courtiers.

Enter Buckingham from his Arrivage, Tippinous before
him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Halbert on each
side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lowell, Sir Nicholas
Pann, Sir Walter Sands, and common people &c.

1. Stay there Sir,
And see the noble rai'd man you speak of.

2. Let's stand close and behold him.

1. All good people,
You that thus farre have come to pitty me;
Heare what I say, and then goe home and broke me;
I have this day receiv'd a Trators judgement,
And by that name must dye, yet Heauen beare witness,
And if I haue a Conference, let it finde me,
Even as the Age falls, if I be not faithfull,
The Law I bear no mallice for my death,
That has done on your pretences, but Justice;
But throttle that you did it, I could with more Christians;
(What is it) I heartly forgive you,
Yet let 'em looke they glory not in mischief;

N0r build their eulds on the graves of great men;
For them, my guiltie blood mulct cry against em.
For further life in this world I more hope,
NNever for time, although the King havea mercy
More then I dare make faults.
You few that loue me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to loose
Is only bitter to him, only dying:
Goe with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long divoure of Steele falls on me,
Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice,
And lift my Soule to Heauen.
Lead on a Gods name.

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

Buck. Sir Thomas Lowell, I am free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.
These cannot be the life sable of 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 halle in Heauen: my vows and prayers
Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule forfaketh
Still cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer then I have time to tell his years;
Euer belou'd and loving, may his Rule be;
And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodneffe and he, fill up one Monument.

Low. To th' water side I must conduct your Grace;
Then glue my Charge vp to Sir Nicholas Daws,
Who underenteke you to your end.

Prep. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming: See the Barge be ready;
And fit it with such furnitures as suit et
The Greatestneffe of his Person,

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 Seleman;
Yet I am richer then my bale Accusers,
That never knew what Truth meant: I now see it;
And with that blead will make em one day disgrace lor't.

My noble Father Henry of Buckingham,
Who first ra'ed head against Wirting Richard,
Flying for succour to his Servant Bennifer,
Being diffirest; was by that wretch brelaited,
And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him.
Henry the Sennach succeed, truly pitieing
My Fathers loffes, like a most Royall Prince
Refole me to my Honours; and out of tunes
Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,

Henry the Eights Life, Honour, Name and all
That made me happy; at one stroke he'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
Fall by our Servantes, by those Men we lou'd moft:
A most unnatural and faithlesse Service.
Heauna's an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certaine:
Where you are liberrall of your loves and Counells,
Be sure you be not looie; for those you make friends,
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

And give your hearts to; when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found againe
But where they meant to finke ye; all good people
Pray for me, I must now for take ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me:
 Farewell, and when you would lay somthing that is sad,
Speak how I fell.
I have done; and God forgive me,

Exeunt Duke and Trainee.
Exeunt Duke and Trainee.

1. O, this is full of pity; Sir, it calls
That sense, too many curles on their heads
That were the Authors.

2. If the Duke be guilty, it is full of woe: yet I can give you an inkling
Of an ending evil, if it fall,
Greater then this.

1. Good Angels keep it from vs:
What may it be? you do not doubt my faith Sir?
2. This Secret is too woorthy, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.
1. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.
2. I am confidant;
You shail Sir: Did you not of late days heare
A buzzing of a suspicion
Betwene 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 daft did pervert it.
2. But that flander Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it growses agen
For either then e'er it was; and hold for certaine
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him neere, hauie out of malice
To the goe, Queenie, poisleth him with a stuple
That will enowse her. To confirme this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arrui'd, and lately,
As all think for this business.
1. Tis the Cardinal;
And meereely to revenge him on the Empeour,
For not benvolting on him at his asking,
The Archbishop of Toled, this is purposed,
2. I think:
You have hit the marke; but is it not cruel,
That the should feele the smart of this: the Cardinal
Will hauie his will, and the must fall.
1. Tis wofull.
We are too open here to argue this:
Let's think in private more.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.

My Lord, the Herffs your Lordshif fort for, with all the
Care I had, I saw well looked, beuen, and furnished.
They were young and headtyme, and of the best breed in the
North. When they were read to set out for London, a man of
my Lord Cardinall, by Comission, and name a very young
reng from me, with this reasonable matter would bee seru'd be-

for a Subiects, of not before the King; which stopp'd our march to

Sir.
I fearc he will intende well; let him have them; hee
Will have all I thinke.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Duke of Nor

NOR. Well met my Lord Chamberlaine.

CHAM. Good day to both your Grace.

SUFF. How is the King employd?

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

NOR. What's the cause?

CHAM. It seems the Marriage with his Brothers Wife
Has crept too neere his Conscience.

SUFF. No, his Conscience
Has crept too neere another Lady.

NOR. Tis so:

This is the Cardinall doing; the King Cardinall,
That blinde Priest, like the eldste Sonne of Fortune,
Turnes what he lift. The King will know him one day.

SUFF. Pray God he doe,
He never know himselfe else.

NOR. How hoilely he works in all his businesse,
And with what zeal? For now he has cracke the Leigne
Between vs & the Empeour (the Queens great Nephew)
He duses into the Kings Soulue, and there featers
Dangers, doubts, weighing of the Conscience,
Fears, and depautes, and all thefe for his Marriage,
And out of all chace, to restore the King,
He counsell a Divorce, a lose of her,
That like a Jewell, he's hung twenty years
About his necke, yet never lost her suffre;
Of her that loves him with that excelence,
That Angels love good men with; Even of her,
That when the greatest Stroke of Fortune falls
Will blest the King: and is not this course pioues?

CHAM. Heaven keep me from such counsellors most true
Thefe newses are euery where. euery tongue speakes em,
And euery true heart weepes for't. All that da re
Looke into these affaires, see this maine end,
The French Kings Sifter. Heaven will one day open
The Kings eyes, so far long have flept upon
This bold bad man,
SUFF. And free vs from his flauer,
NOR. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance
Or this impiious man will work vs all
From Princes into Pages: all mens honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he pleafe.
SUFF. For me, my Lords,
I love him nor, nor feare him, there's my Creed:
As I am made without him, so be I stand,
If the King pleafe: his Curies and his blesings
Touch me sliet: th'are breath I not beleue in,
I knew him, and I know him: so I leave him
To him that made him proud: the Pope.

NOR. Let's in;

And with some other businesse, put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:
My Lord, youte beare vs company?

CHAM. Excuse me,
The King ha's sent me otherwhere: Besides
You'll finde a moe vext time to disturb him:

Health to your Lordships.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Norfolk. Thanksgiving for my good Lord Chamberlain.

Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King draws the Curtains and fits reading pensively.

Suff. How sad he looks! he is much afflicted.
Kin. Who's there? Ha?
Norf. Pray God he be not angry. (frets)
Kin. Who's there I say? How dare you shrill your 
Into my private Meditations?
Who am I? Ha?
Norf. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: Our breach of Duty this way,
Is but a small affair; in which we come 
To know your Royal pleasure.
Kin. Ye are too bold:
Go 100; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporals affairs? Ha?
Enter Wolsey, and Campeius with a Commission.

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal? O my Wolf
The quiet of my wounded Conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a King; you're welcome
Moff learned Reuerend Sin, into our Kingdom;
Vie and it: My good Lord, have great care,
I be not found a Talker.
Wol. Sin, you cannot;
I would your Grace would grace us but an hour
Of private conferences.

Kin. We are busy go, go.
Norf. This Priest ha's no pride in him?
Suff. Not to speak of:
I would not be so fickle though for his place;
But this cannot continue.
Norf. If it doe, I venerate one; have at him.
Suff. I another.

Except Norfolk and Suffolk.

Wal. Your Grace's ha's given a Prefident of wisedome
About all Princes, in committing freely
Your capital to the voyce of Christendome:
Who can be angry now? What Enuy reach you?
The Spaniard rise by blood and favour to her,
Moff now confute, if they have any goodnesse,
The Tryall, both and Nobles. All the Clerke,
(I means the learned ones in Christendom
gone)
Have their free voyces. Rome (the Nurse of Judgement)
Insued by your Nobles, hath sent
One general Tongue unto vs. This good man,
This inf and learned Priest, Cardinal Campeius,
Whom once more, I present unto your Highness.
Kin. And once more I write to him as I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy Conclave for their loues,
They have sent me such a Man. I would hate with'd for
Can. Your Grace must needs defende all strangers loues,
You are of Noble; To your Highness hand
I tender my Complaisance, by whole venture,
The Court of Rome commanding. You my Lord
Cardinal of Turke, are joysu't with me their Servant,
In the imperial judging of this business,
(red
Kin. I two equal men. The Queen shall be acquainted
With what you came. Where's the Gardiner?

Wal. I know your Maiesty, he's always lovd her
So dearly in heart, not to deny her that
A Woman of jeffe Place might aske by Law;
Schoolers allow'd freely to argue for her.

Kin. I, and the best she has brate; and my favour
In him she does belf, God forbid els: Cardinal,
Prethee call Gardiner to me, my new Secretary.
find him a fit fellow.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Cham. Lady.
I shall not cease to applaud the fairest conceit
The King hath of you. I have said it well,
Beauty and Honour in her face forsoiled,
That they have caught the King: and who knows yet
But from this Lady may proceed a tempe,
To lighten all this ill: I'll to the King,
And say I spoke with you.

Exit Lord Chamberlain.

An. My honour'd Lord.

Old. Why this is: See, see,
I have been begging fayence yeares in Court
(Am yet a Courser beggery) not could
Come par mistwix too early, and too late
For any lust of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
A very fresh Fish here: sry, sry, sry upon
This compell'd fortune: have you mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

An. This is strange to me,
Old. How talk'st thou? is it bitter? Forty pence, no:
There was a Lady once (six an old Story)
That would not be a Queene, that shd not be
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

An. Come you are pleasant.

Old. With your Thrumed, I could
One-mount the Lake. The Marchioness of Pembroke
A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect?
No other obligation? by my life,
That promises me thousands: Honours taine
Longer then his fore-skirt; by this time
I know your backe will bear a Dutchesse, Say,
Are you not stronger then you were?

An. Good Lady,
Make your felle mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on: Would I had no being
If this failure my blood a seat: it fairs me
To think what follows.
The Queene is comfortlesse, and wee forgetfull
In our long absence: pray do not delinier,
What heere ye haue heard to her

Old. What doe you thinke me—— Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets.
Enter two Vrgers, with short siluer wands; next them two
Scribes in the habite of Doctoris; after them, the Bishop of
Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely,
Rochester, and S. Asaph: Next them, with some small
distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the
great Scele, and a Cardinall Hats: Then two Priests, bea-
ing each a Siluer Croze: Then a Gentleman Vther bore-
headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Armes, bearing a
Siluer Mace: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great
Siluer Pillers: After them, side by side, the two Cardinalls,
two Noblemen with the sword and Mace. The King takes
place under the Cloth of State. The two Cardinalls fre-
render him as Judges. The Queen takes place some de-
fluence from the King. The Bishops place themselves on
each side the Court in manner of a Constilley: Below them
the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the
Attendants stand in convenient order about the Stage.
Car. Will't thy Commission from Rome be read?
Let silence be commanded.
King. What's the need?
I hath already publiquely bene read,
And on all sides th' Authority allow'd,
You may then spare that time.
Car. Back he proceed.
Scrib. Say, Henry K. of England, come into the Court.
King. Heere.
Scrib. Say, Katherine Queen of England,
Come into the Court.
The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her Chaires,
gets about the Courte, comes to the King, and kneels at
his Feet. Then speakes.
Sir, I defere you do me Right and Justice,
And to belowe your pitty on me; for
I am a most poore Woman and a Stranger,
Borne out of your Dominions: having heere
No Judge indiffernt, nor no more assurance
Of small Friendship and Proceeding. Alas Sir;
In what hape I offended you? What cause
Hath my behauiour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should procede to put me off,
And take your good Grace from me? Heaven witnesse,
I haue bene to you, a true and humble Wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Euer in fauour and to kindle your Dislike,
Ye was, & fobbed to your Countenance: Glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd? When was the houre
I ever contradicted your Desire?
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
Hane I not frothe to love, although I knew
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
That had to him deny'd your Anger, did I
Continue in my Liking? Nay, gave notice
He was from hence ditching'd? Sir, call to minde,
That I have bene your Wife, in this Obedience,
Vpward of twenty yeares, and have bene blest
With many Children by you. If in the course
And procede of this time, you can report,
And proue it too, against mine Honor, aught;
My bond to Wedlocke, or my Luse and Dutte
Against your Sacred Perom; in Gods name
Tune me away: and let the fowll it Contempt
Shut doore wp, and so guide me vp
To the sharpt kinde of Justice. Please you, Sir,
The King your Father, was reputed for
A Prince most Prudent; of an excellent
And vnmatch'd Wit, and Judgment. Ferdinand
My Father, King of Spain, was reck'n'd one
The wisest Prince, that there had raign'd, by many
A yeare before. It is not to be question'd,
Thay they had gather'd a wise Counsell to them
Of every Realme, that did debate this Business,
Who deemi'd our Marriage lawfull. Wherefore I humbly
Deceit you Sir, to spare me, still I may
Be by my Friends in Spain, aduis'd; whose Counsaile
I will implore. If not, th' Name of God
Your plenishere be fulfill'd.
Wal. You have here Lady,
(And of your choice) these Restrender Fathers, men
Of singular Integrity, and Learning;
Yea, the elect of th' Land, who are assembl'd
To please your Caufe. It shall be therefore bootlesse,
That longer you defire the Court, as well
For your owne quieter, as to rectifie
What is unfeith in the King.
Camp. His Grace
Hath spoken well, and truly: Therefore Madam,
It's fit this Royal Seffon do proceed,
And that (from least delay) their Arguments
Be now produced, and heard.
Que. Lord Cardinal, to you I speake.
Wal. Your pleasure, Madam.
Que. Sir, I am about to wepe; but thinking that
We are a Queene (or long haue dream'd do) certaine
The daughter of a King, my drops of tears,
Itt turne to sparkes of fire.
Wal. Be patient yet.
Que. I will, when you are humble; Nay before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe
(Induced by parent Circumstances) that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge,
You shall not be my Judge. For it is you
Have blowne this Coale, betwixt my Lord, and me;
(Which Gods dew quench) therefore, I say againe,
I vve, and abate it; yes, from my Soul
Relute you for my Judge, whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious Foe, and thinke not
At all a Friend to truth.
Wal. I do professe
You speake not like your selfe: who euer yet
Have fownd to Charity, and dispayled the effects
Of disparition gentle, and of wiledome,
One ting, women powre Madam, you do me wrong
I have no Spleene against you, nor inuident
For you, or any; how farr I have proceeded;
Or how farr further (Shall) is warrant
By a Comission from the Confititor.
Yes, the whole Confititorie of Rome. You charge me,
That I haue blowne this Coale: I do deny it;
The King is present: It is to be knowne to him,
That I inay my Deed, how may he wound,
And worthy my Patrothood, yea, as much
As you haue done my Truth. If the 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
Remove thse Thoughts from you. The which before
His Highness shall speake in, I do believe
You(gracious Madam) to vnhinke your speaking,
And to say in no more.
Que. My Lord, my Lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weake
To oppose your cunning. V're are meck, & humble-mouth'd
You fignre your Place, and Calling, in full seeming,
With Weckenne and Humilitie: but your Heart
Is cram'd with Arrogance, Spleene, and Pride,
You haue by Fortune, and his Highnesss favours,
Goody dignified above others, and now are mounte
Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words
(Domecliffez to you) fere your will, as ye 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 Judge, and heere
Before you all, Appeal into the Pope,
To bring my whole Cause bore his Holinesse,
And to be judge'd by him.
She Certifies to the King, and offers to depart.
Camp.
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

Camp. The Queen is subtilinar, Stubborn to Juliano, аппетитное идиватво, and Dismounted to ride by b's not well. She's going away.

Km. Call her again.


Lp. What need you now to pray you keep your way, When you are cold returne. Now the Lord helps, They (exce me past my patience pray you passe on; I will not tarry no, nor ever more.

Vpon this busyness my appearance make,
In any of their Courts.

Exit Queen, and her Attendants.

Km. God save thy ways Kate, That man it's world, who shall report he's a better Wife, let him in naught be trusted, For speaking false in that; thou art alone
(If thy rate qualities, sweet, gentlewoman, Thy meekness Saint-like, Wise-like Gouvernment, Obeying in commanding, and thy parts Souveraigne and Peires, ob, could speak thee aout.) The Qwenne of earthly, the Qwenne of Vice's Noble borne; And like her true Nobility, the ha's Carried her felte towards me.

1601. Moft gracious Sir, In humblest manner I require your Hignesse, That it shall please you to declare in hearing Of all these carefull (for where I am rob'd and bound, There must I be valour'd, although not there At once, and fully satisfied) whether ever I Did broach this business to your Highness, or Lay any scruple in your way who might induce you to the question on everuer Have to you, but with thanks to God for such A Royal Lady, speak one, the last word that might Be to the prejudice of her present State, Or touch of her good Person?

Km. My Lord Cardinal, I doe excuse you: yea, vpon mine Honour, I free you from't; You are not to be taught That you have many enemies, that know not Why they are so; but like to Village Curres, Barke when their fellows doe. By some of these The Qwenne is put in anger; are excus'd: But will you be more judicous? You ever Have with't the fleeting of this business, neuer debridt It to be litch't; but of they have hindred of It the passages made toward it; on my Honour, I speake my good Lord Cardinal, to this point; And thus farre cleare him. Now, what mould moore too', I will be bold with time and your attention: (too') Then mark the enducement. Thus it came; give heed to My Confession first receiv'd a solution, Scruple and pricks, on certaine Speeches utter'd By th' Bishop of Ely, then French Embassador, Who had beene hither sent on the debating And Marriage twist the Duke of Orlears, and Our Daughter Mary; Pol Prigot of this business, Ere a determinate resolution, lie (I mean the Bishop,) did require a repitite, Wherein the mght of the King his Lord adverisire, Whether our Daughter were legittimate, Repriting this our Marriage with the Dowager, Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This repitite shooke.
Aetus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Queen and her Women as at work. Queen. Take thy Lute, wench, My Soul groves sad with troubles, Sing, and dis perse 'em if thou canst: leave working! SONG.

O Reheus with his Lute made Trees, And the Mountain tops that freeze, Born themselves where he did sing, To his Musick, Plants and Flowers, Ever spring; as Snowe and Showers, There had made a lasting Spring, Every thing that heard him play. Even the Billows of the Sea, Hang their heads, and then lay by. In sweet Musick is such Art, Killing care, and grief of heart, Fall asleep, or bearing dye.

Enter a Gentleman. Queen. And I'll please your Grace, the two great Cardinals Wait in the presence. Queen. Would they speak with me? Gent. They will me say to Madam. Queen. Pray their Grace To come neere: what can these be their business With me, a poor weak woman, faire from favour? I do not like their comning; now I think not, They should be good men, their affairs as righteous But all Hoods, make not Monkes. Enter the two Cardinalls, Wolsey & Campion. Wolf. Peace to your Highness, Queen. Your Grace find me here part of a Houswife, (I would be all) against the worst may happen: What are your pleasures with me, reverent Lords? Wol. May it please you noble Madam, to withdraw Into your private Chamber; we shall give you The full caufe of our comning. Queen. Speak it here, There's nothing I have done yet o' my Conscience Deferves a Coroner: would all other Women Could spake this with as free a Soule as I doe. My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy About a number) if my actions Were tir'd by euery tongue, euery eye saw 'em, Enty and base opinion set against 'em, I know my life to be, If your business Seek me out, and that way I am Wife in; Out with it boldly: Truth louses open dealing. Card. Coolia off erga te mentis integritas Regna formissima. Queen. O good my Lord, no Latino; I am not such a Truant since my comning, As not to know the Language I have liu'd in: fous: A strange Tongue makes my cause more strange, suppositi Pray spake in English; here are some will thank you, If you spake truth, for their poor Mittis fake; Believe me the his had much wrong, Lord Cardinall, The willing'd line I enter yet committed, May be absoluto in English. Card. Noble Lady,
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

I have more Charity. But say I warn'd ye; Take heed, for heavens fake take heed, least at once The burden of my sorrow, fall upon ye. Car. Madam, this is a meere distraction, You turn the good we offer, into enuy, Qua. Ye turne me into nothing. Woe upon ye, And all such false Professors. Would you have me (If you have any justice, any Pity, If ye be any thing but Churchmen's habits) Put my picke caute into his hands, that hates me? Alas, hushan't he be my Bed already, His Longe, too long ago. I am old my Lords, And all the Fellowship I hold now with him Is only my Obedience. What can happen To me, about this wretchedness? All your Studies Make me a Curfe, like this. Camp. Your feares are worse. Qua. Haue I liu'd thus long (let me speake my selle, Since Vertue finds no friends) a Wife, a true one? A Woman (I dare say without Vainglory) Never yet branded with Supplication? Haue I, with all my foul Affections Still met the King? Lord him next Heart'n'Obey'd him? Bin (out of ondeneffe) superfluous to him? Almoft forgot my Prayres to content him? And am I thus rewarded? Tis not well Lords, Bring me a confant woman to her Husband, One that ne're dream'd a Joy, beyond his pleafure; And to that Woman (when she has done moft) Yet I will albe an Honor; a great Patience, Car. Madam, you wander from the good We saye at. Qua. My Lord, I dare not make my selle so guiltie, To gue vp willingly that Noble Title Your Matter wed me to: nothing but death Shall ye divorce my Dignities. Car. Praye me not. Qua. Would I had never trod this English Earth, Or felt th'Excitances that grow up on it: Ye have Angels Faces; but Heaven knowes your hearts. What will become of me now, wretched Lady? I am the moft unhappie Woman living. Alas (poore Wench) where are now your Fortunes? Shipwreck'd upon a Kingdom, where no Pity, No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred wept for me? Almoft no Gracie allow'd me? Like the Lily That once was Mifrir of the Field, and flourith'd, I lay my head, and perih. Car. If your Grace Could but be bough't to know, our Ends are honest, You'd feel more comfort. Why shold we good Lady Upon what cause wrong you? Alas, our Places, The way of our Profession is against it: We are to Cure such forowes, not to frowe'em. For Goodness fake, confider what you do, How you may hurt your selle: I, ytterly Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage. The hearts of Princes kiffe Obedience, So much they love it. But to stubborne Spirits, They swell and grow, as terrible as Horrors. I know you have a Gentle, Noble temper, A Soule as easie as a Calme, Pray shunke vs. Those we profess; Peace-makers, Friends, and Seruants. Camp. Madam, you'll finde it is so: You wrong your Vertues

With these weake Womens feares. A Noble Spirit As yours was, put into you, ever cast. Such doubts as falle Coine from it. The King loues you, Beware you [looke it not: For vs (if you please To truift vs in your businesse) we are ready To vie our vmlost Studies, in your seruice. Qua. Do what I will, my Lords: And pray forgive me. If I haue vs'd my selle vnmanerly, You know I am a Woman, lacking wit To make a teemely anfwer to such persons, Pray do my Ieruice to his Maiestie, He ha's my heart ye, and shall haue my Prayers While I shall haue my life. Come reuerend Fathers, Beflow your Counsell on me. She now begges That little thought when the fett footing here, She shold haue bought her Dignities to decre. Exeunt

Scena Secunda.


Norf. If you will now write in your Complaints, And force them with a Confinacy, the Cardinal Cannot fland vnder them. If you omit The offer of this time, I cannot promise, But that you shall fuftain moe newe digraices, With thence you beatre alreadie. Sur. I am joyfull To meece the leaff occasion, that may give me Remembrance of my Father-in-Law, the Duke, To be reueng'd on him. Suf. Which of the Peoples Have recommend'd gone by him, or at leaft Strangely nelegt'd? When did he regard The ftame of Noblenesse in any person Out of himselfe? Cham. My Lords, you speake your pleafures: What he gelters of you and me, I know: What we can do to him (though now the time Givens way to vs) I much eafe. If you cannot Barre his accesfe to this King, never attemps Any thing on him: for he hath a Witchcraft Over the King in's Tongue. Nor. Of feare him not, His fpell in that is out: the King hath found Matter against him, that for ever marres The Hony of his Language. No, he's fetled (Not to come off) in his displeaure. Sur. Sir, I should be glad to heare such Newes as this. Once euer houre. Nor. Believe it, this is true. In the Diuorce, his contrarie proceedings Are all unfolded: wherein he appears, As I would with mine Enemy. Sur. How came His pracfes to light? Suf. Mofl strangely. Sur. On how? how? Suf. The Cardinalls Letters to the Pope miscarried.
And came to th'eye o'th'King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinal did intend his Holiness
To try the judgement o'th'Diocese; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceive
My Kings is tangled in affection,
To a Creature of the Queen's, Lady Anne Boleyn.
Sur. Ha's the King this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?'
Crom. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And heeds his owne way. But in this point,
All his trickses 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 with my Lord,
For I profess ye have it.
Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the Conjunction.
Suf. My Amen too'd.
Nor. All means.
Suf. There's order given for her Coronation;
Marry this is yet but young, and may he left
To some cares unaccounted. 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 memorable.
Sur. But will the King
Digest this Letter of the Cardinals?
The Lord forbid.
Nor. Marry Amen.
Suf. None.
There were more Wafers that buzz about his Nose,
Will make this thing the sooner. Cardinal Campeius,
Is fliuing away to Rome, hath taken no leave,
It's left the cause o'th'King unhandled, and
Is posted as the Agent of our Cardinal,
To second all his plots. I do assure you,
The King crye'le Ha, at this.
Crom. Now God incense him,
And let him cry Hallowday.
Nor. But my Lord
When returns Cromwell.
Suf. He return'd in his Opinion, which
Hath satisfied the King for his Diocese,
Together with all famous Colledges.
Almost in Christendome: shortly (I believe)
His second Marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her Coronation. Katherine no more
Shall be carded Queenes, but Princess Dowager,
And Widow to Prince Arthur.
Nor. This same Cromwe's
A worthy Fellow, and hath done much paine
In the Kings causes.
Suf. He bate, and we shall see him
For it an Arch-by-shop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. This is;
Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.
The Cardinal.
Nor. Observe, observe, here's a moody,
Crom. The Packet Cromwell.
Gault you the King?
Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.
Crom. Look'd be o'th'inside of the Paper?
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

His Contemplation were about the earth,
And fixt on Spirituall obiect, he should full
Dwell in his Musing, but I am afraid
His Thinking are below the Maner, nor worth
His ferious Considering:

King takes his Sceat, whisphers Lovell, who goes
to be Cardinal.

Car. Heaven forgiue me,
Euer God blesse your Highnesse.

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of Heavenly suffe, and bear the Inventory
Of your bel Graces, in your minde the which
You were now vaining of: you have fared time
To fale from Spirituall yssue, a briefe span.
Kepe your earthly Count, true in that
I deeme you an ill Husband, and am glad
To have you therein my Companion.

Car. Sirs,
For Holy Office I have a time; a time
To thimke vpon the part of businesse, which
I besides State, and Nature does require
Her included perfection, which perforce
Her frailty forms, amongst my Brothers mortall,
MUST give my rendance to.

King. You have faid well.

Car. And euer may your Highnesse yzieke together,
(As I will lend you caute) my doing well,
With my well sayng.

King. I Tis well faid aen,
And a kind of good deede to say well,
And yet words are no deedes. My Father loud you,
He said he dud, and with his deed did Crowne
His word vpon you, Since I had my Office,
I have kept you next my Heart, haue not alone
Implod you where high Profits might come home,
But paid my present Hauings, to bellow
My Bounties vpon you.

Car. What should this means?

Sur. The Lord increas this businesse,
King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me.
If what I now pronounce, you have found true.
And if you may confesse it, say wishall
If you are bound to vs, or no. What say you?

Car. My Soueraine, I confesse your Royall graces
Show'd me daily, have bene more then could
My studyd purposes require, which went
Beyond all mans endeavor. My endeuors,
Hau euer come to tooh short of my Desires,
Yet fill'd with my Abilities: Mine owne ends
Have bene mine foe, that euer more they pointed
To th'good of your most Sacred person, and
The profit of the State, For your great Graces
Hap'd vpon me (poore Vaineger) I
Cannot nothing render but Allegiant thankes,
My Prayres to heauen for you; my Loyalty
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
Therin illustrated, the Honor of it
Does pay the Act of it, as it is contriv'd
The foulness is the punishment. I prefirme,
That as my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you,
My heart drop'd Loue, my power isn't Honor, more
On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart,

Your Braine, and every Function of your power,
Should, norwithstanding that your bond of duty
As it were in Loues particular, be more
To me your Friend, then any,

Car. I do professe,
That for your Highnesse good, I ever laboured
More then mine owen; that am, have, and will be
(Though all the world should cracke their duty to you,
And thow from it from their Soule, though perils did
Abound, as thickes as thought could make 'em and
Appear in forms more horrid) yet my Dutie,
As doth a Rocke against the chiding Flood,
Should the approach of this wilde Riber broake,
And stand undaunted.

King. This Nobly spoken:
Take notice Lords, he's a Loyall breth,
For you have seen him open'r. Read o're this,
And after this, and then to Breakfast with
What appetize you have.

Exit King, Frowning upon the Cardinal, the Nobles
Strong after him smiling, and whisphering.

Car. What still this means?

What Eadwine Anger's this? How haue I reap'd it?
He parted Frowning from me, as if Ruine
Leaped from his Eyes. So lookes the chafed Lyon
Upon the daring Huntman that hath 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 endome me. 'Tis'th'Accomp't
Of all that world of Wealth I have drawne together
For mine owen ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedom,
And see my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence!
Fit for a Fool to fall by: What crofte Diewell
Made me put this maine Secret in the Packet
I lent the King? Is there no way to ouer this?
No newe device to beate this from his Braines?
I know 'twill thre harme strongly: yet I knew
A way, if it take right, in flight of Fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this? To th'Poets
The Letter (as I blue) with all the Businesse
I write too's Holinesse. Nay then, farewell:
I have 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 brighet exhalation in the Evenig,
And no man see me more.

Enter totoonsey, the Duke of Northelde and Suffolk, the
Earle of Surry, and the Lord Chamberlaine.

Nor. Hearre the Kings pleasure Cardinal,
Who commands you
To render vp the Great Seal presently
Into our hands, and to Confinne your felle
To After-houste, my Lord of Wincheffers,
Till you hauee further from his Highnesse.

Car. Stay:
Where's your Commission? Lords, words cannot carry
Authority to weighty.

Syr. Who dare crofte 'em,
Bear the Kings will from his mouth expressly?
Car. Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,
(I mean your malice) know, Officers Lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I see
Of what course Mextl ye are molded, Envy,
How eagerly ye follow my Disgraces.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

As if it fed ye, and how fleece and wanton
Ye appease in every thing may bring my ruine?
Follow your numerous coytes, men of Malice;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
In time will find their fit Rewards.
That Scale
You sake with such a Violence, the King,
(Mine, and your Maitre) with his owne hand, gave me:
Bad me enjoy it, with the Place, and Honors
During my life; and to confirm his Goodnature,
To'it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll make it?
Sur. The King that gave it.
Cur. It must be humifie then.
Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Prieff.
Cur. Proud Lord, thou liest I.
Within these fortie hours, Surrey darft better
Have burnt that Tongue, then faide fo.
Sur. Thy Ambition
(Thou Scarlett fines) robb'd this bewailing Land
Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law,
The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinalls,
(With these and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your politic,
You sent me Deputie for Ireland,
Farre from his succours; from the King, from all
That might haue mercie on the fault, thou gaue them:
Whil't your great Goodnature, out of holy pity,
Abfolu'd him with an Axe.
Wol. This, and all else
This talking, Lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most fallat. The Duke by Law
Found his defeters. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His Noble Juicie, and foulé Caufe can witnesse.
If I lou'd many words, Lord, I shou'd tell you,
You have as little Honestie, as Honor,
That in the way of Loyalitie and Truth,
Toward the King, my ever Rainall Mafter,
Dare mate a lounder man then Sutrie can be,
And all that loue his folgers.
Sur. By my Soule,
Your long Coat (Prieff) protects you,
Thou should'lt feel
My Sword 'tis life blood of thee elie. My Lords,
Canye endure to heare this Arrogance?
And from this Fellow? If we liste thus tamely,
To be thus laded by a peace of Scarlett,
Farewell Nobilitie: let his Grace go forward,
And dare vs with his Cap, like Laites.
Card. All Goodnature
Is payson to thy Stomache.
Sur. Yes, that goodnature
Of gleaning all the Lands wealth into one,
Into your owne hands (Cardinall) by Extreation:
The goodnature of your intercepted Packets
You write to God, against the King: your goodnature
Since you provouke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly Noble,
As you respect the common good, the State
Of our defp'fed Nobilitie, our liffes,
(Whom if he lye, will scarce be Gentlemen)
Presume the good fortune of his states, the Articles
Collect'd from his life. He flarte you
Worste then the Sacting Bell, when the browne Wench
Lay kifing in your Armes, Lord Cardinall.
Cur. How muche I thinke, I could despiße this man,
But that I am bound in Charite against it.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

His Greatness is a lingering, nippeth his roose, And then he fails as I do, I have ven′t over. Like little wanton Boyses that term on bladder: This many Shines in a Sea of Glory, But farre beyond my sight, in his high-blown Pride At length broke under me, and now he′s left me to Weary, and old with Service, to the mercy Of a rude sticke, that toucheth ever, ever to hide me. Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye, I feel my heart new open′d. Oh how wretched Is that poor man, that hangs on Princes′ favours? There is truest: that flinte we should strive too, That force: A splendour of Princes, and their suite, More pangs, and fearer then waves, or winter snows; And when he fails, he fails like Lucifer, Neuer to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, reading amazed.

Why how now Cromwell? Why now Cromwell?

Crom. Tis a power to speak Sir. Why now, anazled? At my mistaunces? Can the Spirit wonder A great man shall decline, Nay, and you weep I am false indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace.

Crom. Why well:

Neuer so truely happy, my good Cromwell, I know my life now, and I feel within me, A peace above all earthly Dignities, A still, and quiet Confidence. The King: he is cur′d me, I humbly thank his Grace: and from these shoulders These sunder′d Pulls, out of pitty, taken A loade, would finke a Navy, (too much Honor.) O′tis a burden Cromwell, it′s a burden Too beauty for a man, that hopes for Heauen.

Crom. I am glad your Grace, He′s a made that night right o′f.

Crom. I hope I have;

I am able now (me thinkes) (Out of a Portside of Soul′s, I feel) To endure more Miseries, and greater farre Then my Weake-hearted Enemies, dare offer. What News abroad?

Crom. The beautefull, and the worst, The fool′s disgrace of the King.

Crom. God blest be him, Crom. The next is, that the King Thomas Moore is choosen Lord Chancellor, in your place.

Crom. That′s somewhat sadain. But he′s a Learned man, May he continue Long in his High-esteeme Facce, and do Justice For Truths sake, and his Confidence; that his bones, When he′s run his course, and sleepes in Bleffings, May haue a Tombbe of Orphans teares wept on him, What more?

Crom. That Cromwell is returnd with welcome; Inland′s Lord Arch-bishop of Canterbury, Crom. That′s Newes indeed.

Crom. Lath, that the Lady Anne, Whom the King hath in secrecte long married, This day was voucht in open, as his Queen, Going to Chappell and the vappel is now soonely about her Coronation.

Crom. There was the weight that pull′d me downe,

O Cromwell, The King′s gone beyond me: All my Glories In that one woman, I haue lost for ever.

No Sun, shall euer wite forth mine Honors, Or glode againe the Noble Troopes that weight on my smiles, Go get thee from me Cromwell, I am a poore false man, vnworthy now To be thy Lord, and Matter. Seekke the King (That Sun, I pray may never set) I have told him, What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee: Some little memory of me, will firre him (I know his Noble Nature) not to let Thy hopefull servite perfit too. Good Cromwell Neglect him not; make we now, and protride For thine owne future farty.

Crom. O my Lord.

Mull I then leave you? Mull I needes forgo So good, to Noble, and to true a Matter? Beare witneffe, all that have not hearts of Iron, With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his Lord, The King shall haue my servite; but my prayers For euer, and for euer shall be yours.

Crom. Cromwell, I did not think to shewed a teare In all my Miseries: But thou hast forde me (Out of thy honest trouth) to say the Woman. Let′s dry our eyes: And thus fare thee well me Cromwell, 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 Woffe, that once trod the wayes of Glory; And founded all the Deeps, and Shoales of Honors, Found thee a waye (out of his wracke) to live in: A fire, and sore one, though thy Matter mist it. Make but my Fall, and that shall Ruine me:

Cromwell, I charge thee, Bring away Ambition, By that sins fell the Angels: how can man then (The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it? Lose thy selfe left, cleare those hearts that hate thee; Corruption was not more then Honely, Stil in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace To fiend emoues Tongues, Be iust, and fear not; Let the ends thou aym′ll at, be thy Countries, Thy God, and Truths, Then if thou fall off (O Cromwell) Thou fell′ll a blessed Martyr. Serve the King: And prythee leade me in; There take an Inventory of all I haue, To the last pens, to the Kings. My Robe, And my Integrity to Heauen, is all, I dare now call mine owne, O Cromwell, Cromwell, Had I but forde my God, with halfe the Zeale I ferde my King: he would not in mine Age Have lefte me nacked to mine Enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Crom. So I haue.

Pacewell. The Hopes of Cours, my Hopes in Heauen do dwell.

Exeunt.

Aulus Quatrus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen meeting one another.

11 Tis well met once again.

2 So are you.

1 You come to take your stand here, and behold The Lady Anne, passe from her Coronation.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

224. "Tis all my business. At our last encounter, The Duke of Buckingham came from his Trial. "Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow, This general joy.

2 It was well! The Citizens I saw have thrown at full their Royal minds, As let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward In celebration of this day with Siecues, Pageants, and Sights of Honor.

1 Neuer greater, Nor let it allure you better taken Sir, May I be bold to ask what that contains, That Paper in your hand.

1 Yes, it is the Lift Of the oath that claim their Offices this day, By consent of the Coronation. The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims To be high Steward. Next the Duke of Norfolk, He to be Earl Marshall you may reside the rest.

1 I thank you Sir, Had I not known those customs, I should have been beholden to your Paper: But I know you, what's become of Katherine The Princess Dowager? How goes her business now? That I can tell you too. The Archibishop Of Canterbury, accompanied with other Learned, and Reuerend Fathers of his Order, Held a late Court at Dunstal, six miles off From Amphiroll, where the Prince of Wales, to which She was often cloy'd by them, but appear'd not: And to be short, for not appearance, and The Kings late Serpule, by the maine allent Of all these Learned men, she was dischord'd, And the late Marriage made of none effect: Since which, she was removed to Kynmammon, Where the remains now live.

2 Alas good Lady.

The Trumpets sound, Stand close, The Queen is coming. Ho-ho.

The Order of the Coronation.

1 A lively Flourish of Trumpets.

2 Then, two Judges.

3 Lord Chancellor, with Purse and Mace before him.

4 Quirells singing. Muficke.

5 Mayor of London, bearing the Mace. Tom Carter, in his Coate of Armes, and on his head he wore a Gilt Copper Crown.

6 Marqueffe Dorset, bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head, a Demy Coronall of Gold. With him, the Earl of Surrre, bearing the Rod of Silver with the Dune, Crowned with an Earle Coronall. Collars of Effes.

7 Duke of Suffolk, in his Robe of Estate, his Coronoll on his head, bearing a long white Wand, and as High Steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the Rod of Marshallhip, a Coronoll on his head. Collars of Effes.

8 A Canopy, borne by four of the Cinque Ports, under it the Queen in her Robes, in her harne, richly adorned with Pearls, Crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London, and Winchelsea.

9 The Old Duke of Norfolk; in a Coronall of Gold, wrought with Flowers. Bearing the Queens Traine.

10 Certaine Ladies or Countesses, with plume Circlets of Gold, wrought Flowers.

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

2 A Royall Traine beleeve me: Thise I know: Who's that that bears the Sceptre?

1 Marqueffe Dorset, And that the Earl of Surrre, with the Rod.

2 A bold brave Gentleman. That should bee The Duke of Suffolk.

1 'Tis the same: high Steward.

2 And that my Lord of Norfolk?

1 Yes.

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

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

2 Three men are happy, And fo are all, and aree her.

1 I take it, the man that carries up the Traines.

1 that old Noble Lady, Ducchess of Norfolk.

1 It is, and all the rest are Countesses.

2 Their Coronets fay so. These are Starres indeed, And sometymes falling ones.

2 No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

1 God save you Sir. Where have you bin broiling?

3 Among the crownd's t'Abbey, where a finger Could not be weyg'd in more: I am stufed

With the meere rackettle of their joy.

2 You saw the Ceremony?

3 That I did.

4 How was it?

3 Well worth the seeing.

2 Good Sir, speake it tovs?

3 As wel as I am able. The rich strewme Of Lords, and Ladies, hauing brought the Queene To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off A distancce from her, while her Grace sat downe To rest a while, some halfe an hour, or so,

In a rich Chaire of State, opposing freely The Beauty of her Perfon to the People. Beleeve me Sir, she is the goodliest Woman That ever lay by man: which when the people Had the full view of, such a noyse arose, As the thowdes make at Sea, in a stiffe Tempeft, As lowd, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes, (Doublet, I thinkke) flye wp, and had their Faces Bin loofe, this day they had beene lost. Such joy I never 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 preamble And make 'em treble before 'em. No man listening Could say this is my wife there, all were wounen So strangely in one peace.

2 But what follow'd?

3 At length, her Grace roe, and with modest pace Came to the Alter, where she kneeld, and Saint-like Catt her faire eyes to Heauen, and pray'd devoutly. Then roe 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 Contellors Crowne, The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all fuch Emblems Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

With all the choyelift Musicke of the Kingdome,
Together sung to Doom. So flourisht,
And with the same full State process he brake againe
To Yorkes-Place, where the Feast is held.

Sir,
You must no more call it Yorkes-place, that's past:
For since the Cardinal fell, that Titles loft,
'Tis now the Kings, and call'd White-Hall,
I know it:
But 'tis so lately stier'd, that the old name.
is fresh about me

2 What two new Bishops
Were those that went on each side of the Quene?
Sir, to Yorkes and Gardenor, the one of Winchester,
Neery preferred from the Kings Secretary:
The other London.
He of Winchester
Is held no great good hower of the Archbishops,
The virtuous Cramner.
All the Land knows that:
How euer, yet there is no great break, when it comes
Cramner will finde a Friend will not shrink from him
Who may that be, I pray you
Thomas Cromwell,
A man in much esteem with his King, and truly
A worthy Friend. The King he's made him
Matter of alls Lewell House,
And one already of the Privy Council.
He will defend more.
Yes without all doubt.
Come Gentlemens, ye shall go my way,
Which is to th Court, and there ye shall be my Guests
Something I can command. As I walke together,
He tell ye more.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Katherine hommage, sick, lead between Griffiths,
her Gentleman for her, and Patience her Woman.

Griff. How do's your Grace?
Kath. O Griffiths, sick to death:
My Legges like laden Branches bow to the Earth,
Willing to leave their burden: Reach a Chair,
So now (me thinkes) I feel a little ease.
Did'st thou not tell me Griffith, as thou lest'lt mee,
That the great Child of Honor, Cardinal Wolsey
Was dead?
Griff. Yes Madam: but I thank you Grace.
Out of the paste you suffer'd, goe no more to't.
Kath. Pr'ythee good Griffiths, tell me how he dyde:
If well, he flepe before me happily.
For my example.
Griff. Well, the voyce goes Madam,
For after the flood Earle Northumberland
Arrested him at Yocke, and brought him forward
As a man sorely tainted, to his Answer,
He fell sick so disdainly, and grew so ill
He could not in his Mule.
Kath. Alas poor man,
Griff. At last, with ease Rodes, he came to Leicester,

Loig'd in the Abbey; where the reverend Abbot
With all his Couent, honourably recei'd him
To whom he gave these words. O Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the tomes of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among you:
Gave him a little earth for Charity.
So went to bed; where eager his ficknesse
Pur'd him still, and three nights after this.
About the hour of eight, which he himselfe
Foretold should be his last, full of Repentance,
Continuall Meditations, Teares, and Sorowes;
He gave his Honors to the world agen,
His blest part to Heaven, and slept in peace.
Kath. So may he rest,
His Faults Iye gently on him:
Yet thus faire Griffiths, give me leisure to speake him,
And yet with Charity. He was a man
Of unbounded frowndome, ever ranking
Himselfe with Princes. One that by justiication
Ty'd all the Kingdome. Symonde, was faire pla\y,
His own Opinion was his Law. I'h prefence
He would lay vnturth, and be ever double
Both in his words, and meaning. He was never
But where he meant to Raine spirtifull.
His Promises, were as he then was, Mighty:
But his performance, as he now is, Nothing:
Of his owne body he was ill, and gane
The Clergy ill example.
Griff. Noble Madam:
Mens cuill manners, live in Brashe, their Vertues
We write in Water. May it presse your Highnesse
To hear me speake his good how?
Kath. Yes good Griffiths,
I were malicious elf.
Griff. This Cardinall,
Though from an humble Stocke, undoubtedly
Was fashioned to much Honor. From his Cradle
He was a Scholar, and a ripe, and good one:
Exceeding wise, faire spoken, and perswading:
Loyal, and forwere to them that led'd him not:
But, to those men that fought him, sweet as Summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Was a finite) yet in befolowing, Madam,
He was most Princely. Ever winnse for him
Those twinner of Learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipwich and Oxford: one of which, fell with him;
Vowing to out-lie the good that did it.
The other (though winshfull'd) yet so famous
So excellent in Art, and still be riding,
That Christendome shall ever speake his Vertue.
His Overthrow, heasp'd Happinesse upon him:
For then, and not till then, he felt himselfe,
And found the Bleffednesse of being little.
And to adde greater Honors to his Age
Then man could give him: he dyde, fearing God.
Kath. After my death, I wish no other Henda,
No other speake of my living Actions.
To keep me Honor, from Corruption,
But such a honest Cheronicer as Griffith,
Whom I moit hared Lining, thou hast made mee
With thy Religious Truth, and Modeleft.
(Now in his After) Honor. Peace be with him.
Patience, bee meere me ill, and let me lower,
I have not long to trouble the good Griffith,
Cause the Multitudes play me that I'd note
I nan'd my Kneel, why I'll fit meditating
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

On that Coelestial Harmony I go too.

Sent and solems Mufick.
Gr. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

The Difion.
Enter solemnly tripping one after another, five Persons, clad in white Robes, wearing on their heads Garlands of Bays, and golden Piencards on their faces, Branches of Bays or Palms on their hands. They first Cours into her, then Dance; and at certain Changes, the first two hold a Lady, and the other four make reverence Curtseys. Then the two that hold the Garland, deliver the same to the other two next, who deliver the same order in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same Garland to the last two: who likewise observe the same Order. At which time they were with all their might make (in her sleep) figures of rejoicing, and bolden up her hands to heaven. And so, on their Dancing return, carrying the Garland with them.

The Mufick ceases.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wrestedneffe, behind ye?
Gr. Madam, we are here.
Kath. Is it not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
Gr. None Madam.
Kath. Nay! Saw you not even now a blessed Troope
Invite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces
Call thou and beauteous upon me, like the Sun?
They promised me eternal Happiness,
And brought me Garlands (Griffith) which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear. I shall accordingly.
Griff. I am most joyfull Madam, such good dreams
Possesse your Fancy.
Kath. Bid the Mufick leave,
They are harsh and heppy to me.

Pat. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the inordinate?
How long her face is drawn! How pale the lookeer,
And of an early cold. Marke her eyes?
Gr. She is going Wench. Pray, pray.
Pat. Heauen comfort her.

Enter a Mefinger.
Mef. And it like your Grace?
Kath. You are a favoy Fellow,
Defence we no more Reuences?
Gr. You are too blame,
Knowing the will not lose her wonted Greatneffe
To vfe so rude behauiour. Go too, kneele.
Mef. I humbly do entrest your Highneffe pardon,
My haft made me vamanser. There is staying
A Gentleman from the King, to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance Griffith. But this Fellow
Let me receve again.

Enter Lord Capuchins.
If my fight faile now,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Empeor,
My Royall Nephew, and your name Capuchins.
Cap. Madam the fame. Your Servant.
Kath. O my Lord,
The Times and Tides are this alter'd strangely
With me, since fielt you know me.
But Ipray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,
First mine owne firnece to your Grace, the next
The Kings requent, that I would vist you,
Who gyres much for your weaknesse, and by me
Sends you his Princely Commendations
And heerily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
Tis like a Pardon after Execution;
That gentle Phytick given in time, had cur'd me:
But now I am past all Comforts here, but Prayers.
How does his Highneffe?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So he may be corder, and ever flourisht,
When I shall dwell with Wronse, and my poore name
Banish'd it the Kingdome. Patience, is that Letter
I cans't you write, yet sent away?
Pat. No Madam.
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King,
Cap. Most willing Madam.
Kath. In which I have commended to his goodneffe
The Modell of our chaste loues: his yong daugher,
The dewes of Heauen fall thick in Blessings on her,
Beefeching him to give her vextious breeding.
She is yong, and of a Noble modell Nature,
I hope the will defende well; and a little
To look for her for her Mothers sake, that loud him,
Heavenes knows how deere.
My next poore Petition,
Is, that his Noble Grace would have some pittie
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Hau follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
Of whichthere is not one, I dare swoow
(And now I should not ley) but will defende
For Verue, and true Beasie 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 have em.
The left is for my men, they are the pooreft,
(But poorty could never draw 'em from me)
That they may have their wages, duly paid 'em,
And something ouer to remember me by.
If Heauen had pleas'd to have guene me longer life
And abilitie, we had not parted thus,
These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord;
By that you love the deepsett in this world,
At you wish Chrissian peace to foules departed,
Stand these poore peoples Friend, and vrgie the King
To do me this last right.
Cap. By Heauen I will,
Or let me loofe the faction of a man.
Kath. I thanke you honest Lord. Remember me
In all humilitie unto his Highneffe:
Say his long trouble now is paffing
Out of this world, Tell him in death I left him
(For I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewelle
My Lord. Griffith farewell. Nay Patience,
You must not leaue me yet. I must to bed,
Call in more women. When I am dead,good Wench,
Let me be bring'd Honor, thref me over
With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaffe Wife, to my Grace; Embalme me,
Then lay me forth (although vnqueen'd) yet like
A Queene, and Daughter to a King enter me.
I can no more.

End of acting Katherine.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch before him, and Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gard. It's one a clocke, Boy, is't not.
Boy. It hath stroke.
Gard. These should be houres for necessities.
Not for delights : Times to repaire our Nature
With comforting repose, and not for vs.
To wakke vs times. Good house of night, Sir Thomas:
Whethre to lye?

Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?
Gard. I did Sir Thomas, and left him at Primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too.
Before he goe to bed. He take my leave.

Gard. Not yet Sir Thomas Lovell, what's the matter?
It seems you are in lath : and if there be
No great offence belongs too, give your Friend
Some touch of your late businesse. Affairs that walke
(As they say Spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder Nature, then she businesse
That feele dispatched by day.

Lov. My Lord, I have you;
And duest commend a secret to your ear.
Much weightier than this world. The Queens in Labor
They say in great Extremity, and feart
She'll with the Labour, end.

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

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience fayes
She's a good Creature, and sweete-Ladic do's
Defence out better wishes.

Gard. But Sir, Sir,
Heare me Sir Thomas, y're a Gentleman
Of mine owne waye. I know you Wife, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will be re be well,
Till not Sir Thomas Lovell, tak't of me,
Till Cromer, Cromwell, her two hands, and sile
Sleepe in their Graues.

Lovell. Now Sir, you speake of two
The most remark'd this Kingdome as for Cromwell,
Before that of the Jewell-House, is made Master
O'th'Rollers, and the King's Secretary. Further Sir,
Stands in the gap and Trade of noe Preferements,
With which the Line will load him. Th'Archbyshop
Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are those Dace, and my selfe have vent'ed
To speake my mind of him : and indeed this day,
Sir (I may tell you) thinke I haue
Inceint the Lords o'th' Council, that he is
(For I know he is, they know he is)
A most Archb-Heretique, a Peligree
That does infect the Land : with which, they mowed
Haue broken with the King, who hath to forre
Guen sere to our Complaints, of his great Grace,
And Primely Care, fore-seeing those fell Mischieues,

Our Reasons sayd before him, hath commanded
To morrow Morning to the Council Board
He be commendt. He's a ranke weed Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your Affairs
I hinder you too long : Good night, Sir Thomas.
Exit Gardiner and Page.

Lov. Many good nights, my Lord, I tell your intent,
Exit King and Suffolk.

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

Sun. Sir, I did never win of you before.

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

Lou. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I lent your Message, who return'd her thanke.
In the great'ft humblessesse, and defyr'd your Highness.
Most heartily to pray for her.

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

Lou. So said her woman, and that her suffrance made
Almost each one of their death.

King. Abas good Lady.

Sun. God lately quit her of her Burthen, and
With gentle Tussile, to the gladding of
Your Highness with an Heire.

King. This midnight Charles,
Prythee to bed, and in thy Prayers remember
The fate of my poor Queene. Leave me alone,
For I must thinke of that, which company
Would not be friendly too.

Sun. I wish your Highness
A quiet night, and my good Mifris will
Remember in my Prayers.

King. Charles good night.
Exit Suffolk.
Well Sir, what followes?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny,

Den. Sir, I haue brought my Lord the Arch-bishop,
As you commended me.

King. Ha? Canterbury?

Den. I my good Lord,
King. 'Tis true : where is he Denny?

Den. He attends your Highness pleasure,

King. Bring him to vs.

Lou. This is about that, which the Byshop (pale,
I am happily come hither.

Enter Cromer and Denny.

King. Atady the Gallery.

Loue! seemes to say.

Ha? I haue faied. Be gone.

What?

Excuse Lovell and Denny.

Cran. I am fearefull: Wherefore frowndes he thus?
'Tis hit Affect of Terror. All's not well.

King. How now my Lord?

You do defer to know wherefore
I sent for you.

Cran. It is my dutie
To attend your Highness pleasure.

King. Pray you ariue
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury:
Come, you and I must waake a turne together, I
Have News to tell you.

Come, come, give me your hand,
Ah my good Lord, I greeue at what I speake,
And am right forto to repeate what follows.

I haue, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Heard many grievous. I do say my Lord
Greevous complaints of you, which being consider'd,
Hau e mon'd Vs, and our Councell, that you shall
This Morning come before vs, where I know
You cannot with so much ease purge your selfe,
But that till further Trull, in those Charges
Which will require your Answer, you must take
Your patience to, and be well contented.
To make your house out Towne : you, a Brother of vs
It fis we thus proceed, or else no wittfle
Would doe against you.
Cran. I humbly thank your Highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnowed, where my Chance
And Conne shall eyre aunder. For I know
There's none flands vnder so muchalumious tongues,
Then my felle, poor man.
King. Stand vp, good Canterbury,
Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted
In vs thy Friend. Give me thy hand, stand vp,
Prythee let's walke. Now by my Holy Dove,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would have given me thy Permission, that
I shoule have some part, to bring together
Your selfe, and your Accusers, and to hearde you
Without inurance further.
Cran. Most dread Liege,
The good I stand on, is my Truth and Honofle:
If they shal fail, I with mine Enemies
Will triumph ore my person, which I weigh not,
Being of such Vertues vacans. I fear nothing
What can be laid 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 prattiles
Must bear the same proportion, and not ever
The sufficeth in the Truth of the question carries
The dew on'th Verdure, with it at what estate
Might corrupt minds procure, Knaves as corrupt
To ware against you: Such things have been done,
You are Potently oppos'd, and with a Malice
Of as great size. Weene you of better lucke,
I mean in perpetu'd Wittleshe, then your Master,
Whose Munifer you are, whereas here he lin'd
Upon that naughty Earth? Go too, go too,
You take a Precept from no keepe of danger,
And woe your owne destruction.
Cran. God, and your Maiesty
Protest, not innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.
King. Be of good cheer,
They shal no more persecule, then we glue way too:
Keepe comfort to you, and this Morning fee
You do appear before them. If they shal chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you:
The bell perfections to the contrary
Fault not to vie, and with what vhenemence
Th'occasion shall infructify you. If intreaties
Will reader you no remedy, this Ring
Deliver then, and your Appeale to vs
There make before them. Looke, the goodman weeps:
He's honofed on mine Honor. Gods blest Mother,
I ware he is true-hearted, and a soule
Not distrusted in my Knowledge. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you:
Exit Cranmer.
He has strangled his Language in his teares.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Bull. I think your Highness saw this many a day.

Kin. Body a me: where is it?

Bull. There my Lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury,
Whose hole his State as dore though Puritantes,
Pages, and Foot-boyes.

Kin. Ha? 'Tis he indeed.
Is this the Honour they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet; I had thought
They had parted so much honestly among 'em,
At least good manners; as not thus to tuff
A man of his Place, and to neglect our favour
To dance attendance on their Lordship's pleasures.
And at the dark too, like a Poet with Packets:
By holy Mary (Bulls) there's knarre;
Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtain close:
We shall hear more anon.

A Council Table brought in with Choyres and Stoolz, and placed under the State. Enter Lord Chamerbeur; place himself at the upper end of the Table, on the left hand: A State being left void above bolt, so for Chamerbeur's State.
Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norffolk, Serrea, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, seat themselves in Order on each side.
Cromwell at lower end, as Secretary.

Cham. Speak to the business, M. Secretary;
Why are we met in Council?
Crom. Please your Honours,
The chief cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury,
Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
Keep. Without my Noble Lords?
Gard. Yes.
Keep. My Lord Archishop: And he's done halfe an hour to know your pleasure.
Cham. Let him come in.
Keep. Your Grace may enter now.
Crommer approaches the Council Table.

Cham. My good Lord Archishop, I'm very sorry
To fit heere at this present, and behold
That Chayre stand empty: But we all are men
In our owne natures frail, and capable
Of our fleth, few are Angels, out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you that beft should teach vs,
Haste-minded, or your life, and not a little;
Toward the King dffic, then his Laves, in filling
The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines
(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are Herefies;
And not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
Gard. Which Reformation must be fodie too
My Noble Lords; for those that tame wild Horbies,
Past, are not in the hand to make 'em gentle;
But fip their mouths with th'bown Bit, & spire 'em,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
Out of our eaffine and childish pitty
To one mans Honour, this congruous fickness;
Farewell all Phyfickes, and what followes then?
Commotions, vprores, with a generall Taint
Of the whole State; as of late days our neighbour,
The holy Germany can deadly withke:
Yet further pittied in one misfortune.

Crom. My good Lords; Ethiserto, in all the Progress
Both of my Life and Office, I have laboure'd,
And with no little flady, that my teaching
And the strong course of my Authority,
Might goe one way, and faithfully; and the end
Was ever to doe well: nor is there living,
(I speake it with a fingle heart, my Lords)
A man that more deales, more flares against,
Both in his private Confcience, and his place,
Defacers of a publicke peace then I doe:
Pray Heaven the King may never find a heart
With filfe Alleagance in it, Men that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the bullet. I doe beteche you, Lordship's,
That in this case of Justice, my Accentes,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely wrage against me.

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

Crom. My Lord, because we have busines of more
We will be short with you. 'Tis his Highnesse pleasure;
And our content, for better stayl of you,
From hence you be committted to the Tower,
Where being, be a pure and true man again.
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More then (I fear) you are prauided for.

Crom. Ah my good Lord of Winchfeuer: I thanke you,
You are always my good Friend, if your will passe,
I shall both finde your Lordship, judge and Jurer,
You are so mercifull. I see your end,
Tis my vndigne. Looke, and meeknesse, Lord
Become a Churchman, better then Ambition;
Win straying Soules with modesty again,
Cate none away: That I shall cleare my life,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little dooubes you doe confidence,
In doing dayly wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling, makes me mende.

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sclavary,
That's the plainest truth, your painted gloe discovers
To men that understand you, words and woshnelle.

Crom. My Lord of Winchfeuer, ye are a little,
By your good faueur, too sharpe; Men so Noble,
How eue, faultly, yet shoule finde respect
For what they have ben; 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good M. Secretary,
I cry your Honour mercy; you may work
Of all this Table say fo.

Cham. Why my Lord?
Gard. Doe not I know you for a Fauourer
Of this new Seek? ye are not found,

Crom. Not found?
Gard. Not found I say.
Crom. Would you were halfe so honest?
Mens prayers then would seeke you, not their fears.
Gard. I shall remember this bold Language.
Crom. Doe.

Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much;
Forbear for thame my Lords.
Gard. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Cham. Then thus for you my Lord, I standes agreed
I take it, by all your reasons: That forthwith,
You be comnued to th' Tower a Prifoner;
There to remaine till the Kings further pleasure
Be knowne vnto vs: are you all agreed Lords,
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

All. We are.

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

Gard. What other,
Wouldest thou expect? You are strangely troublesome:
Let come with th' Guard be ready thence.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?
Muft I go like a Traitor thither?

Gard. Receive him,
And fee him safe th' Tower.

Cran. Stay good my Lords,
I have a little yet to say,
Looke thence my Lords,
By vertue of that Ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and glue it
To a meft Noble Judge, the King my Master.

Cham. This is the Kings Ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suff. 'Tis the right Ring, by Hen'tus: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stones a rowling;
'Twould fall upon our felues.

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

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

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and Informations
Against this man, whose honesty the Dinell
And his Disciples oneely enuys at,
Ye blew the fire that bumes ye: now haue at ye.

Enter King kneeling on them, takes his Seat.

Gard. Dread Sovereign,
How much are we bound to Heauen,
In daily thankes, that gave vs such a Prince;
Not onely good and wise, but most religious:
One that in all obedience, makes the Church
The cheefe ayme of his Honour, and to strenghten
That holy duty out of deare repect,
His Royall Selve in Judgement comes to heare
The cause betwixt her, and this great offender,

Kim. You were ever good at Iodaine Commendations,
Bishop of Winchefter. But know I come not
To heare such flattery now, and in my presence
They are too thin, and base to lisse offences,
To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell,
And thinke with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But whatsoever thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou haft a cruel Nature and a bloody.

Good man fit downe;
Now let me see the proudest
Hec, that dares moft, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better frame,
Then but once thinke his place becomes the not.

Sur. May I please your Grace?

Kim. No Sir, it does not please me,
I had thought, I had had men of some vnderstanding,
And wife done of my Counsell, but I finde none:
Was it in derision Lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you vnderstand his name)
A Courtier, to let him have that title
This honest man, wait like a lowe foot-boy
At Chamber door; and one, as great as you are
Why, what a shame was this? Did my Commission
Bid ye or Sire forget your felues? I gauce ye
Power, as he was a Counsellor to try him,

Not as a Grome; There's SOME of yee, I see,
More out of Malice then Integrity;
Would trye him to the vmost, had ye knowne,
Which ye shall never have while I live.

Cran. Thus fare.
My selfe and all my Soueraigne, may it like your Grace,
To let my tongue excite all. What was purposed
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.

Kim. Well, well my Lords respect him,
Take him, and vfe him well; hee's worthy of it,
I will say thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholding to a Subject; I
Am for his love and service, to him.
Make men more sate, but all embrace him;
Be friends for shame my Lords: My Lord of Canterburie
I have a Suite which you must not deny mee,
That is a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptisme,
You must be Godfather, and answere for her.

Cran. The greatest Monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: how may I discharge it?
That am a poore and humble Subject to you?

Kim. Come, come my Lord, you spare your faones,
You shall haue two noble Partners with you: the old
Duchesse of Norfolke, and Lady Marquesse Dorset.
I will there please you?

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

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

Cran. And let Heauen
Witness here deare, I held this Confirmation. (hears.

Kim. Good Man, then joyfull tears is worthy true
The common voyce I fee is verified.

Of thee, which lays thus: Doe my Lord of Canterburie
A shrewd turne, and here's your friend for eues.
Come Lords, we are the 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.

Noyle and Tamuli within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'll leave your noyle anon ye: Raffles: doe you take the Court for Parish Garen: ye rude Slates, leave your gaping;

Within. Good M. Porter I belong to th' Larder.

Port. Belong to th' Gallows, and be hang'd ye rogue.
Is this a place to roaste in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree
Stakes, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em.
Let cratch your heads you must be seeing Christenings?
Do you looke for Alle, and Cakes here, you rufe Raffles?

Man. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impossible,
Ynot lee we sweep'em from the dore with Canons,
To etter'em, as 'tis to make em sleepe
On Mayday morning, which will never be:
We may ye well pull a Miss; Powles as thare 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

**Mau.** Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in? As much as one found Cudgell of foure foote, (You see the poor remainder) could distribute, I made no spate Sir.

**Port.** Ye did nothing Sir.

**Mau.** I am not Sump'son, nor Sir Cay, nor Colvelard, To mow 'em downe before me: but if I sparge any That had a head to his, either young or old, He or she, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker: Let me ne're hope to see a Chinse againe, And that I would not for a Cow, God save her.

**Within.** Do you hear Mr. Porter?

**Port.** I shall be with you presently, good Mr. Puppul, Keep the door close Sitha.

**Mau.** What would you have me do?

**Port.** What should you do, But knock 'em downe by th'o doznes? Is this more fields to muffer in? Or hate we none strange Indian with the great *Tape* come to Court, the women to beleege vs? Blesse me, what a aty of Fornication is at done! On my Christian Conscience this one Christiane will beg a thousand, here will be Father, God-father, and all together.

**Mau.** The Spoons will be the bigger Sir: There is a fellow somewhat neere doore, he should be a Brasier by his face, for o my conscience twenty of the Dogdayes now reignes in his Nose; all that fland about him are under the Line, they need no other permantce: that Fire-Drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his Nose dischargeed against mee; hee fland there like a Motter-piece to blow vs. There was a Haberdasher Wife of small wis, neere him, that rail'd uppon me, till her pinn'd porterger fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the State. I hit the Meteor once, and hit that Woman, who cried our Clubbes, when I might see from farre, some forty Truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the whole Stand where she was quartered; they fell on, I made good place; at length they came to th' broome taffe to me, I define 'em still, when sodainly a File of Boyes behind 'em, loo'd in, delier'd a flashe of Pimbles, that I was faine to draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Workes, the Duesell was amongst 'em I think because.

**Port.** These are the youths that thunb at a Playhouse, and fight for bitten Apples, that is Audience but the tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limhound, their desire Brothers are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Fatum, and there they are like to dance these three dayes; besides the running Banquet of two Beadles, that is to come.

**Enter Lord Chamberlain.**

**Cham.** Mercy o' me: what a Mutrate are here? They grow still too, from all Parts they are comming, As if we kep a Faire here? Where are these Porters? These lazy knaves? Yahue made a fine hand fellows? There's a trimmable let in: are all thefe Your faithfull friends o'the Suburb? We shall have Great store of roomo no doubt, left for the Ladies, When they passe backe from the Christening?

**Port.** And plese your Honour, We are but mean and what so many may doe, Not being some a pieces, we have done: An Army cannot rule 'em, 

**Cham.** As I sue, If the King blame me for't; He lay ye all

By th'heales, and sodainly: and on your heads Clap round Pines for neglect: y'are lazy knaves, And here ye eye baiting of Bombards, when Ye should doe Service. Harke the Trumpets found, Their comence already from the Christening, Go breake among the preaffle, and finde away out To let the Troope pale fairly: or Ie finde A Marshallie, shall hold ye play these two Moneths. 

**Port.** Make way there, for the Princeesse.

**Mau.** You great fellow, Stand cloke vp, or Ie make your head skie. 

**Port.** You th'Chambele, get vp o'th'raile, He pecke you o're the pales elie.

**Exeunt.**

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**Scene Quarta.**

**Enter Trumpets sounding:** Then two Aldermen, L, Major, Carter, Cromwell, Duke of Norfolk, with his Marshal Steffe, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen, bearing great sounding Bowles for the Christening Gentles: Then four Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under which the Dentheof of Norfolk, Godmother, bearing the Childe richly habitted in a Mantle, &c. Traine borne by a Lady: Then follows the Marchoness Dorsat, the other Godmother, and Ladies. The Troope pale once about the Stage, and Carter speaks.

**Gart.** Heauen From thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, Long, and ever happy, to the high and Mighty Princeesse 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, joy in this most gracious Lady. Heauen ever laid vp to make Parents happy? May hourly fall upon ye.

**Kim.** Thank you good Lord Archbishop:

What is her Name?

**Cran.** Elizabeth.

**Kim.** Stand vp Lord. With this Kisse, take my Blessing: God protect thee, into whose hands, I give thy Life.

**Cran.** Amen.

**Kim.** My Noble Geoffs, y'hauve been too Prodigall; I thank ye heartly: So shall this Lady, When the ha's so much English.

**Cran.** Let me speake Sir, For Heauen now bids mee and the words I utter, None thinke Flattery, for they find evem Truth. Let this Royall Infant, Heauen still move about her, Though in her Cradle, yet now promiseth Upon this Land a thousand thousand Blessings, Which Time shall bring to ripenesse: She shall be, But few now living can behold that goodness A Pattern to all Princes living with her, And all thef shall succeed: Sodes was never More courteous of Wifedome, and faire Virtue Then this pure Soule shall be. All Principes Graces That would vp such a mighty Piece as this is, With all the Vertues that attend the good. Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall Nurie her,
Holy and Heavenly thoughts still Conseull her:
She shall be loud and fear'd. Her owne shall blesse her;
Her Foes shooke like a Field of beaten Corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow:
Good grows with her.
In her days, Every Man shall eat in safety,
Under his owne Vine what be planted and tittled
The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
God shall be truly knowne, and to those about her,
From her shall read the perfect way of Honour,
And by those they be his, and like a Vine grow to him;
Where euer the bright Sunne of Heaven 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 Plaintes about him: Our Childrens Children
Shall see this, and blesse Heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be to the happiness of England,
An aged Princeesse; many days shall she rest,
And yet no day without a deed to Crown her.
Would I had knowne no more: But the mudd yde
She must, the Saints must have her; yet a Virgin,
A mudd vnspotted Lilly shall the paffe
To th' grounds, and all the World shall mourne her.

King. O Lord Archbishop

Thou hast made me now a man, never before
This happy Child, did I get any thing.
This Oracle of comfort, he's so pleasant,
That when I am in Heaven, I shall desire
To see what this Child does, and praise my Maker.
I thank ye all. To you my good Lord Master,
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
I have receiv'd much Honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way Lords,
Ye must all see the Queen, and the mudd thank ye:
She will bee keene els. This day, no man thinkes
'Hast bussinnenesse at his houes, for all shall play:
This Little-One shall make it Holy-day.

The Epilogue.

The end of our Play, none can never please
All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an All or two; but those we scare
With brightnesse and such Treasures: So it is clear,
They'll see our naught. Others to hear the City
Abus'd extravagatly to cry so useless,
Which we hate not done perhapes, that I scarce
All the expected good we're like to hear.
For this Play at this time, is made by
The merciful constrution of good women,
For such a cause we should't care if they sinn'd,
A little more, I know within a while,
All the best men are ours, for we'll shew,
If they hold, when their Ladies bid 'em stop.

FINIS.