The Famous History of the Life of King HENRY the Eight from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies. Published according to the true originall copies.

Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies

Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.

Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630
Condell, Henry, -1627

Droeshout, Martin, 1601-1602

Jaggard, Isaac, -1627

Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632

Jaggard, William, 1569-1623

Smethwicke, John, -1641

Aspley, William, -1640

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<date when="2014-09-11">11 September 2014</date>
Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.

First Folio

London, England:

William Jaggard, Edward Blount, John Smethwicke

1623

8 November 1623 (entered)

Bodleian Library, Arch. G c.7

ESTC, S111228

Greg, III, p. 1109-12

Pforzheimer, 905

STC (2nd ed.), 22273
<note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. &amp; West, A.J. "The Shakespeare First Folios a descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.</note>

<note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30</note>


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Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ³gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.

"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.

Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the
The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droeouth imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.


Head- and tail- pieces; initials. With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin- Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generall; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson’s printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p. (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor
annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.</p>


<p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.</p>

<p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to William Wildgoose on 17 February 1624 for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the newer Third Folio (1664). There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of
"superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.<p>

After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (Oxford, 1905).<p>

For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>
2. Both.

Both Gentleman:

Third Gentleman: 3

Lord Abergavenny: Abur.

All: All.

Anne Bullen, Katharine's maid of honor, afterwards Queen:

Bishop Lincoln: B. Lin.

Page, a page to Gardiner: Boy.

Brandon: Bran.

Duke of Buckingham: Buck.

Doctor Butts, physician to the King:
<persName type="form">Butts.</persName>

Butts.

<Cardinal Campeius>
<persName type="standard">Cardinal Campeius</persName>
</person>

Camph.

Cam.

Camp

Camp.

Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V

Cap.

Card.

Card.

Wols.

Wols.

Lord Chamberlain

Cham.

L. Cham.

Lord Chancellor

Chan.

L. Chan.

Archbishop Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury

Cran.

Crier.

Crier.

Cromwell, servant to Wolsey

Crom.

Crom.

Gardiner, bishop of Winchester

Gar.

Gar.
<persName type="form">Gard.</persName>

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Katherine

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L. San.
San.

<persName type="form">Lady.</persName>
<persName type="form">Old L.</persName>
<persName type="form">Old L.</persName>
<persName type="form">Old L.</persName>
<persName type="form">Old L.</persName>
Louell.

Man, the Porter's man

Man.

Man, the Porter's man

Mes.

Duke of Norfolk

Nor.

Norf.

Norff.

Norfolke.

Patience, woman to Queen Katharine

Pat.

Pati.

Porter, door-keeper of the Council-chamber

Por.

Port.

Prologue (Chorus)

Prologue

Sir Henry Guildford


Scribe

Scri.

Scribe.

First Secretary, to Wolsey

Sect.

Sergeant, a sergeant-at-arms

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

THE PROLOGVE.

I come no more to make you laugh,
Things now.

T<gap extent="1"
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Sad, high, and working, full of State and

Such Noble Scenes, as draw the Eye to flow
We now present. Those that can Pity, heere
May (if they thinke it well) let fall a Teare,
The Subiect will deserue it. Such as giue
Their Money out of hope they may believe, May heere finde Truth too. Those that come to see

Onely a show or two, and so a gree,

The Play may passe: if they be still, and Ile undertake may see away their shilling Richly in two short houres. Onely they

That come to heare a Merry, Bawdy Play, A noyse of Targets: Or to see a Fellow

In a long Motley Coate, garded with Yellow,

Will be deceu'd. For gentle Hear

to ranke our chosen Truth with such a show As Foole, and Fight is, beside forfeyting

Our owne Braines, and the Opinion that we bring

To make that onely true, we now intend,

Will leaue vs neuer an understanding Friend. Therefore, for Goodnesse sake, and as you are knowne

The First and Happiest Hearers of the

Be sad, as we would make ye. Thinke ye see

The very Persons of our Noble Story,

As they were Liuing: Thinke you see them Great,

And follow'd with the generall throng, and sweat

Of thousand Friends: Then, in a moment, see

How soone this Mightinesse, meets Misery: And if you can be merry then, Ile say,

A Man may weepe vpon his Wedding day.

Enter the Duke of Norfolke at one doore. At the other, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Aburgauenny.
<speaker rend="italic center">Buckingham.</speaker>

Ood morrow, and well met. How haue ye done?

Since last we saw in France?

I thanke your Grace: Healthfull, and euer since a fresh Admirer

An untimely Ague

Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when

Those Sunnes of Glory, those two Lights of Men

Met in the vale of Andren.

'Twixt Guynes and Arde,

I was then present, saw them salute on Horsebacke,

Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung

In their Embracement, as they grew together,

Which had they,

What foure Thron'd ones could haue weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

Then you lost

The view of earthly glory: Men might say

Till this time Pompe was single, but now married

To one aboue it selfe. Each following day

Became the next dayes master, till the last

Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French

All Clinquant all in Gold, like Heathen Gods

Shone downe the English; and to morrow, they

Made Britaine, India: Euery man that stood

Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were

As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too,

Not vs'd to toyle, did almost sweat to beare

The Pride vpon them, that their very labour
Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske
Was cry'de incompareable; and th'ensuing night
Made it a Foole, and Begger. The two Kings
Equall in lustre, were now best, now worst
As presence did present them: Him in eye,
Still him in praise, and being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one, and no Discerner
Durst wagge his Tongue in censure, when these Sunnes
(For so they phrase 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd
The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did performe

Beyond thoughts Compasse, that former fabulous Storie
Being now seene, possible enough, got credit
That Beuis was beleeu'd.

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

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

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

I pray you who, my Lord?

The Life of King Henry the Eight.
Nor. All this was ordred by the good Discretion of the right Reuerend Cardinall of Yorke.

Buc. The diuell speed him: No mans Pye is freed from his Ambitious finger. What had he?

To do in these fierce Vanities? I wonder.

That such a Keech can with his very bulke take vp the Rayes o'th'beneficiall Sun, and keepe it from the Earth.

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

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

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

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that haue

By this, so sicken'd their Estates, that neuer

They shall abound as formerly.

Abur.

O many

Haue broke their backes with laying Mannors on 'em

For this great journey. What did this vanity

But minister communication of

A most poore issue.

Buc. Greeuingly I thinke,

The Peace betweene the French and vs, not valewes

The Cost that did conclude it.

Buc. Euery man,

After the hideous storme that follow'd, was

A thing Inspir'd, and not consulting, broke

Into a generall Prophesie; That this Tempest

Dashing the Garment of this Peace, aboaded

The sodaine breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out,

For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd

Our Merchants goods at Burdeux.

Abur. Is it therefore

Th'Ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry is't.

Abur. Th'Ambassador is silenc'd?
A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd

An ink mark follows the end of this line.

At a superfluous rate.

Why all this Business?

Our Reverend Cardinall carried.

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

Enter Cardinall Wolsey, the Purse borne before him, certaine of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers: The Cardinall in his passage, fixeth bis eye on Buck-

both full of disdaine.

Enter Cardinall

Where's his Examination?

Heere so please you.

Is he in person, ready?
Secr.<br>I, please your Grace.<br>

Well, we shall then know more, &<br>

Buckingham<br>Shall lessen this bigge looke.<br>

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

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

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

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

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

Ile to the King,<br>And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe<br>This<br><br>
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

This fellowes insolence; or proclaime,

There's difference in no persons.

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

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

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

Say not treasonous.

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

Faith, and so it did.

Buck.

Pray give me favour Sir: This cunning Cardinall drew

As himselfe pleas'd; and they were ratified

As he cryde thus let be, to as much end,

As give a Crutch to th'dead. But our Count-Cardinall

Has done this, and tis well: for worthy Wolsey

(Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this followes,

(Which as I take it, is a kinde of Puppie

To th'old dam Treason) Charles

Vnder pretence to see the Queene his Aunt.

(For twas indeed his colour, but he came

To whisper ) here makes

His feares were that the Interview betwixt

England and France, might through their amity

Breed him some preiudice; for from this League,

Peep'd harms that menac'd him. Priuily

Deales with our Cardinal, and as I troa

Which I doe well; for I am sure the Empereour

Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his Suit was granted

Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made

And pau'd with gold: the Emperor thus desir'd,

Tha

he would please to alter the Kings course,

And breake the foresaid peace. Let the King know

(As soone he shall by me) that thus the Cardinall

Does buy and sell his Honour as he pleases,

And for his owne aduantage.

I am sorry

To heare this of him; and could wish he were

Somthing mistaken n't.
I doe pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appeare in proofe.

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

Your Office Sergeant: execute it.

Sir,
My Lord the Duke of Buckingham,
and Earle

Of Hertford, Stafford, Northampton, I

Arrest thee of High Treason, in the name
Of our most Soueraigne King.

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

O my Lord Aburgany: Fare you well.

Nay, he must beare you company. The King
Is pleas'd you shall to th'Tower, till you know
How he determines further.
Abur. As the Duke said,
The will of Heauen be done, and the Kings pleasure
By me obey'd.

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

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

Bra. A Monke o'th' Chartreux.

Buck: O Michaell Hopkins?

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

Cardinall</i>

Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spand already:
I am the shadow of poore Buckingham.

Whose figure euen this instant Clowd puts on,
By Darkning my cleere Sunne. My Lords farewell.

My Surueyor is falce: The ore-great Cardinall Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spand already:
I am the shadow of poore Buckingham.
Henry, leaning on the Cardinals shoul-
<lb/>der, the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Louell: the Cardinall
<lb/>places himselfe vnnder the Kings feete on
<lb/>his right side. </stage>

<King.>
</K>

My life it selfe, and the best heart of it,
Thankes you for this great care: I stood i'th'leuell
Of a full-charg'd confederacie, and giue thankes
To you that choak'd it. Let be cald before vs
That Gentleman of <hi rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>, in
person,

Ile heare him his confessions justifie,
And point by point the Treasons of his Maister,
He shall againe relate.

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

<Queen.>
</Q>

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

<King.>
</K>

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

<Queen.>
</Q>

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

<King.>
</K>

Lady mine proceed.
Queen.

I am solicited nor by a few, And those of true condition; That your Subiects Are in great grieuance: There haue beene Commissions Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although My good Lord Cardinall, they vent reproches Mos
tutter of these exactions: yet the King, our Maister (not Language vnmannerly; yea, such which breakes) The sides of loyalty, and almost appeares In lowd Rebellion.

Norf.

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

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

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

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

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

I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am boldned
Vnder your promis'd pardon. The Subjects griefe
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each
The sixt part of his Substance, to be leuied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your warres in France: this makes bold mouths,
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegeance in them; their curses now
Liue where their prayers did; and it's come to passe,
This tractable obedience is a Slaue
To each incensed Will: I would your Highnesse
Would giue it quicke consideration; for
There is no primer baseness.

By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

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

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

A word with you.
Let there be Letters writ to euery Shire,
Of the Kings grace and pardon: the greeued Commons
Hardly conceiu'e of me. Let it be nois'd,
That through our Intercession, this Reuokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding.

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

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

As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by Vs, you shall heare
(This was his Gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike Honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practises, whereof
We cannot feele too little, heare too much.

First, it was usuall with him; euery day
It would infect his Speech: That if the King
Should without issue dye; hee'l carr
To make the Scepter his. These very words
I'ue heard him utter to his Sonne in Law,
Menac'd

Reuenge vpon the Aburgany, to whom by oth he

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

My learn'd Lord Cardinall, Deliuer all with Charity.

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

He was brought to this, by a vaine Prophesie of Nicholas Henton. What was that Henton?

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

How know'st thou this?

Not long before your Hignesse sped to France, The Duke being at the Rose, within the Parish Saint Laurence Poultney did of me demand

What was the speech among the Londoners, Concerning the French lourney. I replide,

Men feare the French would proue perfidious,

To the Kings danger: presently, the Duke

Said, 'twas the feare indeed, and that he doubted

'Twould proue the verity of certaine words

Spoke by a holy Monke, that oft, sayes he, Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit

John de la Car, my Chaplaine, a choyce
To heare from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after vnder the Commissions Seale,
He sollemnly had sworne, that what he spoke
My Chaplaine to no Creature liuing, but
To me, should vter, with demure Confidence,
This pausingly ensu'de; neither the King, nor's Heyres
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him struie
To the loue o'th'Commonalty, the Duke
Shall gouerne England.

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

Let him on: Goe forward.

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

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

I can my Liedge.

Should have gone off.
Proceed.

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

I remember of such a time, being my sworn ser-

The Duke retein'd him his. But on: what hence?

If (quoth he) I for this had beene committed, As to the Tower, I thought; I would haue plaid The Part my Father meant to act vpon

(Th'Vsurper Richard, who being at Salsbury)

Made suit to come in's presence; which if granted,

(As he made semblance of his duty) would Haue put his knife into him.

A Gyant Traytor.

Now Madam, may his Highnes liue in freedome,

And this man out of Prison.

Ther's somthing more would out of thee; what

(say'st?)

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

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

Exeunt.


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

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

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

L. San. They haue all new legs, And lame ones; one would take it, That neuer see 'em pace before, the Spauen A Spring-halt rain'd among 'em.
L. Ch.<speaker rend="italic">Death my Lord, </speaker>
<l>Their cloathes are after such a Pagan cut too't, </l>
<l>That sure th'haue worn out C</l>

unit="chars"
reason="illegible"
agent="uninkedType"
resp="#ES">istendome: how now?</l>
<l>What newes, Sir </l>
<hi rend="italic">Thomas Louell</hi>?
</sp>

Enter Sir Thomas Louell.<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">

L. Cham.<sp who="#F-h8-chm"/>
<speaker rend="italic">What is't for?</sp>

Lou.<sp who="#F-h8-lov"/>
<speaker rend="italic">The reformation of our trauel'd Gallants, </l>
<l>That fill the Court with quarrels, talke, and Taylors.</l>

L. Cham.<sp who="#F-h8-chm"/>
<speaker rend="italic">I'm glad 'tis there; </l>
<l>Now I would pray our Monsieurs </l>
<l>To thinke an English Courtier may be wise, </l>
<l>And neuer see the </l>
<hi rend="italic">Louure</hi>. </sp>

Lou.<sp who="#F-h8-lov"/>
<speaker rend="italic">They must either </l>
<l>(For so run the Conditions) leaue those remnants </l>
<l>Of Foole and Feather, that they got in France, </l>
<l>With all their honourable points of ignorance </l>
<l>Pertaining thereunto; as Fights and Fire-workes, </l>
<l>Abusing better men then they can be </l>
<l>Out of a forreigne wisedome, renouncing cleane </l>
<l>The faith they haue in Tennis and tall Stockings, </l>
Short blistred Breeches, and those types of Trauell;
And vnderstand againe like honest men
Or pack to their old Playfellowes; there, I take it.
They may have away Cum Pruiilegio, wee away
The lag end of their lewdnesse, and be laugh'd at.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sir Thomas, whither were you a going?
Lou. To the Cardinals;
Your Lordship is a guest too.

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

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

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

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

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

We shall be late else, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford

Exeunt.
Scena Quarta.

[Act 1, Scene 4]

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

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

Enter L. Chamberlaine L. Sands, and Louell.

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

You are young Sir Harry Guilford. Sir Thomas Louell, had the Cardinall.

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

O that your Lordship were but now Confessor. Should finde easie pennance.

I would I were, They should finde easie pennance.
Faith how easie?

As easie as a downe bed would afford it.

Sweet Ladies will it please you sit; Sir, pray sit betweene these Ladies.

Place you that side, Ile take the charge of this:

His Grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze,

Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather:

My Lord, you are one will keepe 'em waking:

Pray sit betweene these Ladies.

By my faith,

And thanke your Lordship: by your leave sweet Ladies,

If I chance to talke a little wilde, forgiue me:

I had it from my Father.

O very mad exceeding mad, in loue too;

But he would bite none, iust as I doe now,

He would Kisse you Twenty with a breath.

Well said my Lord:

So now y'are fairly seated: Gentlemen,

The penance lyes on you; if these faire Ladies

Passe away frowning.

Was he mad Sir?

For my little Cure,

Let me alone.

Hoboyes. Enter Cardinall
Wolsey, and takes his State.

Card. \(\text{Y'are wel}\)\[\text{gap extent=1}\] unit="chars" reason="illegible"
agent="partiallyInkedType"
resp="#ES/"\text{ome my faire Guests that noble Lady}\</l\>
\<l\>\text{Or Gentleman that is not freely merry}\</l\>
\<l\>\text{Is not my Friend. This to confirme my welcome,}\</l\>
\<l\>\text{And to you all good health.}\</l\>
</sp>

San. \text{Your Grace is Noble,}\</l\>
\<l\>\text{Let me haue such a Bowle may hold my thankes,}\</l\>
\<l\>\text{And saue me so much talking.}\</l\>
</sp>

Card. \text{My Lord}\[\text{hi rend="italic"}\text{Sands}\text{hi}\]\</l\>
\<l\>\text{I}\</l\>
\<l\>\text{The Life of King Henry the Eight.}\</l\>
\<cb n="1"/>\<l\>\text{I am beholding to you: cheere your neighbours:}\</l\>
\<l\>\text{Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen,}\</l\>
\<l\>\text{Whose fault is this?}\</l\>
</sp>

San. \text{The red wine first must rise}\</l\>
\<l\>\text{In their faire cheekes my Lord, then wee shall haue 'em,}\</l\>
\<l\>\text{Talke us to silence.}\</l\>
</sp>

An. B. \text{You are a merry Gamster}\</l\>
\<l\>\text{My Lord}\[\text{hi rend="italic"}\text{Sands}\text{hi}\]\</l\>
</sp>

San. \text{Yes, if I make my play:}\</l\>
\<l\>\text{Heer's to your Ladiship, and pledge it Madam:}\</l\>
\<l\>\text{For tis to such a thing.}\</l\>
</sp>

An. B. \text{You cannot shew me.}\</l\>
Drum and Trumpet, Chambers dischargd.

I told your Grace, they would talke anon.

What's that?

Looke out there, some of ye.

Good Lord Chamberlaine,

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

A good digestion to you all; and once more

You showre a welcome on yee: welcome all.

Hoboyes. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like

Shepheards, vsher'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They passe directly before the Cardinall, and gracefully sa-

lute him.
A noble Company: what are their pleasures?

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

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.

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

There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place then my selfe, to who
(If I but knew him) with my loue aud duty
I would surrender it.

Whisper.

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

Choose Ladies, King and An Bullen.

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<sp who="#F-h8-wol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>
  <l>What say they<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-h8-chm">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>
  <l>Such a one, they all confesse</l>
  <l>There is indeed, which they would haue your Grace</l>
  <l>Find out, and he will take it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>
  <l>Let me see then,</l>
  <l>By all your good leaues Gentlemen; heere Ile make</l>
  <l>My royall choyce.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
  <l>Ye haue found him Cardinall.</l>
  <l>You hold a faire Assembly; you doe well Lord;</l>
  <l>You are a Churchman, or Ile tell you Cardinall,</l>
  <l>I should iudge now vnhappily.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>
  <l>I am glad</l>
  <l>Your Grace is growne so pleasant.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
  <l>My Lord Chamberlaine,</l>
  <l>Prethee come hither, what faire Ladie's that</c rend="italic">?</c></l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-chm">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>
  <l>An't please your Grace,</l>
  <l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Thomas Bullens</hi> Daughter, the
  Viscount <hi rend="italic">Rochford</hi>,</l>
  <l>One of her Highnesse women.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
  <l>By Heauen she is a dainty one. Sweet heart,</l>
  <l>I were vnmannerly to take you out,</l>
  <l>And not to kisse you. A health Gentlemen,</l>
  <l>Let it goe round.</l>
</sp>
Sir Thomas Louell, is the Banket ready?

I'th Priuy Chamber?

Yes, my Lord.

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

I feare too much.

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

Lead in your Ladies eu'ry one: Sweet Partner, I must not yet forsake you: Let's be merry, Good my Lord Cardinall: I haue halfe a dozen healths, To drinke to these faire Ladies, and a measure To lead 'em once againe, and then let's dreame Who's best in fauour. Let the Musicke knock it.

Exeunt with Trumpets.

Enter two Gentlemen at seuerall Doores.

Whether away so fast?
O, God saue ye:
Eu'n to the Hall, to heare what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

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

Were you there?

Yes indeed was I.

Pray speake what ha's happen'd.

You may guesse quickly what.

Is he found guilty?

So are a number more.

I am sorry fort.

But pray how past it?


I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke came to the Bar; where, to his accusations, he pleaded still not guilty, and alleged many sharp reasons to defeat the Law.

The King's Attorney on the contrary, urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions of diuers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd to him brought viua voce to his face; at which appear'd against him, his Surueyor, Sir Gilbert Pecke, his Chancellour, and Iohn Car, Confessor to him, with that Diuell Monke, Hopkins, that made this mischiefe.

After all this, how did he bear himselfe? When he was brought again to th'Bar, to hear his Knell rung out, his Judgement, he was stir'd with such an Agony, he sweat extremly, and something spoke in choller, ill, and hasty: But he fell to himselfe againe, and sweetly.
In all the rest shew'd a most Noble patience.

I doe not thinke he feares death.

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

Certainly, The Cardinall is the end of this.

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

That tricke of State Was a deepe enuious one, By all coniectures: First Kildares Attendure; Then Deputy of Ireland, who remou'd Earle Surrey, was sent thither, and in hast too, Least he should helpe his Father.

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

All the Commons Hate him perniciously, and o' my Conscience Wish him ten faddom deepe: This Duke as much They loue and doate on: call him bounteous Buckingham Enter Buckingham from his
Arraignment, Tipstaues before

him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Halberds on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Louell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir Walter Sands, and common people,

<c.></c>

&lt;sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">
  &lt;speaker&gt;1.&lt;/speaker&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;Stay there Sir,.&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;And see the noble ruin'd man you speake of.&lt;/l&gt;
&lt;/sp&gt;

&lt;sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">
  &lt;speaker&gt;2.&lt;/speaker&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;Let's stand close and behold him.&lt;/l&gt;
&lt;/sp&gt;

&lt;sp who="#F-h8-bue">
  &lt;speaker rend="italic"&gt;Buck&lt;/speaker&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;All good people,&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;You that thus farre haue come to pitty me;&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;Heare what I say, and then goe home and lose me.&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;I haue this day receiued a Traitors judgement,&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;And by that name must dye; yet Heauen beare witnes,&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;And if I haue a Conscience, let it sincke me,&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;Euen as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;The Law I beare no mallice for my death,&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;'Thas done vpon the premises, but Justice;&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;But those that sought it, I could wish more Christians;&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;(Be what they will) I heartily forgiue 'em;&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;Yet let 'em looke they glory not in mischiefe;&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;cb n="2"/&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;Nor build their euils on the graues of great men;&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;For then, my guiltlesse blood must cry against 'em.&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;For further life in this world I ne're hope,&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;Nor will I sue, although the King haue mercies&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;More then I dare make faults.&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;You few that lou'd me,&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;And dare be bold to weepe for &lt;hi rend="italic"&gt;Buckingham&lt;/hi&gt;.&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to leaue&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;Is only bitter to him, only dying;&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;Goe with me like good Angels to my end,&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;And as the long divorce of Steele fals on me,&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice,&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;And lift my Soule to Heauen.&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;Lead on a Gods name.&lt;/l&gt;
&lt;/sp&gt;

&lt;sp who="#F-h8-lov">
  &lt;speaker rend="italic"&gt;Louell.&lt;/speaker&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;I doe beseech your Grace, for charity&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;If euer any malice in your heart&lt;/l&gt;
  &lt;l&gt;Were hid against me, now to forgiue me frankly.&lt;/l&gt;
Buck.

Sir Thomas Louell, I as free forgive you.

As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.

There cannot be those numberlesse offences.

No blacke Envy shall make my Graue.

Commend me to his Grace:

And if he speake of Buckingham; pray tell him.

To th' water side I must conduct your Grace;

Then giue my Charge vp to Sir Nicholas Vaux,

Who vndertakes you to your end.

Prepare there,

The Duke is comming: See the Barge be ready;

And fit it with such furniture as suites the Greatness of his Person.

Nay, Sir Nicholas, Let it alone; my State now will but mocke me.

When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,

And Duke of Buckingham:

Yet I am richer then my base Accusers,

That neuer knew what Truth meant: I now seale it;

My noble Father Henry of Buckingham:

Who first rais'd head against Vsurping Richard,

Flying for succour to his Servant Banister.
Being distressed; was by that wretch betrayed,
And without trial, fell; God's peace be with him.

Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitting
My Father's loss; like a most royal prince
Restored me to my honors: and out of ruins
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,

Henry the Eight, life, honour, name and all
That made me happy; at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And must needs say a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes; both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most:
A most unnatural and faithless service.

Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to; when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
But where they mean to sink you: all good people
Pray for me, I must now forsake you; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me:
Farewell; and when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.
I have done; and God forgive me.

Exeunt Duke and Traine.

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

If the Duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inckling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.
Good Angels keepe it from vs: What may it be? you doe not doubt my faith Sir?

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

Let me haue it: I doe not talke much. I am confident; You shall Sir: Did you not of late dayes heare A buzzing of a Separation

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

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

Tis the Cardinall; And meerely to reuenge him on the Emperour, For not bestowing on him at his asking, The Archbishopricke of <hi rend="italic">Toledo</hi>, this is
purpos'd.

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

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

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.

My Lord, the Horses your Lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinalls, by Commission, and maine power tooke 'em from me, with this reason: his maister would bee seru'd be-

fore a Subiect, if not before the King, which stop'd our mouthes

Sir.

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

Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Nor-

folke and Suffolke.

Norf.

Well met my Lord Chamberlaine.
<speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>Good day to both your Graces.</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-suf">
"<speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>How is the King employd?</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-chm">
"<speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>I left him private, Full of sad thoughts and troubles.</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">
"<speaker rend="italic">Norf.</speaker>What's the cause?</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-chm">
"<speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>It seemes the Marriage with his Brothers Wife has crept too neere his Conscience.</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-suf">
"<speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>No, his Conscience has crept too neere another Ladie.</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">
"<speaker rend="italic">Norf.</speaker>Tis so; This is the Cardinals doing; The King-Cardinall, that blinde Priest, like the eldest Sonne of Fortune, Turnes what he list. The King will know him one day.</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-suf">
"<speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>Pray God he doe, Hee'l neuer know himselfe else.</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">
"<speaker rend="italic">Norf.</speaker>How holily he workes in all his businesse, And with what zeale? For now he has crackt the League Between vs & the Emperor (the Queens great Nephew)</sp>

"He diues into the Kings Soule, and there scatters Dangers, doubts, wringing of the Conscience, Feares, and despaires, and all these for his Marriage. And out of all these, to restore the King. He counsels a Divorce, a losse of her That like a Iewell, ha's hung twenty yeares"
About his necke, yet neuer lost her lustre;
Of her that loues him with that excellence,
That Angels loue good men with:; Euen of her,
That when the greatest stroake of Fortune falls
Will blesse the King: and is not this course pious?

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

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

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

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

Nor.

The Life of King Henry the Eight.

Thankes my good Lord Chamberlaine.

Norfolke.

How sad he lookes; sure he is much afflicted.

Kin.

Who's there? Ha?

Norff.

Pray God he be not angry.

Kin.

Ye are to o bold:

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


Thou art a cure fit for a King; you're welcome.

Vse vs, and it: My good Lord, haue great care.

I be not found a Talker.

Sir, you cannot;

I would your Grace would giue vs but an houre

Of priuate conference.

We are busie; goe.

This Priest ha's no pride in him?

Not to speake of:

I would not be so sicke though for his place:

But this cannot continue.

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

I another.

Exeunt Norfolke and Suffolke.

Your Grace ha's giuen a President of wisedome.

Aboue all Princes, in committing freely

Your scruple to the voyce of Christendome:

Who can be angry now? What Enuy reach you?

The Spaniard tide by blood and fauour to her,

Must now confesse, if they haue any goodnesse,
The Tryal, iust and Noble. All the Clerkes, (I meane the learned ones in Christian Kingdomes) Haue their free voyces. Rome (the Nurse of Iudgement) Inuited by your Noble selfe, hath sent

One generall Tongue vnto vs. This good man, This iust and learned Priest, Cardnall Campeius, Whom once more, I present vnto your Highnesse. And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome, And thanke the holy Conclaue for their loues, They haue sent me such a Man, I would haue wish'd for.

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

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

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

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

<sp who="#F-h8-wol"/>

<speaker rend="italic">Wol.</speaker>

<l>Give me your hand: much joy & fauour to you;<!--/l-->

<l>You are the Kings now.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-wol"/>

<speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>

<l>But to be commanded</l>

<l>For euer by your Grace, whose hand ha's rais'd me.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-hn8"/>

<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>

<l>Come hither</l>

<l>Gardiner</l>.

</sp>

<walkes and whispers.>

<sp who="#F-h8-cam"/>

<speaker rend="italic">Camp.</speaker>

<l>In this mans place before him?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-wol"/>

<speaker rend="italic">Wol.</speaker>

<l>Yes, he was.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-cam"/>

<speaker rend="italic">Camp.</speaker>

<l>Was he not held a learned man</l>

<c rend="italic">Pace</c>?

</sp>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-wol"/>

<speaker rend="italic">Wol.</speaker>

<l>Yes surely.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-cam"/>

<speaker rend="italic">Camp.</speaker>

<l>Beleeue me, there's an ill opinion spread then,</l>

<l>Euen of your selfe Lord Cardinall.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-wol"/>

<speaker rend="italic">Wol.</speaker>

<l>How? of me?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-cam"/>

<speaker rend="italic">Camp</speaker>

<l>They will not sticke to say, you enuide him;</l>

<l>And fearing he would rise (he was so vertuous)</l>
Kept him a forraigne man still, which so greeu'd him,
That he ran mad, and dide.

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

Deliuer this with modesty to th'Queene.
Exeunt.

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

Would it not grieue an able man to leaue
So sweet a Bedfellow? But Conscience, Conscience;
O 'tis a tender place, and I must leaue her.
Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

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

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

Our content
Is our best hauing.

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

Nay, good troth.

Tis strange; a threepence bow’d would hire me

Old as I am, to Queene it: but I pray you,

What thinke you of a Dutchesse? Haue you limbs

To beare that load of Title?

Then you are weakly made; plucke off a little,

I would not be a young Count in your way,

For more then blushing comes to: If your backe

Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, tis too weake

Euer to get a Boy.

How you doe talke;

I sweare againe, I would not be a Queene,

For all the world:

In faith, for little England

You ld venture an emballing: I my selfe

Would for Carnaruanshire, although there long’d

No more to th’Crowne but that: Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord
Chamberlaine.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h8-chm">
  <speaker rend="italic">L. Cham.</speaker>
  <l>Good morrow Ladies; what wer't worth to</l>
  <lb rend="turnover"/>
  <pc rend="turnover">(</pc><l>know</l>)/</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-ann">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <l>The secret of your conference?</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-chm">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>
  <l>It was a gentle businesse, and becomming</l>
  <l>The action of good women, there is hope</l>
  <l>All will be well.</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-ann">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <l>Now I pray God, <hi rend="italic">Amen</hi>.</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-chm">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>
  <l>You beare a gentle minde, &amp; heau'ny blessings</l>
  <l>Follow such Creatures. That you may, faire Lady</l>
  <l>Perceiue I speake sincerely, and high notes</l>
  <l>Tane of your many vertues; the Kings Maiesty</l>
  <l>Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and</l>
  <l>Doe's purpose honour to you no lesse flowing</l>
  <l>Then Marchionesse of <hi rend="italic">Pembrooke</hi>; to</l>
  <l>A Thousand pound a yeare, Annuall support</l>
  <l>Out of his Grace, he addes.</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-ann">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <l>I doe not know</l>
  <l>What kinde of my obedience, I should tender</l>
  <l>More then my All, is Nothing: Nor my Prayers</l>
  <l>Are not words duely hallowed; nor my Wishes</l>
  <l>More worth, then empty vanities: yet Prayers &amp;</l>
  <l>Wishes</l>
  <l>Are all I can returne. Beseech your Lordship</l>
  <l>Vouchsafe to speake my thankes, and my obedience</l>
  <l>As from a blush <gap extent="1" unit="chars">
    reason="illegible"</gap>
</sp>
agent="uninkedType"
resp="#ES">ng Handmaid, to his Highnesse;</l>
<l>Whose health and Royalty I pray for.</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-h8-chm">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>
  <l>Lady;</l>
  <l>I shall not faile t'approve the faire conceit</l>
  <l>The King hath of you. I haue perus'd her well,</l>
  <l>Beauty and Honour in her are so mingled,</l>
  <l>That they haue caught the King: and who knowes yet</l>
  <l>But from this Lady, may proceed a Iemme,</l>
  <l>To lighten all this Ile. I'le to the King,</l>
  <l>And say I spoke with you.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Lord Chamberlaine.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h8-ann">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <l>My honour'd Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-ola">
  <speaker rend="italic">Old. L.</speaker>
  <l>Why this it is: See, see,</l>
  <l>I haue beene begging sixteene yeares in Court</l>
  <l>(Am yet a Courtier beggerly) nor could</l>
  <l>Come pat betwixt too early, and too late</l>
  <l>For any suit of pounds: and you, (oh fate)</l>
  <l>A very fresh Fish heere; fye, fye, fye vpon</l>
  <l>This compel'd fortune: haue your mouth fild vp,</l>
  <l>Before you open it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-ann">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <l>This strange to me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-ola">
  <speaker rend="italic">Old. L.</speaker>
  <l>How tasts it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no</l>
  <l>There was a Lady once (tis an old Story)</l>
  <l>That would not be a Queene, that would she not</l>
  <l>For all the mud in Egypt; haue you heard it?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-ann">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <l>Come you are pleasant.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-ola">
  <speaker rend="italic">Old. L.</speaker>
With your Theame, I could Ore-mount the Larke: The Marchionesse of Pembroke?

A thousand pounds a yeare, for pure respect?

No other obligation? by my Life,

That promises mo thousands: Honours traine

Is longer then his fore-skirt; by this time

I know your backe will beare a Dutchesse. Say,

Are you not stronger then you were?

Good Lady,

Make your selfe mirth with your particular fancy,

And leaue me out on't. Would I had no being

If this salute my blood a iot; it faints me

To thinke what followes.

The Queen is comfortlesse, and wee forgetfull

In our long absence: pray doe not deliuer,

What heere y'haue heard to her.

What doe you thinke me—

Exeunt.
<lb>vnder him as Judges. The Queene takes place some di-
stance from the King. The Bishops place themselues on
each side the Court in manner of a Consistory: Below them
the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the
Attendants stand in convenient order about the

Stage.</stage>

<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">v2</fw>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Card.</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0572-0.jpg" n="218"/>
<fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>
  <l>Whil'st our Commission from Rome is read,</l>
  <l>Let silence be commanded.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-hm8">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>What's the need?</l>
  <l>It hath already publiquely bene read,</l>
  <l>And on all sides th'Authority allow'd,</l>
  <l>You may then spare that time.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>
  <l>Bee't so, proceed.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-scb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Scri.</speaker>
  <l>Say, <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> of England, come into the Court.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-cri">
  <speaker rend="italic">Crier.</speaker>
  <l>Henry</l>
  <hi rend="italic">King of England, &amp;c.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>Heere.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-scb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Scribe.</speaker>
  <l>Say, <hi rend="italic">Katherine</hi> Queene of England,</l>
  <l>Come into the Court.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-cri">
Crier.

Katherine Queene of England, &c.

The Queene makes no answer, rises out of her Chaire,

goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at his Feete. Then speaks.

Sir, I desire you do me Right and Justice,

And to bestow your pity on me; for

I am a most poore Woman, and a Stranger,

No Iudge indifferent, nor no more assurance

Of equall Friendship and Proceeding. Alas Sir:

In what haue I offended you? What cause

Hath my behauiour giuen to your displeasure,

That thus you should procede to put me off,

And take your good Grace from me? Heauen witnesse,

I haue bene to you, a true and humble Wife,

At all times to your will conformable:

Euer in feare to kindle your Dislike,

Yes, subiect to your Countenance: Glad, or sorry,

As I saw it inclin'd? When was the houre

I euer contracted your Desire?

Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends

Haue I not stroue to loue, although I knew?

He were mine Enemy?

That had to him deriu'd your Anger, did I?

Continue in my Liking? Nay, gaue notice

He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to minde,

That I haue bene your Wife, in this Obedience,

Vpward of twenty yeares, and haue bene blest

With many Children by you. If in the course

And processe of this time, you can report,

And proue it too, against mine Honor, aught;

My bond to Wedlocke, or my Loue and Dutie

Against your Sacred Person; in Gods name

Turne me away: and let the fowl'st Contempt

Shut doore vpon me, and so giue me vp

To the sharps't kinde of Iustice. Please you, Sir,

The King your Father, was reputed for

A Prince most Prudent; of an excellent

And vnmatch'd Wit, and Judgement.

Ferdinand

My Father, King of Spaine, was reckon'd one

The wisest Prince, that there had reign'd, by many

A yeare before. It is not to be question'd,
That they had gather'd a wise Councell to them
Of every Realme, that did debate this Businesse,
Who deem'd our Marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you Sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my Friends in Spaine, aduis'd; whose Counsaile
I will implore. If not, t'he name of God
Your pleasure be fulfill'd.

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

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

Qu.
Lord Cardinal, to you I speake.
Be patient yet.
I will, when you are humble; Nay before,
We are a Queene (or long haue dream'd so) certaine
The daughter of a King, my drops of teares,
Ile turne to sparkes of fire.

Wol.
Your pleasure, Madam.

Qu.
I am about to weepe; but thinking that
We are a Queene (or long haue dream'd so) certaine
The daughter of a King, my drops of teares,
Ile turne to sparkes of fire.
Or God will punish me. I do believe
(Induced by potent circumstances) that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge. For it is you
Haue blowne this coale, betwixt my Lord, and me;
(Which God's dew quench) therefore, I say againe,
I utterly abhorre; yea, from my soule
Refuse you for my judge, whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious foe, and thinke not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol.
I do profess
You speake not like your selfe: who euer yet
Haue stood to Charity, and displayd th'effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisedome,
Ore-topping womans powre. Madam, you do me wrong
I haue no spleene against you, nor injustice
For you, or any: how farre I haue proceeded,
Or how farre further (Shall) is warranted
By a Commission from the Consistorie,
Yea, the whole Consistorie of Rome. You charge me,
That I haue blowne this coale: I do deny it,
The King is present: If it be knowne to him,
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily my falsehood, yea, as much
As you haue done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knowes
I am not of your wrong. The therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the cure is to
Remoue these thoughts from you. The which before
His highnesse shall speake in, I do beseech
You (gracious madam) to vnthinke your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Queen.
My Lord, my Lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
You signe your place, and calling, in full seeming,
With meeknesse and humilitie: but your heart
Is cram'd with arrogancie, spleene, and pride.
You haue by fortune, and his highnesse favours,
Gone slightly o're lowe steppes, and now are mounted
Where powres are your retainers, and your words
(Domestickes to you) serue your will, as't please.
Your selfe pronounce their Office. I must tell you,
You tender more your persons Honor, then.
Your high profession Spirituall. That aget
I do refuse you for my Iudge, and heere.
Before you all, Appeale vnto the Pope,
To bring my whole Cause 'fore his Holinesse,
And to be iudged by him.

She Curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.

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

Call her againe.

Katherine, Queen of England, come into the Court.

Madam, you are cald backe.

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

Exit Queene, and her Attendants.
Kin.

Goe thy wayes Kate!

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

(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentlenesse, Thy meeknesse Saint-like, Wife-like Gouernment,

Obeying in commanding, and thy parts

Souveraigne and Pious els, could speake thee out)
The Queene of earthly Q

Shee's Noble borne;

And like her true Nobility, she ha's

Carried her selfe towards me.

Wol.

Most gracious Sir,

In humblest manner I require your Highnes, That it shall please you to declare in hearing

Of all these cares (for where I am rob'd and bound, There must I be vnloos'd, although not there

At once, and fully satisfide) whether euer I Did broach this busines to your Highnes, or

Laid any scruple in your way whi

Induce you to the question on't: or euer

Haue to you, but with thankes to God for such

A Royall Lady, spake one, the least word that might

Be to the preiudice of her present State,

Or touch of her good Person?

My Lord Cardinall,

I doe excuse you; yea, vpon mine Honour,

I free you from't: You are not to be taught

That you haue many enemies, that know not

Why they are so; but like to Village Curres,

Barke when their fellowes doe. By some of these

The Queene is put in anger; y'are excus'd:

But will you be more justifi'd? You euer

Haue wish'd the sleeping of this busines, neuer desir'd

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

Vnder my oppression I did reeke

When I first mou'd you.

Very well my Liedge.

I have spoke long, be pleas'd your selfe to say

Who = "#F-h8-lin"

B. Lin.

How farre you satisfide me.

So please your Highnes,

The question did at first so stagger me,

Bearing a State of mighty moment in't,

And consequence of dread, that I committed

The daringst Counsaile which I had to doubt,

Which you are running heere.

I then mou'd you, My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leaue

To make this present Summons vnsolicited.

I left no Reverend Person in this Court;

But by particular consent proceeded;

Vnder your hands and Seales; therefore goe on,

For no dislike i'th'world against the person

Of the good Queene; but the sharpe thorny points

Of my alleadged reasons, driues this forward:

Proue but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life

And Kingly Dignity, we are contented

To weare our mortall State to come, with her;

That's Parragon'd o'th'World

To please your Highnes,

The Queene being absent, 'tis a needfull fitnesse,

That we adiourne this Court till further day;

Meane while, must be an earnest motion

Made to the Queene to call backe her Appeale

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

Exeunt, in manne as they enter'd. Enter Queene and her Women as at worke.

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

SONG.

O Rpheus with his Lute made Trees,
Enter a Gentleman.

Queen.

How now? Would they speake with me?

They wil'd me say so Madam.

Pray their Graces To come neere: what can be their busines With me, a poore weake woman, falne from fauour? I doe not like their comming; now I thinke on't, They should bee good men, their affaires as righteous: But all Hoods, make not Monkes.

Enter the two Cardinalls, Wolsey & Campian.

Peace to your Highnesse.

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

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

Speake it heere.
There's nothing I haue done yet o' my Conscience: Deserues a Corner: would all other Women could speake this with as free a Soule as I doe.

My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy) if my actions were tri'de by eu'ry tongue, eu'ry eye saw 'em, Enuy and base opinion set against 'em.

I know my life so euen. If your busines seeke me out, and that way I am Wife in:

Out with it boldly: Truth loues open dealing.

who = #F-h8-wol

Card.

Tan ta est erga te mentis integritas Regina serenissima.

who = #F-h8-qka

Queen.

O good my Lord, no Latin;

I am not such a Truant since my comming,

As not to know the Language I haue liu'd in:

A strange Tongue makes my cause more strange, suspiti-

Pray speake in English; heere are some will thanke you, If you speake truth, for their poore Mistris sake; Beleeue me she ha's had much wrong. Lord Cardinall, The willing'st sinne I euer yet committed, May be absolu'd in English.

who = #F-h8-wol

Card.

Noble Lady,

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

Camp.

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

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

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

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

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

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

He tells you rightly.

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

This is a meere distraction,
You turne the good we offer, into enuy.
Ye turne me into nothing. Woe vpon ye,
And all such false Professors. Would you haue me
(If you haue any Jusitice, any Pitty,
If ye be any thing but Churchmens habits)
Put my sicke cause into his hands, that hates me?
Alas, ha's banish'd me his Bed already,
His Loue, too long ago. I am old my Lords,
Is onely my Obedience. What can happen
To me, aboue this wretchednesse?
All your Studies
Make me a Curse, like this.
Your feares are worse.
Qu. Haue I liu'd thus long (let me speak my selfe,
Since Vertue findes no friends) a Wife, a true one?
A Woman (I dare say without Vainglory)
Neuer yet branded with Suspition?
Haue I, with all my full Affections
Still met the King? Loud him next Heau'n? Obey'd him?
Bin (out of fondnesse) superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my Prayres to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well Lords,
Bring me a constant woman to her Husband,
One that ne're dream'd a Ioy, beyond his pleasure;
And to that Woman (when she has done most)
Yet will I adde an Honor; a great Patience.
Madam, you wander from the good
We ayme at.
My Lord,
I dare not make my selfe so guiltie,
To giue vp willingly that Noble Title
Your Master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e're divorce my Dignities.

Pray heare me.

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

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

Madam, you'l finde it so: You wrong your Vertues With these weake Womens feares. A Noble Spirit As yours was, put into you, euer casts Such doubts as false Coine from it. The King loues you, Beware you loose it not: For vs (if you please) To trust vs in your businesse) we are ready To vse our vtmost Studies, in your seruice.
Qu. Do what ye will, my Lords: And pray forgive me; If I have vns'd my selfe vnmanerly, You know I am a Woman, lacking wit To make a seemely answer to such persons. He ha's my heart yet, and shall haue my Prayers While I shall haue my life. Come reverend Fathers, She haue bought her Dignities so dear.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sur.
How came
His practises to light?

Suf.
Most strangely.

Suf.
The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miscarried,
And
The Life of King Henry the Eight.
To stay the judgement o'th'diuorce; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceiue
My King is tangled in affection, to
A Creature of the Queenes, Lady <hi rend="italic">Anne Bullen</hi>.

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-sur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sur.</speaker>
  <l>Ha's the King this?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-suf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
  <l>Beleeue it.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-sur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sur.</speaker>
  <l>Will this worke?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-chm">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>
  <l>The King in this perceiues him, how he coasts</l>
  <l>And hedges his owne way. But in this point</l>
  <l>All his trickes founder, and he brings his Physicke</l>
  <l>After his Patients death; the King already</l>
  <l>Hath married the fare Lady.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-sur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sur.</speaker>
  <l>Would he had.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-suf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
  <l>May you be happy in your wish my Lord,</l>
  <l>For I professe you haue it.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-sur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sur.</speaker>
  <l>Now all my ioy</l>
  <l>Trace the Coniunction.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-suf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
  <l>My Amen too't.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
  <l>All mens.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-suf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
</sp>
There's order giuen for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but yong, and may be left
To some eares vnrecounted. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and compleate
In minde and feature. I perswade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this Land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

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

Marry Amen.

Nor. There be moe Waspes that buz about his Nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinall
Is stolne away to Rome, hath 'tane no leaue,
Ha's left the cause o'th'King vnhandled, and
Is posted as the Agent of our Cardinall,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'de Ha, at this.

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

But my Lord When returnes Cranmer?
He is return'd in his Opinions, which
Haue satisfied the King for his Diuorce,
Together with all famous Colledges
Almost in Christendome: shortly (I beleeeue)
His second Marriage shall be publishd, and
Her Coronation. Katherine no more
Shall be call'd Queene, but Princesse Dowager,
And Widdow to Prince <hi rend="italic">Arthur</hi>. </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">
<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
<l>This same <hi rend="italic">Cranmer</hi>'s</l>
<l>A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine</l>
<l>In the Kings businesse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-suf">
<speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
<l>He has, and we shall see him</l>
<l>For it, an Arch-byshop.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">
<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
<l>So I heare.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-suf">
<speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
<l>Tis so.</l>
</sp>
stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.</stage>

<l>The Cardinall.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">
<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
<l>Obserue, obserue, hee's moody.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">
<speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>
<l>The Packet Cromwell,</l>
<l>Gau't you the King?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-cro">
<speaker rend="italic">Crom.</speaker>
<l>To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">
<speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>
<l>Look'd he o'th'inside of the Paper?</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-h8-cro">
<speaker rend="italic">Crom.</speaker>
<l>Presently</l>
<l>He did vnseale them; and the first he view'd,</l>
<l>He did it with a Serious minde: a heede</l>
<l>Was in his countenance. You he bad</l>
<l>Attend him heere this Morning.</l>
</sp>
Card. <i>Is he ready to come abroad</i>?

Crom.</i>

Cromwell. 

Exit

Anne Bullen? No: Ile no Bullens:

To heare from Rome. The Marchionesse of Penbroke?

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. Maybe he heares the King

Sharpe enough.

Car. The late Queens Gentlewoman?

A Knights Daughter

To be her Mistris Mistris? The Queens, Queene?

This Candle burns not cleere, 'tis I must snuffe it.

Then out it goes. What though I know her vertuous?

And well deseruing? yet I know her for?

A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholsome to?

Our cause, that she should lye i'th'bosome of?

Our hard rul'd King. Againe, there is sprung vp
An Heretique, an Arch-one; Cranmer,
Hath crawl'd into the fauour of the King,
And is his Oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Enter King, reading of

The Master-cord on's heart.

The King, the King.

King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's minde. This morning,
Papers of State he sent me, to peruse
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There (on my Conscience put vnwittingly)
Forsooth an Inuentory, thus importing

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

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Stood heere obseruing him. Some strange Commotion
Is in his braine: He bites his lip, and starts,
Stops on a sodaine, lookes vpon the ground,
Then layes his finger on his Temple: straight
Springs out into fast gate, then stops againe,
Strikes his brest hard, and anon, he casts
His eye against the Moone: in most strange Postures
We haue seene him set himselfe.
The seuerall parcels of his Plate his Treasure,
Rich Stuffes and Ornaments of Houshold, which
I finde at such proud Rate, that it out-speakes
Posession of a Subject.

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

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

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

Heauen forgiue me,
Euer God blesse your Highnesse.

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

You haue said well.

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

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

What should this meane?
The Lord increase this businesse.

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

My Soueraigne, I confesse your Royall graces
Show'd on me daily, haue bene more then could
My studied purposes requite, which went
Beyond all mans endeauors. My endeauors,
Haue euer come too short of my Desires,
Yet fill'd with my Abilities: Mine owne ends
Haue beene mine so, that euermore they pointed

King.
Car.
Sur.
King.
Car.
To 'th'good of your most Sacred Person, and
The profit of the State. For your great Graces
Heap'd vpon me (poore Vndeseruer) I
Can nothing render but Allegiant thankes,
My Prayres to heauen for you; my Loyaltie
Which euer ha's, and euer shall be growing,
Till death (that Winter) kill it.

Fairely answer'd:
A Loyall, and obedient Subiect is
Therein illustrated, the Honor of it
That as my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you,
My heart drop'd Loue, my powre rain'd Honor, more
On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart,
Your Braine, and euery Function of your power,
Shoulde, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twer in Loues particular, be more
To me your Friend, then any.

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

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

Exit King, frowning vpon the Cardinall, the Nobles
throng after him smiling, and whispering.
What should this meane?
What sodaine Anger's this? How haue I reap'd it?
He parted Frowning from me, as if Ruine
Leap'd from his Eyes. So lookes the chafed Lyon
Then makes him nothing. I must reade this paper:
I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis so:
This paper ha's undone me: 'Tis the Accompt
This paper ha's undone me: 'Tis the Accompt
Of all that world of Wealth I haue drawne together
For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedome,)
And fee my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence!
Fit for a Foole to fall by: What crosse Diuell
Made me put this main Secret in the Packet
I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
A way, if it take right, in spight of Fortune
Will bring me off againe. What's this? To th'Pope
The Letter (as I live) with all the Businesse
I writ too's Holinesse. Nay then, farewell:
I haue touch'd the highest point of all my Greatnesse,
And from that full Meridian of my Glory,
I haste now to my Setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the Evening,
And no man see me more.

Enter to Woolsey, the Dukes of Norfolke and Suffolke, the Earle of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine.
Heare the Kings pleasure Cardinal, Who commands you
I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beate this from his Braines?
I know't will stirre him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spight of Fortune
Will bring me off againe. What's this? To th'Pope
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And no man see me more.

Nor.

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

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

Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,
(I meane your malice) know, Officious Lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feele
Of what course Mettle ye are molded, Enuy,
How eagerly ye follow my Disgraces

As if it fed ye, and how sleeke and wan
Ye appeare in euery thing may bring my ruine?
Follow your enuious courses, men of Malice;
You haue Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Seale
You aske with such a Violence, the King
(Mine, and your Master) with his owne hand, gaue me:
Bad me enioy it, with the Place, and Honors
During my life; and to confirme his Goodnesse,
Ti'de it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?

The King that gaue it.
Ye appeare in every thing may bring my ruine?
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Bad me enjoy it, with the Place, and Honors
During my life; and to confirme his Goodnesse,
Ti'de it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?
Weigh'd not a hare of his. Plague of your policie,
You sent me Deputie for Ireland,
Farre from his succour; from the King, from all
That might haue mercie on the fault, thou gau'st him:
Whil'st your great Goodnesse, out of holy pitty,
Absolu'd him with an Axe.

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

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

All Goodnesse
Is poyson to thy stomacke.

Is poyson to thy stomache.

Yes, that goodnesse
Of gleaning all the Lands wealth into one,
Into your owne hands (Card'nall) by Extortion:
The goodnesse of your intercepted Packets
You writ to'th'Pope, against the King: your goodnesse
Since you prouoke me, shail be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolke, as you are truly Noble,
As you respect the common good, the State
Of our despis'd Nobilitie, our Issues,
(Whom if he liue, will scarse be Gentlemen)

Produce the grand summe of his sinnes, the Articles

Collected from his life. Ile startle you

Worse then the Sacring Bell, when the browne Wench

Lay kissing in your Armes, Lord Cardinall.

How much me thinkes, I could despise this man,

But that I am bound in Charitie against it.

Those Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand:

But thus much, they are foule ones.

So much fairer

And spotlesse, shall mine Innocence arise,

When the King knowes my Truth.

This cannot saue you:

I thanke my Memorie, I yet remember

Some of these Articles, and out they shall.

Now, if you can blush, and crie guiltie Cardinall,

You'l shew a little Honestie.

I had rather want those, then my head;

I dare your worst Obiections: If I blush,

It is to see a Nobleman want manners.

First, that without the Kings assent or knowledge,

You wrought to be a Legate, by which power

You maim'd the Iurisdiction of all Bishops.

Then, That in all you writ to Rome, or else

To Forraigne Princes, Ego & Rex

meus
Was still inscrib'd: in which you brought the King to be your servant.

Then, that without the knowledge either of King or Council, when you went ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold to carry into Flanders, the Great Seal.

Item, you sent a large commission to Gregory de Cassado, to conclude without the king's will, or the States allowance, a league between his Highness, and Ferrara.

That out of mere ambition, you have caused your holy hat to be stamped on the King's coin.

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

O my Lord, press not a falling man too far: 'tis virtue: let him correct himself. My heart weeps to see him so little, of his great self.

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

Nor.
And so we'll leave you to your Meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the Great Seale to vs,
The King shall know it, and (no doubt) shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.

Wolsey.
So farewell, to the little good you bear me.
Farewell?
A long farewell to all my Greatnesse.
This is the state of Man; to day he puts forth
The tender Leaues of hopes, to morrow Blossomes,
And beares his blushing Honors thicke upon him:
The third day, comes a Frost; a killing Frost,
And when he thinkes, good easie man, full surely
His Greatnesse is a ripening, nippes his roote,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd
Like little wanton Boyes that swim on bladders:
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride
At length broke vnder me, and now ha's left me
Weary, and old with Service, to the mercy
Of a rude streame, that must for euer 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 fauours?
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire too,
That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their ruine;
More pangs, and feares then warres, or women have;
And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, standing amazed.
Why how now <hi rend="italic">Cromwell</hi>? </l>

Crom. </speaker>

I have no power to speake Sir. </l>

Crom. </speaker>

What, amaz'd 

At my misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder

A great man should decline. Nay, and you weep

I am falne indeed. 

How does your Grace. 

Why well:

Neuer so truly happy, my good <hi rend="italic">Cromwell</hi>, I know my selfe now, and I feele within me,

A peace aboue all earthly Dignities,

A still, and quiet Conscience. The King ha's cur'd me,

I humbly thanke his Grace: and from these shoulders

These ruin'd Pillers, out of pitty, taken

A loade, would sinke a Nauy, (too much Honor.)

O 'tis a burden <hi rend="italic">Cromwel</hi>, 'tis a

burden

Too heauy for a man, that hopes for Heauen.

I am glad your Grace,

Ha's made that right vse of it.

I am able now (me thinkes)

(Out of a Fortitude of Soule, I feele)

To endure more Miseries, and greater farre

Then my Weake-hearted Enemies, dare offer.

What Newes abroad <c rend="italic">?</c>

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

God blesse him.

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

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

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

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

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

I am a poore falne man, vnworthy now.

To be thy Lord, and Master. Seeke the King.

(That Sun, I pray may neuer set) I haue told him.

What, and how true thou art; he will aduance thee:

Some little memory of me, will stirre him.

(I know his Noble Nature) not to let

Thy hopefull seruice perish too. Good

Cromwel

Neglect him not; make use now, and prouide

For thine owne future safety.

O my Lord,

Must I then leaue you? Must I needes forgo

So good, so Noble, and so true a Master?

Beare witnesse, all that haue not hearts of Iron,

With what a sorrow

Cromwel leaues his Lord.

The King shall haue my seruice; but my prayres

For euer, and for euer shall be yours.

O my Lord,

Must I then leaue you? Must I needes forgo

So good, so Noble, and so true a Master?

Beare witnesse, all that haue not hearts of Iron,

With what a sorrow

Cromwel, I did not thinke to shed a teare

In all my Miseries: But thou hast forc'd me

(Out of thy honest truth) to play the Woman.

Let's dry our eyes: And thus farre heare me

Cromwel, I charge thee, fling away

Ambition,

By that sinne fell the Angels: how can man then

(The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it?

Loue thy selfe last, cherish those hearts that hate thee;

Corruption wins not more then Honesty.

Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace

To silence enuious Tongues. Be iust, and feare not;
Let all the ends thou aym'st at, be thy Countries,
Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall'st (O Cromwell)
Thou fall'st a blessed Martyr.

Cromwel

Haue I but seru'd my God, with halfe the Zeale
I seru'd my King: he would not in mine Age
Haue left me naked to mine Enemies.

Crom.

Good Sir, haue patience.

Card.

Farewell

The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heauen do dwell.

Exeunt.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 Y'are well met once againe.

2 So are you.

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

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

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

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

Neuer greater, Nor Ile assure you better taken Sir.

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

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

I thanke you Sir: Had I not known those customs, I should haue beene beholding to your Paper: But I beseech you, what's become of Katherine?

The Princesse Dowager? How goes her businesse?

That I can tell you too. The Archbishop, I should haue beene beholding to your Paper: But I beseech you, what's become of Katherine?
Learned, and Reverend Fathers of his Order,

Held a late Court at Dunstable; sixe miles off

From Ampthill, where the Princesse lay, to which

She was often cyted by them, but appear'd not:

And to be short, for not Appearance, and

The Kings late Scruple, by the maine assent

Of all these Learned men, she was diuorc'd,

And the late Marriage made of none effect:

Since which, she was remou'd to Kymmalton,

Where she remains now sicke.

Alas good Lady.

The Trumpets sound: Stand close,

The Queene is comming.

Ho‑boyes.

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 Quirristers singing. Musicke.

5 Major of London, bearing the Mace. Then Garter, in

his Coate of Armes, and on his head he wore a Gilt Copper

Crowne.

Marquesse Dorset, bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head,

a Demy Coronall of Gold. With him, the Earle of Surrey,

bearing the Rod of Siluer with the Doue, Crowned with an

Earles Coronet. Collars of Esses.

Duke of Suffolke, in his Robe of Estate, his Coronet on his

head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With

him, the Duke of Norfolke, with the Rod of Marshalship,

a Coronet on his head. Collars of Esses.

Canopy, borne by foure of the Cinque-Ports, vnder it
the Queene in her Robe, in her haire, richly adorned with Pearle, Crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London, and Winchester. 9 The Olde Dutchesse of Norfolke, in a Coronall of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queenes Traine. 10 Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plaine Circlets of Gold, without Flowers.

Exeunt, first passing over the Stage in Order and State, and then, A great Flourish of Trumpets.
Sir, as I haue a Soule, she is an Angell;
Our King has all the Indies in his Armes,
And more, and, richer, when he straines that Lady,
I cannot blame his Conscience.

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

Those men are happy, And so are all, are neere her.
I take it, she that carries vp the Traine, Is that old Noble Lady, Dutchesse of Norfolke.
It is, and all the rest are Countesses.
Their Coronets say so. These are Starres indeed, And sometimes falling ones.

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

You saw the Ceremony?

God saue you Sir. Where haue you bin broiling?

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

You saw the Ceremony?
That I did.

How was it?

Well worth the seeing.

Good Sir, speake it to vs?

As well as I am able. The rich stream of Lords, and Ladies, having brought the Queene to a prepared place in the Quire, fell off a distance from her; while her grace sate downe to rest a while, some half an hour, or so. In a rich Chaire of State, opposing freely. The beauty of her person to the People. Believe me Sir, she is the goodliest Woman that euer lay by man: which when the people had the full view of, such a noyse arose, as the shrowdes make at Sea, in a stiffe Tempest, as lowd, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes, (Doublets, I thinke) flew vp, and had their Faces bin loose, this day they had been lost. Such ioy I never saw before. Great belly'd women, That had not half a weeke to go, like Rammes in the old time of Warre, would shake the prease and make 'em reele before 'em. No man living could say this is my wife there, all were wouen so strangely in one piece.

But what follow'd?

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

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

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

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

What two Reuerend Byshops Were those that went on each side of the Queene? The one of Winchester, Newly preferr'd from the Kings Secretary: The other London.

He of Winchester Is held no great good louer of the Archbishops, The vertuous Cranmer, the one of Winchester, Newly preferr'd from the Kings Secretary: The other London.

All the Land knowes that:
How euer, yet there is no great breach, when it comes

Cranmer will finde a Friend will not shrinke from him.

Who may that be, I pray you.

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

He will deserue more.

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

You may command vs Sir.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

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

Grif. How do's your Grace?

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

Did'st thou not tell me Griffith, as thou lead'st mee,
That the great Childe of Honor, Cardinall Wolsey

Was de\ad?

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

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

If well, he stept before me happily
For my example.

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

Alas poore man.

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

So may he rest,
His Faults lie gently on him:
Yet thus far
Griffith, give me leave
to speake him,

And yet with Charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomache, ever ranking
Himselfe with Princes. One that by suggestion
Ty'de all the Kingdom. Symonie, was faire play,
His owne Opinion was his Law. I'th'presence
He would say vntruths, and be ever double
Both in his words, and meaning. He was neuer
(But where he meant to Ruine) pittifull.
His Promises, were as he then was, Mighty:
But his performance, as he is now, Nothing:
Of his owne body he was ill, and gave
The Clergy ill example.

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

Yes good Griffith,
I were malicious else.

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

After my death, I wish no other Herald,
No other speaker of my liuing Actions,
But such an honest Chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated Liuing, thou hast made mee
With thy Religious Truth, and Modestie,
Now in his Ashes) Honor: Peace be with him.

On that Celestiall Harmony I go too.
Sad and solemnne Musick.
She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For feare we wake her. Softly, gentle

Cause the Musitians play me that sad note
whil'st I sit meditating
On
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

I haue not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,

On that Celestiall Harmony I go too.
Sad and solemnne Musick.
She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For feare we wake her. Softly, gentle

Enter solemnely tripping one after another, sixe Personages,
clad in white Robes, wearing on their heads Garlands of
Bayes, and golden Vizards on their faces, Branches of Bayes
or Palme in their hands. They first Conge vnto her, then
Dance: and at certaine Changes, the first two hold a spare
Garland ouer her Head, at which the other foure make re-
uerend Curtsies. Then the two that held the Garland, deli-
der in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same Garland to the last two: who likewise observe the same Order. At which (as it were by inspiration) she makes (in her sleep) signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so, in their Dancing vanish, carrying the Garland with them. The Musicke continues.

Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness, behinde ye?

Madam, we are here.

None Madam.

No? Saw you not euen now a blessed Troope invited me to a Banquet, whose bright faces cast thousand beams upon me, like the Sun? They promised me eternal happiness, and brought me Garlands (Griffith) which I feele.

I am not worthy yet to weare: I shall assuredly.

I am most ioyfull Madam, such good dreams possess your Fancy.

I am most ioyfull Madam, such good dreams possess your Fancy.

Bid the Musicke leave.

They are harsh and heavy to me.

Musicke ceases.
<speaker rend="italic">Pati.</speaker><br>
Do you note? How much her Grace is alter'd on the sodaine?<br>
How long her face is drawne? How pale she lookes, And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes.<br>
She is going Wench. Pray, pray.<br>
Heauen comfort her.<br>
Enter a Messenger.<br>
I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon, My hast made me vnmannerly. There is staying A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you.<br>
Admit him entrance Griffith. But this Fellow<br>
Let me ne're see agaime.<br>
Exit Messeng.<br>
Enter Lord Capuchius.<br>If my sight faile not, You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
<l>My Royall Nephew, and your name <hi rend="italic">Capuchius</hi>.<l></l></l>

<sp who="#F-h8-cap">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
    <l>Madam the same. Your Servant.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-qka">
    <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
    <l>O my Lord,</l>
    <l>The Times and Titles now are alter'd strangely</l>
    <l>With me, since first you knew me.</l>
    <l>But I pray you,</l>
    <l>What is your pleasure with me</c rend="italic">?</c></l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-cap">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
    <l>Noble Lady,</l>
    <l>First mine owne service to your Grace, the next</l>
    <l>The Kings request, that I would visit you,</l>
    <l>Who greeues much for your weaknesse, and by me</l>
    <l>Sends you his Princely Commendations,</l>
    <l>And heartily entreats you take good comfort.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-qka">
    <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
    <l>O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,</l>
    <l>'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;</l>
    <l>That gentle Physicke giuen in time, had cur'd me:</l>
    <l>But now I am past all Comforts heere, but Prayers.</l>
    <l>How does his Highnesse?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-cap">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
    <l>Madam, in good health.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-qka">
    <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
    <l>So may he euer do, and euer flourish,</l>
    <l>When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name</l>
    <l>Banish'd the Kingdome. <hi rend="italic">Patience</hi>, is that Letter</l>
    <l>I caus'd you write, yet sent away?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-pat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pat.</speaker>
    <l>No Madam.</l>
</sp>
Kath. <l>Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver</l> This to my Lord the King.<l></l>

Cap. <l>Most willing Madam.</l>

Kath. <l>In which I have commended to his goodness</l> The Modell of our chaste loues: his yong daughter,<l> The dewes of Heauen fall thicke in Blessings on her,</l> Beseeching him to giue her vertuous breeding.<l> She is yong, and of a Noble modest Nature,</l> I hope she will deserre well; and a little<l>To loue her for her Mothers sake, that lou'd him,</l> Heauen knowes how deerely.<l> My next poore Petition,</l> Is, that his Noble Grace would haue some pittie<l>Vpon my wretched women, that so long</l> Haue follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,<l> Of which there is not one, I dare auow</l> (And now I should not lye) but will deserre<l> For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule,</l> For honestie, and decent Carriage<l>A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)</l> And sure those men are happy that shall haue 'em.<l>The last is for my men, they are the poorest,</l> (But pouerty could neuer draw 'em from me)<l> That they may haue their wages, duly paid 'em,</l> And something ouer to remember me by.<l> If Heauen had pleas'd to haue giuen me longer life</l> And able meanes, we had not parted thus.<l> These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,</l> By that you loue the deerest in this world,<l> As you wish Christian peace to soules departed,</l> Stand these poore peoples Friend, and urge the King<l>To do me this last right.</l>

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

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

Exeunt leading Katherine.

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

It's one a clocke Boy, is't not.
It hath strooke.
These should be houres for necessities,
Not for delights: Times to repayre our Nature
With comforting repose, and not for vs
To waste these times. Good houre of night Sir Thomas
Whether so late?
Came you from the King, my Lord?
Gar. I did Sir Thomas, and left him at Primero. With the Duke of Suffolke.

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

Gard. Not yet Sir Thomas Louell: what's the matter?

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

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

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

I wish it grubb'd vp now.

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

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

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

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

Many good nights, my Lord, I rest your seruant.
Exit Gardiner and Page.

Enter King and Suffolke.
<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
</sp>

<hi rend="italic">Charles</hi>, I will play no more to night,</l>

<sp>
  My mindes not on't, you are too hard for me.</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-suf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>
  <l>Sir, I did neuer win of you before.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>But little <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi>,</l>
  <l>Nor shall not when my Fancies on my play.</l>
  <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Louel</hi>, from the Queene what is</l>
  <l>the Newes.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-lov">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lou.</speaker>
  <l>I could not personally deliuer to her</l>
  <l>What you commanded me, but by her woman,</l>
  <l>I sent your Message, who return'd her thankes</l>
  <l>In the great'st humblenesse, and desir'd your Highnesse</l>
  <l>Most heartily to pray for her.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-suf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
  <l>God safely quit her of her Burthen, and</l>
  <l>With gentle Trauaile, to the gladding of</l>
  <l>Your Highnesse with an Heire.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>'Tis midnight <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi>,</l>
  <l>Prythee to bed, and in thy Prayres remember</l>
  <l>Th'estate of my poore Queene. Leaue me alone,</l>
</sp>
For I must thinke of that, which company Would not be friendly too.

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

Suf. Charles good night.

King. Ha? Canterbury?

Den. He attends your Highnesse pleasure.

Den. Denny?

Den. He attends your Highnesse pleasure.

Bring him to Vs.

Lou. This is about that, which the Byshop spake.

I am happily come hither.

Enter Cranmer and
Denny.</stage>

Kings.

Auoyd the Gallery.</stage>

Louel seems
to stay.</stage>

Ha? I haue said. Be gone.</stage>

What? </sp>

Exeunt Louell and

Denny.</stage>

Cran.</stage>

It is my dutie</stage>

'Ta

attend your Highnesse pleasure.</stage>

Cran.</stage>

King.</stage>

Pray you arise</stage>

How now my Lord?</stage>

You do desire to know wherefore</stage>

I sent for you.</stage>

Cran.</stage>

It is my dutie</stage>

'Ta

attend your Highnesse pleasure.</stage>

Cran.</stage>

King.</stage>

Pray you arise</stage>

My good and gracious Lord of Canterburie:</stage>

Come, you and I must walke a turne together:</stage>

I haue Newes to tell you.</stage>

Come, come, giue me your hand.</stage>

Ah my good Lord, I greeue at what I speake,</stage>

And am right sorrie to repeat what followes.</stage>

I haue, and most unwillingly of late</stage>

Heard</stage>

The Life of King Henry the Eight.</stage>

Heard many greeuous. I do say my Lord</stage>

Greeuous complaints, of you; which being consider'd,</stage>

Haue mou'd Vs, aud our Councell, that you shall</stage>

This Morning come before vs, where I know</stage>

You cannot with such freedome purge your selfe</stage>

But that till further Triall, in those Charges</stage>
Which will require your Answer, you must take.

Your patience to you, and be well contented.

To make your house our Towre: you, a Brother of vs.

It fits we thus, proceed, or else no witnesse.

Would come against you.

Cran.

I humbly thanke your Highnesse,

And am right glad to catch this good occasion.

Most throughly to be winnowed, where my Chaffe.

And Corne shall flye asunder. For I know.

Then I my selfe, poore man.

Cran.

Most dread Liege,

The good I stand on, is my Truth and Honestie:

If they shall faile, I with mine Enemies

Will triumph o're my person, which I waigh not,

Being of those Vertues vacant. I feare nothing

What can be said against me.

Know you not

How your state stands i'th'world, with the whole world?

Your Enemies are many, and not small; their practises

Must beare the same proportion, and not euer

The Iustice and the Truth o'th'question carries

The dew o'th'Verdict with it; at what ease

Might corrupt mindes procure, Knaues as corrupt

To sweare against you: Such things haue been done.

You are Potently oppos'd, and with a Malice

Of as great Size. Weene you of better lucke.

I meane in periu'd Witnesse, then your Master.

Whose Minister you are, whiles heere he liu'd.
Vpon this naughty Earth? Go too, go too.

You take a Precepit for no leape of danger,

And woe your owne destruction.

Cran.

God, and your Maiesty

Protect mine innocence, or I fall into The trap is laid for me.

King.

Be of good cheere,

They shall no more preuaile, then we giue way too:

Keepe comfort to you, and this Morning see You do appeare before them. If they shall chance

In charging you with matters, to commit you:

The best perswasions to the contrary

Faile not to vse, and with what vehemencie

Th'occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties

Will render you no remedy, this Ring

Deluier them, and your Appeale to vs

There make before them. Looke, the goodman weeps:

He's honest on mine Honor. Gods blest Mother,

I sweare he is true hearted, and a soule

None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,

And do as I haue bid you.

Exit Cranmer.

He ha's strangled his Language in his teares.

Come backe: what meane you?

Ile not come backe, the tydings that I bring

Will make my boldnesse, manners. Now good Angels

Fly o're thy Royall head, and shade thy person

Vnder their blessed wings.

Now by thy lookes
I gesse thy Message. Is the Queene deliuer'd?
Say I, and of a boy.
I, I my Liege,
And of a louely Boy: the God of heauen
Both now, and euer blesse her: 'Tis a Gyrle
Promises Boyes heereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your Visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As Cherry, is to Cherry.

Louell.
Sir.

Giue her an hundred Markes.
Ile to the Queene.

Exit King.

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

Exit Ladie.

Enter Cranmer, Archbyshop of Canterbury.

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

Keep.

Yes, my Lord:

But yet I cannot help you.

Why?

Your Grace must wait till you be called for.

Enter Doctor Buts.

This is a Peer of Malice: I am glad I came this way so happily. The King shall understand it presently.

Exit Buts

I will show your Grace the strangest sight.

Enter the King, and Buts, at a Window above.

I shall shew your Grace the strangest sight.
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
<l>What's that <hi rend="italic">Buts</hi>?</l>  
</sp>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Buts</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0585-0.jpg" n="229"/>  
<fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>  
<cb n="1"/>  
<sp who="#F-h8-but">  
  <speaker rend="italic">Butts.</speaker>  
  <l>I thinke your Highnesse saw this many a day.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
  <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>  
  <l>Body a me: where is it</l>  
  <cb n="1"/>  
  <sp who="#F-h8-but">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Butts.</speaker>  
    <l>There my Lord;</l>  
  </sp>  
  <l>The high promotion of his Grace of <hi rend="italic">Canterbury</hi>,<l> Who holds his State at dore 'mongst Purseuants,<l> Pages, and Foot-boyes.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
  <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>  
  <l>Ha</l>  
  <l>Is this the Honour they doe one another?</l>  
  <l>'Tis well there's one aboue 'em yet; I had thought</l>  
  <l>They had parted so much honesty among 'em,</l>  
  <l>At least good manners; as not thus to suffer</l>  
  <l>A man of his Place, and so neere our fauour</l>  
  <l>To dance attendance on their Lordships pleasures,</l>  
  <l>And at the dore too, like a Post with Packets;</l>  
  <l>By holy <hi rend="italic">Mary</hi> (<hi rend="italic">Butts</hi>) there's knauery;</l>  
  <l>Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtaine close;</l>  
  <l>We shall heare more anon.</l>  
</sp>  
</div>  
<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">  
  <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 3]</head>  
  <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and</stage>  
  <lb/>placed vnder the State. Enter Lord Chancellour, places  
  <lb/>himselfe at the vpper end of the Table, on the left hand: A  
  <lb/>Seate being left void aboue him, as for Canterburies  
  <lb/>Duke of Suffolke, Duke of Norfolke, Surrey, Lord Cham-  
  <lb/>berlaine, Gardiner, seat themselves in Order on each side.
<lb>Cromwell at lower end, as Secretary.</lb>

<sp who="#F-h8-chn">
  <speaker rend="italic">Chan.</speaker>
  <l>Speake to the businesse, <choice>
  <abbr>M.</abbr><expan>Master</expan>
  <l>Why are we met in Councell?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-cro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Crom.</speaker>
  <l>Please your Honours,</l>
  <l>The chiefe cause concernes his Grace of <hi rend="italic">Canterbury</hi>.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-grd">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gard.</speaker>
  <l>Ha's he had knowledge of it?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-cro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Crom.</speaker>
  <l>Yes.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Norf.</speaker>
  <l>Who waits there?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-grd">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gard.</speaker>
  <l>Yes.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-kee">
  <speaker rend="italic">Keep.</speaker>
  <l>Without my Noble Lords?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-kee">
  <speaker rend="italic">Keep.</speaker>
  <l>My Lord Archbishop:</l>
  <l>And ha's done halfe an houre to know your pleasures.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-chn">
  <speaker rend="italic">Chan.</speaker>
  <l>Let him come in.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-kee">
  <speaker rend="italic">Keep.</speaker>
  <l>Your Grace may enter now.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Cranmer approches the Councell Table.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h8-chn">
  <speaker rend="italic">Chan.</speaker>
  <l>My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry</l>
  <l>To sit here at this present, and behold</l>
  <l>That Chayre stand empty: But we all are men</l>
  <l>In our owne natures fraile, and capable</l>
  <l>Of our flesh, few are Angels; out of which frailty</l>
  <l>And want of wisedome, you that best should teach vs</l>
  <l>Haue misdemean'd your selfe, and not a little</l>
  <l>Toward the King first, then his Lawes, in filling</l>
  <l>The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines</l>
  <l>(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions</l>
  <l>Divers and dangerous; which are Heresies</l>
  <l>And not reform'd, may prove pernicious</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-grd">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gard.</speaker>
  <l>Which Reformation must be sodaine too</l>
  <l>My Noble Lords; for those that tame wild Horses</l>
  <l>Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle</l>
  <l>But stop their mouths with stubborn Bits & spurre</l>
  <l>Till they obey the mannage. If we suffer</l>
  <l>Out of our easiness and childish pity</l>
  <l>To one mans Honour, this contagious sickness</l>
  <l>Farewell all Physicke: and what followes then</l>
  <l>Commotions, vprores, with a generall Taint</l>
  <l>Of the whole State; as of late dayes our neighbours</l>
  <l>The upper <hi rend="italic">Germany</hi> can deereely witnesse</l>
  <l>Yet freshly pittied in our memories</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-cra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cran.</speaker>
  <l>My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progress</l>
  <l>Both of my Life and Office, I haue labour'd</l>
  <l>And with no little study, that thy teaching</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>And the strong course of my Authority</l>
  <l>Might goe one way, and safely; and the end</l>
  <l>Was euery to doe well: nor is there liuing</l>
  <l>(I speake it with a single heart, my Lords)</l>
  <l>A man that more detests, more stirres against</l>
  <l>Both in his priuate Conscience, and his place</l>
  <l>Defacers of a publique peace then I doe</l>
  <l>Pray Heauen the King may never find a heart</l>
  <l>With lesse Allegiance in it. Men that make</l>
  <l>Enuy, and crooked malice, nourishment</l>
  <l>Dare bite the best. I doe beseech your Lordships</l>
</sp>
That in this case of Justice, my Accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

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

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

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

My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted glosse discoveres
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

My Lord of Winchester, you are a Sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted glosse discoveres
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

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

Gard. Good Master Secretary, I cry your Honour me rcie; you may worst Of all this Table say so.

Crom. Why my Lord?

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

Crom. Not sound? Not sound I say.

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

Crom. Doe. Remember your bold life too.

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

Gard.
I haue done.</sp>

And I.

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

We are.

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

Receiue him, And see him safe i'th'Tower.
<sp who="#F-h8-cra">Cran.</sp><
>Stay good my Lords,
>I haue a little yet to say. Looke there my Lords,
>By vertue of that Ring, I take my cause
>Out of the gripes of cruell men, and giue it
>To a most Noble Iudge, the King my Maister.
</sp><
<sp who="#F-h8-chm">Cham.</sp><
>This is the Kings Ring.
</sp><
<sp who="#F-h8-sur">Sur.</sp><
>Tis no counterfeit.
</sp><
<sp who="#F-h8-suf">Suff.</sp><
>'Ts the right Ring, by Heau'n: I told ye all,
>When we first put this dangerous stone a rowling,
>'Twold fall vpon our selues.
</sp><
<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">Norf.</sp><
>Doe you thinke my Lords
>The King will suffer but the little finger?
>Of this man to be vex'd?
</sp><
<sp who="#F-h8-chm">Cham.</sp><
>Tis now too certaine;
>How much more is his Life in value with him?
</sp><
</sp>

Would I were fairely out on't.

Crom.

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

Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seate.

Gard.
Dread Soueraine,

How much are we bound to Heauen,

In dayly thankes; that gaue vs such a Prince;

Not onely good and wise, but most religious:

One that in all obedience, makes the Church

The cheefe ayme of his Honour, and to strengthen

That holy duty out of deare respect,

His Royall selfe in judgement comes to heare

The cause betwixt her, and this great offender.

You were euer good at sodaine Commendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know I come not

To heare such flattery now, and in my presence

They are too thin, and base to hide offences,

To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell,

And thinke with wagging of your tongue to win me:

But whatsoere thou tak'st me for; I'm sure

Thou hast a cruel Nature and a bloody.

Good man sit downe: Now let me see the proudest

Hee, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.

By all that's holy, he had better starue,

Then but once thinke his place becomes thee not.

To Chamber dore? and one, as great as you are?

Why, what a shame was this? Did my Commission

Bid ye so farre forget your selues? I gaue ye

Power, as he was a Councellour to try him,

Not as a Groome: There's some of ye, I see,

More out of Malice then Integrity,

Would trye him to the vtmost, had ye meane,

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

Well, well my Lords respect him,
take him, and use 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 loue and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends for shame my Lords: My Lord of
I haue a Suite which you must not deny mee.
That is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptisme,
You must be Godfather, and answer for her.

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

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

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

And let Heauen
Witnesse how deare, I hold this Confirmation.
Kin. Good Man, those joyfull teares shew thy true hearts, (l)
The common voyce I see is verified Of thee, which says thus: Doe my Lord of Canterbury (l)
A shrewd turne, and hee's your friend for euer: Come Lords, we trifle time away: I long (l)
As I haue made ye one Lords, one remaine: So I grow stronger, you more Honour gaine.

Exeunt.

[Scena Tertia. Scena Tertia.]

Noyse and Tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.
Port. You'l leaue your noyse anon ye Rascals: doe you take the Court for Parish Garden: ye rude Slaues, leaue your gaping: Within. Good (p)
Porter I belong to th'Larder. Porter I belong to th'Larder.

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

Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impossible, vnlesse wee sweepe 'em f

Vnlesse wee sweepe 'em f
om the dore with Cannons,

To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleepe

On May-day Morning. which will neuer be:

We may as well push against Powles as stirre 'em.

How got they in, and be hang'd?

Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in?

As much as one sound Cudgell of foure foote,

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

Let me ne're hope to see a Chine againe,

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

Do you heare Master Porter?

I shall be with you presently, good Porter?

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

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

He or shee, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker:

Let me ne're hope to see a Chine againe,

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

Within.

Do you heare

M. Master

Porter?

I shall be with you presently, good Porter?

M. Master

Porter?

Keepe the dore close Sirha.

What would you haue me doe?
Por. What should you doe, but knock 'em downe by th'dozens? Is this More fields to muster in? Or haue wee some strange Indian with the great Toole, come to Court, the women so besiege vs?

Blesse me, what a fry of Fornication is at dore? On my Christian Conscience this one Christening will beget a thousand, here will bee Father, God-father, and all together.

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

These are the youths that thunder at a Playhouse, and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limehouse, their deare Brothers are able to endure. I haue some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three dayes; besides the running Banquet of two Beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.
Mercy o'me: what a Multitude are heere?
They grow still too; from all Parts they are comming.
As if we kept a Faire heere? Where are these Porters?

These lazy knaues? Y'haue made a fine hand fellowes?
Theres a trim rabble let in: are all these?
Your faithfull friends o'th'Suburbs? We shall haue

Theres a trim rabble let in: are all these?

An Army cannot rule 'em.

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

Make way there, for the Princesse.

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

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

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

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

And to your Royall Grace, & the good Queen,
My Noble Partners, and my selfe thus pray,
All comfort, ioy in this most gracious Lady,
May ho
ture fall vpon ye.

Thanke you good Lord Archbishop:
What is her Name?

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

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

Cran.<l>Let me speake Sir,</l>
<l>For Heauen now bids me; and the words I vtter,</l>
<l>Let none thinke Flattery; for they'l finde 'em Truth.</l>
<l>This Royall Infant, Heauen still moue about her;</l>
<l>Though in her Cradle; yet now promises</l>
<l>Upon this Land a thousand thousand Blessings,</l>
<l>Which Time shall bring to ripenesse: She shall be,</l>
<l>(But few now liuing can behold that goodnesse)</l>
<l>A Patterne to all Princes liuing with her,</l>
<l>And all that shall succeed: </l><hi rend="italic">Saba</hi> was neuer</l>

More couetous of Wisedome, and faire Vertue</l>
Then this pure Soule shall be. All Princely Graces</l>
That mould vp such a mighty Piece as this is</l>
With all the Vertues that attend the good</l>
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall Nurse her</l>
Holy</l>
<cb n="1"/>
Holy and Heauenly thoughts still Counsell her</l>
She shall be lou'd and fear'd. Her owne shall blesse her</l>
Her Foes shake like a Field of beaten Corne</l>
And hang their heads with sorrow</l>
Good growes with her</l>
In her dayes, Euery Man shall eate in safety</l>
Vnder his owne Vine what he plants; and sing</l>
The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours</l>
God shall be truely knowne, and those about her</l>
From her shall read the perfect way of Honour</l>
And by those clave their greatnesse; not by Blood</l>
Nor shall this peace sleepe with her: But as when</l>
The Bird of Wonder dyes, the Mayden Phoenix</l>
Her Ashes new create another Heyre</l>
As great in admiration as her selfe</l>
So shall she leaue her Blessednesse to One</l>
(When Heauen shal call her from this clowd of darknes</l>
Who, from the sacred Ashes of her Honour</l>
Shall Star-like rise, as great in fame as she was</l>
And so stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Loue, Truth, Terror</l>
That were the Seruants to this chosen Infant
Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;
Where euer the bright Sunne of Heauen shall shine,
His Honour, and the greatnesse of his Name,
Shall be, and make new Nations. He shall flourish,
And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his branches,
To all the Plaines about him: Our Childrens Children
Shall see this, and blesse Heauen.

Thou speakest wonders.

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

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

Is ten to one, this Play can neuer please
All that are heere: Some come to take their ease,
And sleepe an Act or two; but tbose we feare
W'haue frighted with our Tumpets: so 'tis
cleare,

They'll say tis naught. Others to heare the City
Abus'd extreamly, and to cry that's witty,
Which wee haue not done neither; that I feare
All the expected good w'are like to heare.
For this Play at this time, is onely in
The mercifull construction of good women,
For such a one we shew'd 'em: If they smile,
And say twill doe; I know within a while,
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap.

FINIS.