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 a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional  
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        <note type="citation">Pforzheimer, 905</note>
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**<note type="citation">**Rasmussen, E. **& 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>**  
**<note type="citation">**West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare First Folios, With Descriptions of Selected Copies, in The Library, v. s6-21, Issue 1 (March 1999), p.1-19**</note>**

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**<hi rend="large">**SHAKESPEARES**</hi>**

**<lb/>**COMEDIES, **<lb/>**HISTORIES, **&**

**<lb/>**TRAGEDIES. **</titlePart>**

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Copies.**</titlePart>**

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the charges

of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley].,

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 79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.;  
 fol.</p>  
 <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58;  
 p.59  
 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered  
 151; p.161  
 misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165  
 misnumbered 163; p.  
 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250  
 misnumbered 252; p.  
 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in  
 some copies;  
 p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count:  
 p.165-166  
 numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 --  
 5th count:  
 p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308  
 misnumbered 38;  
 p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>  
 </foliation>  
 <collation>  
 <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most  
 commonly  
 cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman:  $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1)$   
 $[\pi B^2], {}^2A-2B^6$   
 $2C^2 a-g^6 \chi gg^8 h-v^6 x^4 \chi 1.2$  [para.]-2[para.]<sup>6</sup> 3[para.]<sup>1</sup> aa-ff<sup>6</sup>  
 $gg^2 Gg^6$   
 $hh^6 kk-bbb^6$ ; 2. West:  $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2)^2 A-2B^6 2C^2 a-$   
 $g^6 {}^2g^8 h-v^6 x^4$   
 $'gg3.4' (\pm'gg3')$  [para.]-2[para.]<sup>6</sup> 3[para.]<sup>1</sup> 2a-2f<sup>6</sup> 2g<sup>2</sup> 2G<sup>6</sup> 2h<sup>6</sup>  
 $2k-2v^6$   
 $x^6 2y-3b^6$ .</p>  
 <p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; <sup>3</sup>gg1 mis-signed  
 Gg; nn1-nn2  
 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>  
 <p>"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.</p>  
 </collation>  
 <condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the

reader".

mount

some the

and the

Rare

The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the  
towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of  
Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait  
central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report,  
including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact  
Books.</condition>

</supportDesc>

<layoutDesc>

<layout>

<p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>

<p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>

<p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed.

Blount, I.

Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623."</p>

<p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry

Condell.</p>

</layout>

</layoutDesc>

</objectDesc>

<decoDesc>

<decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>

<decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author

signed: "Martin-

earlier

shading,

with the

have the plate

the earlier

Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The  
state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier  
especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly  
jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies  
in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that  
state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

</decoNote>

</decoDesc>

<additions>

<p>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></additions><bindingDesc><p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound for the Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine. Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.</p></bindingDesc></physDesc><history><origin><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></origin><acquisition><p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on <date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> 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 <date when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by the newer <bibl><title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. 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><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 (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)</p><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>

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at: <ref

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  <persName type="standard">Duke of Suffolk</persName>
  <persName type="form">Suf.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Suff.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-h8-srv">
  <persName type="standard">Surveyor, to the Duke of
Buckingham</persName>
  <persName type="form">Sur.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-h8-sur">
  <persName type="standard">Earl of Surrey</persName>
  <persName type="form">Sur.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-h8-vau">
  <persName type="standard">Sir Nicholas Vaux</persName>
  <persName type="form">Vaux.</persName>
</person>
</listPerson>
</particDesc>
</profileDesc>
</teiHeader>
<text type="play" xml:id="F-h8">
  <body>
    <div type="play" n="24">
      <pb facs="FFimg:axc0561-0.jpg" n="205"/>
      <head rend="center">The Famous History of the Life of
        <lb/>King HENRY the Eight.</head>
      <div type="prologue">
        <head rend="italic center">THE PROLOGVE.</head>
        <cb n="1"/>
        <sp who="#F-h8-pro">
          <l rend="italic">
            <c rend="decoratedCapital">I</c> Come no more to make you laugh,
Things now,</l>
          <l rend="italic">T<gap extent="1"
unit="chars"
reason="illegible"
agent="partiallyInkedType"
resp="#ES"/>at beare a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,</l>
          <l rend="italic">Sad, high, and working, full of State and
Woe:</l>
          <l rend="italic">Such Noble Scœnes, as draw the Eye to flow</l>
          <l rend="italic">We now present. Those that can Pitty, heere</l>
          <l rend="italic">May (if they thinke it well) let fall a Teare,</l>
          <l rend="italic">The Subiect will deserue it. Such as giue</l>

```

see</l>
 <l rend="italic">Their Money out of hope they may beleue,</l>
 <l rend="italic">May heere finde Truth too. Those that come to

willing,</l>
 <l rend="italic">Onely a show or two, and so a gree,</l>
 <l rend="italic">The Play may passe: if they be still, and

extent="2"
 <l rend="italic">Ile vndertake may see away their shilling</l>
 <l rend="italic">Richly in two short houres. Onely they</l>
 <l rend="italic">That come to heare a Merry, Bawdy Play,</l>
 <l rend="italic">A noyse of Targets: Or to see a Fellow</l>
 <l rend="italic">In a long Motley Coate, garded with Yellow,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l rend="italic">Will be deceyu'd. For gentle Hear<gap

unit="chars"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="stain"
 resp="#ES"/>s, know</l>
 <l rend="italic">To ranke our chosen Truth with such a show</l>
 <l rend="italic">As Foole, and Fight is, beside forfeyting</l>
 <l rend="italic">Our owne Braines, and the Opinion that we

bring</l>
 <l rend="italic">To make that onely true, we now intend,</l>
 <l rend="italic">Will leaue vs neuer an vnderstanding Friend.</l>
 <l rend="italic">Therefore, for Goodnesse sake, and as you are

knowne</l>
 <l rend="italic">The First and Happiest Hearers of the

Towne,</l>
 <l rend="italic">Be sad, as we would make ye. Thinke ye see</l>
 <l rend="italic">The very Persons of our Noble Story,</l>
 <l rend="italic">As they were Liuing: Thinke you see them

Great,</l>
 <l rend="italic">And follow'd with the generall throng, and

sweat</l>
 <l rend="italic">Of thousand Friends: Then, in a moment, see</l>
 <l rend="italic">How soone this Mightinesse, meets Misery:</l>
 <l rend="italic">And if you can be merry then, Ile say,</l>
 <l rend="italic">A Man may weepe vpon his Wedding day.</l>

</sp>
 </div>
 <div type="act" n="1">
 <div type="scene" n="1">
 <head rend="italic center">Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
 </div>
 </div>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Duke of

Norfolke at one doore. At the other,
 <lb/>the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord
 <lb/>Aburgauenny.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-h8-buc">

*Buckingham.*

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

Since last we saw in France?

Norf.

I thanke your Grace:

Healthfull, and euer since a fresh Admirer

Of what I saw there.

Buck.

An vntimely Ague

Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when

Those Sunnes of Glory, those two Lights of Men

Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor.

'Twixt Guynes and Arde,

I was then present, saw them salute on Horsebacke,

Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung

In their Embracement, as they grew together,

Which had they,

What foure Thron'd ones could haue weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

Buck.

All the whole time

I was my Chambers Prisoner.

2

Nor.

Then you lost

The view of earthly glory: Men might say

Till this time Pompe was single, but now married

To one aboue it selfe. Each following day

Became the next dayes master, till the last

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

All Clinquant all in Gold, like Heathen Gods

Shone downe the English; and to morrow, they

Made Britaine, India: Euery man that stood,

Shew d like a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were

As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too,

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

The Pride vpon them, that their very labour

<l>Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske</l>  
<l>Was cry'de incompareable; and th'ensuing night</l>  
<l>Made it a Foole, and Begger. The two Kings</l>  
<l>Equall in lustre, were now best, now worst</l>  
<l>As presence did present them: Him in eye,</l>  
<l>Still him in praise, and being present both,</l>  
<l>'Twas said they saw but one, and no Discerner</l>  
<l>Durst wagge his Tongue in censure, when these Sunnes</l>  
<l>(For so they phrase 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd</l>  
<l>The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did performe</l>  
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">t3</fw>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Beyond</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0562-0.jpg" n="206"/>  
<fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>  
<cb n="1"/>  
<l>Beyond thoughts Compasse, that former fabulous Storie</l>  
<l>Being now seene, possible enough, got credit</l>  
<l>That <hi rend="italic">Beuis</hi> was beleue'd.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-buc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>  
<l>Oh you go farre.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>  
<l>As I belong to worship, and affect</l>  
<l>In Honor, Honesty, the tract of eu'ry thing,</l>  
<l>Would by a good Discourser loose some life,</l>  
<l>Which Actions selfe, was tongue too.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-buc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>  
<l>All was Royall,</l>  
<l>To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,</l>  
<l>Order gaue each thing view. The Office did</l>  
<l>Distinctly his full Function: who did guide,</l>  
<l>I meane who set the Body, and the Limbes</l>  
<l>Of this great Sport together?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>  
<l>As you guesse:</l>  
<l>One certes, that promises no Element</l>  
<l>In such a businesse.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-buc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>  
<l>I pray you who, my Lord<c rend="italic">?</c></l>  
</l>  
</sp>



<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>  
<l>All this was ordred by the good Discretion</l>  
<l>Of the right Reuerend Cardinall of Yorke.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-buc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>  
<l>The diuell speed him: No mans Pye is freed</l>  
<l>From his Ambitious finger. What had he</l>  
<l>To do in these fierce Vanities<c rend="italic">?</c> I

wonder,</l>

<l>That such a Keech can with his very bulke</l>  
<l>Take vp the Rayes o'th'beneficiall Sun,</l>  
<l>And keepe it from the Earth.</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>  
<l>Surely Sir,</l>  
<l>There's in him stufte, that put's him to these ends:</l>  
<l>For being not propt by Auncestry, whose grace</l>  
<l>Chalkes Successors their way; nor call'd vpon</l>  
<l>For high feats done to'th'Crowne; neither Allied</l>  
<l>To eminent Assistants; but Spider-like</l>  
<l>Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O giues vs note,</l>  
<l>The force of his owne merit makes his way</l>  
<l>A guift that heauen giues for him, which buyes</l>  
<l>A place next to the King.</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-abe">  
<speaker rend="italic">Abur.</speaker>  
<l>I cannot tell</l>  
<l>What Heauen hath giuen him: let some Grauer eye</l>  
<l>Pierce into that, but I can see his Pride</l>  
<l>Peepe through each part of him: whence ha's he that,</l>  
<l>If not from Hell? The Diuell is a Niggard,</l>  
<l>Or ha's giuen all before, and he begins</l>  
<l>A new Hell in himselfe.</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-buc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>  
<l>Why the Diuell,</l>  
<l>Vpon this French going out, tooke he vpon him</l>  
<l>(Without the priuity o'th'King) t'appoint</l>  
<l>Who should attend on him? He makes vp the File</l>  
<l>Of all the Gentry; for the most part such</l>  
<l>To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor</l>  
<l>He meant to lay vpon: and his owne Letter</l>  
<l>The Honourable Boord of Councill, out</l>  
<l>Must fetch him in, he Papers.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-abe">  
<speaker rend="italic">Abur.</speaker>  
<l>I do know</l>  
<l>Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that haue</l>  
<l>By this, so sicken'd their Estates, that neuer</l>  
<l>They shall abound as formerly.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-buc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>  
<l>O many</l>  
<l>Haue broke their backes with laying Mannors on 'em</l>  
<l>For this great Iourney. What did this vanity</l>  
<l>But minister communication of</l>  
<l>A most poore issue.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>  
<l>Greeuingly I thinke,</l>  
<l>The Peace betweene the French and vs, not valewes</l>  
<l>The Cost that did conclude it.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-buc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>  
<l>Euery man,</l>  
<l>After the hideous storme that follow'd, was</l>  
<cb n="2"/>  
<l>A thing Inspir'd, and not consulting, broke</l>  
<l>Into a generall Prophetie; That this Tempest</l>  
<l>Dashing the Garment of this Peace, aboaded</l>  
<l>The sodaine breach on't.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>  
<l>Which is budded out,</l>  
<l>For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd</l>  
<l>Our Merchants goods at Burdeaux.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-abe">  
<speaker rend="italic">Abur.</speaker>  
<l>Is it therefore</l>

<note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>

<l>Th'Ambassador is silenc'd?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>  
<l>Marry is't.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-abe">  
<speaker rend="italic">Abur.</speaker>

</>A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd</>  
<note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this  
line.</note>

</>At a superfluous rate.</>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-buc">

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

</>Why all this Businesse</>

</>Our Reuerend Cardinall carried.</>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">

<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>

</>Like it your Grace,</>

</>The State takes notice of the priuate difference</>

</>Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I aduise you</>

</>(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you</>

</>Honor, and plenteous safety) that you reade</>

</>The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency</>

</>Together; To consider further, that</>

</>What his high Hatred would effect, wants not</>

</>A Minister in his Power. You know his Nature,</>

</>That he's Reuengefull; and I know, his Sword</>

</>Hath a sharpe edge: It's long, and't may be saide</>

</>It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,</>

</>Thither he darts it. Bosome vp my counsell,</>

</>You'l finde it wholesome. Loe, where comes that Rock</>

</>That I aduise your shunning.</>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cardinall

Wolsey, the Purse borne before him, certaine

<lb/>of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers: The

<lb/>Cardinall in his passage, fixeth bis eye on Buck-

<lb/>ham, and Buckingham on him,

<lb/>both full of disdaine.</stage>

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

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

</>The Duke of <hi rend="italic">Buckingham</hi> Surueyor?

Ha?</>

</>Where's his Examination?</>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-sec">

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

</>Heere so please you.</>

</sp>

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

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

</>Is he in person, ready<c rend="italic">?</c>

</>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-sec">

*Secr.*  
<I>I, please your Grace.</I>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
*Car.*  
<I>Well, we shall then know more, & <hi  
*Buckingham*</hi>  
</I>  
<I>Shall lessen this bigge looke.</I>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt Cardinall,  
and his Traine.</stage>  
<sp who="#F-h8-buc">  
*Buc.*  
<I>This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and I</I>  
<I>Haue not the power to muzzle him, therefore best</I>  
<I>Not wake him in his slumber. A Beggars booke,</I>  
<I>Out-worths a Nobles blood.</I>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
*Nor.*  
<I>What are you chaff'd?</I>  
<I>Aske God for Temp'rance, that's th'appliance onely</I>  
<I>Which your disease requires.</I>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-buc">  
*Buc.*  
<I>I read in's looks</I>  
<I>Matter against me, and his eye reuil'd</I>  
<I>Me as his abiect obiect, at this instant</I>  
<I>He bores me with some tricke; He's gone to'th'King:</I>  
<I>Ile follow, and out-stare him.</I>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
*Nor.*  
<I>Stay my Lord,</I>  
<I>And let your Reason with your Choller question</I>  
<I>What 'tis you go about: to climbe steepe hilles</I>  
<I>Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like</I>  
<I>A full hot Horse, who being allow'd his way</I>  
<I>Selfe-mettle tyres him: Not a man in England</I>  
<I>Can aduise me like you: Be to your selfe,</I>  
<I>As you would to your Friend.</I>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-buc">  
*Buc.*  
<I>Ile to the King,</I>  
<I>And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe</I>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">This</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0563-0.jpg" n="207"/>

<fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>This <hi rend="italic">Ipswich</hi> fellowes insolence; or  
 proclaime,</l>  
 <l>There's difference in no persons.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Norf.</speaker>  
 <l>Be aduis'd;</l>  
 <l>Heat not a Furnace for your foe so hot</l>  
 <l>That it do sindge your selfe. We may out-runne</l>  
 <l>By violent swiftnesse that which we run at;</l>  
 <l>And lose by ouer-running: know you not,</l>  
 <l>The fire that mounts the liquor til't run ore,</l>  
 <l>In seeming to augment it, wasts it: be aduis'd;</l>  
 <l>I say againe there is no English Soule</l>  
 <l>More stronger to direct you then your selfe;</l>  
 <l>If with the sap of reason you would quench,</l>  
 <l>Or but allay the fire of passion.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-buc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>  
 <l>Sir,</l>  
 <l>I am thankfull to you, and Ile goe along</l>  
 <l>By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,</l>  
 <l>Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but</l>  
 <l>From sincere motions, by Intelligence,</l>  
 <l>And proofes as cleere as Founts in <hi  
 rend="italic">Iuly</hi>, when</l>  
 <l>Wee see each graine of grauell; I doe know</l>  
 <l>To be corrupt and treasonous.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Norf.</speaker>  
 <l>Say not treasonous.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-buc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>  
 <l>To th'King Ile say't, & make my vouch as strong</l>  
 <l>As shore of Rocke: attend. This holy Foxe,</l>  
 <l>Or Wolfe, or both (for he is equall rau'nous</l>  
 <l>As he is subtile, and as prone to mischief, </l>  
 <l>As able to perform't) his minde, and place</l>  
 <l>Infecting one another, yea reciprocally,</l>  
 <l>Only to shew his pompe, as well in France,</l>  
 <l>As here at home, suggests the King our Master</l>  
 <l>To this last costly Treaty: Th'enteruiew,</l>  
 <l>That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glasse</l>  
 <l>Did breake ith'wrenching.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Norf.</speaker>  
   <l>Faith, and so it did.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-buc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>  
   <l>Pray giue me fauour Sir: This cunning Cardinall</l>  
   <l>The Articles o'th'Combination drew</l>  
   <l>As himselfe pleas'd; and they were ratified</l>  
   <l>As he cride thus let be, to as much end,</l>  
   <l>As giue a Crutch to th'dead. But our Count-Cardinall</l>  
   <l>Has done this, and tis well: for worthy <hi  
 rend="italic">Wolsey</hi>  
   </l>  
   <l>(Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this followes,</l>  
   <l>(Which as I take it, is a kinde of Puppie</l>  
   <l>To th'old dam Treason) <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi> the  
 Emperour,</l>  
   <l>Vnder pretence to see the Queene his Aunt,</l>  
   <l>(For twas indeed his colour, but he came</l>  
   <l>To whisper <hi rend="italic">Wolsey</hi>) here makes  
 visitation,</l>  
   <l>His feares were that the Interview betwixt</l>  
   <l>England and France, might through their amity</l>  
   <l>Breed him some preiudice; for from this League,</l>  
   <l>Peep'd harmes that menac'd him. Priuily</l>  
   <l>Deales with our Cardinal, and as I troa</l>  
   <l>Which I doe well; for I am sure the Emperour</l>  
   <l>Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his Suit was granted</l>  
   <l>Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made</l>  
   <l>And pau'd with gold: the Emperor thus desir'd,</l>  
   <l>Tha<gap extent="1"  
 unit="chars"  
 reason="illegible"  
 agent="uninkedType"  
 resp="#ES"/> he would please to alter the Kings course,</l>  
   <l>And breake the foresaid peace. Let the King know</l>  
   <l>(As soone he shall by me) that thus the Cardinall</l>  
   <l>Does buy and sell his Honour as he pleases,</l>  
   <l>And for his owne aduantage.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Norf.</speaker>  
   <l>I am sorry</l>  
   <l>To heare this of him; and could wish he were</l>  
   <l>Something mistaken in't.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-buc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>  
   <l>No, not a sillable:</l>

<|>I doe pronounce him in that very shape</|>  
 <|>He shall appeare in prooffe.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Brandon, a  
 Sergeant at Armes before him, and  
 <|b/>two or three of the Guard.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-bra">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Brandon.</speaker>  
 <|>Your Office Sergeant: execute it.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-sgt">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Sergeant.</speaker>  
 <|>Sir,</|>  
 <|>My Lord the Duke of <hi rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>,  
 and Earle</|>  
 <|>Of <hi rend="italic">Hertford</hi>, <hi  
 rend="italic">Stafford</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Northampton</hi>, I</|>  
 <|>Arrest thee of High Treason, in the name</|>  
 <|>Of our most Soueraigne King.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-buc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>  
 <|>Lo you my Lord,</|>  
 <|>The net has falne vpon me, I shall perish</|>  
 <|>Vnder device, and practise:</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-bra">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bran.</speaker>  
 <|>I am sorry,</|>  
 <|>To see you tane from liberty, to looke on</|>  
 <|>The busines present. Tis his Highnes pleasure</|>  
 <|>You shall to th'Tower.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-buc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>  
 <|>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 <hi rend="italic">Aburgany:</hi> Fare you  
 well.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-bra">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bran.</speaker>  
 <|>Nay, he must beare you company. The King</|>  
 <|>Is pleas'd you shall to th'Tower, till you know</|>  
 <|>How he determines further.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-abe">

<speaker rend="italic">Abur.</speaker>  
 <l>As the Duke said,</l>  
 <l>The will of Heauen be done, and the Kings pleasure</l>  
 <l>By me obey'd.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-bra">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bran.</speaker>  
 <l>Here is a warrant from</l>  
 <l>The King, t'attach Lord <hi rend="italic">Mountacute</hi>,  
 and the Bodies</l>  
 <l>Of the Dukes Confessor, <hi rend="italic">Iohn de la  
 Car</hi>,</l>  
 <l>One <hi rend="italic">Gilbert Pecke</hi>, his  
 Councillour.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-buc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>  
 <l>So, so;</l>  
 <l>These are the limbs o'th'Plot: no more I hope.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-bra">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>  
 <l>A Monke o'th'<hi rend="italic">Chartreux</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-buc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>  
 <l>O <hi rend="italic">Michael Hopkins</hi>?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-bra">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>  
 <l>He.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-buc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>  
 <l>My Surueyor is falce: The ore-great <hi  
 rend="italic">Cardinall</hi>  
 </l>  
 <l>Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spand already:</l>  
 <l>I am the shadow of poore <hi  
 rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Whose figure euen this instant Clowd puts on,</l>  
 <l>By Darkning my cleere Sunne. My Lords farewell.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exe.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="2">  
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Cornets. Enter King



Henry, leaning on the Cardinals shoul-

**der**, the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Louell: the Cardinall  
places himselfe vnder the Kings feete on  
his right side.</stage>

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

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

<l>My life it selfe, and the best heart of it,</l>

<l>Thanks you for this great care: I stood i'th'leuell</l>

<l>Of a full-charg'd confederacie, and giue thanks</l>

<l>To you that choak'd it. Let be cald before vs</l>

<l>That Gentleman of <hi rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>, in

person,</l>

<l>Ile heare him his confessions iustifie,</l>

<l>And point by point the Treasons of his Maister,</l>

<l>He shall againe relate.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">A noyse within crying  
roome for the Queene, vshe'd by the

**Duke of Norfolk**. Enter the Queene, Norfolk and

**Suffolke**: she kneels. King riseth from his State,

takes her vp, kisses and placeth

her by him.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h8-qka">

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

<l>Nay, we must longer kneele; I am a Suitor.</l>

</sp>

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

<speaker>King.</speaker>

<l>Arise, and take place by vs; halfe your Suit</l>

<l>Neuer name to vs; you haue halfe our power:</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0564-0.jpg" n="208"/>

<fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<l>The other moiety ere you aske is giuen,</l>

<l>Repeat your will, and take it.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-qka">

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

<l>Thanke your Maiesty</l>

<l>That you would loue your selfe, and in that loue</l>

<l>Not vnconsidered leaue your Honour, nor</l>

<l>The dignity of your Office; is the poynt</l>

<l>Of my Petition.</l>

</sp>

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

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

<l>Lady mine proceed.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-qka">

*Queen.*  
<I>I am solicited nor by a few,</I>  
<I>And those of true condition; That your Subjects</I>  
<I>Are in great grievance: There haue beene Commissions</I>  
<I>Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart</I>  
<I>Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although</I>  
<I>My good Lord Cardinall, they vent reproches</I>  
<I>Most bitterly on you, is putter on</I>  
<I>Of these exactions: yet the King, our Maister</I>  
<I>Whose Honor Heauen shield from soile; euen he escapes  
    **turnover**</I>  
<pc **turnover**></pc>not</I>  
<I>Language vnmanerly; yea, such which breakes</I>  
<I>The sides of loyalty, and almost appeares</I>  
<I>In lowd Rebellion.</I>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
    *Norf.*</speaker>  
<I>Not almost appeares,</I>  
<I>It doth appeare; for, vpon these Taxations,</I>  
<I>The Clothiers all not able to maintaine</I>  
<I>The many to them longing, haue put off</I>  
<I>The Spinsters, Carders, Fullers, Weauers, who</I>  
<I>Vnfit for other life, compeld by hunger</I>  
<I>And lack of other meanes, in desperate manner</I>  
<I>Daring th'euent too th'teeth, are all in vprore,</I>  
<I>And danger serues among them.</I>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
    *Kin.*</speaker>  
<I>Taxation?</I>  
<I>Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinall,</I>  
<I>You that are blam'd for it alike with vs,</I>  
<I>Know you of this Taxation?</I>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
    *Card.*</speaker>  
<I>Please you Sir,</I>  
<I>I know but of a single part in ought</I>  
<I>Pertaines to th'State; and front but in that File</I>  
<I>Where others tell steps with me.</I>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
    *Queen.*</speaker>  
<I>No, my Lord?</I>  
<I>You know no more then others? But you frame</I>  
<I>Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholsome</I>  
<I>To those which would not know them, and yet must</I>  
<I>Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions</I>  
<I>(Whereof my Soueraigne would haue note) they are</I>

<|>Most pestilent to th'hearing, and to beare 'em,</|>  
<|>The Backe is Sacrifice to th'load; They say</|>  
<|>They are deuis'd by you, er else you suffer</|>  
<|>Too hard an exclamation.</|>

</sp>

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

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

<|>Still Exaction:</|>

<|>The nature of it, in what kinde let's know,</|>

<|>Is this Exaction?</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-qka">

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

<|>I am much too venturous</|>

<|>In tempting of your patience; but am boldned</|>

<|>Vnder your promis'd pardon. The Subiects grieffe</|>

<|>Comes through Commissions, which compels from each</|>

<|>The sixt part of his Substance, to be leuied</|>

<|>Without delay; and the pretence for this</|>

<|>Is nam'd, your warres in France: this makes bold mouths,</|>

<|>Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze</|>

<|>Allegiance 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 basenesse.</|>

</sp>

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

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

<|>By my life,</|>

<|>This is against our pleasure.</|>

</sp>

<cb n="2"/>

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

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

<|>And for me,</|>

<|>I haue no further gone in this, then by</|>

<|>A single voice, and that not past me, but</|>

<|>By learned approbation of the Iudges: If I am</|>

<|>Traduc'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know</|>

<|>My faculties nor person, yet will be</|>

<|>The Chronicles of my doing: Let me say,</|>

<|>'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake</|>

<|>That Vertue must goe through: we must not stint</|>

<|>Our necessary actions, in the feare</|>

<|>To cope malicious Censurers, which euer,</|>

<|>As rau'nous Fishes doe a Vessell follow</|>

<|>That is new trim'd; but benefit no further</|>

<|>Then vainly longing. What we oft doe best,</|>

<|>By sicke Interpreters (once weake ones) is</|>  
<|>Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft</|>  
<|>Hitting a grosser quality, is cride vp</|>  
<|>For our best Act: if we shall stand still,</|>  
<|>In feare our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,</|>  
<|>We should take roote here, where we sit;</|>  
<|>Or sit State-Statues onely.</|>

</sp>

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

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

<|>Things done well,</|>

<|>And with a care, exempt themselues from feare:</|>

<|>Things done without example, in their issue</|>

<|>Are to be fear'd. Haue you a President</|>

<|>Of this Commission? I beleuee, not any.</|>

<|>We must not rend our Subiects from our Lawes,</|>

<|>And sticke them in our Will. Sixt part of each?</|>

<|>A trembling Contribution; why we take</|>

<|>From euery Tree, lop, barke, and part o'th'Timber:</|>

<|>And though we leaue it with a roote thus hackt,</|>

<|>The Ayre will drinke the Sap. To euery County</|>

<|>Where this is question'd, send our Letters, with</|>

<|>Free pardon to each man that has deny'de</|>

<|>The force of this Commission: pray looke too't;</|>

<|>I put it to your care.</|>

</sp>

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

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

<|>A word with you.</|>

<|>Let there be Letters writ to euery Shire,</|>

<|>Of the Kings grace and pardon: the greeued Commons</|>

<|>Hardly conceiue of me. Let it be nois'd,</|>

<|>That through our Intercession, this Reuokement</|>

<|>And pardon comes: I shall anon aduise you</|>

<|>Further in the proceeding.</|>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Secret.</stage>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter

Surueyor.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h8-qka">

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

<|>I am sorry, that the Duke of <hi

rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>

</|>

<|>Is run in your displeasure.</|>

</sp>

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

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

<|>It grieues many:</|>

<|>The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a most rare Speaker,</|>

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

</sp>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Card.</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0565-0.jpg" n="209"/>

<fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

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

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

<l>Stand forth, &amp; with bold spirit relate what you</l>

<l>Most like a carefull Subiect haue collected</l>

<l>Out of the Duke of <hi rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>.</l>

</sp>

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

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

<l>Speake freely.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-srv">

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

<l>First, it was vsuall with him; euery day</l>

<l>It would infect his Speech: That if the King</l>

<l>Should without issue dye; hee'l carry it so</l>

<l>To make the Scepter his. These very words</l>

<l>I'ue heard him vtter to his Sonne in Law,</l>

<l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Aburgany</hi>, to whom by oth he

menac'd</l>

<l>Reuenge vpon the <hi rend="italic">Cardinall</hi>.</l>

</sp>

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

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

<l>Please your Highnesse note</l>

<l>This dangerous conception in this point,</l>

<l>Not frended by his wish to your High person;</l>

<l>His will is most malignant, and it stretches</l>

<l>Beyond you to your friends.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>  
   <l>My learn'd Lord <hi rend="italic">Cardinall</hi>,</l>  
   <l>Deliuier all with Charity.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>  
   <l>Speake on;</l>  
   <l>How grounded hee his Title to the Crowne</l>  
   <l>Vpon our faile; to this poynt hast thou heard him,</l>  
   <l>At any time speake ought<c rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-srv">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Sur.</speaker>  
   <l>He was brought to this,</l>  
   <l>By a vaine Propesie of <hi rend="italic">Nicholas  
 Henton</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>  
   <l>What was that <hi rend="italic">Henton</hi>?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-srv">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Sur.</speaker>  
   <l>Sir, a <hi rend="italic">Chartreux</hi> Fryer,</l>  
   <l>His Confessor, who fed him euery minute</l>  
   <l>With words of Soueraignty.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>  
   <l>How know'st thou this?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-srv">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Sur.</speaker>  
   <l>Not long before your Hignesse sped to France,</l>  
   <l>The Duke being at the Rose, within the Parish</l>  
   <l>Saint <hi rend="italic">Laurence Poultney</hi>, did of me  
 demand</l>  
   <l>What was the speech among the Londoners,</l>  
   <l>Concerning the French Iourney. I replide,</l>  
   <l>Men feare the French would proue perfidious</l>  
   <l>To the Kings danger: presently, the Duke</l>  
   <l>Said, 'twas the feare indeed, and that he doubted</l>  
   <l>'Twould proue the verity of certaine words</l>  
   <l>Spoke by a holy Monke, that oft, sayes he,</l>  
   <l>Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit</l>  
   <l>  
   <hi rend="italic">Iohn de la Car</hi>, my Chaplaine, a choyce

howre</l>

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-qka">

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

<l>If I know you well,</l>

<l>You were the Dukes Surueyor, and lost your Office</l>

<l>On the complaint o'th'Tenants; take good heed</l>

<l>You charge not in your spleene a Noble person,</l>

<l>And spoyle your nobler Soule; I say, take heed;</l>

<l>Yes, heartily beseech you.</l>

</sp>

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

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

<l>Let him on: Goe forward.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-srv">

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

<l>On my Soule, Ile speake but truth,</l>

<l>I told my Lord the Duke, by th'Diuels illusions</l>

<l>The Monke might be deceiu'd, and that 'twas dangerous</l>

<l>For this to ruminare on this so farre, vntill</l>

<l>It forg'd him some designe, which being beleeu'd</l>

<l>It was much like to doe: He answer'd, Tush,</l>

<l>It can doe me no damage; adding further,</l>

<l>That had the King in his last Sicknesse faild,</l>

<l>The Cardinals and Sir <hi rend="italic">Thomas Louels</hi>

heads</l>

<cb n="2"/>

<l>Should haue gone off.</l>

</sp>

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

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

<l>Ha? What, so rancke? Ah, ha,</l>

<l>There's mischiefe in this man; canst thou say further?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-srv">

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

<l>I can my Liedge.</l>

</sp>

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

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

<l>Proceed.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-srv">  
<speaker rend="italic">Sur.</speaker>  
<l>Being at <hi rend="italic">Greenwich</hi>,</l>  
<l>After your Highnesse had reprou'd the Duke</l>  
<l>About Sir <hi rend="italic">William Blumer</hi>.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>  
<l>I remember of such a time, being my sworn ser-  
<lb rend="turnover"/>  
<pc rend="turnover"></pc>uant,</l>  
<l>The Duke retin'd him his. But on: what hence?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-srv">  
<speaker rend="italic">Sur.</speaker>  
<l>If (quoth he) I for this had beene committed,</l>  
<l>As to the Tower, I thought; I would haue plaid</l>  
<l>The Part my Father meant to act vpon</l>  
<l>Th'Vsurper <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, who being at <hi  
rend="italic">Salsbury</hi>,</l>  
<l>Made suit to come in's presence; which if granted,</l>  
<l>(As he made semblance of his duty) would</l>  
<l>Haue put his knife into him.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>  
<l>A Gyant Traytor.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
<l>Now Madam, may his Highnes liue in freedome,</l>  
<l>And this man out of Prison.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
<speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>  
<l>God mend all.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>  
<l>Ther's somthing more would out of thee; what  
<lb rend="turnover"/>  
<pc rend="turnover"></pc>say'st?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-srv">  
<speaker rend="italic">Sur.</speaker>  
<l>After the Duke his Father, with the knife</l>  
<l>He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,</l>  
<l>Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,</l>



<l>He did discharge a horrible Oath, whose tenor</l>  
 <l>Was, were he euill vs'd, he would outgoe</l>  
 <l>His Father, by as much as a performance</l>  
 <l>Do's an irresolute purpose.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>  
 <l>There's his period,</l>  
 <l>To sheath his knife in vs: he is attach'd,</l>  
 <l>Call him to present tryall: if he may</l>  
 <l>Finde mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,</l>  
 <l>Let him not seek't of vs: By day and night</l>  
 <l>Hee's Traytor to th'height.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="3">  
 <head rend="italic center">Scæna Tertia.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 3]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter L. Chamberlaine  
 and L. Sandys.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
 <speaker rend="italic">L. Ch.</speaker>  
 <l>Is't possible the spels of France should iuggle</l>  
 <l>Men into such strange mysteries?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-san">  
 <speaker rend="italic">L. San.</speaker>  
 <l>New customes,</l>  
 <l>Though they be neuer so ridiculous,</l>  
 <l>(Nay let 'em be vumanly) yet are follow'd.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
 <speaker rend="italic">L. Ch.</speaker>  
 <l>As farre as I see, all the good our English</l>  
 <l>Haue got by the late Voyage, is but meerely</l>  
 <l>A fit or two o'th'face, (but they are shrewd ones)</l>  
 <l>For when they hold 'em, you would sweare directly</l>  
 <l>Their very noses had been Councillours</l>  
 <l>To <hi rend="italic">Pepin</hi> or <hi  
 rend="italic">Clotharius</hi>, they keepe State so.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-san">  
 <speaker rend="italic">L. San.</speaker>  
 <l>They haue all new legs,</l>  
 <l>And lame ones; one would take it,</l>  
 <l>That neuer see 'em pace before, the Spauen</l>  
 <l>A Spring-halt rain'd among 'em.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
<speaker rend="italic">L. Ch.</speaker>  
<l>Death my Lord,</l>  
<l>Their cloathes are after such a Pagan cut too't,</l>  
<l>That sure th'haue worne out C<gap extent="2"  
unit="chars"  
reason="illegible"  
agent="uninkedType"  
resp="#ES"/>istendome: how now?</l>  
<l>What newes, Sir <hi rend="italic">Thomas Louell</hi>?</l>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Sir Thomas

Louell.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h8-lov">  
<speaker rend="italic">Louell.</speaker>  
<l>Faith my Lord,</l>  
<l>I heare of none but the new Proclamation,</l>  
<l>That's clapt vpon the Court Gate.</l>  
</sp>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">L.

Cham.</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0566-0.jpg" n="210"/>  
<fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>  
<cb n="1"/>  
<sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
<speaker rend="italic">L. Cham.</speaker>  
<l>What is't for?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-lov">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lou.</speaker>  
<l>The reformation of our trauel'd Gallants,</l>  
<l>That fill the Court with quarrels, talke, and Taylors.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
<speaker rend="italic">L. Cham.</speaker>  
<l>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 <hi rend="italic">Lououre</hi>.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-lov">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lou.</speaker>  
<l>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 wisdom, renouncing cleane</l>  
<l>The faith they haue in Tennis and tall Stockings,</l>

away</l>

<l>Short blistred Breeches, and those types of Trauell;</l>  
<l>And vnderstand againe like honest men</l>  
<l>Or pack to their old Playfellowes; there, I take it,</l>  
<l>They may <hi rend="italic">Cum Pruiilegio</hi>, wee

<l>The lag end of their lewdnesse, and be laugh'd at.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-san">

<speaker rend="italic">L. San.</speaker>

<l>Tis time to giue 'em Physicke, their diseases</l>

<l>Are growne so catching.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-chm">

<speaker rend="italic">L. Cham.</speaker>

<l>What a losse our Ladies</l>

<l>Will haue of these trim vanities?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-lov">

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

<l>I marry,</l>

<l>There will be woe indeed Lords, the slye whorsons</l>

<l>Haue got a speeding tricke to lay downe Ladies:</l>

<l>A French Song, and a Fiddle, ha's no Fellow.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-san">

<speaker rend="italic">L. San.</speaker>

<l>The Diuell fiddle 'em,</l>

<l>I am glad they are going,</l>

<l>For sure there's no conuerting of 'em: now</l>

<l>An honest Country Lord as I am, beaten</l>

<l>A long time out of play, may bring his plaine song,</l>

<l>And haue an houre of hearing, and by'r Lady</l>

<l>Held currant Musicke too.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-chm">

<speaker rend="italic">L. Cham.</speaker>

<l>Well said Lord <hi rend="italic">Sands</hi>,</l>

<l>Your Colts tooth is not cast yet?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-san">

<speaker rend="italic">L. San.</speaker>

<l>No my Lord,</l>

<l>Nor shall not while I haue a stumpe.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-chm">

<speaker rend="italic">L. Cham.</speaker>

<l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Thomas</hi>,</l>

<l>Whither were you a going?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-lov">

<speaker rend="italic">Lou.</speaker>  
 <l>To the Cardinals;</l>  
 <l>Your Lordship is a guest too.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
 <speaker rend="italic">L. Cham.</speaker>  
 <l>O, 'tis true;</l>  
 <l>This night he makes a Supper, and a great one,</l>  
 <l>To many Lords and Ladies; there will be</l>  
 <l>The Beauty of this Kingdome Ile assure you.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-lov">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lou.</speaker>  
 <l>That Churchman</l>  
 <l>Beares a bounteous minde indeed,</l>  
 <l>A hand as fruitfull as the Land that feeds vs,</l>  
 <l>His dewes fall euery where.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
 <speaker rend="italic">L. Cham.</speaker>  
 <l>No doubt hee's Noble;</l>  
 <l>He had a blacke mouth that said other of him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-san">  
 <speaker rend="italic">L. San.</speaker>  
 <l>He may my Lord,</l>  
 <l>Ha's wherewithall in him;</l>  
 <l>Sparing would shew a worse sinne, then ill Doctrine,</l>  
 <l>Men of his way, should be most liberall,</l>  
 <l>They are set heere for examples.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
 <speaker rend="italic">L. Cham.</speaker>  
 <l>True, they are so;</l>  
 <l>But few now giue so great ones:</l>  
 <l>My Barge stayes;</l>  
 <l>Your Lordship shall along: Come, good Sir <hi  
 rend="italic">Thomas</hi>,</l>  
 <l>We shall be late else, which I would not be,</l>  
 <l>For I was spoke to, with Sir <hi rend="italic">Henry  
 Guilford</hi>  
 </l>  
 <l>This night to be Comptrollers.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-san">  
 <speaker rend="italic">L. San.</speaker>  
 <l>I am your Lordships.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 <cb n="2"/>

</div>  
 <div type="scene" n="4">  
   <head rend="italic center">Scena Quarta.</head>  
   <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 4]</head>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
   <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Hoboies. A small Table  
 vnder a State for the Cardinall, a  
     <lb/>longer Table for the Guests. Then Enter Anne Bullen,  
     <lb/>and diuers other Ladies, & Gentlemen, as Guests  
     <lb/>at one Doore; at an other Doore enter  
     <lb/>Sir Henry Guilford.</stage>  
   <sp who="#F-h8-gui">  
     <speaker rend="italic">S. Hen. Guilf.</speaker>  
     <l>Ladies,</l>  
     <l>A generall welcome from his Grace</l>  
     <l>Salutes ye all; This Night he dedicates</l>  
     <l>To faire content, and you: None heere he hopes</l>  
     <l>In all this Noble Beuy, has brought with her</l>  
     <l>One care abroad: hee would haue all as merry:</l>  
     <l>As first, good Company, good wine, good welcome,</l>  
     <l>Can make good people.</l>  
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter L.  
 Chamberlaine L. Sands, and Louell.</stage>  
     <l>O my Lord, y'are tardy;</l>  
     <l>The very thought of this faire Company,</l>  
     <l>Clapt wings to me.</l>  
   </sp>  
   <sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>  
     <l>You are young Sir <hi rend="italic">Harry Guilford</hi>.</l>  
   </sp>  
   <sp who="#F-h8-san">  
     <speaker rend="italic">San.</speaker>  
     <l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Thomas Louell</hi>, had the  
 Cardinall</l>  
     <l>But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, some of these</l>  
     <l>Should finde a running Banket, ere they rested,</l>  
     <l>I thinke would better please 'em: by my life,</l>  
     <l>They are a sweet society of faire ones.</l>  
   </sp>  
   <sp who="#F-h8-lov">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Lou.</speaker>  
     <l>O that your Lordship were but now Confessor,</l>  
     <l>To one or two of these.</l>  
   </sp>  
   <sp who="#F-h8-san">  
     <speaker rend="italic">San.</speaker>  
     <l>I would I were,</l>  
     <l>They should finde easie pennance.</l>  
   </sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-lov">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lou.</speaker>  
   <l>Faith how easie?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-san">  
   <speaker rend="italic">San.</speaker>  
   <l>As easie as a downe bed would affoord it.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>  
   <l>Sweet Ladies will it please you sit; Sir <hi  
 rend="italic">Harry</hi>  
   </l>  
   <l>Place you that side, Ile take the charge of this:</l>  
   <l>His Grace is entring. Nay, you must not freeze,</l>  
   <l>Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather:</l>  
   <l>My Lord <hi rend="italic">Sands</hi>, you are one will  
 keepe 'em waking:</l>  
   <l>Pray sit betweene these Ladies.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-san">  
   <speaker rend="italic">San.</speaker>  
   <l>By my faith,</l>  
   <l>And thanke your Lordship: by your leaue sweet Ladies,</l>  
   <l>If I chance to talke a little wilde, forgie me:</l>  
   <l>I had it from my Father.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-ann">  
   <speaker rend="italic">An. Bul.</speaker>  
   <l>Was he mad Sir?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-san">  
   <speaker rend="italic">San.</speaker>  
   <l>O very mad exceeding mad, in loue too;</l>  
   <l>But he would bite none, iust as I doe now,</l>  
   <l>He would Kisse you Twenty with a breath.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>  
   <l>Well said my Lord:</l>  
   <l>So now y'are fairely seated: Gntlemen,</l>  
   <l>The pennance lyes on you; if these faire Ladies</l>  
   <l>Passe away frowning.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-san">  
   <speaker rend="italic">San.</speaker>  
   <l>For my little Cure,</l>  
   <l>Let me alone.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Hoboyes. Enter Cardinall

Wolsey, and takes his State.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
<l>Y'are wel<gap extent="1"  
unit="chars"  
reason="illegible"  
agent="partiallyInkedType"  
resp="#ES"/>ome my faire Guests that noble Lady</l>  
<l>Or Gentleman that is not freely merry</l>  
<l>Is not my Friend. This to confirme my welcome,</l>  
<l>And to you all good health.</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-san">  
<speaker rend="italic">San.</speaker>  
<l>Your Grace is Noble,</l>  
<l>Let me haue such a Bowle may hold my thanks,</l>  
<l>And saue me so much talking.</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
<l>My Lord <hi rend="italic">Sands</hi>,</l>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">I</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0567-0.jpg" n="211"/>  
<fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>  
<cb n="1"/>  
<l>I am beholding to you: cheere your neighbours:</l>  
<l>Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen,</l>  
<l>Whose fault is this?</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-san">  
<speaker rend="italic">San.</speaker>  
<l>The red wine first must rise</l>  
<l>In their faire cheekes my Lord, then wee shall haue 'em,</l>  
<l>Talke vs to silence.</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-ann">  
<speaker rend="italic">An. B.</speaker>  
<l>You are a merry Gamster</l>  
<l>My Lord <hi rend="italic">Sands</hi>.</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-san">  
<speaker rend="italic">San.</speaker>  
<l>Yes, if I make my play:</l>  
<l>Heer's to your Ladiship, and pledge it Madam:</l>  
<l>For tis to such a thing.</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-ann">  
<speaker rend="italic">An. B.</speaker>  
<l>You cannot shew me.</l>  
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Drum and Trumpet,  
 Chambers dischargd.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-san">  
   <speaker rend="italic">San.</speaker>  
   <l>I told your Grace, they would talke anon.</l>  
</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
   <l>What's that?</l>  
</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>  
   <l>Looke out there, some of ye.</l>  
</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
   <l>What warlike voyce,</l>  
   <l>And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, feare not;</l>  
   <l>By all the lawes of Warre y'are priuiledg'd.</l>  
</sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a  
 Seruant.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>  
   <l>How now, what is't?</l>  
</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-ser">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Seru.</speaker>  
   <l>A noble troupe of Strangers,</l>  
   <l>For so they seeme; th'haue left their Barge and landed,</l>  
   <l>And hither make, as great Embassadors</l>  
   <l>From forraigne Princes.</l>  
</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
   <l>Good Lord Chamberlaine,</l>  
   <l>Go, giue 'em welcome; you can speake the French tongue</l>  
   <l>And pray receiue 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em</l>  
   <l>Into our presence, where this heauen of beauty</l>  
   <l>Shall shine at full vpon them. Some attend him.</l>  
   <stage rend="italic center" type="business">All rise, and Tables  
 remou'd.</stage>  
   <l>You haue now a broken Banket, but wee'l mend it.</l>  
   <l>A good digestion to you all; and once more</l>  
   <l>I showre a welcome on yee: welcome all.</l>  
   <stage rend="italic" type="mixed">Hoboyes. Enter King and  
 others as Maskers, habited like  
   <lb/>Shepherds, vsher'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They  
   <lb/>passe directly before the Cardinall, and gracefully sa-  
   <lb/>lute him.</stage>



<l>A noble Company: what are their pleasures?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>  
<l>Because they speak no English, thus they praid</l>  
<l>To tell your Grace: That hauing heard by fame</l>  
<l>Of this so Noble and so faire assembly,</l>  
<l>This night to meet heere they could doe no lesse,</l>  
<l>(Out of the great respect they beare to beauty)</l>  
<l>But leaue their Flockes, and vnder your faire Conduct</l>  
<l>Craue leaue to view these Ladies, and entreat</l>  
<l>An houre of Reuels with 'em.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
<l>Say, Lord <hi rend="italic">Chamberlaine</hi>,</l>  
<l>They haue done my poore house grace:</l>  
<l>For which I pay 'em a thousand thankes,</l>  
<l>And pray 'em take their pleasures.</l>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Choose Ladies, King  
and An Bullen.</stage>  
<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
<l>The fairest hand I euer touch'd: O Beauty,</l>  
<l>Till now I neuer knew thee.</l>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Musicke,  
Dance.</stage>  
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
<l>My Lord.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>  
<l>Your Grace.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
<l>Pray tell 'em thus much from me:</l>  
<l>There should be one amongst 'em by his person</l>  
<l>More worthy this place then my selfe, to whom</l>  
<l>(If I but knew him) with my loue aud duty</l>  
<l>I would surrender it.</l>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Whisper.</stage>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>  
<l>I will my Lord.</l>  
</sp>

<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 vnhappy.</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 vnmanerly to take you out,</l>  
   <l>And not to kisse you. A health Gentlemen,</l>  
   <l>Let it goe round.</l>

ready</l>

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</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>
  <l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Thomas Louell</hi>, is the Banket
  <l>I'th'Priuy Chamber?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-lov">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lou.</speaker>
  <l>Yes, my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>
  <l>Your Grace</l>
  <l>I feare, with dancing is a little heated.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
  <l>I feare too much.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>
  <l>There's fresher ayre my Lord,</l>
  <l>In the next Chamber.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
  <l>Lead in your Ladies eu'ry one: Sweet Partner,</l>
  <l>I must not yet forsake you: Let's be merry,</l>
  <l>Good my Lord Cardinall: I haue halfe a dozen healths,</l>
  <l>To drinke to these faire Ladies, and a measure</l>
  <l>To lead 'em once againe, and then let's dreame</l>
  <l>Who's best in fauour. Let the Musicke knock it.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="exit">Exeunt with
Trumpets.</stage>
<cb n="1"/>
</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="2">
<div type="scene" n="1">
  <head rend="italic center">Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter two Gentlemen at
seuerall Doores.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">
    <speaker>1.</speaker>
    <l>Whether away so fast?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">

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<speaker>2.</speaker>  
<l>O, God saue ye:</l>  
<l>Eu'n to the Hall, to heare what shall become</l>  
<l>Of the great Duke of Buckingham.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">  
<speaker>1.</speaker>  
<l>Ile saue you</l>  
<l>That labour Sir. All's now done but the Ceremony</l>  
<l>Of bringing backe the Prisoner.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">  
<speaker>2.</speaker>  
<l>Were you there?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">  
<speaker>1.</speaker>  
<l>Yes indeed was I.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">  
<speaker>2.</speaker>  
<l>Pray speake what ha's happen'd.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">  
<speaker>1.</speaker>  
<l>You may gesse quickly what.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">  
<speaker>2.</speaker>  
<l>Is he found guilty?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">  
<speaker>1.</speaker>  
<l>Yes truly is he,</l>  
<l>And condemnd vpon't.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">  
<speaker>2.</speaker>  
<l>I am sorry fort.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">  
<speaker>1.</speaker>  
<l>So are a number more.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">  
<speaker>2.</speaker>  
<l>But pray how past it?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">  
<speaker>1.</speaker>

<|>He tell you in a little. The great Duke</|>  
 <|>Came to the Bar; where, to his accusations</|>  
 <|>He pleaded still not guilty, and alleadged</|>  
 <|>Many sharpe reasons to defeat the Law.</|>  
 <|>The Kings Attorney on the contrary,</|>  
 <|>Vrg'd on the Examinations, proofes, confessions</|>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Of</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0568-0.jpg" n="212"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <|>Of diuers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd</|>  
 <|>To him brought <hi rend="italic">viua voce</hi> to his  
 face;</|>  
 <|>At which appear'd against him, his Surueyor</|>  
 <|>Sir <hi rend="italic">Gilbert Pecke</hi> his Chancellour, and  
 <hi rend="italic">Iohn Car</hi>,</|>  
 <|>Confessor to him, with that Diuell Monke,</|>  
 <|>  
 <hi rend="italic">Hopkins</hi>, that made this mischiefe.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">  
 <speaker>2.</speaker>  
 <|>That was hee</|>  
 <|>That fed him with his Prophecies.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">  
 <speaker>1.</speaker>  
 <|>The same,</|>  
 <|>All these accus'd him strongly, which he faine</|>  
 <|>Would haue flung from him; but indeed he couldnot;</|>  
 <|>And so his Peeres vpon this euidence,</|>  
 <|>Haue found him guilty of high Treason. Mu<gap extent="1"  
 unit="chars"  
 reason="illegible"  
 agent="partiallyInkedType"  
 resp="#ES"/>h</|>  
 <|>He spoke, and learnedly for life: But all</|>  
 <|>Was either pittied in him, or forgotten.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">  
 <speaker>2.</speaker>  
 <|>After all this, how did he beare himselfe?</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">  
 <speaker>1.</speaker>  
 <|>When he was brought agen to th'Bar, to heare</|>  
 <|>His Knell rung out, his Iudgement, he was stir'd</|>  
 <|>With such an Agony, he sweat extreamly,</|>  
 <|>And something spoke in choller, ill, and hasty:</|>  
 <|>But he fell to himselfe againe, and sweetly,</|>

<l>In all the rest shew'd a most Noble patience.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">  
 <speaker>2.</speaker>  
 <l>I doe not thinke he feares death.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">  
 <speaker>1.</speaker>  
 <l>Sure he does not,</l>  
 <l>He neuer was so womanish, the cause</l>  
 <l>He may a little grieue at.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">  
 <speaker>2.</speaker>  
 <l>Certainly,</l>  
 <l>The Cardinall is the end of this.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">  
 <speaker>1.</speaker>  
 <l>Tis likely,</l>  
 <l>By all coniectures: First <hi rend="italic">Kildares</hi>  
 Attendure;</l>  
 <l>Then Deputy of Ireland, who remou'd</l>  
 <l>Earle <hi rend="italic">Surrey</hi>, was sent thither, and in  
 hast too,</l>  
 <l>Least he should helpe his Father.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">  
 <speaker>2.</speaker>  
 <l>That tricke of State</l>  
 <l>Was a deepe enuious one,</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">  
 <speaker>1.</speaker>  
 <l>At his returne,</l>  
 <l>No doubt he will requite it; this is noted</l>  
 <l>(And generally) who euer the King fauours,</l>  
 <l>The Cardnall instantly will finde employment,</l>  
 <l>And farre enough from Court too.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">  
 <speaker>2.</speaker>  
 <l>All the Commons</l>  
 <l>Hate him perniciously, and o' my Conscience</l>  
 <l>Wish him ten faddom deepe: This Duke as much</l>  
 <l>They loue and doate on: call him bounteous <hi  
 rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>,</l>  
 <l>The Mirror of all courtesie.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">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.

1.  
Stay there Sir,  
And see the noble ruin'd man you speake of.

2.  
Let's stand close and behold him.

Buck  
All good people,  
You that thus farre haue come to pittie me;  
Heare what I say, and then goe home and lose me.  
I haue this day receiu'd a Traitors iudgement,  
And by that name must dye; yet Heauen beare witnes,  
And if I haue a Conscience, let it sincke me,  
Euen as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.  
The Law I beare no mallice for my death,  
T'has done vpon the premises, but Iustice:  
But those that sought it, I could wish more Christians:  
(Be what they will) I heartily forgiue 'em;  
Yet let 'em looke they glory not in mischief;  
Nor build their euils on the graues of great men;  
For then, my guiltlesse blood must cry against 'em.  
For further life in this world I ne're hope,  
Nor will I sue, although the King haue mercies  
More then I dare make faults.  
You few that lou'd me,  
And dare be bold to weepe for

Buckingham,

His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to leaue  
Is only bitter to him, only dying:  
Goe with me like good Angels to my end,  
And as the long diuorce of Steele fals on me,  
Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice,  
And lift my Soule to Heauen.  
Lead on a Gods name.

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

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-buc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>  
   <l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Thomas Louell</hi>, I as free forgiue  
 you</l>  
   <l>As I would be forgiuen: I forgiue all.</l>  
   <l>There cannot be those numberlesse offences</l>  
   <l>Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with:</l>  
   <l>No blacke Enuy shall make my Graue.</l>  
   <l>Commend mee to his Grace:</l>  
   <l>And if he speake of <hi rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>; pray  
 tell him,</l>  
   <l>You met him halfe in Heauen: my vowes and prayers</l>  
   <l>Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule forsake,</l>  
   <l>Shall cry for blessings on him. May he liue</l>  
   <l>Longer then I haue time to tell his yeares;</l>  
   <l>Euer belou'd and louing, may his Rule be;</l>  
   <l>And when old Time shall lead him to his end,</l>  
   <l>Goodnesse and he, fill vp one Monument.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-lov">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lou.</speaker>  
   <l>To th' water side I must conduct your Grace;</l>  
   <l>Then giue my Charge vp to Sir <hi rend="italic">Nicholas  
 Vaux</hi>,</l>  
   <l>Who vndertakes you to your end.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-vau">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Vaux.</speaker>  
   <l>Prepare there,</l>  
   <l>The Duke is comming: See the Barge be ready;</l>  
   <l>And fit it with such furniture as suites</l>  
   <l>The Greatnesse of his Person.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-buc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>  
   <l>Nay, Sir <hi rend="italic">Nicholas</hi>,</l>  
   <l>Let it alone; my State now will but mocke me.</l>  
   <l>When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,</l>  
   <l>And Duke of <hi rend="italic">Buckingham:</hi> now, poore  
 <hi rend="italic">Edward Bohun</hi>;</l>  
   <l>Yet I am richer then my base Accusers,</l>  
   <l>That neuer knew what Truth meant: I now seale it;</l>  
   <l>And with that bloud will make 'em one day groane for't.</l>  
   <l>My noble Father <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> of <hi  
 rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>,</l>  
   <l>Who first rais'd head against Vsurping <hi  
 rend="italic">Richard</hi>,</l>  
   <l>Flying for succour to his Seruant <hi  
 rend="italic">Banister</hi>,</l>



<|>Being distrest; was by that wretch betraid,</|>  
<|>And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him.</|>  
<|>

pittyng</|>  
<hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> the Seauenth succeeding, truly

<|>My Fathers losse; like a most Royall Prince</|>  
<|>Restor'd me to my Honours: and out of ruines</|>  
<|>Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,</|>  
<|>

all</|>  
<hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> the Eight, Life, Honour, Name and

<|>That made me happy; at one stroake ha's taken</|>  
<|>For euer from the World. I had my Tryall,</|>  
<|>And must needs say a Noble one; which makes me</|>  
<|>A little happier then my wretched Father:</|>  
<|>Yet thus farre we are one in Fortunes; both</|>  
<|>Fell by our Seruants, by those Men we lou'd most:</|>  
<|>A most vnnaturall and faithlesse Seruice.</|>  
<|>Heauen ha's an end in all: yet, you that heare me,</|>  
<|>This from a dying man receiue as certaine:</|>  
<|>Where you are liberall of your loues and Councels,</|>  
<|>Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,</|>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0569-0.jpg" n="213"/>  
<fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>  
<cb n="1"/>  
<|>And giue your hearts to; when they once perceiue</|>  
<|>The least rub in your fortunes, fall away</|>  
<|>Like water from ye, neuer found againe</|>  
<|>But where they meane to sinke ye: all good people</|>  
<|>Pray for me, I must now forsake ye; the last houre</|>  
<|>Of my long weary life is come vpon me:</|>  
<|>Farewell; and when you would say something that is sad,</|>  
<|>Speake how I fell.</|>  
<|>I haue done; and God forgiue me.</|>

</sp>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="exit">Exeunt Duke and  
Traine.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">  
<speaker>1.</speaker>  
<|>O, this is full of pitty; Sir, it cal</|>  
<|>I feare, too many curses on their heads</|>  
<|>That were the Authors.</|>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">  
<speaker>2.</speaker>  
<|>If the Duke be guiltlesse,</|>  
<|>'Tis full of woe: yet I can giue you inckling</|>  
<|>Of an ensuing euill, if it fall,</|>  
<|>Greater then this.</|>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">  
 <speaker>1.</speaker>  
 <l>Good Angels keepe it from vs:</l>  
 <l>What may it be? you doe not doubt my faith Sir?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">  
 <speaker>2.</speaker>  
 <l>This Secret is so weighty, 'twill require</l>  
 <l>A strong faith to conceale it.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">  
 <speaker>1.</speaker>  
 <l>Let me haue it:</l>  
 <l>I doe not talke much.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">  
 <speaker>2.</speaker>  
 <l>I am confident;</l>  
 <l>You shall Sir: Did you not of late dayes heare</l>  
 <l>A buzzing of a Separation</l>  
 <l>Betweene the King and <hi rend="italic">Katherine</hi>?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">  
 <speaker>1.</speaker>  
 <l>Yes, but it held not;</l>  
 <l>For when the King once heard it, out of anger</l>  
 <l>He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight</l>  
 <l>To stop the rumor; and allay those tongues</l>  
 <l>That durst disperse it.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">  
 <speaker>2.</speaker>  
 <l>But that slander Sir,</l>  
 <l>Is found a truth now: for it growes agen</l>  
 <l>Fresher then e're it was; and held for certaine</l>  
 <l>The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinall,</l>  
 <l>Or some about him neere, haue out of malice</l>  
 <l>To the good Queene, possest him with a scruple</l>  
 <l>That will vndoe her: To confirme this too,</l>  
 <l>Cardinall <hi rend="italic">Campeius</hi> is arriu'd, and  
lately,</l>  
 <l>As all thinke for this busines.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">  
 <speaker>1.</speaker>  
 <l>Tis the Cardinall;</l>  
 <l>And meerely to reuenge him on the Emperour,</l>  
 <l>For not bestowing on him at his asking,</l>  
 <l>The Archbishopricke of <hi rend="italic">Toledo</hi>, this is

purpos'd.</l>

```
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">
  <speaker>2.</speaker>
  <l>I thinke</l>
  <l>You haue hit the marke; but is't not cruell,</l>
  <l>That she should feele the smart of this: the Cardinall</l>
  <l>Will haue his will, and she must fall.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">
  <speaker>1.</speaker>
  <l>'Tis wofull.</l>
  <l>Wee are too open heere to argue this:</l>
  <l>Let's thinke in priuate more.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
```

</div>

```
<div type="scene" n="2">
```

```
  <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
```

```
  <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
```

```
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lord
```

Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.</stage>

```
  <sp who="#F-h8-chm">
```

```
    <p rend="italic">
```

sent for, with all the

```
      <lb/>care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd.
```

```
      <lb/>They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in
```

the

```
      <lb/>North. When they were ready to set out for London, a
```

man

```
      <lb/>of my Lord Cardinalls, by Commission, and maine power
```

tooke

```
      <lb/>'em from me, with this reason: his maister would bee
```

seru'd be-

```
    <cb n="2"/>
```

```
      <lb/>fore a Subiect, if not before the King, which stop'd our
```

mouthes

```
      <lb/>Sir.</p>
```

```
    <p>I feare he will indeede; well, let him haue them; hee
```

```
      <lb/>will haue all I thinke.</p>
```

```
</sp>
```

Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Nor-

```
  <lb/>folke and Suffolke.</stage>
```

```
<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">
```

```
  <speaker rend="italic">Norf.</speaker>
```

```
  <l>Well met my Lord <hi rend="italic">Chamberlaine</hi>.</l>
```

```
</sp>
```

```
<sp who="#F-h8-chm">
```

<speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>  
 <l>Good day to both your Graces.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-suf">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
 <l>How is the King imployd?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>  
 <l>I left him priuate,</l>  
 <l>Full of sad thoughts and troubles.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Norf.</speaker>  
 <l>What's the cause?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>  
 <l>It seemes the Marriage with his Brothers Wife</l>  
 <l>Ha's crept too neere his Conscience.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-suf">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
 <l>No, his Conscience</l>  
 <l>Ha's crept too neere another Ladie.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Norf.</speaker>  
 <l>Tis so;</l>  
 <l>This is the Cardinals doing; The King-Cardinall,</l>  
 <l>That blinde Priest, like the eldest Sonne of Fortune,</l>  
 <l>Turnes what he list. The King will know him one day.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-suf">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
 <l>Pray God he doe,</l>  
 <l>Hee'l neuer know himselfe else.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Norf.</speaker>  
 <l>How holily he workes in all his businesse,</l>  
 <l>And with what zeale? For now he has crackt the League</l>  
 <l>Between vs & the Emperor (the Queens great  
 Nephew)</l>  
 <l>He diues into the Kings Soule, and there scatters</l>  
 <l>Dangers, doubts, wringing of the Conscience,</l>  
 <l>Feares, and despaires, and all these for his Marriage.</l>  
 <l>And out of all these, to restore the King,</l>  
 <l>He counsels a Diuorce, a losse of her</l>  
 <l>That like a Iewell, ha's hung twenty yeares</l>

<l>About his necke, yet neuer lost her lustre;</l>  
<l>Of her that loues him with that excellence,</l>  
<l>That Angels loue good men with:; Euen of her,</l>  
<l>That when the greatest stroake of Fortune falls</l>  
<l>Will blesse the King: and is not this course pious?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-chm">

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

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-suf">

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

<l>And free vs from his slauery.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">

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

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-suf">

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

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">

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

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-chm">

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

<l>Excuse me,</l>  
<l>The King ha's sent me otherwhere: Besides</l>

<l>You'l finde a most vnfit time to disturbe him:</l>  
 <l>Health to your Lordships.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">v</fw>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Nor.</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0570-0.jpg" n="214"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Norfolke.</speaker>  
   <l>Thanks my good Lord <hi  
 rend="italic">Chamberlaine</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="exit">Exit Lord Chamberlaine,  
 and the King draws the Curtaine  
   <lb/>and sits reading pensiuely.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-suf">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
   <l>How sad he lookes; sure he is much afflicted.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>  
   <l>Who's there? Ha?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Norff.</speaker>  
   <l>Pray God he be not angry.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>  
   <l>Who's there I say? How dare you thrust your  
     <lb rend="turnover"/>  
 <pc rend="turnover"></pc>selues</l>  
   <l>Into my priuate Meditations?</l>  
   <l>Who am I? Ha?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Norff.</speaker>  
   <l>A gracious King, that pardons all offences</l>  
   <l>Malice ne're meant: Our breach of Duty this way,</l>  
   <l>Is businesse of Estate; in which, we come</l>  
   <l>To know your Royall pleasure.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>  
   <l>Ye are too bold:</l>  
   <l>Go too; Ile make ye know your times of businesse:</l>  
   <l>Is this an howre for temporall affaires? Ha<c  
 rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>

*<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Wolsey and Campeius with a Commission.</stage>*

*<l>Who's there? my good Lord Cardinall? O my <hi rend="italic">Wolsey</hi>,</l>*

*<l>The quiet of my wounded Conscience;</l>*

*<l>Thou art a cure fit for a King; you'r welcome</l>*

*<l>Most learned Reuerend Sir, into our Kingdome,</l>*

*<l>Vse vs, and it: My good Lord, haue great care,</l>*

*<l>I be not found a Talker.</l>*

*</sp>*

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

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

*<l>Sir, you cannot;</l>*

*<l>I would your Grace would giue vs but an houre</l>*

*<l>Of priuate conference.</l>*

*</sp>*

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

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

*<l>We are busie; goe.</l>*

*</sp>*

*<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">*

*<speaker rend="italic">Norff.</speaker>*

*<l>This Priest ha's no pride in him?</l>*

*</sp>*

*<sp who="#F-h8-suf">*

*<speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>*

*<l>Not to speake of:</l>*

*<l>I would not be so sicke though for his place:</l>*

*<l>But this cannot continue.</l>*

*</sp>*

*<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">*

*<speaker rend="italic">Norff.</speaker>*

*<l>If it doe, Ile venture one; haue at him.</l>*

*</sp>*

*<sp who="#F-h8-suf">*

*<speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>*

*<l>I another.</l>*

*</sp>*

*<stage rend="italic center" type="exit">Exeunt Norfolke and Suffolke.</stage>*

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

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

*<l>Your Grace ha's giuen a President of wisdom</l>*

*<l>Aboue all Princes, in committing freely</l>*

*<l>Your scruple to the voyce of Christendome:</l>*

*<l>Who can be angry now? What Enuy reach you<*

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

*</l>*

*<l>The Spaniard tide by blood and fauour to her,</l>*

*<l>Must now confesse, if they haue any goodnesse,</l>*

<l>The Tryall, iust and Noble. All the Clerkes,</l>  
 <l>(I meane the learned ones in Christian Kingdomes)</l>  
 <l>Haue their free voyces. Rome (the Nurse of Iudgement)</l>  
 <l>Inuited by your Noble selfe, hath sent</l>  
 <l>One generall Tongue vnto vs. This good man,</l>  
 <l>This iust and learned Priest, Cardnall <hi  
*>Campeius</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Whom once more, I present vnto your Highnesse.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>  
 <l>And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome,</l>  
 <l>And thanke the holy Conclauē for their loues,</l>  
 <l>They haue sent me such a Man, I would haue wish'd for.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-cam">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>  
 <l>Your Grace must needs deserue all strangers loues,</l>  
 <l>You are so Noble: To your Highnesse hand</l>  
 <l>I tender my Commission; by whose vertue,</l>  
 <l>The Court of Rome commanding. You my Lord</l>  
 <l>Cardinall of <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi>, are ioyned with  
 me their Seruant,</l>  
 <l>In the vnpartiall iudging of this Businesse.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>  
 <l>Two equall men: The Queene shall be acquain-  
 <b rend="turnover"/>  
 <pc rend="turnover"></pc>ted</l>  
 <l>Forthwith for what you come. Where's <hi  
*>Gardiner</hi>?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Wol.</speaker>  
 <l>I know your Maiesty, ha's alwayes lou'd her</l>  
 <l>So deare in heart, not to deny her that</l>  
 <l>A Woman of lesse Place might aske by Law;</l>  
 <l>Schollers allow'd freely to argue for her.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>  
 <l>I, and the best she shall haue; and my fauour</l>  
 <l>To him that does best, God forbid els: Cardinall,</l>  
 <l>Prethee call <hi rend="italic">Gardiner</hi> to me, my new  
 Secretary.</l>  
 <l>I find him a fit fellow.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter**



Gardiner.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Wol.</speaker>  
<l>Giue me your hand: much ioy &amp; 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 <hi rend="italic">Gardiner</hi>.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Walkes and

whispers.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h8-cam">  
<speaker rend="italic">Camp.</speaker>  
<l>My Lord of <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi>, was not one

Doctor <hi rend="italic">Pace</hi>

</l>

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

</l>

</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>Beleue 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>

<l>Kept him a forraigne man still, which so greeu'd him,</l>  
 <l>That he ran mad, and dide.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Wol.</speaker>  
 <l>Heau'ns peace be with him:</l>  
 <l>That's Christian care enough: for liuing Murmurers,</l>  
 <l>There's places of rebuke. He was a Foole;</l>  
 <l>For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow,</l>  
 <l>If I command him followes my appointment,</l>  
 <l>I will haue none so neere els. Learne this Brother,</l>  
 <l>We liue not to be griped by meaner persons.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>  
 <l>Deliuere this with modesty to th'Queene.</l>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit  
 Gardiner.</stage>  
 <l>The most conuenient place, that I can thinke of</l>  
 <l>For such receipt of Learning, is Black-Fryers:</l>  
 <l>There ye shall meete about this waighty busines.</l>  
 <l>My <hi rend="italic">Wolsey</hi>, see it furnish'd, O my  
 Lord,</l>  
 <l>Would it not grieue an able man to leaue</l>  
 <l>So sweet a Bedfellow? But Conscience, Conscience;</l>  
 <l>O 'tis a tender place, and I must leaue her.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="3">  
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Anne Bullen, and  
 an old Lady.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-ann">  
 <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>  
 <l>Not for that neither; here's the pang that pinches.</l>  
 <l>His Highnesse, hauing liued so long with her, and she</l>  
 <l>So good a Lady, that no Tongue should euer</l>  
 <l>Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,</l>  
 <l>She neuer knew harme-doing: Oh, now after</l>  
 <l>So many courses of the Sun enthroned,</l>  
 <l>Still growing in a Maiesty and pompe, the which</l>  
 <l>To leaue, a thousand fold more bitter, then</l>  
 <l>'Tis sweet at first t'acquire. After this Processe.</l>  
 <l>To giue her the auaunt, it is a pittie</l>  
 <l>Would moue a Monster.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-ola">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Old La.</speaker>

<l>Hearts of most hard temper</l>  
<l>Melt and lament for her.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-ann">  
<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>  
<l>Oh Gods will, much better</l>  
<l>She ne're had knowne pompe; though't be temporall,</l>  
<l>Yet if that quarrell. Fortune, do diuorce</l>  
<l>It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging</l>  
<l>As soule and bodies seuering.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-ola">  
<speaker rend="italic">Old L.</speaker>  
<l>Alas poore Lady,</l>  
<l>Shee's a stranger now againe.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-ann">  
<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>  
<l>So much the more</l>  
<l>Must pittie drop vpon her; verily</l>  
<l>I sweare, tis better to be lowly borne,</l>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0571-0.jpg" n="215"/>  
<fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>  
<cb n="1"/>  
<l>And range with humble liuers in Content,</l>  
<l>Then to be perk'd up in a glistening grieffe,</l>  
<l>And weare a golden sorrow.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-ola">  
<speaker rend="italic">Old L.</speaker>  
<l>Our content</l>  
<l>Is our best hauing.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-ann">  
<speaker rend="italic">Anne.</speaker>  
<l>By my troth, and Maidenhead,</l>  
<l>I would not be a Queene.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-ola">  
<speaker rend="italic">Old. L.</speaker>  
<l>Beshrew me, I would,</l>  
<l>And venture Maidenhead for't, and so would you</l>  
<l>For all this spice of your Hipocrisie:</l>  
<l>You that haue so faire parts of Woman on you,</l>  
<l>Haue (too) a Womans heart, which euer yet</l>  
<l>Affected Eminence, Wealth, Soueraignty;</l>  
<l>Which, to say sooth, are Blessings; and which gifts</l>  
<l>(Sauing your mincing) the capacity</l>  
<l>Of your soft Chiuerell Conscience, would receiue,</l>

<l>If you might please to stretch it.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-ann">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Anne.</speaker>  
   <l>Nay, good troth.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-ola">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Old L.</speaker>  
   <l>Yes troth, & troth; you would not be a Queen?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-ann">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Anne.</speaker>  
   <l>No, not for all the riches vnder Heauen.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-ola">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Old. L.</speaker>  
   <l>Tis strange; a threepence bow'd would hire me</l>  
   <l>Old as I am, to Queene it: but I pray you,</l>  
   <l>What thinke you of a Dutchesse? Haue you limbs</l>  
   <l>To beare that load of Title?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-ann">  
   <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>  
   <l>No in truth.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-ola">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Old. L.</speaker>  
   <l>Then you are weakly made; plucke off a little,</l>  
   <l>I would not be a young Count in your way,</l>  
   <l>For more then blushing comes to: If your backe</l>  
   <l>Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, tis too weake</l>  
   <l>Euer to get a Boy.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-ann">  
   <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>  
   <l>How you doe talke;</l>  
   <l>I sweare againe, I would not be a Queene,</l>  
   <l>For all the world:</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-ola">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Old. L.</speaker>  
   <l>In faith, for little England</l>  
   <l>You'ld venture an emballing: I my selfe</l>  
   <l>Would for <hi rend="italic">Carnaruanshire</hi>, although  
 there long'd</l>  
   <l>No more to th'Crowne but that: Lo, who comes here<c  
 rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lord

Chamberlaine.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
<speaker rend="italic">L. Cham.</speaker>  
<l>Good morrow Ladies; what wer't worth to  
<lb rend="turnover"/>  
<pc rend="turnover"></pc>know</l>  
<l>The secret of your conference?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-ann">  
<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>  
<l>My good Lord,</l>  
<l>Not your demand; it values not your asking:</l>  
<l>Our Mistris Sorrowes we were pittying.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>  
<l>It was a gentle busnesse, 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, & heau'nly 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

which Title,</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 &

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"

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 Lemme,</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 fill'd 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 tastes 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>

<l>With your Theame, I could</l>  
 <l>Ore-mount the Larke: The Marchionesse of <hi  
 rend="italic">Pembrooke</hi>?</l>  
 <l>A thousand pounds a yeare, for pure respect<c  
 rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 <l>No other obligation? by my Life,</l>  
 <l>That promises mo thousands: Honours traine</l>  
 <l>Is longer then his fore-skirt; by this time</l>  
 <l>I know your backe will beare a Dutchesse. Say,</l>  
 <l>Are you not stronger then you were?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-ann">  
 <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>  
 <l>Good Lady,</l>  
 <l>Make your selfe mirth with your particular fancy,</l>  
 <l>And leaue me out on't. Would I had no being</l>  
 <l>If this salute my blood a iot; it faints me</l>  
 <l>To thinke what followes.</l>  
 <l>The Queene is comfortlesse, and wee forgetfull</l>  
 <l>In our long absence: pray doe not deliuer,</l>  
 <l>What heere y'haue heard to her.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-ola">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Old L.</speaker>  
 <l>What doe you thinke me &#x2014;</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="4">  
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Quarta.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 4]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Trumpets, Sennet, and  
 Cornets.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter two Vergers, with short  
 siluer wands; next them two  
 <lb/>Scribes in the habite of Doctors; after them, the Bishop of  
 <lb/>Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincolne, Ely,  
 <lb/>Rochester, and <choice>  
 <abbr>S.</abbr>  
 <expan>Saint</expan>  
 </choice> Asaph: Next them, with some small  
 <lb/>distance, followes a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the  
 <lb/>great Seale, and a Cardinals Hat: Then two Priests, bea-  
 <lb/>ring each a Siluer Crosse: Then a Gentleman Vsher bare-  
 <lb/>headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Armes, bearing a  
 <lb/>Siluer Mace: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great  
 <lb/>Siluer Pillers: After them, side by side, the two Cardinals,  
 <lb/>two Noblemen, with the Sword and Mace. The King takes  
 <lb/>place vnder the Cloth of State. The two Cardinalls sit

<lb/>vnder him as Iudges. The Queene takes place some di-  
<lb/>stance from the King. The Bishops place themselues on  
<lb/>each side the Court in manner of a Consistory: Below them  
<lb/>the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the  
<lb/>Attendants stand in conuenient 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-hn8">  
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
    <l>What's the need?</l>  
    <l>It hath already publicly 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>  
<choice>  
    <abbr>K.</abbr>  
    <expan>King</expan>  
</choice> of England, come into the Court.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-cri">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Crier.</speaker>  
    <l>  
<hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> King of England, &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">



<speaker rend="italic">Crier.</speaker>  
 <|>  
 <hi rend="italic">Katherine</hi> Queene of England, &c.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic" type="business">The Queene makes no answer,  
 rises out of her Chaire,  
 <lb/>goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneeles at  
 <lb/>his Feete. Then speakes.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
 <|>Sir, I desire you do me Right and Iustice,</|>  
 <|>And to bestow your pittie on me; for</|>  
 <|>I am a most poore Woman, and a Stranger,</|>  
 <|>Borne out of your Dominions: hauing heere</|>  
 <|>No Iudge indifferent, nor no more assurance</|>  
 <|>Of equall Friendship and Proceeding. Alas Sir:</|>  
 <|>In what haue I offended you? What cause</|>  
 <|>Hath my behauiour giuen to your displeasure,</|>  
 <|>That thus you should proceede to put me off,</|>  
 <|>And take your good Grace from me? Heauen witness,</|>  
 <|>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, subject 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</|>  
 mine,</|>  
 <|>He were mine Enemy<c rend="italic">?</c> What Friend of  
 <|>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 beene your Wife, in this Obedience,</|>  
 <|>Vpward of twenty yeares, and haue bene blest</|>  
 <|>With many Children by you. If in the course</|>  
 <|>And processe of this time, you can report,</|>  
 <|>And proue it too, against mine Honor, aught,</|>  
 <|>My bond to Wedlocke, or my Loue and Dutie</|>  
 <|>Against your Sacred Person; in Gods name</|>  
 <|>Turne me away: and let the fowl'st Contempt</|>  
 <|>Shut doore vpon me, and so giue me vp</|>  
 <|>To the sharp'st kinde of Iustice. Please you, Sir,</|>  
 <|>The King your Father, was reputed for</|>  
 <|>A Prince most Prudent; of an excellent</|>  
 <|>And vnmatch'd Wit, and Iudgement. <hi  
 rend="italic">Ferdinand</hi>  
 </|>  
 <|>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,</|>

<l>That they had gather'd a wise Councill to them</l>  
<l>Of euey Realme, that did debate this Businesse,</l>  
<l>Who deem'd our Marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly</l>  
<l>Beseech you Sir, to spare me, till I may</l>  
<l>Be by my Friends in Spaine, aduis'd; whose Counsaile</l>  
<l>I will implore. If not, i'th'name of God</l>  
<l>Your pleasure be fulfill'd.</l>

</sp>

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

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

<l>You haue heere Lady,</l>

<l>(And of your choice) these Reuerend Fathers, men</l>

<l>Of singular Integrity, and Learning;</l>

<l>Yea, the elect o'th'Land, who are assembled</l>

<l>To pleade your Cause. It shall be therefore bootlesse,</l>

<cb n="2"/>

<l>That longer you desire the Court, as well</l>

<l>For your owne quiet, as to rectifie</l>

<l>What is vnsetled in the King.</l>

</sp>

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

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

<l>His Grace</l>

<l>Hath spoken well, and iustly: Therefore Madam,</l>

<l>It's fit this Royall Session do proceed,</l>

<l>And that (without delay) their Arguments</l>

<l>Be now produc'd, and heard.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-qka">

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

<l>Lord Cardinall, to you I speake.</l>

</sp>

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

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

<l>Your pleasure, Madam.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-qka">

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

<l>Sir, I am about to weepe; but thinking that</l>

<l>We are a Queene (or long haue dream'd so) certaine</l>

<l>The daughter of a King, my drops of teares,</l>

<l>Ile turne to sparkes of fire.</l>

</sp>

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

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

<l>Be patient yet.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-qka">

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

<l>I will, when you are humble; Nay before,</l>

<|>Or God will punish me. I do beleue</|>  
<|>(Induc'd by potent Circumstances) that</|>  
<|>You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge,</|>  
<|>You shall not be my Iudge. For it is you</|>  
<|>Haue blowne this Coale, betwixt my Lord, and me;</|>  
<|>(Which Gods dew quench) therefore, I say againe,</|>  
<|>I vtterly abhorre; yea, from my Soule</|>  
<|>Refuse you for my Iudge, whom yet once more</|>  
<|>I hold my most malicious Foe, and thinke not</|>  
<|>At all a Friend to truth.</|>

</sp>

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

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

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-qka">

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

<|>My Lord, my Lord,</|>  
<|>I am a simple woman, much too weake</|>  
<|>T'oppose your <choice>

<orig>eunning</orig>

<corr>cunning</corr>

</choice>. Y'are meek, & humble-mouth'd</|>

<|>You signe your Place, and Calling, in full seeming,</|>  
<|>With Meekeness and Humilitie: but your Heart</|>  
<|>Is cramm'd with Arrogancie, Spleene, and Pride.</|>  
<|>You haue by Fortune, and his Highnesse fauors,</|>  
<|>Gone slightly o're lowe steppes, and now are mounted</|>  
<|>Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words</|>

<l>(Domestickes to you) serue your will, as't please</l>  
 <l>Your selfe pronounce their Office. I must tell you,</l>  
 <l>You tender more your persons Honor, then</l>  
 <l>Your high profession Spirituall. That agen</l>  
 <l>I do refuse you for my Iudge, and heere</l>  
 <l>Before you all, Appeale vnto the Pope,</l>  
 <l>To bring my whole Cause 'fore his Holinesse,</l>  
 <l>And to be iudged by him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">She Curtsies to  
 the King, and offers to depart.</stage>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight"  
 rend="italic">Camp.</fw>  
 <pb facs="Fimg:axc0573-0.jpg" n="217"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-cam">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Camp.</speaker>  
 <l>The Queene is obstinate,</l>  
 <l>Stubborne to Iustice, apt to accuse it, and</l>  
 <l>Disdainfull to be tride by't; tis not well.</l>  
 <l>Shee's going away.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>  
 <l>Call her againe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-cri">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Crier.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Katherine</hi>, <choice>  
 <abbr>Q</abbr>  
 <expan>Queene</expan>  
 </choice> of England, come into the Court.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-gri">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gent. Vsh.</speaker>  
 <l>Madam, you are cald backe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Que.</speaker>  
 <l>What need you note it? pray you keep your way,</l>  
 <l>When you are cald returne. Now the Lord helpe,</l>  
 <l>They vexe me past my patience, pray you passe on;</l>  
 <l>I will not tarry: no, nor euer more</l>  
 <l>Vpon this businesse my appearance make,</l>  
 <l>In any of their Courts.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="exit">Exit Queene, and her  
 Attendants.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>  
<l>Goe thy wayes <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>,</l>  
<l>That man i'th'world, who shall report he ha's</l>  
<l>A better Wife, let him in naught be trusted,</l>  
<l>For speaking false in that; thou art alone</l>  
<l>(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentlenesse,</l>  
<l>Thy meeknesse Saint-like, Wife-like Gouernment,</l>  
<l>Obeying in commanding, and thy parts</l>  
<l>Soueraigne and Pious els, could speake thee out)</l>  
<l>The Queene of earthly Q<gap extent="1"  
unit="chars"  
reason="illegible"  
agent="partiallyInkedType"  
resp="#ES"/>eenes: Shee's Noble borne;</l>  
<l>And like her true Nobility, she ha's</l>  
<l>Carried her selfe towards me.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Wol.</speaker>  
<l>Most gracious Sir,</l>  
<l>In humblest manner I require your Highnes,</l>  
<l>That it shall please you to declare in hearing</l>  
<l>Of all these cares (for where I am rob'd and bound,</l>  
<l>There must I be vnloos'd, although not there</l>  
<l>At once, and fully satisfide) whether euer I</l>  
<l>Did broach this busines to your Highnes, or</l>  
<l>Laid any scruple in your way whi<gap extent="1"  
unit="chars"  
reason="illegible"  
agent="uninkedType"  
resp="#ES"/>h might</l>  
<l>Induce you to the question on't: or euer</l>  
<l>Haue to you, but with thankes to God for such</l>  
<l>A Royall Lady, spake one, the least word that might</l>  
<l>Be to the preiudice of her present State,</l>  
<l>Or touch of her good Person?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>  
<l>My Lord Cardinall,</l>  
<l>I doe excuse you; yea, vpon mine Honour,</l>  
<l>I free you from't: You are not to be taught</l>  
<l>That you haue many enemies, that know not</l>  
<l>Why they are so; but like to Village Currees,</l>  
<l>Barke when their fellowes doe. By some of these</l>  
<l>The Queene is put in anger; y'are excus'd:</l>  
<l>But will you be more iustifi'de? You euer</l>  
<l>Haue wish'd the sleeping of this busines, neuer desir'd</l>  
<l>It to be stir'd; but oft haue hindred, oft</l>

<|>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  
     <lb rend="turnover"/>  
 <pc rend="turnover"></pc>too't:</|>  
 <|>My Conscience first receiu'd a tendernes,</|>  
 <|>Scruple, and pricke, on certaine Speeches vtter'd</|>  
 <|>By th'Bishop of <hi rend="italic">Bayon</hi>, then French  
 Ambassador,</|>  
 <|>Who had beene hither sent on the debating</|>  
 <|>And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of <hi  
 rend="italic">Orleance</hi>, and</|>  
 <|>Our Daughter <hi rend="italic">Mary:</hi> I'th'Progresse of  
 this busines,</|>  
 <|>Ere a determinate resolution, hee</|>  
 <|>(I meane the Bishop) did require a respite,</|>  
 <|>Wherein he might the King his Lord aduertise,</|>  
 <|>Whether our Daughter were legitimate,</|>  
 <|>Respecting this our Marriage with the Dowager,</|>  
 <|>Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This respite shooke</|>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <|>The bosome of my Conscience, enter'd me;</|>  
 <|>Yea, with a spitting power, and made to tremble</|>  
 <|>The region of my Breast, which forc'd such way,</|>  
 <|>That many maz'd considerings, did throng</|>  
 <|>And prest in with this Caution. First, me thought</|>  
 <|>I stood not in the smile of Heauen, who had</|>  
 <|>Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe</|>  
 <|>If it conceiu'd a male-child by me, should</|>  
 <|>Doe no more Offices of life too't; then</|>  
 <|>The Graue does to th'dead: For her Male Issue,</|>  
 <|>Or di'de where they were made, or shortly after</|>  
 <|>This world had ayr'd them. Hence I tooke a thought,</|>  
 <|>This was a Iudgement on me, that my Kingdome</|>  
 <|>(Well worthy the best Heyre o'th'World) should not</|>  
 <|>Be gladdened in't by me. Then followes, that</|>  
 <|>I weigh'd the danger which my Realmes stood in</|>  
 <|>By this my Issues faile, and that gawe to me</|>  
 <|>Many a groaning throw: thus hulling in</|>  
 <|>The wild Sea of my Conscience, I did steere</|>  
 <|>Toward this remedy, whereupon we are</|>  
 <|>Now present heere together: that's to say,</|>  
 <|>I meant to rectifie my Conscience, which</|>  
 <|>I then did feele full sicke, and yet not well,</|>  
 <|>By all the Reuerend Fathers of the Land,</|>  
 <|>And Doctors learn'd. First I began in priuate,</|>  
 <|>With you my Lord of <hi rend="italic">Lincolne</hi>, you

remember</l>

<l>How vnder my oppression I did reeke</l>  
<l>When I first mou'd you.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-lin">

<speaker rend="italic">B. Lin.</speaker>

<l>Very well my Liedge.</l>

</sp>

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

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

<l>I haue spoke long, be pleas'd your selfe to say</l>

<l>How farre you satisfide me.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-lin">

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

<l>So please your Highnes,</l>

<l>The question did at first so stagger me,</l>

<l>Bearing a State of mighty moment in't,</l>

<l>And consequence of dread, that I committed</l>

<l>The daringst Counsaile which I had to doubt,</l>

<l>And did entreate your Highnes to this course,</l>

<l>Which you are running heere.</l>

</sp>

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

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

<l>I then mou'd you,</l>

<l>My Lord of <hi rend="italic">Canterbury</hi>, and got your

leau</l>

<l>To make this present Summons vnsolicited.</l>

<l>I left no Reuerend Person in this Court;</l>

<l>But by particular consent proceeded</l>

<l>Vnder your hands and Seales; therefore goe on,</l>

<l>For no dislike i'th'world against the person</l>

<l>Of the good Queene; but the sharpe thorny points</l>

<l>Of my alleadged reasons, driues this forward:</l>

<l>Proue but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life</l>

<l>And Kingly Dignity, we are contented</l>

<l>To weare our mortall State to come, with her,</l>

<l>( <hi rend="italic">Katherine</hi> our Queene) before the

primest Creature</l>

<l>That's Parragon'd o'th'World</l>

</sp>

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

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

<l>So please your Highnes,</l>

<l>The Queene being absent, 'tis a needfull fitnessse,</l>

<l>That we adiourne this Court till further day;</l>

<l>Meane while, must be an earnest motion</l>

<l>Made to the Queene to call backe her Appeale</l>

<l>She intends vnto his Holinesse.</l>

```

</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
  <l>I may perceiue</l>
  <l>These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhorre</l>
  <l>This dilatory sloth, and trickes of Rome.</l>
  <l>My learn'd and welbeloued Seruant <hi
rend="italic">Cranmer</hi>,</l>
  <l>Prethee returne, with thy approach: I know,</l>
  <l>My comfort comes along: breake vp the Court;</l>
  <l>I say, set on.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="exit">Exeunt, in manner as they
enter'd.</stage>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">v3</fw>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Actus</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0574-0.jpg" n="218"/>
<fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="3">
<div type="scene" n="1">
<head rend="italic center">Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Queene and her
Women as at worke.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h8-qka">
  <speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>
  <l>Take thy Lute wench,</l>
  <l>My Soule growes sad with troubles,</l>
  <l>Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst: leaue working:</l>
<stage rend="center">SONG.</stage>
  <lg rend="italic">
<l>
  <c rend="droppedCapital">O</c>Rpheus with his Lute made
Trees,</l>
  <l>And the Mountaine tops that freeze,</l>
  <l>Bow themselues when he did sing.</l>
  <l>To his Musicke, Plants and Flowers</l>
  <l>Euer sprung; as Sunne and Showers,</l>
  <l>There had made a lasting Spring.</l>
  <l>Euerie thing that heard him Play,</l>
  <l>Euen the Billowes of the Sea,</l>
  <l>Hung their heads, & then lay by.</l>
  <l>In sweet Musicke is such Art,</l>
  <l>Killing care, & griefe of heart,</l>
  <l>Fall asleepe, or hearing dye.</l>
</lg>
</sp>

```



<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Gentleman.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-h8-qka">
 <speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>
 <l>How now<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-h8-gen">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
 <l>And't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals</l>
 <l>Wait in the presence.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-h8-qka">
 <speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>
 <l>Would they speake with me?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-h8-gen">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
 <l>They wil'd me say so Madam.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-h8-qka">
 <speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>
 <l>Pray their Graces</l>
 <l>To come neere: what can be their busines</l>
 <l>With me, a poore weake woman, falne from fauour?</l>
 <l>I doe not like their comming; now I thinke on't,</l>
 <l>They should bee good men, their affaires as righteous:</l>
 <l>But all Hoods, make not Monkes.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the two Cardinalls, Wolsey & Campian.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-h8-wol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wols.</speaker>
 <l>Peace to your Highnesse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-h8-qka">
 <speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>
 <l>Your Graces find me heere part of a Houswife,</l>
 <l>(I would be all) against the worst may happen:</l>
 <l>What are your pleasures with me, reuerent Lords?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-h8-wol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wol.</speaker>
 <l>May it please you Noble Madam, to withdraw</l>
 <l>Into your priuate Chamber; we shall giue you</l>
 <l>The full cause of our comming.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-h8-qka">
 <speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>
 <l>Speake it heere.</l>
 </sp>

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

</sp>

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

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

<l rend="italic">Tanta est erga te mentis integritas Regina

serenissima.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-qka">

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

<|>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-

<lb rend="turnover"/>

<pc rend="turnover"></pc>ous:</l>

<|>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.</|>

</sp>

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

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

<|>Noble Lady,</|>

<cb n="2"/>

<|>I am sorry my integrity shoul breed,</|>

<|>(And seruice to his Maiesty and you)</|>

<|>So deepe suspicion, where all faith was meant;</|>

<|>We come not by the way of Accusation,</|>

<|>To taint that honour euey 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.</|>

</sp>

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

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

<|>Most honour'd Madam,</|>

<|>My Lord of Yorke, out of his Noble nature,</|>

<l>Zeale and obedience he still bore your Grace,</l>  
<l>Forgetting (like a good man) your late Censure</l>  
<l>Both of his truth and him (which was too farre)</l>  
<l>Offers, as I doe, in a signe of peace,</l>  
<l>His Seruice, and his Counsell.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-qka">

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

<l>To betray me.</l>

<l>My Lords, I thanke you both for your good wills,</l>

<l>Ye speake like honest men, (pray God ye proue so)</l>

<l>But how to make ye sodainly an Answer</l>

<l>In such a poynt of weight, so neere mine Honour,</l>

<l>(More neere my Life I feare) with my weake wit;</l>

<l>And to such men of grauity and learning;</l>

<l>In truth I know not. I was set at worke,</l>

<l>Among my Maids, full little (God knowes) looking</l>

<l>Either for such men, or such businesse;</l>

<l>For her sake that I haue beene, for I feele</l>

<l>The last fit of my Greatnesse; good your Graces</l>

<l>Let me haue time and Councell for my Cause:</l>

<l>Alas, I am a Woman frendlesse, hopelesse.</l>

</sp>

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

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

<l>Madam,</l>

<l>You wrong the Kings loue with these feares,</l>

<l>Your hopes and friends are infinite.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-qka">

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

<l>In England,</l>

<l>But little for my profit can you thinke Lords,</l>

<l>That any English man dare giue me Councell?</l>

<l>Or be a knowne friend 'gainst his Highnes pleasure,</l>

<l>(Though he be growne so desperate to be honest)</l>

<l>And liue a Subiect? Nay forsooth, my Friends,</l>

<l>They that must weigh out my affllictions,</l>

<l>They that my trust must grow to, liue not heere,</l>

<l>They are (as all my other comforts) far hence</l>

<l>In mine owne Countrey Lords.</l>

</sp>

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

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

<l>I would your Grace</l>

<l>Would leaue your greefes, and take my Counsell.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-qka">

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

<l>How Sir<c rend="italic">?</c>

</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-cam">  
<speaker rend="italic">Camp.</speaker>  
<l>Put your maine cause into the Kings protection,</l>  
<l>Hee's louing and most gracious. 'Twill be much,</l>  
<l>Both for your Honour better, and your Cause:</l>  
<l>For if the tryall of the Law o'retake ye,</l>  
<l>You'l part away disgrac'd.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Wol.</speaker>  
<l>He tels you rightly.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
<speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>  
<l>Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruine:</l>  
<l>Is this your Christian Councell? Out vpon ye.</l>  
<l>Heauen is aboue all yet; there sits <gap extent="1"  
unit="chars"  
reason="illegible"  
agent="inkBlot"  
resp="#ES"/> Iudge.</l>  
<l>That no King can corrupt.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-cam">  
<speaker rend="italic">Camp.</speaker>  
<l>Your rage mistakes vs.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
<speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>  
<l>The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,</l>  
<l>Vpon my Soule two reuerend Cardinall Vertues:</l>  
<l>But Cardinall Sins, and hollow hearts I feare ye:</l>  
<l>Mend 'em for shame my Lords: Is this your comfort?</l>  
<l>The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Lady?</l>  
<l>A woman lost among ye, laugh't at, scornd?</l>  
<l>I will not wish ye halfe my miseries,</l>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">I</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0575-0.jpg" n="219"/>  
<fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>  
<cb n="1"/>  
<l>I haue more Charity. But say I warn'd ye;</l>  
<l>Take heed, for heauens sake take heed, least at once</l>  
<l>The burthen of my sorrowes, fall vpon ye.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>  
<l>Madam, this is a meere distraction,</l>  
<l>You turne the good we offer, into enuy.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Quee.</speaker>  
   <l>Ye turne me into nothing. Woe vpon ye,</l>  
   <l>And all such false Professors. Would you haue me</l>  
   <l>(If you haue any Iustice, any Pitty,</l>  
   <l>If ye be any thing but Churchmens habits)</l>  
   <l>Put my sicke cause into his hands, that hates me<c  
 rend="italic">?</c>  
   </l>  
   <l>Alas, ha's banish'd me his Bed already,</l>  
   <l>His Loue, too long ago. I am old my Lords,</l>  
   <l>And all the Fellowship I hold now with him</l>  
   <l>Is onely my Obedience. What can happen</l>  
   <l>To me, about this wretchednesse<c rend="italic">?</c> All  
 your Studies</l>  
   <l>Make me a Curse, like this.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-cam">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Camp.</speaker>  
   <l>Your feares are worse.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
   <l>Haue I liu'd thus long (let me speak my selfe,</l>  
   <l>Since Vertue findes no friends) a Wife, a true one?</l>  
   <l>A Woman (I dare say without Vainglory)</l>  
   <l>Neuer yet branded with Suspition?</l>  
   <l>Haue I, with all my full Affections</l>  
   <l>Still met the King? Loud him next Heau'n<c  
 rend="italic">?</c> Obey'd him?</l>  
   <l>Bin (out of fondnesse) superstitious to him?</l>  
   <l>Almost forgot my Prayres to content him?</l>  
   <l>And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well Lords,</l>  
   <l>Bring me a constant woman to her Husband,</l>  
   <l>One that ne're dream'd a Ioy, beyond his pleasure;</l>  
   <l>And to that Woman (when she has done most)</l>  
   <l>Yet will I adde an Honor; a great Patience.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>  
   <l>Madam, you wander from the good</l>  
   <l>We ayme at.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
   <l>My Lord,</l>  
   <l>I dare not make my selfe so guiltie,</l>  
   <l>To giue vp willingly that Noble Title</l>  
   <l>Your Master wed me to: nothing but death</l>

<|>Shall e're diuorce my Dignities.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>  
<|>Pray heare me.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
<|>Would I had neuer trod this English Earth,</|>  
<|>Or felt the Flatteries that grow vpon it:</|>  
<|>Ye haue Angels Faces; but Heauen knowes your hearts.</|>  
<|>What will become of me now, wretched Lady?</|>  
<|>I am the most vnhappy Woman liuing.</|>  
<|>Alas (poore Wenches) where are now your Fortunes?</|>  
<|>Shipwrack'd vpon a Kingdome, where no Pitty,</|>  
<|>No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weepe for me?</|>  
<|>Almost no Graue allow'd me? Like the Lilly</|>  
<|>That once was Mistris of the Field, and flourish'd,</|>  
<|>Ile hang my head, and perish.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>  
<|>If your Grace</|>  
<|>Could but be brought to know, our Ends are honest,</|>  
<|>You'l'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.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-cam">  
<speaker rend="italic">Camp.</speaker>  
<|>Madam, you'l finde it so:</|>  
<|>You wrong your Vertues</|>  
<cb n="2"/>  
<|>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.</|>  
</sp>

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

<div type="scene" n="2">

<head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>

<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Duke of  
Norfolke, Duke of Suffolke, Lord Surrey,  
<lb/>and Lord Chamberlaine.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">

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

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-sur">

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

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-suf">

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

<l>Which of the Peeres</l>  
<l>Haue vncontemn'd gone by him, or at least</l>  
<l>Strangely neglected<c rend="italic">?</c> When did he

regard</l>

<l>The stampe of Noblenesse in any person</l>  
<l>Out of himselfe?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-chm">

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

<l>My Lords, you speake your pleasures:</l>

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">

<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>

<l>O feare him not,</l>

<l>His spell in that is out: the King hath found</l>

<l>Matter against him, that for euer marres</l>

<l>The Hony of his Language. No, he's settled</l>

<l>(Not to come off) in his displeasure.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-sur">

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

<l>Sir,</l>

<l>I should be glad to heare such Newes as this</l>

<l>Once euery houre.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">

<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>

<l>Beleeue it, this is true.</l>

<l>In the Diuorce, his contrarie proceedings</l>

<l>Are all vnfolded: wherein he appears,</l>

<l>As I would wish mine Enemy.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-sur">

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

<l>How came</l>

<l>His practises to light?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-suf">

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

<l>Most strangely.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-sur">

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

<l>O how? how?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-suf">

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

<l>The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miscarried,</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0576-0.jpg" n="220"/>

<fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<l>And came to th'eye o'th'King, wherein was read</l>

<l>How that the Cardinall did intreat his Holinesse</l>



<l>To stay the Iudgement o'th'Diuorce; for if</l>  
<l>It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceiue</l>  
<l>My King is tangled in affection, to</l>  
<l>A Creature of the Queenes, Lady <hi rend="italic">Anne

Bullen</hi>.</l>

</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 faire 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>

<|>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.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-sur">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Sur.</speaker>  
 <|>But will the King</|>  
 <|>Digest this Letter of the Cardinals?</|>  
 <|>The Lord forbid.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>  
 <|>Marry Amen.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-suf">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>  
 <|>No, no:</|>  
 <|>There be moe Waspes that buz about his Nose,</|>  
 <|>Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinall <hi  
 rend="italic">Campeius</hi>,</|>  
 <|>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.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>  
 <|>Now God incense him,</|>  
 <|>And let him cry Ha, lowder.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Norf.</speaker>  
 <|>But my Lord</|>  
 <|>When returns <hi rend="italic">Cranmer</hi>?</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-suf">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>  
 <|>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. <hi rend="italic">Katherine</hi> no  
 more</|>  
 <|>Shall be call'd Queene, but Princesse Dowager,</|>

<l>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>  
   <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>

<sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
   <l>Is he ready to come abroad<c rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-cro">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Crom.</speaker>  
   <l>I thinke by this he is.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
   <l>Leaue me a while.</l>  
   <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit  
 Cromwell.</stage>  
   <l>It shall be to the Dutches of Alanson,</l>  
   <l>The French Kings Sister; He shall marry her.</l>  
   <l>  
   <hi rend="italic">Anne Bullen</hi>? No: Ile no <hi  
 rend="italic">Anne Bullens</hi> for him,</l>  
   <l>There's more in't then faire Visage. <hi  
 rend="italic">Bullen</hi>?</l>  
   <l>No, wee'l no <hi rend="italic">Bullens:</hi> Speedily I  
 wish</l>  
   <l>To heare from Rome. The Marchionesse of Penbroke?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>  
   <l>He's discontented.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-suf">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>  
   <l>Maybe he heares the King</l>  
   <l>Does whet his Anger to him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-sur">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Sur.</speaker>  
   <l>Sharpe enough,</l>  
   <l>Lord for thy Iustice.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>  
   <l>The late Queenes Gentlewoman?</l>  
   <l>A Knights Daughter</l>  
   <l>To be her Mistris Mistris? The Queenes, Queene?</l>  
   <l>This Candle burnes not cleere, 'tis I must snuffe it,</l>  
   <l>Then out it goes. What though I know her vertuous</l>  
   <l>And well deseruing? yet I know her for</l>  
   <l>A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholsome to</l>  
   <l>Our cause, that she should lye i'th'bosome of</l>  
   <l>Our hard rul'd King. Againe, there is sprung vp</l>

one</l>

<l>An Heretique, an Arch-one; <hi rend="italic">Cranmer</hi>,</l>

<l>Hath crawl'd into the fauour of the King,</l>

<l>And is his Oracle.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">

<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>

<l>He is vex'd at something.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King, reading of a Scedule.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h8-sur">

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

<l>I would 'twere somthing <choice><abbr>y<c></abbr><expant>that</expant></choice> would fret the string,</l>

<l>The Master-cord on's heart.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-suf">

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

<l>The King, the King.</l>

</sp>

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

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

<l>What piles of wealth hath he accumulated</l>

<l>To his owne portion? And what expence by'th'houre</l>

<l>Seemes to flow from him? How, i'th'name of Thrift</l>

<l>Does he rake this together? Now my Lords,</l>

<l>Saw you the Cardinal?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">

<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>

<l>My Lord, we haue</l>

<l>Stood heere obseruing him. Some strange Commotion</l>

<l>Is in his braine: He bites his lip, and starts,</l>

<l>Stops on a sodaine, lookes vpon the ground,</l>

<l>Then layes his finger on his Temple: straight</l>

<l>Springs out into fast gate, then stops againe,</l>

<l>Strikes his brest hard, and anon, he casts</l>

<l>His eye against the Moone: in most strange Postures</l>

<l>We haue seene him set himselfe.</l>

</sp>

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

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

<l>It may well be,</l>

<l>There is a mutiny in's minde. This morning,</l>

<l>Papers of State he sent me, to peruse</l>

<l>As I requir'd: and wot you what I found</l>

<l>There (on my Conscience put vnwittingly)</l>

<l>Forsooth an Inuentory, thus importing</l>

<l>The seuerall parcels of his Plate his Treasure,</l>  
<l>Rich Stuffles and Ornaments of Houshold, which</l>  
<l>I finde at such proud Rate, that it out-speakes</l>  
<l>Posession of a Subiect.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">

<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>

<l>It's Heauens will,</l>

<l>Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet,</l>

<l>To blesse your eye withall.</l>

</sp>

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

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

<l>If we did thinke</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">His</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0577-0.jpg" n="221"/>

<fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<l>His Contemplation were aboue the earth,</l>

<l>And fixt on Spirituall obiect, he should still</l>

<l>Dwell in his Musings, but I am affraid</l>

<l>His Thinkings are below the Moone, not worth</l>

<l>His serious considering.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">King takes his Seat,  
whispers Louell, who goes

<lb/>to the Cardinall.</stage>

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

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

<l>Heauen forgiue me,</l>

<l>Euer God blesse your Highnesse.</l>

</sp>

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

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

<l>Good my Lord,</l>

<l>You are full of Heauenly stufte, and beare the Inuentory</l>

<l>Of your best Graces, in your minde; the which</l>

<l>You were now running o're: you haue scarce time</l>

<l>To steale from Spirituall leysure, a briefe span</l>

<l>To keepe your earthly Audit, sure in that</l>

<l>I deeme you an ill Husband, and am gald</l>

<l>To haue you therein my Companion.</l>

</sp>

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

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

<l>Sir,</l>

<l>For Holy Offices I haue a time; a time</l>

<l>To thinke vpon the part of businesse, which</l>

<l>I beare i'th'State: and Nature does require</l>

<l>Her times of preseruatioun, which perforce</l>

<l>I her fraile sonne, among'st my Brethren mortall,</l>  
<l>Must giue my tendance to.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
<l>You haue said well.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>  
<l>And euer may your Highnesse yoake together,</l>  
<l>(As I will lend you cause) my doing Well,</l>  
<l>With my well saying.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
<l>'Tis well said agen,</l>  
<l>And 'tis a kinde of good deede to say well,</l>  
<l>And yet words are no deeds. My Father lou'd you,</l>  
<l>He said he did, and with his deed did Crowne</l>  
<l>His word vpon you. Since I had my Office,</l>  
<l>I haue kept you next my Heart, haue not alone</l>  
<l>Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home,</l>  
<l>But par'd my present Hauings, to bestow</l>  
<l>My Bounties vpon you.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>  
<l>What should this meane?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-sur">  
<speaker rend="italic">Sur.</speaker>  
<l>The Lord increase this businesse.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
<l>Haue I not made you</l>  
<l>The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,</l>  
<l>If what I now pronounce, you haue found true:</l>  
<l>And if you may confesse it, say withall</l>  
<l>If you are bound to vs, or no. What say you?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>  
<l>My Soueraigne, I confesse your Royall graces</l>  
<l>Showr'd on me daily, haue bene more then could</l>  
<l>My studied purposes requite, which went</l>  
<l>Beyond all mans endeauors. My endeauors,</l>  
<l>Haue euer come too short of my Desires,</l>  
<l>Yet fill'd with my Abilities: Mine owne ends</l>  
<l>Haue bene mine so, that euermore they pointed</l>

<|>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 thanks,</|>  
<|>My Prayres to heauen for you; my Loyaltie</|>  
<|>Which euer ha's, and euer shall be growing,</|>  
<|>Till death (that Winter) kill it.</|>

</sp>

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

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

<|>Fairely answer'd:</|>

<|>A Loyall, and obedient Subiect is</|>

<|>Therein illustrated, the Honor of it</|>

<|>Does pay the Act of it, as i'th'contrary</|>

<|>The fowlenesse is the punishment. I presume,</|>

<|>That as my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you,</|>

<|>My heart drop'd Loue, my powre rain'd Honor, more</|>

<|>On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart,</|>

<cb n="2"/>

<|>Your Braine, and eury Function of your power,</|>

<|>Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,</|>

<|>As 'twere in Loues particular, be more</|>

<|>To me your Friend, then any.</|>

</sp>

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

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

<|>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</|>

<|>Apppeare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty,</|>

<|>As doth a Rocke against the chiding Flood,</|>

<|>Should the approach of this wilde Riuer breake,</|>

<|>And stand vnshaken yours.</|>

</sp>

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

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

<|>'Tis Nobly spoken:</|>

<|>Take notice Lords, he ha's a Loyall brest,</|>

<|>For you haue seene him open't. Read o're this,</|>

<|>And after this, and then to Breakfast with</|>

<|>What appetite you haue.</|>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic" type="exit">Exit King, frowning vpon the

Cardinall, the Nobles

<|b/>throng after him smiling, and whispering.</stage>

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

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



<|>What should this meane?</|>  
 <|>What sodaine Anger's this? How haue I reap'd it <c  
 rend="italic">?</c>  
 </|>  
 <|>He parted Frowning from me, as if Ruine</|>  
 <|>Leap'd from his Eyes. So lookes the chafed Lyon</|>  
 <|>Vpon the daring Huntsman that has gall'd him:</|>  
 <|>Then makes him nothing. I must reade this paper:</|>  
 <|>I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis so:</|>  
 <|>This paper ha's vndone me: 'Tis th'Accompt</|>  
 <|>Of all that world of Wealth I haue drawne together</|>  
 <|>For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedome,</|>  
 <|>And fee my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence!</|>  
 <|>Fit for a Foole to fall by: What crosse Diuell</|>  
 <|>Made me put this maine Secret in the Packet</|>  
 <|>I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?</|>  
 <|>No new deuce 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? <hi rend="italic">To  
 th'Pope</hi>?</|>  
 <|>The Letter (as I liue) with all the Businesse</|>  
 <|>I writ too's Holinesse. Nay then, farewell:</|>  
 <|>I haue touch'd the highest point of all my Greatnesse,</|>  
 <|>And from that full Meridian of my Glory,</|>  
 <|>I haste now to my Setting. I shall fall</|>  
 <|>Like a bright exhalation in the Euening,</|>  
 <|>And no man see me more.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter to Woolsey, the  
 Dukes of Norfolke and Suffolke, the  
 <lb/>Earle of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>  
 <|>Heare the Kings pleasure Cardinall,</|>  
 <|>Who commands you</|>  
 <|>To render vp rhe Great Seale presently</|>  
 <|>Into our hands, and to Confine your selfe</|>  
 <|>To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchesters,</|>  
 <|>Till you heare further from his Highnesse.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>  
 <|>Stay:</|>  
 <|>Where's your Commission<c rend="italic">?</c> Lords,  
 words cannot carrie</|>  
 <|>Authority so weighty.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-suf">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>

<l>Who dare crosse 'em,</l>  
<l>Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expressly?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>  
<l>Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,</l>  
<l>(I meane your malice) know, Officious Lords,</l>  
<l>I dare, and must deny it. Now I feele</l>  
<l>Of what course Mettle ye are molded, Enuy,</l>  
<l>How eagerly ye follow my Disgraces</l>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">As</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0578-0.jpg" n="222"/>  
<fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>  
<cb n="1"/>  
<l>As if it fed ye, and how sleeke and wanton</l>  
<l>Ye appeare in euery thing may bring my ruine?</l>  
<l>Follow your enuious courses, men of Malice;</l>  
<l>You haue Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt</l>  
<l>In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Seale</l>  
<l>You aske with such a Violence, the King</l>  
<l>(Mine, and your Master) with his owne hand, gaue me:</l>  
<l>Bad me enioy it, with the Place, and Honors</l>  
<l>During my life; and to confirme his Goodnesse,</l>  
<l>Ti'de it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-sur">  
<speaker rend="italic">Sur.</speaker>  
<l>The King that gaue it.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>  
<l>It must be himselfe then.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-sur">  
<speaker rend="italic">Sur.</speaker>  
<l>Thou art a proud Traitor, Priest.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>  
<l>Proud Lord, thou lvest:</l>  
<l>Within these fortie houres, Surrey durst better</l>  
<l>Haue burnt that Tongue, then saide so.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-sur">  
<speaker rend="italic">Sur.</speaker>  
<l>Thy Ambition</l>  
<l>(Thou Scarlet sinne) robb'd this bewailing Land</l>  
<l>Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law,</l>  
<l>The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals,</l>  
<l>(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)</l>

<|>Weigh'd not a haire of his. Plague of your policie,</|>  
<|>You sent me Deputie for Ireland,</|>  
<|>Farre from his succour; from the King, from all</|>  
<|>That might haue mercie on the fault, thou gau'st him:</|>  
<|>Whil'st your great Goodnesse, out of holy pittie,</|>  
<|>Absolu'd him with an Axe.</|>

</sp>

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

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

<|>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 wnesse.</|>

<|>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.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-sur">

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

<|>By my Soule,</|>

<|>Your long Coat (Priest) protects you,</|>

<|>Thou should'st feele</|>

<|>My Sword i'th'life blood of thee else. My Lords,</|>

<|>Can ye endure to heare this Arrogance?</|>

<|>And from this Fellow? If we liue thus tamely,</|>

<|>To be thus Iaded by a peece of Scarlet,</|>

<|>Farewell Nobilitie: let his Grace go forward,</|>

<|>And dare vs with his Cap, like Larkes.</|>

</sp>

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

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

<|>All Goodnesse</|>

<|>Is poyson to thy stomacke.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-sur">

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

<|>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,</|>

<l>(Whom if he liue, will scarce be Gentlemen)</l>  
 <l>Produce the grand summe of his sinnes, the Articles</l>  
 <l>Collected from his life. Ile startle you</l>  
 <l>Worse then the Sacring Bell, when the browne Wench</l>  
 <l>Lay kissing in your Armes, Lord Cardinall.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>  
   <l>How much me thinkes, I could despise this man,</l>  
   <l>But that I am bound in Charitie against it.</l>

</sp>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>  
   <l>Those Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand:</l>  
   <l>But thus much, they are foule ones.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Wol.</speaker>  
   <l>So much fairer</l>  
   <l>And spotlesse, shall mine Innocence arise,</l>  
   <l>When the King knowes my Truth.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-sur">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Sur.</speaker>  
   <l>This cannot saue you:</l>  
   <l>I thanke my Memorie, I yet remember</l>  
   <l>Some of these Articles, and out they shall.</l>  
   <l>Now, if you can blush, and crie guiltie Cardinall,</l>  
   <l>You'l shew a little Honestie.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Wol.</speaker>  
   <l>Speake on Sir,</l>  
   <l>I dare your worst Obiections: If I blush,</l>  
   <l>It is to see a Nobleman want manners.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-sur">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Sur.</speaker>  
   <l>I had rather want those, then my head;</l>  
   <l>Haue at you.</l>  
   <l>First, that without the Kings assent or knowledge,</l>  
   <l>You wrought to be a Legate, by which power</l>  
   <l>You maim'd the Iurisdiction of all Bishops.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>  
   <l>Then, That in all you writ to Rome, or else</l>  
   <l>To Forraigne Princes, <hi rend="italic">Ego & Rex

meus</hi>

</l>  
<l>Was still inscrib'd: in which you brought the King</l>  
<l>To be your Seruant.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-suf">  
<speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>  
<l>Then, that without the knowledge</l>  
<l>Either of King or Councell, when you went</l>  
<l>Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold</l>  
<l>To carry into Flanders, the Great Seale.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-sur">  
<speaker rend="italic">Sur.</speaker>  
<l>Item, You sent a large Commission</l>  
<l>To <hi rend="italic">Gregory de Cassado</hi>, to  
conclude</l>  
<l>Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,</l>  
<l>A League betweene his Highnesse, and <hi  
rend="italic">Ferrara</hi>.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-suf">  
<speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>  
<l>That out of meere Ambition, you haue caus'd</l>  
<l>Your holy-Hat to be stamp't on the Kings Coine.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-sur">  
<speaker rend="italic">Sur.</speaker>  
<l>Then, That you haue sent innumerable substance,</l>  
<l>(By what meanes got, I leaue to your owne conscience)</l>  
<l>To furnish Rome, and to prepare the wayes</l>  
<l>You haue for Dignities, to the meere vndooing</l>  
<l>Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are,</l>  
<l>Which since they are of you, and odious,</l>  
<l>I will not taint my mouth with.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>  
<l>O my Lord,</l>  
<l>Presse not a falling man too farre: 'tis Vertue:</l>  
<l>His faults lye open to the Lawes, let them</l>  
<l>(Not you) correct him. My heart weepes to see him</l>  
<l>So little, of his great Selfe.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-sur">  
<speaker rend="italic">Sur.</speaker>  
<l>I forgiue him.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-suf">  
<speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>  
<l>Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleasure is,</l>

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-nfk">

<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>

<l>And so wee'l leaue you to your Meditations</l>

<l>How to liue better. For your stubborne answer</l>

<l>About the giuing backe the Great Seale to vs,</l>

<l>The King shall know it, and (no doubt) shal thanke you.</l>

<l>So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt all but

Wolsey.</stage>

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

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

<l>So farewell, to the little good you beare me.</l>

<l>Farewell<c rend="italic">?</c> A long farewell to all my

Greatnesse.</l>

<l>This is the state of Man; to day he puts forth</l>

<l>The tender Leaues of hopes, to morrow Blossomes,</l>

<l>And beares his blushing Honors thicke vpon him:</l>

<l>The third day, comes a Frost; a killing Frost,</l>

<l>And when he thinkes, good easie man, full surely</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">His</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0579-0.jpg" n="223"/>

<fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<l>His Greatnesse is a ripening, nippes his roote,</l>

<l>And then he fals as I do. I haue ventur'd</l>

<l>Like little wanton Boyes that swim on bladders:</l>

<l>This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,</l>

<l>But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride</l>

<l>At length broke vnder me, and now ha's left me</l>

<l>Weary, and old with Seruice, to the mercy</l>

<l>Of a rude streame, that must for euer hide me.</l>

<l>Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,</l>

<l>I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched</l>

<l>Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes faouours?</l>

<l>There is betwixt that smile we would aspire too,</l>

<l>That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their ruine,</l>

<l>More pangs, and feares then warres, or women haue;</l>

<l>And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer,</l>

<l>Neuer to hope againe.</l>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cromwell,  
standing amazed.</stage>

<l>Why how now <hi rend="italic">Cromwell</hi>?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-cro">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Crom.</speaker>  
 <l>I haue no power to speake Sir.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>  
 <l>What, amaz'd</l>  
 <l>At my misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder</l>  
 <l>A great man should decline. Nay, and you weep</l>  
 <l>I am falne indeed.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-cro">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Crom.</speaker>  
 <l>How does your Grace.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
 <l>Why well:</l>  
 <l>Neuer so truly happy, my good <hi  
 rend="italic">Cromwell</hi>,</l>  
 <l>I know my selfe now, and I feele within me,</l>  
 <l>A peace about all earthly Dignities,</l>  
 <l>A still, and quiet Conscience. The King ha's cur'd me,</l>  
 <l>I humbly thanke his Grace: and from these shoulders</l>  
 <l>These ruin'd Pillers, out of pittie, taken</l>  
 <l>A load, would sinke a Nauy, (too much Honor.)</l>  
 <l>O 'tis a burden <hi rend="italic">Cromwel</hi>, 'tis a  
 burden</l>  
 <l>Too heauy for a man, that hopes for Heauen.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-cro">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Crom.</speaker>  
 <l>I am glad your Grace,</l>  
 <l>Ha's made that right vse of it.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
 <l>I hope I haue:</l>  
 <l>I am able now (me thinkes)</l>  
 <l>(Out of a Fortitude of Soule, I feele)</l>  
 <l>To endure more Miseries, and greater farre</l>  
 <l>Then my Weake-hearted Enemies, dare offer.</l>  
 <l>What Newes abroad<c rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-cro">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Crom.</speaker>  
 <l>The heaviest, and the worst,</l>

<l>Is your displeasure with the King.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
<l>God blesse him.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-cro">  
<speaker rend="italic">Crom.</speaker>  
<l>The next is, that Sir <hi rend="italic">Thomas Moore</hi> is  
chosen</l>  
<l>Lord Chancellor, in your place.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
<l>That's somewhat sodain.</l>  
<l>But he's a Learned man. May he continue</l>  
<l>Long in his Highnesse fauour, and do Iustice</l>  
<l>For Truths-sake, and his Conscience; that his bones,</l>  
<l>When he ha's run his course, and sleepes in Blessings,</l>  
<l>May haue a Tombe of Orphants teares wept on him.</l>  
<l>What more?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-cro">  
<speaker rend="italic">Crom.</speaker>  
<l>That <hi rend="italic">Cranmer</hi> is return'd with  
welcome;</l>  
<l>Install'd Lord Arch-byshop of Canterbury.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
<l>That's Newes indeed.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-cro">  
<speaker rend="italic">Crom.</speaker>  
<l>Last, that the Lady <hi rend="italic">Anne</hi>,</l>  
<l>Whom the King hath in secrecie long married,</l>  
<l>This day was view'd in open, as his Queene,</l>  
<l>Going to Chappell: and the voyce is now</l>  
<l>Onely about her Corronation.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
<l>There was the waight that pull'd me downe,</l>  
<l>O <hi rend="italic">Cromwell</hi>,</l>  
<l>The King ha's gone beyond me: All my Glories</l>  
<l>In that one woman, I haue lost for euer.</l>  
<cb n="2"/>  
<l>No Sun, shall euer vsher forth mine Honors,</l>  
<l>Or gilde againe the Noble Troopes that waighted</l>  
<l>Vpon my smiles. Go get thee from me <hi



*Cromwel*,

I am a poore falne man, vnworthy now  
To be thy Lord, and Master. Seeke the King  
(That Sun, I pray may neuer set) I haue told him,  
What, and how true thou art; he will aduance thee:  
Some little memory of me, will stirre him  
(I know his Noble Nature) not to let  
Thy hopefull seruice perish too. Good

*Cromwell*

Neglect him not; make vse now, and prouide  
For thine owne future safety.

*who="#F-h8-cro"*

*Crom.*

O my Lord,

Must I then leaue you? Must I needes forgo

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

Beare witnesse, all that haue not hearts of Iron,

With what a sorrow *Cromwel* leaues

his Lord.

The King shall haue my seruice; but my prayres

For euer, and for euer shall be yours.

*who="#F-h8-wol"*

*Card.*

*Cromwel*, I did not thinke to shed a teare

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

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

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

*Cromwel*,

And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,

And sleepe in dull cold Marble, where no mention

Of me, more must be heard of: Say I taught thee,

Say *Wolsey*, that once trod the wayes

of Glory,

And sounded all the Depths, and Shoales of Honor,

Found thee a way (out of his wracke) to rise in:

A sure, and safe one, though thy Master mist it.

Marke but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me:

*Cromwel*, I charge thee, fling away

Ambition,

By that sinne fell the Angels: how can man then

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

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

Corruption wins not more then Honesty.

Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace

To silence eniuous Tongues. Be iust, and feare not;

<l>Let all the ends thou aym'st at, be thy Countries,</l>  
 <l>Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall'st (O <hi  
 rend="italic">Cromwell</hi></l>  
 <l>Thou fall'st a blessed Martyr.</l>  
 <l>Serue the King: And prythee leade me in:</l>  
 <l>There take an Inuentory of all I haue,</l>  
 <l>To the last peny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe,</l>  
 <l>And my Integrity to Heauen, is all,</l>  
 <l>I dare now call mine owne. O <hi rend="italic">Cromwel,  
 Cromwel</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Had I but seru'd my God, with halfe the Zeale</l>  
 <l>I seru'd my King: he would not in mine Age</l>  
 <l>Haue left me naked to mine Enemies.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-cro">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Crom.</speaker>  
 <l>Good Sir, haue patience.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-wol">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
 <l>So I haue. Farewell</l>  
 <l>The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heauen do dwell.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 </div>  
 <div type="act" n="4">  
 <div type="scene" n="1">  
 <head rend="italic center">Aetus Quartus. Scena Prima.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter two Gentlemen,  
 meeting one another.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">  
 <speaker>1</speaker>  
 <l>Y'are well met once againe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">  
 <speaker>2</speaker>  
 <l>So are you.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">  
 <speaker>1</speaker>  
 <l>You come to take your stand heere, and behold</l>  
 <l>The Lady <hi rend="italic">Anne</hi>, passe from her  
 Corronation.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">2 'Tis</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0580-0.jpg" n="224"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>

<sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">  
<speaker>2</speaker>  
<l>'Tis all my busnesse. At our last encounter,</l>  
<l>The Duke of Buckingham came from his Triall.</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">  
<speaker>1</speaker>  
<l>'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow,</l>  
<l>This generall ioy.</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">  
<speaker>2</speaker>  
<l>'Tis well: The Citizens</l>  
<l>I am sure haue shewne at full their Royall minds,</l>  
<l>As let 'em haue their rights, they are euer forward</l>  
<l>In Celebration of this day with Shewes,</l>  
<l>Pageants, and Sights of Honor.</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">  
<speaker>1</speaker>  
<l>Neuer greater,</l>  
<l>Nor Ile assure you better taken Sir.</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">  
<speaker>2</speaker>  
<l>May I be bold to aske what that containes,</l>  
<l>That Paper in your hand.</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">  
<speaker>1</speaker>  
<l>Yes, 'tis the List</l>  
<l>Of those that claime their Offices this day,</l>  
<l>By custome of the Coronation.</l>  
<l>The Duke of Suffolke is the first, and claimes</l>  
<l>To be high Steward; Next the Duke of Norfolke,</l>  
<l>He to be Earle Marshall: you may reade the rest.</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">  
<speaker>1</speaker>  
<l>I thanke you Sir: Had I not known those customs,</l>  
<l>I should haue beene beholding to your Paper:</l>  
<l>But I beseech you, what's become of <hi

rend="italic">Katherine</hi>  
</l>

<l>The Princesse Dowager? How goes her busnesse?</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">  
<speaker>1</speaker>  
<l>That I can tell you too. The Archbishop</l>  
<l>Of Canterbury, accompanied with other</l>

<|>Learned, and Reuerend 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 Kymmaltoune,</|>  
<|>Where she remains now sicke.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">

<speaker>2</speaker>

<|>Alas good Lady.</|>

<|>The Trumpets sound: Stand close,</|>

<|>The Queene is comming.</|>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified">

type="business">Ho-boyes.</stage>

<floatingText type="stageDirection">

<body>

<head rend="center">The Order of the Coronation.</head>

<list>

<item rend="italic">1 A liuely Flourish of Trumpets.</item>

<item rend="italic">2 Then, two Iudges.</item>

<item rend="italic">3 Lord <hi rend="roman">Chancellor</hi>, with Purse and Mace before him.</item>

<item rend="italic">4 <hi rend="roman">Quirristers</hi> singing. <stage rend="roman inline center" type="business">Musicke.</stage>

</item>

<item rend="italic">5 <hi rend="roman">Maioer of London</hi>, bearing the Mace. Then <hi rend="roman">Garter</hi>, in

<lb/>his Coate of Armes, and on his head he wore a Gilt Copper

<lb/>Crowne.</item>

<item rend="italic">6 <hi rend="roman">Marquesse Dorset</hi>, bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head,

<lb/>a Demy Coronall of Gold. With him, the Earle of <hi rend="roman">Surrey</hi>,

<lb/>bearing the Rod of Siluer with the Doue, Crowned with an

<lb/>Earles Coronet. Collars of Esses.</item>

<item rend="italic">7 <hi rend="roman">Duke of Suffolke</hi>, in his Robe of Estate, his Coronet on his

<lb/>head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With <lb/>him, the Duke of <hi rend="roman">Norfolke</hi>, with

the Rod of Marshalship,

<lb/>a Coronet on his head. Collars of Esses.</item>

<item rend="italic">8 A <hi rend="roman">Canopy</hi>, borne by foure of the <hi rend="roman">Cinque-Ports</hi>, 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  
 Norfolk, in a Coronall of Gold,  
 wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queenes  
 Traine.  
*10* Certain **Ladies** or  
**Countesses**, with plaine Circlets of  
 Gold, without Flowers.

and State, and  
 then, A great Flourish of Trumpets.

**2**  
 A Royall Traine beleue me: These I know:  
 Who's that that beares the Scepter?

**1**  
 Marquesse Dorset,  
 And that the Earle of Surrey, with the Rod.

**2**  
 A bold braue Gentleman. That should bee  
 The Duke of Suffolke.

**1**  
 'Tis the same: high Steward.

**2**  
 And that my Lord of Norfolk?

**1**  
 Yes.

**2**  
 Heauen blesse thee,  
 Thou hast the sweetest face I euer look'd on.

<l>Sir, as I haue a Soule, she is an Angell;</l>  
<l>Our King has all the Indies in his Armes,</l>  
<l>And more, and, richer, when he straines that Lady,</l>  
<l>I cannot blame his Conscience.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">

<speaker>1</speaker>

<l>They that beare</l>

<l>The Cloath of Honour ouer her, are foure Barons</l>

<l>Of the Cinque Ports.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">

<speaker>2</speaker>

<l>Those men are happy,</l>

<l>And so are all, are neere her.</l>

<l>I take it, she that carries vp the Traine,</l>

<l>Is that old Noble Lady, Dutchesse of Norfolke.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">

<speaker>1</speaker>

<l>It is, and all the rest are Countesses.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">

<speaker>2</speaker>

<l>Their Coronets say so. These are Starres indeed,</l>

<l>And sometimes falling ones.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">

<speaker>2</speaker>

<note type="editorial" resp="#ES">This speech is conventionally attributed to Gentleman 1.</note>

<l>No more of that.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter third Gentleman.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">

<speaker>1</speaker>

<l>God saue you Sir. Where haue you bin broiling?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-gen.3">

<speaker>3</speaker>

<l>Among the crow'd i'th'Abbey, where a finger</l>

<l>Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled</l>

<l>With the meere ranknesse of their ioy.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">

<speaker>2</speaker>

<l>You saw the Ceremony<c rend="italic">?</c>

</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-gen.3">  
<speaker>3</speaker>  
<l>That I did.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">  
<speaker>1</speaker>  
<l>How was it?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.3">  
<speaker>3</speaker>  
<l>Well worth the seeing.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">  
<speaker>2</speaker>  
<l>Good Sir, speake it to vs?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.3">  
<speaker>3</speaker>  
<l>As well as I am able. The rich streame</l>  
<l>Of Lords, and Ladies, hauing brought the Queene</l>  
<l>To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off</l>  
<l>A distance from her; while her Grace sate downe</l>  
<l>To rest a while, some halfe an houre, or so,</l>  
<l>In a rich Chaire of State, opposing freely</l>  
<l>The Beauty of her Person to the People.</l>  
<l>Beleeue me Sir, she is the goodliest Woman</l>  
<l>That euer lay by man: which when the people</l>  
<l>Had the full view of, such a noyse arose,</l>  
<l>As the shrowdes make at Sea, in a stiffe Tempest,</l>  
<l>As lowd, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes,</l>  
<l>(Doublets, I thinke) flew vp, and had their Faces</l>  
<l>Bin loose, this day they had been lost. Such ioy</l>  
<l>I neuer saw before. Great belly'd women,</l>  
<l>That had not halfe a weeke to go, like Rammes</l>  
<l>In the old time of Warre, would shake the prease</l>  
<l>And make 'em reele before 'em. No man liuing</l>  
<l>Could say this is my wife there, all were wouen</l>  
<l>So strangely in one peece.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">  
<speaker>2</speaker>  
<l>But what follow'd?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.3">  
<speaker>3</speaker>  
<l>At length, her Grace rose, and with modest paces</l>  
<l>Came to the Altar, where she kneel'd, and Saint-like</l>  
<l>Cast her faire eyes to Heauen, and pray'd deuoutly,</l>  
<l>Then rose againe, and bow'd her to the people:</l>  
<l>When by the Arch-bishop of Canterbury,</l>

Crowne,</l>
 <l>She had all the Royall makings of a Queene;</l>
 <l>As holy Oyle, <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> Confessors

<l>The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all such Emblemes</l>
 <l>Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">With</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0581-0.jpg" n="225"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>With all the choysest Musicke of the Kingdome,</l>
 <l>Together sung <hi rend="italic">Te Deum</hi>. So she

parted,</l>
 <l>And with the same full State pac'd backe againe</l>
 <l>To Yorke-Place, where the Feast is held.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-h8-gen.1">
 <speaker>1</speaker>
 <l>Sir,</l>
 <l>You must no more call it Yorke-place, that's past:</l>
 <l>For since the Cardinall fell, that Titles lost,</l>
 <l>'Tis now the Kings, and call'd White-Hall.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-h8-gen.3">
 <speaker>3</speaker>
 <l>I know it:</l>
 <l>But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name</l>
 <l>Is fresh about me.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">
 <speaker>2</speaker>
 <l>What two Reuerend Byshops</l>
 <l>Were those that went on each side of the Queene?</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-h8-gen.3">
 <speaker>3</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Stokeley</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Gardiner</hi>,
 the one of Winchester,</l>
 <l>Newly preferr'd from the Kings Secretary:</l>
 <l>The other London.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">
 <speaker>2</speaker>
 <l>He of Winchester</l>
 <l>Is held no great good louer of the Archbishops,</l>
 <l>The vertuous <hi rend="italic">Cranmer</hi>.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-h8-gen.3">
 <speaker>3</speaker>
 <l>All the Land knowes that:</l>



<l>How euer, yet there is no great breach, when it comes</l>  
<l>  
<hi rend="italic">Cranmer</hi> will finde a Friend will not shrinke  
from him.</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">  
<speaker>2</speaker>  
<l>Who may that be, I pray you.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.3">  
<speaker>3</speaker>  
<l>  
<hi rend="italic">Thomas Cromwell</hi>,</l>  
<l>A man in much esteeme with th'King, and truly</l>  
<l>A worthy Friend. The King ha's made him</l>  
<l>Master o'th'Iewell House,</l>  
<l>And one already of the Priuy Councill.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.2">  
<speaker>2</speaker>  
<l>He will deserue more.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.3">  
<speaker>3</speaker>  
<l>Yes without all doubt.</l>  
<l>Come Gentlemen, ye shall go my way,</l>  
<l>Which is to'th Court, and there ye shall be my Guests:</l>  
<l>Something I can command. As I walke thither,</l>  
<l>Ile tell ye more.</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gen.1 #F-h8-gen.2">  
<speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>  
<l>You may command vs Sir.</l>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
</div>

<div type="scene" n="2">  
<head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>  
<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Katherine  
Dowager, sicke, lead betweene Griffith,  
<lb/>her Gentleman Vsher, and Patience  
<lb/>her Woman.</stage>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gri">  
<speaker rend="italic">Grif.</speaker>  
<l>How do's your Grace?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>  
<l>O <hi rend="italic">Griffith</hi>, sicke to death:</l>

<l>My Legges like loaden Branches bow to'th'Earth,</l>  
<l>Willing to leaue their burthen: Reach a Chaire,</l>  
<l>So now (me thinkes) I feele a little ease.</l>  
<l>Did'st thou not tell me <hi rend="italic">Griffith</hi>, as thou  
lead'st mee,</l>  
<l>That the great Childe of Honor, Cardinall <hi  
rend="italic">Wolsey</hi>  
</l>  
<l>Was dead?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gri">  
<speaker rend="italic">Grif.</speaker>  
<l>Yes Madam: but I thanke your Grace</l>  
<l>Out of the paine you suffer'd, gaue no eare too't.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>  
<l>Pre'thee good <hi rend="italic">Griffith</hi>, tell me how he  
dy'de.</l>  
<l>If well, he stept before me happily</l>  
<l>For my example.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gri">  
<speaker rend="italic">Grif.</speaker>  
<l>Well, the voyce goes Madam,</l>  
<l>For after the stout Earle Northumberland</l>  
<l>Arrested him at Yorke, and brought him forward</l>  
<l>As a man sorely tainted, to his Answer,</l>  
<l>He fell sicke sodainly, and grew so ill</l>  
<l>He could not sit his Mule.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>  
<l>Alas poore man.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gri">  
<speaker rend="italic">Grif.</speaker>  
<l>At last, with easie Rodes, he came to Leicester,</l>  
<cb n="2"/>  
<l>Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reuerend Abbot</l>  
<l>With all his Couent, honourably receiu'd him;</l>  
<l>To whom he gaue these words. O Father Abbot,</l>  
<l>An old man, broken with the stormes of State,</l>  
<l>Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:</l>  
<l>Giue him a little earth for Charity.</l>  
<l>So went to bed; where eagerly his sicknesse</l>  
<l>Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,</l>  
<l>About the houre of eight, which he himselfe</l>  
<l>Foretold should be his last, full of Repentance,</l>  
<l>Continuall Meditations, Teares, and Sorrowes,</l>

<|>He gaue his Honors to the world agen,</|>  
<|>His blessed part to Heauen, and slept in peace.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>  
<|>So may he rest,</|>  
<|>His Faults lye gently on him:</|>  
<|>Yet thus farre <hi rend="italic">Griffith</hi>, giue me leaue  
to speake him,</|>

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

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gri">  
<speaker rend="italic">Grif.</speaker>  
<|>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?</|>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>  
<|>Yes good <hi rend="italic">Griffith</hi>,</|>  
<|>I were malicious else.</|>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-gri">  
<speaker rend="italic">Grif.</speaker>  
<|>This Cardinall,</|>  
<|>Though from an humble Stocke, vndoubtedly</|>  
<|>Was fashion'd to much Honor. From his Cradle</|>  
<|>He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one:</|>  
<|>Exceeding wise, faire spoken, and perswading:</|>  
<|>Lofty, and sowre to them that lou'd him not:</|>  
<|>But, to those men that sought him, sweet as Summer.</|>  
<|>And though he were vnsatisfied in getting,</|>  
<|>(Which was a sinne) yet in bestowing, Madam,</|>  
<|>He was most Princely: Euer witnesse for him</|>  
<|>Those twinnes of Learning, that he rais'd in you,</|>  
<|>Ipswich and Oxford: one of which, fell with him,</|>  
<|>Vnwilling to out-lieue the good that did it.</|>  
<|>The other (though vnfinish'd) yet so Famous,</|>

<l>So excellent in Art, and still so rising,</l>  
 <l>That Christendome shall euer speake his Vertue.</l>  
 <l>His Ouerthrow, heap'd Happinesse vpon him:</l>  
 <l>For then, and not till then, he felt himselfe,</l>  
 <l>And found the Blessednesse of being little.</l>  
 <l>And to adde greater Honors to his Age</l>  
 <l>Then man could giue him; he dy'de, fearing God.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>  
 <l>After my death, I wish no other Herald,</l>  
 <l>No other speaker of my liuing Actions,</l>  
 <l>To keepe mine Honor, from Corruption,</l>  
 <l>But such an honest Chronicler as <hi  
 rend="italic">Griffith</hi>.</l>  
 <l>Whom I most hated Liuing, thou hast made mee</l>  
 <l>With thy Religious Truth, and Modestie,</l>  
 <l>(Now in his Ashes) Honor: Peace be with him.</l>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Patience</hi>, be neere me still, and set me  
 lower,</l>  
 <l>I haue not long to trouble thee. Good <hi  
 rend="italic">Griffith</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Cause the Musicians play me that sad note</l>  
 <l>I nam'd my Knell; whil'st I sit meditating</l>  
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">x</fw>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">On</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0582-0.jpg" n="226"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>On that Cœlestiall Harmony I go too.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Sad and  
 solemne Musicke.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-gri">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Grif.</speaker>  
 <l>She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,</l>  
 <l>For feare we wake her. Softly, gentle <hi  
 rend="italic">Patience</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">The Vision.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Enter solemnely tripping  
 one after another, sixe Personages,  
 <lb/>clad in white Robes, wearing on their heades Garlands of  
 <lb/>Bayes, and golden Vizards on their faces, Branches of Bayes  
 <lb/>or Palme in their hands. They first Conge vnto her, then  
 <lb/>Dance: and at certaine Changes, the first two hold a spare  
 <lb/>Garland ouer her Head, at which the other foure make re-  
 <lb/>uerend Curtsies. Then the two that held the Garland, deli-  
 <lb/>uer the same to the other next two, who obserue the same or-

of  
 der in their Changes, and holding the Garland ouer her  
 head. Which done, they deliuer the same Garland to the  
 last two: who likewise obserue the same Order. At which  
 (as it were by inspiration) she makes (in her sleepe) signes  
 reioycing, and holdeth vp her hands to heauen. And so, in  
 their Dancing vanish, carrying the Garland with them.  
 The Musicke continues.</stage>

all gone?</l>

<sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>  
 <l>Spirits of peace, where are ye<c rend="italic">?</c> Are ye  
 <l>And leaue me heere in wretchednesse, behinde ye?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-gri">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Grif.</speaker>  
 <l>Madam, we are heere.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>  
 <l>It is not you I call for,</l>  
 <l>Saw ye none enter since I slept?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-gri">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Grif.</speaker>  
 <l>None Madam.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>  
 <l>No? Saw you not euen now a blessed Troope</l>  
 <l>Inuite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces</l>  
 <l>Cast thousand beames vpon me, like the Sun?</l>  
 <l>They promis'd me eternall Happinesse,</l>  
 <l>And brought me Garlands (<hi rend="italic">Griffith</hi>)

which I feele</l>

<l>I am not worthy yet to weare: I shall assuredly.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-gri">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Grif.</speaker>  
 <l>I am most ioyfull Madam, such good dreames</l>  
 <l>Possesse your Fancy.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>  
 <l>Bid the Musicke leaue,</l>  
 <l>They are harsh and heauy to me.</l>

</sp>

ceases.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h8-pat">

<speaker rend="italic">Pati.</speaker>  
 <l>Do you note</l>  
 <l>How much her Grace is alter'd on the sodaine<c  
 rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 <l>How long her face is drawne? How pale she lookes,</l>  
 <l>And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-gri">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Grif.</speaker>  
 <l>She is going Wench. Pray, pray.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-pat">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Pati.</speaker>  
 <l>Heauen comfort her.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a  
 Messenger.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-mes">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>  
 <l>And't like your Grace&#x2014;</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>  
 <l>You are a sawcy Fellow,</l>  
 <l>Deserue we no more Reuerence?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-gri">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Grif.</speaker>  
 <l>You are too blame,</l>  
 <l>Knowing she will not loose her wonted Greatnesse</l>  
 <l>To vse so rude behaiour. Go too, kneele.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-mes">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>  
 <l>I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon,</l>  
 <l>My hast made me vnmannerly. There is staying</l>  
 <l>A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>  
 <l>Admit him entrance <hi rend="italic">Griffith</hi>. But this  
 Fellow</l>  
 <l>Let me ne're see againe.</l>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit  
 Messeng.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lord  
 Capuchius.</stage>  
 <l>If my sight faile not,</l>  
 <l>You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,</l>

<l>My Royall Nephew, and your name <hi  
 rend="italic">Capuchius</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-cap">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>  
 <l>Madam the same. Your Seruant.</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>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-cap">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>  
 <l>Noble Lady,</l>  
 <l>First mine owne seruice 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>

<sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>  
<l>Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliuer</l>  
<l>This to my Lord the King.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-cap">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>  
<l>Most willing Madam.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>  
<l>In which I haue commended to his goodnesse</l>  
<l>The Modell of our chaste loues: his yong daughter,</l>  
<l>The dewes of Heauen fall thicke in Blessings on her,</l>  
<l>Beseeching him to giue her vertuous breeding.</l>  
<l>She is yong, and of a Noble modest Nature,</l>  
<l>I hope she will deserue well; and a little</l>  
<l>To loue her for her Mothers sake, that lou'd him,</l>  
<l>Heauen knowes how deerely.</l>  
<l>My next poore Petition,</l>  
<l>Is, that his Noble Grace would haue some pittie</l>  
<l>Vpon my wretched women, that so long</l>  
<l>Haue follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,</l>  
<l>Of which there is not one, I dare auow</l>  
<l>(And now I should not lye) but will deserue</l>  
<l>For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule,</l>  
<l>For honestie, and decent Carriage</l>  
<l>A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)</l>  
<l>And sure those men are happy that shall haue 'em.</l>  
<l>The last is for my men, they are the poorest,</l>  
<l>(But pouerty could neuer draw 'em from me)</l>  
<l>That they may haue their wages, duly paid 'em,</l>  
<l>And something ouer to remember me by.</l>  
<l>If Heauen had pleas'd to haue giuen me longer life</l>  
<l>And able meanes, we had not parted thus.</l>  
<l>These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,</l>  
<l>By that you loue the deerest in this world,</l>  
<l>As you wish Christian peace to soules departed,</l>  
<l>Stand these poore peoples Friend, and vrge the King</l>  
<l>To do me this last right.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-cap">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>  
<l>By Heauen I will,</l>  
<l>Or let me loose the fashion of a man.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-qka">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>  
<l>I thanke you honest Lord. Remember me</l>  
<l>In all humilitie vnto his Highnesse.</l>



<l>Say his long trouble now is passing</l>  
 <l>Out of this world. Tell him in death I blest him</l>  
 <l>(For so I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell</l>  
 <l>My Lord. <hi rend="italic">Griffith</hi> farewell. Nay <hi  
 rend="italic">Patience</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Vou must not leaue me yet. I must to bed,</l>  
 <l>Call in more women. When I am dead, good Wench,</l>  
 <l>Let me be vs'd with Honor; strew me ouer</l>  
 <l>With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know</l>  
 <l>I was a chaste Wife, to my Graue: Embalme me,</l>  
 <l>Then lay me forth (although vnqueen'd) yet like</l>  
 <l>A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterre me.</l>  
 <l>I can no more.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="exit">Exeunt leading  
 Katherine.</stage>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Scena</fw>  
 </div>  
 </div>  
 <div type="act" n="5">  
 <div type="scene" n="1">  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0583-0.jpg" n="227"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <head rend="italic center">Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gardiner Bishop  
 of Winchester, a Page with a Torch  
 <lb/>before him, met by Sir Thomas Louell.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-grd">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gard.</speaker>  
 <l>It's one a clocke Boy, is't not.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-pag">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>  
 <l>It hath strooke.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-grd">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gard.</speaker>  
 <l>These should be houres for necessities,</l>  
 <l>Not for delights: Times to repayre our Nature</l>  
 <l>With comforting repose, and not for vs</l>  
 <l>To waste these times. Good houre of night Sir <hi  
 rend="italic">Thomas</hi>:</l>  
 <l>Whether so late?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-lov">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lou.</speaker>  
 <l>Came you from the King, my Lord?</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-grd">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gar.</speaker>  
   <l>I did Sir <hi rend="italic">Thomas</hi>, and left him at  
 Primero</l>  
   <l>With the Duke of Suffolke.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-lov">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lou.</speaker>  
   <l>I must to him too</l>  
   <l>Before he go to bed. Ile take my leaue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-grd">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gard.</speaker>  
   <l>Not yet Sir <hi rend="italic">Thomas Louell</hi>: what's the  
 matter?</l>  
   <l>It seemes you are in hast: and if there be</l>  
   <l>No great offence belongs too't, giue your Friend</l>  
   <l>Some touch of your late businesse: Affaires that walke</l>  
   <l>(As they say Spirits do) at midnight, haue</l>  
   <l>In them a wilder Nature, then the businesse</l>  
   <l>That seekes dispatch by day.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-lov">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lou.</speaker>  
   <l>My Lord, I loue you;</l>  
   <l>And durst commend a secret to your eare</l>  
   <l>Much waightier then this worke. The Queens in Labor</l>  
   <l>They say in great Extremity, and fear'd</l>  
   <l>Shee'l with the Labour, end.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-grd">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gard.</speaker>  
   <l>The fruite she goes with</l>  
   <l>I pray for heartily, that it may finde</l>  
   <l>Good time, and liue: but for the Stocke Sir <hi  
 rend="italic">Thomas</hi>,</l>  
   <l>I wish it grubb'd vp now.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-lov">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lou.</speaker>  
   <l>Me thinkes I could</l>  
   <l>Cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience sayes</l>  
   <l>Shee's a good Creature, and sweet-Ladie do's</l>  
   <l>Deserue our better wishes.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-grd">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gard.</speaker>  
   <l>But Sir, Sir,</l>  
   <l>Heare me Sir <hi rend="italic">Thomas</hi>, y'are a  
 Gentleman</l>

<l>Of mine owne way. I know you Wise, Religious,</l>  
<l>And let me tell you, it will ne're be well,</l>  
<l>'Twill not Sir <hi rend="italic">Thomas Louell</hi>, tak't of  
me,</l>

<l>Till <hi rend="italic">Cranmer, Cromwel</hi>, her two  
hands, and shee</l>

<l>Sleepe in their Graues.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-lov">

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

<l>Now Sir, you speake of two</l>

<l>The most remark'd i'th'Kingdome; as for <hi  
rend="italic">Cromwell</hi>,</l>

<l>Beside that of the Jewell-House, is made Master</l>

<l>O'th'Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir,</l>

<l>Stands in the gap and Trade of moe Preferments,</l>

<l>With which the Lime will loade him. Th'Archbyshop</l>

<l>Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare speak</l>

<l>One syllable against him?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-grd">

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

<l>Yes, yes, Sir <hi rend="italic">Thomas</hi>,</l>

<l>There are that Dare, and I my selfe haue ventur'd</l>

<l>To speake my minde of him: and indeed this day,</l>

<l>Sir (I may tell it you) I thinke I haue</l>

<l>Incenst the Lords o'th'Councell, that he is</l>

<l>(For so I know he is, they know he is)</l>

<l>A most Arch-Heretique, a Pestilence</l>

<l>That does infect the Land: with which, they moued</l>

<l>Haue broken with the King, who hath so farre</l>

<l>Giuen eare to our Complaint, of his great Grace,</l>

<l>And Princely Care, fore-seeing those fell Mischiefes,</l>

<cb n="2"/>

<l>Our Reasons layd before him, hath commanded</l>

<l>To morrow Morning to the Councell Boord</l>

<l>He be conuented. He's a ranke weed Sir <hi  
rend="italic">Thomas</hi>,</l>

<l>And we must root him out. From your Affaires</l>

<l>I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir <hi

rend="italic">Thomas</hi>.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Gardiner and

Page.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h8-lov">

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

<l>Many good nights, my Lord, I rest your seruant.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King and  
Suffolke.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
     <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
     <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi>, I will play no more to night,</l>  
     <l>My mindes not on't, you are too hard for me.</l>  
 </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  
 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 thanks</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-hn8">  
     <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
     <l>What say'st thou? Ha?</l>  
     <l>To pray for her? What, is she crying out?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-lov">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Lou.</speaker>  
     <l>So said her woman, and that her suffrance made</l>  
     <l>Almost each pang, a death.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
     <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
     <l>Alas good Lady.</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>

<l>For I must thinke of that, which company</l>  
 <l>Would not be friendly too.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-suf">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>  
 <l>I wish your Highnesse</l>  
 <l>A quiet night, and my good Mistris will</l>  
 <l>Remember in my Prayers.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi> good night.</l>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit  
 Suffolke.</stage>  
 <l>Well Sir, what followes?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Sir Anthony  
 Denny.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-den">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Den.</speaker>  
 <l>Sir, I haue brought my Lord the Arch-byshop,</l>  
 <l>As you commanded me.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>Ha<c rend="italic">?</c> Canterbury?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-den">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Den.</speaker>  
 <l>I my good Lord.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>'Tis true: where is he <hi rend="italic">Denny</hi>?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-den">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Den.</speaker>  
 <l>He attends your Highnesse pleasure.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>Bring him to Vs.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-lov">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lou.</speaker>  
 <l>This is about that, which the Byshop spake,</l>  
 <l>I am happily come hither.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cranmer and

Denny.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
<l>Auoyd the Gallery.</l>  
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Louel seemes

to stay.</stage>

<l>Ha? I haue said. Be gone.</l>  
<l>What?</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt Louell and

Denny.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h8-cra">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cran.</speaker>  
<l>I am fearefull: Wherefore frownes he thus<c

rend="italic">?</c>

</l>

<l>'Tis his Aspect of Terror. All's not well.</l>

</sp>

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

<l>How now my Lord?</l>

<l>You do desire to know wherefore</l>

<l>I sent for you.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-cra">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cran.</speaker>

<l>It is my dutie</l>

<l>T'attend your Highnesse pleasure.</l>

</sp>

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

<l>Pray you arise</l>

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

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

<l>I haue Newes to tell you.</l>

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

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

<l>And am right sorrie to repeat what follows.</l>

<l>I haue, and most vnwillingly of late</l>

<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">x2</fw>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Heard</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0584-0.jpg" n="228"/>

<fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

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

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

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

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

<l>You cannot with such freedome purge your selfe,</l>

<l>But that till further Triall, in those Charges</l>

<|>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 witsnesse</|>  
<|>Would come against you.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-cra">

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

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

</sp>

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

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

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-cra">

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

<|>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.</|>

</sp>

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

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

<|>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 swear against you: Such things haue been done.</|>  
<|>You are Potently oppos'd, and with a Malice</|>  
<|>Of as great Size. Weene you of better lucke,</|>  
<|>I meane in periur'd Witsnesse, then your Master,</|>  
<|>Whose Minister you are, whiles heere he liu'd</|>

too, </l>

<l>Vpon this naughty Earth<c rend="italic">?</c> Go too, go

<l>You take a Precept for no leape of danger, </l>  
 <l>And woe your owne destruction. </l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-cra">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cran.</speaker>  
 <l>God, and your Maiesty</l>  
 <l>Protect mine innocence, or I fall into</l>  
 <l>The trap is laid for me. </l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>Be of good cheere, </l>  
 <l>They shall no more preuaile, then we giue way too: </l>  
 <l>Keepe comfort to you, and this Morning see</l>  
 <l>You do appeare before them. If they shall chance</l>  
 <l>In charging you with matters, to commit you: </l>  
 <l>The best perswasions to the contrary</l>  
 <l>Faile not to vse, and with what vehemencie</l>  
 <l>Th'occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties</l>  
 <l>Will render you no remedy, this Ring</l>  
 <l>Deliuier them, and your Appeale to vs</l>  
 <l>There make before them. Looke, the goodman weeps: </l>  
 <l>He's honest on mine Honor. Gods blest Mother, </l>  
 <l>I sweare he is true-hearted, and a soule</l>  
 <l>None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone, </l>  
 <l>And do as I haue bid you. </l>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit

Cranmer. </stage>

<l>He ha's strangled his Language in his teares. </l>

</sp>

<cb n="2"/>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Olde

Lady. </stage>

<sp who="#F-h8-gen">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>  
 <stage rend="italic inline" type="business"> within. </stage>  
 <l>Come backe: what meane you? </l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-ola">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>  
 <l>Ile not come backe, the tydings that I bring</l>  
 <l>Will make my boldnesse, manners. Now good Angels</l>  
 <l>Fly o're thy Royall head, and shade thy person</l>  
 <l>Vnder their blessed wings. </l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>Now by thy lookes</l>



<l>I gesse thy Message. Is the Queene deliuer'd?</l>  
 <l>Say I, and of a boy.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-ola">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>  
   <l>I, I my Liege,</l>  
   <l>And of a louely Boy: the God of heauen</l>  
   <l>Both now, and euer blesse her: 'Tis a Gyrle</l>  
   <l>Promises Boyes heereafter. Sir, your Queen</l>  
   <l>Desires your Visitation, and to be</l>  
   <l>Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,</l>  
   <l>As Cherry, is to Cherry.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l rend="italic">Louell.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-lov">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lou.</speaker>  
   <l>Sir.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l>Giue her an hundred Markes.</l>  
   <l>Ile to the Queene.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit King.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-ola">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>  
   <l>An hundred Markes? By this light, Ile ha more.</l>  
   <l>An ordinary Groome is for such payment.</l>  
   <l>I will haue more, or scold it out of him.</l>  
   <l>Said I for this, the Gyrle was like to him? Ile</l>  
   <l>Haue more, or else vnsay't: and now, while 'tis hot,</l>  
   <l>Ile put it to the issue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Ladie.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="2">  
   <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>  
   <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>  
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cranmer,  
 Archbyshop of Canterbury.</stage>  
   <sp who="#F-h8-cra">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cran.</speaker>  
     <l>I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman</l>  
     <l>That was lent to me from the Councell, pray'd me</l>  
     <l>To make great hast. All fast? What meanes this? Hoa?</l>  
     <l>Who waites there? Sure you know me<c rend="italic">?</c></l>  
 </sp>  
 </div>

```

</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Keeper.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h8-kee">
  <speaker rend="italic">Keep.</speaker>
  <l>Yes, my Lord:</l>
  <l>But yet I cannot helpe you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-cra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cran.</speaker>
  <l>Why?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-kee">
  <speaker rend="italic">Keep.</speaker>
  <l>Your Grace must waight till you be call'd for.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Doctor
Buts.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h8-cra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cran.</speaker>
  <l>So.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-but">
  <speaker rend="italic">Buts.</speaker>
  <l>This is a Peere of Malice: I am glad</l>
  <l>I came this way so happily. The King</l>
  <l>Shall vnderstand it presently.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Buts</stage>
<sp who="#F-h8-cra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cran.</speaker>
  <l>'Tis <hi rend="italic">Buts</hi>.</l>
  <l>The Kings Physitian, as he past along</l>
  <l>How earnestly he cast his eyes vpon me;</l>
  <l>Pray heauen he sound not my disgrace: for certaine</l>
  <l>This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,</l>
  <l>(God turne their hearts, I neuer sought their malice)</l>
  <l>To quench mine Honor; they would shame to make me</l>
  <l>Wait else at doore: a fellow Councillor</l>
  <l>'Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyes.</l>
  <l>But their pleasures</l>
  <l>Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the King, and
Buts, at a Windowe
  <lb/>aboute.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h8-but">
  <speaker rend="italic">Buts.</speaker>
  <l>Ile shew your Grace the strangest sight.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h8-hn8">

```

<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<c rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-but">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Butts,</speaker>  
   <l>There my Lord:</l>  
   <l>The high promotion of his Grace of <hi  
 rend="italic">Canterbury</hi>,</l>  
   <l>Who holds his State at dore 'mongst Purseuants,</l>  
   <l>Pages, and Foot-boyes.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>  
   <l>Ha<c rend="italic">?</c> 'Tis he indeed.</l>  
   <l>Is this the Honour they doe one another?</l>  
   <l>'Tis well there's one aboute '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  
   <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 aboute him, as for Canterburies  
 Seate.  
   <lb/>Duke of Suffolke, Duke of Norfolke, Surrey, Lord Cham-  
   <lb/>berlaine, Gardiner, seat themselues in Order on each side.

<lb/>Cromwell at lower end, as Secretary.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-chn">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Chan.</speaker>  
   <l>Speake to the businesse, <choice>  
   <abbr>M.</abbr>  
   <expan>Master</expan>  
 </choice> Secretary;</l>  
   <l>Why are we met in Councill?</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-kee">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Keep.</speaker>  
   <l>Without my Noble Lords?</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>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  
 Councill 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 heere 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 wisdom, 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>Diuers and dangerous; which are Heresies;</l>  
<l>And not reform'd, may proue 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 mouthes with stubborn Bits & spurre

'em,</l>

<l>Till they obey the mannage. If we suffer</l>  
<l>Out of our easinesse and childish pittie</l>  
<l>To one mans Honour, this contagious sicknesse;</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 vpper <hi rend="italic">Germany</hi> can deerely

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 Progresse</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 euer 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 neuer 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>

<l>That in this case of Iustice, my Accusers,</l>  
<l>Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,</l>  
<l>And freely vrge against me.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-suf">

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

<l>Nay, my Lord,</l>

<l>That cannot be; you are a Counsellor,</l>

<l>And by that vertue no man dare accuse you.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-grd">

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

<l>My Lord, because we haue busines of more mo-

<lb rend="turnover"/>

<pc rend="turnover"></pc>ment,</l>

<l>We will be short with you. 'Tis his Highnesse pleasure</l>

<l>And our consent, for better tryall of you,</l>

<l>From hence you be committed to the Tower,</l>

<l>Where being but a priuate man againe,</l>

<l>You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,</l>

<l>More then (I feare) you are prouided for.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-cra">

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

<l>Ah my good Lord of <hi rend="italic">Winchester</hi>: I

thanke you,</l>

<l>You are alwayes my good Friend, if your will passe,</l>

<l>I shall both finde your Lordship, Iudge and Iuror,</l>

<l>You are so mercifull. I see your end,</l>

<l>'Tis my vndoing. Loue and meekenesse, Lord</l>

<l>Become a Churchman, better then Ambition:</l>

<l>Win straying Soules with modesty againe,</l>

<l>Cast none away: That I shall cleere my selfe,</l>

<l>Lay all the weight ye can vpon my patience,</l>

<l>I make as little doubt as you doe conscience,</l>

<l>In doing dayly wrongs. I could say more,</l>

<l>But reuerence to your calling, makes me modest.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-grd">

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

<l>My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary,</l>

<l>That's the plaine truth; your painted glosse discouers</l>

<l>To men that vnderstand you, words and weaknesse.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-cro">

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

<l>My Lord of <hi rend="italic">Winchester</hi>, y'are a

little,</l>

<l>By your good fauour, too sharpe; Men of Noble,</l>

<l>How euer faultly, yet should finde respect</l>

<l>For what they haue beene: 'tis a cruelty,</l>  
<l>To load a falling man.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-grd">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gard.</speaker>  
<l>Good <choice>  
<abbr>M.</abbr>  
<expan>Master</expan>  
</choice> Secretary,</l>  
<l>I cry your Honour mercie; you may worst</l>  
<l>Of all this Table say so.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-cro">  
<speaker rend="italic">Crom.</speaker>  
<l>Why my Lord?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-grd">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gard.</speaker>  
<l>Doe not I know you for a Fauourer</l>  
<l>Of this new Sect? ye are not sound.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-cro">  
<speaker rend="italic">Crom.</speaker>  
<l>Not sound?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-grd">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gard.</speaker>  
<l>Not sound I say.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-cro">  
<speaker rend="italic">Crom.</speaker>  
<l>Would you were halfe so honest:</l>  
<l>Mens prayers then would seeke you, not their feares.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-grd">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gard.</speaker>  
<l>I shall remember this bold Language.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-cro">  
<speaker rend="italic">Crom.</speaker>  
<l>Doe.</l>  
<l>Remember your bold life too.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>  
<l>This is too much;</l>  
<l>Forbeare for shame my Lords.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-h8-grd">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gard.</speaker>

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        <l>I haue done.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h8-cro">
        <speaker rend="italic">Crom.</speaker>
        <l>And I.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h8-chm">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>
        <l>Then thus for you my Lord, it stands agreed</l>
        <l>I take it, by all voyces: That forthwith,</l>
        <l>You be conuaid to th'Tower a Prisoner;</l>
        <l>There to remaine till the Kings further pleasure</l>
        <l>Be knowne vnto vs: are you all agreed Lords.</l>
    </sp>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">A<gap
extent="3"
unit="chars"
reason="absent"
agent="torn"
resp="#ES"/>
</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0586-0.jpg" n="230"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <sp who="#F-h8-all">
        <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
        <l>We are.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h8-cra">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cran.</speaker>
        <l>Is there no other way of mercy,</l>
        <l>But I must needs to th'Tower my Lords?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h8-grd">
        <speaker rend="italic">Gard.</speaker>
        <l>What other,</l>
        <l>Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:</l>
        <l>Let some o'th'Guard be ready there.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the
Guard.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-h8-cra">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cran.</speaker>
        <l>For me?</l>
        <l>Must I goe like a Traytor thither?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h8-grd">
        <speaker rend="italic">Gard.</speaker>
        <l>Receiue him,</l>
        <l>And see him safe i'th'Tower.</l>

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</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-cra">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cran.</speaker>  
   <l>Stay good my Lords,</l>  
   <l>I haue a little yet to say. Looke there my Lords,</l>  
   <l>By vertue of that Ring, I take my cause</l>  
   <l>Out of the gripes of cruell men, and giue it</l>  
   <l>To a most Noble Iudge, the King my Maister.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>  
   <l>This is the Kings Ring.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-sur">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Sur.</speaker>  
   <l>'Tis no counterfeit.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-suf">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
   <l>'Ts the right Ring, by Heau'n: I told ye all,</l>  
   <l>When we first put this dangerous stone a rowling,</l>  
   <l>'Twold fall vpon our selues.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-nfk">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Norf.</speaker>  
   <l>Doe you thinke my Lords</l>  
   <l>The King will suffer but the little finger</l>  
   <l>Of this man to be vex'd<c rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>  
   <l>Tis now too certaine;</l>  
   <l>How much more is his Life in value with him<c  
 rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
   <l>Would I were fairely out on't.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-cro">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Crom.</speaker>  
   <l>My mind gaue me,</l>  
   <l>In seeking tales and Informations</l>  
   <l>Against this man, whose honesty the Diuell</l>  
   <l>And his Disciples onely enuy at,</l>  
   <l>Ye blew the fire that burnes ye: now haue at ye.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King frowning  
 on them, takes his Seate.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-grd">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gard.</speaker>

<|>Dread Soueraigne,</|>  
<|>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 Iudgement comes to heare</|>  
<|>The cause betwixt her, and this great offender.</|>

</sp>

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

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

<|>You were euer good at sodaine Commendations,</|>

<|>Bishop of <hi rend="italic">Winchester</hi>. But know I

come not</|>

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-srv">

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

<|>May it please your Grace;&#x2014;</|>

</sp>

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

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

<|>No Sir, it doe's not please me,</|>

<|>I had thought, I had had men of some vnderstanding,</|>

<|>And wisdom of my Councell; but I finde none:</|>

<|>Was it discretion Lords, to let this man,</|>

<|>This good man (few of you deserue that Title)</|>

<|>This honest man, wait like a lowsie Foot-boy</|>

<|>At Chamber dore? and one, as great as you are?</|>

<|>Why, what a shame was this? Did my Commission</|>

<|>Bid ye so farre forget your selues? I gaue ye</|>

<|>Power, as he was a Counsellour to try him,</|>

<cb n="2"/>

<|>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.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-chn">

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

<|>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.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>  
 <|>Well, well my Lords respect him,</|>  
 <|>Take him, and vse him well; hee's worthy of it.</|>  
 <|>I will say thus much for him, if a Prince</|>  
 <|>May be beholding to a Subiect; I</|>  
 <|>Am for his loue and seruice, so to him.</|>  
 <|>Make me no more adoe, but all embrace him;</|>  
 <|>Be friends for shame my Lords: My Lord of <hi  
 rend="italic">Canterbury</hi>  
 </|>  
 <|>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 answere for her.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-cra">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cran.</speaker>  
 <|>The greatest Monarch now aliuie may glory</|>  
 <|>In such an honour: how may I deserue it,</|>  
 <|>That am a poore and humble Subiect to you?</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-hn8">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>  
 <p>Come, come my Lord, you'd spare your spoones;  
 <lb/>You shall haue two noble Partners with you: the old  
 <lb/>Duchesse of <hi rend="italic">Norfolke</hi>, and Lady  
 Marquesse <hi rend="italic">Dorset</hi>? will  
 <lb/>these please you?</p>  
 <|>Once more my Lord of <hi rend="italic">Winchester</hi>, I  
 charge you</|>  
 <|>Embrace, and loue this man.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-grd">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gard.</speaker>  
 <|>With a true heart,</|>  
 <|>And Brother; loue I doe it.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-cra">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cran.</speaker>  
 <|>And let Heauen</|>  
 <|>Witnesse how deare, I hold this Confirmation.</|>  
 </sp>

```

    <sp who="#F-h8-hn8">
      <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
      <l>Good Man, those ioyfull teares shew thy true
        <lb rend="turnover"/>
    <pc rend="turnover"></pc>hearts,</l>
      <l>The common voyce I see is verified</l>
      <l>Of thee, which sayes thus: Doe my Lord of <hi
rend="italic">Canterbury</hi>
    </l>
      <l>A shrewd turne, and hee's your friend for euer:</l>
      <l>Come Lords, we trifle time away: I long</l>
      <l>To haue this young one made a Christian.</l>
      <l>As I haue made ye one Lords, one remaine:</l>
      <l>So I grow stronger, you more Honour gaine.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
  </div>
  <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
    <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 4]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Noyse and Tumult
within: Enter Porter and
      <lb/>his man.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-h8-por">
      <speaker rend="italic">Port.</speaker>
      <p>You'l leaue your noyse anon ye Rascals: doe
        <lb/>you take the Court for Parish Garden: ye rude Slaues,
        <lb/>leaue your gaping:</p>
      <stage type="delivery" rend="inline italic">Within.</stage>
      <l>Good <choice>
<abbr>M.</abbr>
<expan>Master</expan>
</choice> Porter I belong to th'Larder.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h8-por">
      <speaker rend="italic">Port.</speaker>
      <p>Belong to th'Gallowes, and be hang'd ye Rogue:
        <lb/>Is this a place to roare in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree
        <lb/>staues, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em:
        <lb/>Ile scratch your heads; you must be seeing Christenings?
        <lb/>Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes heere, you rude
        <lb/>Raskalls?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h8-man">
      <speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>
      <l>Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impossible,</l>
      <l>Vnlesse wee sweepe 'em f<gap extent="1"
unit="chars"
reason="illegible"
agent="uninkedType"

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resp="#ES"/>om the dore with Cannons,</l>  
 <l>To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleepe</l>  
 <l>On May-day Morning. which will neuer be:</l>  
 <l>We may as well push against Powles as stirre 'em.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-por">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>  
 <l>How got they in, and be hang'd?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Man.</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0587-0.jpg" n="231"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-man">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>  
 <l>Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in?</l>  
 <l>As much as one sound Cudgell of foure foote,</l>  
 <l>(You see the poore remainder) could distribute,</l>  
 <l>I made no spare Sir.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-por">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Port.</speaker>  
 <l>You did nothing Sir.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-man">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>  
 <l>I am not <hi rend="italic">Sampson</hi>, nor Sir <hi  
 rend="italic">Guy</hi>, nor <hi rend="italic">Colebrand</hi>,</l>  
 <l>To mow 'em downe before me: but if I spar'd any</l>  
 <l>That had a head to hit, either young or old,</l>  
 <l>He or shee, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker:</l>  
 <l>Let me ne're hope to see a Chine againe,</l>  
 <l>And that I would not for a Cow, God saue her.</l>  
 <stage type="delivery" rend="inline italic">Within.</stage>  
 <l>Do you heare <choice>  
 <abbr>M.</abbr>  
 <expan>Master</expan>  
 </choice> Porter?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-por">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Port.</speaker>  
 <l>I shall be with you presently, good <choice>  
 <abbr>M.</abbr>  
 <expan>Master</expan>  
 </choice>  
 <hi rend="italic">Puppy</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Keepe the dore close Sirha.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-man">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>  
 <l>What would you haue me doe?</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-por">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>  
 <l>What should you doe,</l>  
 <p>But knock 'em downe by th'dozens? Is this More fields  
 <lb/>to muster in? Or haue wee some strange Indian with the  
 <lb/>great <hi rend="italic">Toole</hi>, come to Court, the  
 women so besiege vs?  
 <lb/>Blesse me, what a fry of Fornication is at dore<c  
 rend="italic">?</c> On my  
 <lb/>Christian Conscience this one Christening will beget a  
 <lb/>thousand, here will bee Father, God-father, and all to-  
 <lb/>gether.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-man">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>  
 <p>The Spoones will be the bigger Sir: There is  
 <lb/>a fellow somewhat neere the doore, he should be a Brasi-  
 <lb/>er by his face, for o' my conscience twenty of the Dog-  
 <lb/>dayes now reigne in's Nose; all that stand about him are  
 <lb/>vnder the Line, they need no other pennance: that Fire-  
 <lb/>Drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times  
 <lb/>was his Nose discharged against mee; hee stands there  
 <lb/>like a Morter-piece to blow vs. There was a Habberda-  
 <lb/>shers Wife of small wit, neere him, that rail'd vpon me,  
 <lb/>till her pinck'd porrenger fell off her head, for kindling  
 <lb/>such a combustion in the State. I mist the Meteor once,  
 <lb/>and hit that Woman, who cryed out Clubbes, when I  
 <lb/>might see from farre, some forty Truncheoners draw to  
 <lb/>her succour, which were the hope o'th'Strond where she  
 <lb/>was quartered; they fell on, I made good my place; at  
 <lb/>length they came to th'broome staffe to me, I defide 'em  
 <lb/>stil, when sodainly a File of Boyes behind 'em, loose shot,  
 <lb/>deliuer'd such a showre of Pibbles, that I was faine  
 <lb/>to draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Worke, the  
 <lb/>Diuell was amongst 'em I thinke surely.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-por">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>  
 <p>These are the youths that thunder at a Playhouse,  
 <lb/>and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the  
 <lb/>tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limehouse,  
 <lb/>their deare Brothers are able to endure. I haue some of  
 <lb/>'em in <hi rend="italic">Limbo Patrum</hi>, and there  
 they are like to dance  
 <lb/>these three dayes; besides the running Banquet of two  
 <lb/>Beadles, that is to come.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lord  
 Chamberlaine.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>  
   <l>Mercy o'me: what a Multitude are heere?</l>  
   <l>They grow still too; from all Parts they are comming,</l>  
   <l>As if we kept a Faire heere? Where are these Porters<c  
 rend="italic">?</c>  
   </l>  
   <l>These lazy knaues? Y'haue made a fine hand fellowes?</l>  
   <l>Theres a trim rabble let in: are all these</l>  
   <l>Your faithfull friends o'th'Suburbs? We shall haue</l>  
   <l>Great store of roome no doubt, left for the Ladies,</l>  
   <l>When they passe backe from the Christening?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-por">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>  
   <l>And't please your Honour,</l>  
   <l>We are but men; and what so many may doe,</l>  
   <l>Not being torne a pieces, we haue done:</l>  
   <l>An Army cannot rule 'em.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-chm">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cham.</speaker>  
   <l>As I liue,</l>  
   <l>If the King blame me for't; Ile lay ye all</l>  
   <cb n="2"/>  
   <l>By th'heeles, and sodainly: and on your heads</l>  
   <l>Clap round Fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaues,</l>  
   <l>And heere ye lye baiting of Bombards, when</l>  
   <l>Ye should doe Service. Harke the Trumpets sound,</l>  
   <l>Th'are come already from the Christening,</l>  
   <l>Go breake among the preasse, and finde away out</l>  
   <l>To let the Troope passe fairely; or Ile finde</l>  
   <l>A Marshallsey, shall hold ye play these two Monthes.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-por">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>  
   <l>Make way there, for the Princesse.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-man">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>  
   <l>You great fellow,</l>  
   <l>Stand close vp, or Ile make your head ake.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-h8-por">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>  
   <l>You i'th'Chamblet, get vp o'th'raile,</l>  
   <l>Ile pecke you o're the pales else.</l>  
 </sp>  
   <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>

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<div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
  <head rend="italic center">Scena Quarta.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 5]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Trumpets
sounding: Then two Aldermen, L. Maior,
  <lb/>Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshals
  <lb/>Staffe, Duke of Suffolke, two Noblemen, bearing great
  <lb/>standing Bowles for the Christening Guifts: Then foure
  <lb/>Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under which the Dutchesse of
  <lb/>Norfolke, Godmother, bearing the Childe richly habited in
  <lb/>a Mantle, &c. Traine borne by a Lady: Then followes
  <lb/>the Marchionesse Dorset, the other Godmother, and La-
  <lb/>dies. The Troope passe once about the Stage, and Gar-
  <lb/>ter speakes.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-h8-grt">
    <speaker rend="italic">Gart.</speaker>
    <l>Heauen</l>
    <l>From thy endlesse goodnesse, send prosperous life,</l>
    <l>Long, and euer happie, to the high and Mighty</l>
    <l>Princesse of England <hi rend="italic">Elizabeth</hi>.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Flourish. Enter King and
Guard.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-h8-cra">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cran.</speaker>
    <l>And to your Royall Grace, & the good Queen,</l>
    <l>My Noble Partners, and my selfe thus pray</l>
    <l>All comfort, ioy in this most gracious Lady,</l>
    <l>Heauen euer laid vp to make Parents happy,</l>
    <l>May hourelly fall vpon ye.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-h8-hn8">
    <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
    <l>Thanke you good Lord Archbishop:</l>
    <l>What is her Name<c rend="italic">?</c>
  </l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-h8-cra">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cran.</speaker>
    <l rend="italic">Elizabeth.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-h8-hn8">
    <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
    <l>Stand vp Lord,</l>
    <l>With this Kisse, take my Blessing: God protect thee,</l>
    <l>into whose hand, I giue thy Life.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-h8-cra">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cran.</speaker>
    <l rend="italic">Amen.</l>

```



</sp>

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

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

<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>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-cra">

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

<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>Vpon 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: <hi rend="italic">Saba</hi> was

neuer</l>

<l>More couetous of Wisedome, and faire Vertue</l>

<l>Then this pure Soule shall be. All Princely Graces</l>

<l>That mould vp such a mighty Piece as this is,</l>

<l>With all the Vertues that attend the good,</l>

<l>Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall Nurse her,</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Holy</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0588-0.jpg" n="232"/>

<fw type="rh">The Life of King Henry the Eight.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<l>Holy and Heauenly thoughts still Counsell her:</l>

<l>She shall be lou'd and fear'd. Her owne shall blesse her;</l>

<l>Her Foes shake like a Field of beaten Corne,</l>

<l>And hang their heads with sorrow:</l>

<l>Good growes with her.</l>

<l>In her dayes, Euery Man shall eate in safety,</l>

<l>Vnder his owne Vine what he plants; and sing</l>

<l>The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.</l>

<l>God shall be truely knowne, and those about her,</l>

<l>From her shall read the perfect way of Honour,</l>

<l>And by those claime their greatnesse; not by Blood.</l>

<l>Nor shall this peace sleepe with her: But as when</l>

<l>The Bird of Wonder dyes, the Mayden Phoenix,</l>

<l>Her Ashes new create another Heyre,</l>

<l>As great in admiration as her selfe.</l>

<l>So shall she leaue her Blessednesse to One,</l>

<l>(When Heauen shal call her from this clowd of darknes)</l>

<l>Who, from the sacred Ashes of her Honour</l>

<l>Shall Star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,</l>

<l>And so stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Loue, Truth, Terror,</l>

<l>That were the Seruants to this chosen Infant,</l>

<l>Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;</l>  
<l>Where euer the bright Sunne of Heauen shall shine,</l>  
<l>His Honour, and the greatnesse of his Name,</l>  
<l>Shall be, and make new Nations. He shall flourish,</l>  
<cb n="2"/>  
<l>And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his branches,</l>  
<l>To all the Plaines about him: Our Childrens Children</l>  
<l>Shall see this, and blesse Heauen.</l>

</sp>

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

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

<l>Thou speakest wonders.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-h8-cra">

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

<l>She shall be to the happinesse of England,</l>

<l>An aged Princesse; many dayes shall see her,</l>

<l>And yet no day without a deed to Crowne it.</l>

<l>Would I had knowne no more: But the must dye,</l>

<l>She must, the Saints must haue her; yet a Virgin,</l>

<l>A most vnspotted Lilly shall she passe</l>

<l>To th'ground, and all the World shall mourne her.</l>

</sp>

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

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

<l>O Lord Archbishop</l>

<l>Thou hast made me now a man, neuer before</l>

<l>This happy Child, did I get any thing.</l>

<l>This Oracle of comfort, ha's so pleas'd me,</l>

<l>That when I am in Heauen, I shall desire</l>

<l>To see what this Child does, and praise my Maker.</l>

<l>I thanke ye all. To you my good Lord Maior,</l>

<l>And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:</l>

<l>I haue receiu'd much Honour by your presence,</l>

<l>And ye shall find me thankfull. Lead the way Lords,</l>

<l>Ye must all see the Queene, and she must thanke ye,</l>

<l>She will be sicke els. This day, no man thinke</l>

<l>'Has businesse at his house; for all shall stay:</l>

<l>This Little-One shall make it Holy-day.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

</div>

<div type="scene" n="284">

<head rend="italic center">THE EPILOGVE.</head>

<cb n="1"/>

<l rend="italic">

<c rend="droppedCapital">T</c>Is ten to one, this Play can neuer

please</l>

<l rend="italic">All that are heere: Some come to take their

ease,</l>

```
<l rend="italic">And sleepe an Act or two; but those we feare</l>
<l rend="italic">W'haue frighted with our Tumpets: so 'tis
cleare,</l>
<l rend="italic">They'll say tis naught. Others to heare the City</l>
<l rend="italic">Abus'd extreamly, and to cry that's witty,</l>
<l rend="italic">Which wee haue not done neither; that I feare</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l rend="italic">All the expected good w'are like to heare.</l>
<l rend="italic">For this Play at this time, is onely in</l>
<l rend="italic">The mercifull construction of good women,</l>
<l rend="italic">For such a one we shew'd 'em: If they smile,</l>
<l rend="italic">And say twill doe; I know within a while,</l>
<l rend="italic">All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,</l>
<l rend="italic">If they hold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap.</l>
</div>
</div>
<trailer>FINIS.</trailer>
</div>
</body>
</text>
</TEI>
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