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HENRY VIII AND ANNE BOLEYN

Booklovers Edition

by

William Shakespeare

With Introductions,
Notes, Glossary,
Critical Comments,
and Method of Study

The University Society
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Famous History of the
Life of King Henry VIII.

Preface.

The First Edition. *'The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth'* was printed for the first time in the First Folio. There was no Quarto edition of the play.

The text of the play is singularly free from corruptions; the Acts and Scenes are indicated throughout;* the stage directions are full and explicit.† Rowe first supplied, imperfectly, the Dramatis Personæ.

Date of Composition. *Henry the Eighth* was undoubtedly acted as *'a new play'* on June 29th, 1613, and resulted in the destruction by fire of the Globe Theatre on that day. The evidence on this point seems absolutely conclusive:—

(i.) Thomas Lorkin, in a letter dated "this last of June," 1613, referring to the catastrophe of the previous day, says: "No longer since than yesterday, while Bour-

* Except in the case of Act V. Sc. iii., where no change of scene is marked in the folio. "*Exeunt*" is not added at the end of the previous scene, but it is quite clear that the audience was to imagine a change of scene from the outside to the inside of the Council-chamber. The stage-direction runs:—'A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed under the state,' etc.

† The lengthy stage-direction at the beginning of Act. V. Sc. v. was taken straight from Holinshed; similarly, the order of the Coronation in Act. IV. Sc. i.

bage his companie were acting at the Globe the play of *Henry VIII.*, and their shooting of certayne chambers in the way of triumph, the fire catch'd," etc.

(ii.) Sir Henry Wotton, writing to his nephew on July 2nd, 1613, tells how the Globe was burnt down during the performance "of a new play, called *All is True*,*

* *Cp.* Prologue to *Henry VIII.*, ll. 9, 18, 21 :—

'May here find truth.'

. . . . . .

'To rank our chosen truth with such a show.'

. . . . . .

'To make that only true we now intend.'

The second name of the play may very well have been a counterblast to the title of Rowley's Chronicle History of *Henry 8th*, *"When you see me, you know me"* and perhaps also of Heywood's plays on Queen Elizabeth, *"If you know not me, you know no body."* It is possible that both Prologue and Epilogue of *Henry VIII.* refer to Rowley's play, 'the merry bawdy play,' with its 'fool and fight,' and its 'abuse of the city.'

'When you see Me,' was certainly 'the Enterlude of K. Henry VIII.' entered in the Stationers' Books under the date of February 12, 1604 (-5), which has sometimes been identified with Shakespeare's play.

It is noteworthy that the play, first published in 1605, was reissued in 1613. The same is true of the First Part of Heywood's play. This play of Heywood's called forth the well-known prologue, wherein the author protested

"That some by stenography drew
The plot: put it in print: scarce one word trew."

Similarly, *the Chronicle History of Thomas Lord Cromwell*, originally printed in 1602, was re-issued in 1613 with the mendacious or equivocal statement on the title-page, *"written by W. S."*

We know from Henslowe's Diary that there were at least two plays on Wolsey which held the stage in 1601, 1602, *"The Rising of Cardinal Wolsey,"* by Munday, Drayton & Chettle, and *'Cardinal Wolsey,'* by Chettle.

An edition of Rowley's play, by Karl Elze, with Introduction and Notes, was published in 1874 (Williams & Norgate).

representing some principal pieces of the reign of *Henry the 8th.* . . . Now, King *Henry* making a Masque at the Cardinal *Wolsey's* House, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry,* some of the paper, and other stuff, wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch," etc.

(iii.) John Chamberlain, in a letter to Sir Ralph Winwood (*vide* Winwood's *Memorials*), dated July 12th, 1613, alludes to the burning of the theatre, 'which fell out by a peale of chambers (that I know not upon what occasion were to be used in the play).'

(iv.) Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's *Chronicle* (1615) says that the fire took place when the house was 'filled with people, to behold the play, viz., of Henry the 8.'

(v.) Ben Jonson, in his *Execration upon Vulcan*, refers to 'that cruel stratagem against the Globe.'

'The fort of the whole parish,
I saw with two poor chambers taken in,
And razed; ere thought could urge this might have been!' †

Internal evidence seems to corroborate this external

* *Vide* Act I. Sc. iv. 44-51, with stage direction:—*'Chambers discharged.'*

† There were also several 'lamentable ballads' on the event; one of them, *if genuine*, is of special interest, as it has for the burden at the end of each stanza:—

"O sorrow, pitiful sorrow!
And yet it all is true!"

The fifth stanza is significant:—

"Away ran Lady Catherine,
Nor waited out her trial."

(*Vide* Collier, *Annals of the Stage.*) The authenticity of the ballad is most doubtful.

Halliwell doubted the identity of *All is True* and Shakespeare's play, because he found a reference in a ballad to the fact that *'the reprobates . . . prayed for the Foole and Henrye Condye,'* and there is no fool in the play, but the ballad does not imply that there was a fool's part.

evidence, and to point to *circa* 1612 as the date of *Henry VIII.* The panegyric on James I., with its probable reference (V. v. 51-3) to the first settlement of Virginia in 1607, and to subsequent settlements contemplated in 1612* (or to the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine, which took place on 14th February, 1613), fixes the late date for the play in its present form.

Some scholars have, however, held that it was originally composed either (i.) towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, or (ii.) at the beginning of the reign of her successor. Elze attempted, without success, to maintain the former supposition by eliminating (as later additions) not only the references to King James, but also the scene between Katharine and the Cardinals, and most of Katharine's death-scene, so as to make the play a sort of apology for Henry, a glorification of Anne Boleyn, and an apotheosis of Elizabeth.† Hunter held the latter view, discovering *inter alia* that the last scene was 'to exhibit the respect which rested on the memory of Elizabeth, and the hopeful anticipations which were entertained on the accession of King James.' ‡

At all events, no critic has attempted to regard the great trial-scene as a later interpolation, and this scene may therefore be taken to be an integral part of Shakespeare's work; it is a companion picture to the trial in *The Winter's Tale*: Hermione and Katharine are twin-sisters, "queens of earthly queens" §; and indeed the general

* A state lottery was set up expressly for the establishment of English Colonies in Virginia in 1612.

† *Vide Essays on Shakespeare by Professor Karl Elze* (translated by L. Dora Schmitz); *cp.* German *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, 1874. Collier held a similar theory, which numbers many advocates among the old Shakespearians—*e.g.* Theobald, Johnson, Steevens, Malone, etc.

‡ *New Illustrations to Shakespeare*, II. 101.

§ *v.* Mrs. Jameson's comparative study of the two characters, and her enthusiastic appreciation of Katharine as "the triumph of Shakespeare's genius and his wisdom."

characteristics, metrical and otherwise, of this and other typically Shakespearian scenes, give a well-grounded impression that the two plays belong to the same late period, and that we probably have in *Henry VIII.* 'the last heir' of the poet's invention. "The opening of the play," wrote James Spedding, recording the effect produced by a careful reading of the whole, "seemed to have the full stamp of Shakespeare, in his latest manner: the same close-packed expression; the same life, and reality, and freshness; the same rapid and abrupt turnings of thought, so quick that language can hardly follow fast enough; the same impatient activity of intellect and fancy, which having once disclosed an idea cannot wait to work it orderly out; the same daring confidence in the resources of language, which plunges headlong into a sentence without knowing how it is to come forth; the same careless metre which disdains to produce its harmonious effects by the ordinary devices, yet is evidently subject to a master of harmony; the same entire freedom from book-language and commonplace; all the qualities, in short, which distinguish the magical hand which has never yet been successfully imitated." * But the magical touch is not found throughout the play.

Authorship of the Play. As early as 1758, in Edward's *Canons of Criticism* (sixth edition), Roderick called attention to the following peculiarities in the versification of *Henry VIII.*:—(i.) the frequent occurrence of a redundant syllable at the end of the line; (ii.) the remarkable character of the cæsuræ, or pauses of the verse; (iii.) the clashing of the emphasis with the cadence of the metre. The subject received no serious attention for well-nigh a century, until in 1850 Mr. Spedding published his striking study of the play, wherein he elaborated a suggestion casually thrown out 'by a man of first-rate judgement on such a point' (viz., the late Lord Tennyson),

* "*Who wrote Shakespeare's Henry VIII?*" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1850); "New Shakespeare Society's Papers," 1874.

that many passages in *Henry VIII.* were very much in the manner of Fletcher. Basing his conclusions on considerations of dramatic construction, diction, metre, and subtler æsthetic criteria, he assigned to Shakespeare Act I. Sc. i., ii.; Act II. Sc. iii., iv.; Act III. Sc. ii. (to exit of the King); Act V. Sc. i., and all the rest of the play to Fletcher (though, possibly, even a third hand can be detected).*

Shakespeare's original design was probably 'a great historical drama on the subject of Henry VIII., which would have included the divorce of Katharine, the fall of Wolsey, the rise of Cranmer, the coronation of Anne Bullen, and the final separation of the English from the Romish Church.' He had carried out his idea as far as Act III., when his fellows at the Globe required a new play for some special occasion (perhaps the marriage of Princess Elizabeth); the MS. was handed over to Fletcher, who elaborated a five-act play, suitable to the occasion, 'by interspersing scenes of show and magnificence'; a splendid 'historical masque or show-play' was the result.†

Spedding's views on *Henry VIII.* are now generally accepted;‡ they were immediately confirmed by Mr. S.

* *N. B.*—Wolsey's famous soliloquy falls to Fletcher's share.

As regards the Prologue and Epilogue, they seem Fletcherian; the former may well be compared with the lines prefixed to *The Mad Lover*; they are, however, so contradictory, that one would fain assign them to different hands.

† The panegyric at the end is quite in the Masque-style; so, too, the Vision in Act IV. Sc. ii.; compare *Pericles*, V. ii.; *Cymbeline*, V. iv., both similarly un-Shakespearian. The Masque in the *Tempest* is also of somewhat doubtful authorship. Mr. Fleay suggested as an explanation of the dual authorship that that part of Shakespeare's play was burnt at the Globe, and that Fletcher was employed to re-write this part; that in doing so he used such material as he recollected from his hearing of Shakespeare's play. Hence the superiority of his work here over that elsewhere (*vide* Shakespeare Manual, p. 171).

‡ Singer, Knight, Ward, Ulrici, do not accept the theory of a

Hickson, who had been investigating the matter independently (*Notes and Queries*, II. p. 198; III. p. 33), and later on by Mr. Fleay and others, who subjected the various portions of the play to the metrical tests.*

The Sources. There were four main sources used for the historical facts of the play:—(i.) Hall's *Union of the Families of Lancaster and York* (1st ed. 1548), (ii.) Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland* (1st ed. 1577; 2nd ed. 1586); (iii.) *The Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, by George Cavendish, his gentleman-usher (first printed in 1641; MSS. of the work were common); (iv.) Foxe's *Acts and Monuments of the Church* (1st ed. 1563). The last-named book afforded the materials for the Fifth Act.

Chronology of the Play. Though the play keeps in many places the very diction of the authorities, yet its chronology is altogether capricious, as will be seen from

divided authorship. In the *Transactions of the New Shak. Soc.* for 1880-5, there is a paper by Mr. Robert Boyle, putting forth the theory that the play was written by Fletcher and Massinger, and that the original Shakespearian play perished altogether in the Globe fire.

* These tests seem decisive against Shakespeare's sole authorship. Dr. Abbott (*Shakespearian Grammar*, p. 331) states emphatically:—"The fact that in *Henry VIII.*, and in no other play of Shakespeare's, constant exceptions *are formed to this rule* (that an extra syllable at the end of a line is rarely a monosyllable) seems to me a sufficient proof that Shakespeare did not write that play."

The following table will show at a glance the metrical characteristics of the parts:—

	SHAKESPEARE.	FLETCHER.	
double endings	1 to 3	1 to 1.7	proportion.
unstopped lines	1 to 2.03	1 to 3.79	
light endings	45	7	number.
weak endings	37	1	
rhymes	6 (*accidental*)	10	

the following table of historic dates, arranged in the order of the play:—*

1520. June. Field of the Cloth of Gold.
1522. March. War declared with France.
May-July. Visit of the Emperor to the English Court.
1521. April 16th. Buckingham brought to the Tower.
1527. Henry becomes acquainted with Anne Bullen.
1521. May. Arraignment of Buckingham.
May 17th. His Execution.
1527. August. Commencement of proceedings for the divorce.
1528. October. Cardinal Campeius arrives in London.
1532. September. Anne Bullen created Marchioness of Pembroke.
1529. May. Assembly of the Court at Blackfriars to try the case of the divorce.
1529.–1533. Cranmer abroad working for the divorce.
1529. Return of Cardinal Campeius to Rome.
1533. January. Marriage of Henry with Anne Bullen.
1529. October. Wolsey deprived of the great seal.
Sir Thomas More chosen Lord Chancellor.
1533. March 30th. Cranmer consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury.
May 23rd. Nullity of the marriage with Katharine declared.
1530. November 29th. Death of Cardinal Wolsey.
1533. June 1st. Coronation of Anne.
1536. January 8th. Death of Queen Katharine.
1533. September 7th. Birth of Elizabeth.
1544. Cranmer called before the Council.
1533. September. Christening of Elizabeth.

* *Vide* P. A. Daniel's Time Analysis, *Trans. of New Shak. Soc.*, 1877-79; *cp.* Courtenay's *Commentaries on the Historical Plays*; Warner's *English History in Shakespeare.*

Duration of Action. From the above it is clear that the historical events of the play cover a period of twenty-four years; the time of the play, however, is seven days, represented on the stage, with intervals:—*Day* 1, Act I. Sc. i.-iv. *Interval. Day* 2, Act II. Sc. i.-iii. *Day* 3, Act II. Sc. iv. *Day* 4, Act III. Sc. i. *Interval. Day* 5, Act III. Sc. ii. *Interval. Day* 6, Act IV. Sc. i., ii. *Interval. Day* 7, Act V. Sc. i.-iv.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Soon after the return of the English court from the Field of the Cloth of Gold the Duke of Buckingham has the misfortune to embroil himself with Cardinal Wolsey, chancellor to Henry VIII. The cardinal suborns some discontented servants of the duke to accuse their master of treasonable purposes; Wolsey's desire to work Buckingham's downfall probably being strengthened to jealousy of his power.

Wolsey gives a great supper to the court, which is attended by the King and his lords masked. Henry is greatly attracted by the beauty of Anne Bullen, a maid of honour.

II. Buckingham is brought to trial, convicted of high treason and led to execution.

The charms of Anne Bullen awaken in the King a long dormant scruple of conscience regarding the legality of his marriage with Katharine, the widow of his deceased brother. He resolves to divorce the Queen and calls her to public trial. She attends, but refuses to submit to the court. She will not accept Wolsey for judge, and appeals to the pope.

III. The cardinal, now seeing the drift of Henry's purpose, and dismayed at the prospect of his union with a Protestant, takes the side of Queen Katharine and sends private instructions to the papal court that her divorce may be delayed. But the Queen still mistrusts him for her enemy. The King meanwhile becoming im-

patient at Rome's delay, takes matters into his own hands, puts away Queen Katharine, and secretly espouses Anne Bullen. At this juncture he by chance gains possession of the cardinal's papers—the letter to the pope, and inventory of the chancellor's enormous wealth. The enraged monarch deprives Wolsey of his civil offices, and the fallen favourite is saved from a charge of high treason only by the interposition of death.

IV. The divorced Queen Katharine shortly follows Wolsey to the grave. Anne Bullen is publicly crowned as Queen amid much ceremony, being anointed by Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

V. After Wolsey's death Cranmer enjoys a great share of the King's favour. This arouses the jealousy of powerful nobles, who form a conspiracy against the prelate. He is brought to trial and threatened with imprisonment in the Tower, when the opportune arrival of Henry himself enables him to triumph over his rivals. Cranmer evinces his gratitude for the royal friendship by taking part in the christening of Queen Anne's infant daughter, Elizabeth, for whom he prophesies a career of great splendour.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Henry and Anne.

Shakspeare has, it is true, not spared Henry's character: he appears everywhere as the obstinate, capricious, selfish and heartless man that he was—a slave to his favourites and to his passions. That Shakspeare has not *expressly* described him as such, that he has rather characterised him tacitly through his own actions, and no doubt sedulously pushed his good points into the foreground, could not—without injustice—have been expected otherwise from a national poet who wrote in the reign of Henry's daughter, the universally honoured

Elizabeth. Further, that he does not describe Anne Boleyn exactly as she was—she who, indeed, at first rejected Henry's advances, but afterwards lived with him in adultery for three years—is also excusable, seeing that she was Elizabeth's mother, and her doings had not in Shakspeare's time been fully disclosed, at all events they were not publicly narrated in the chronicles and popular histories.

Some inaccuracies may be left out of consideration; for instance, that the opinions expressed by the most eminent theologians in regard to Henry's divorce were not in his favour, and that Thomas Cranmer was not quite the noble, amiable Christian character he is here represented. These are secondary circumstances which the poet was free to dispose of as he pleased. But one point, where he certainly is open to censure, is, that he has not given us a *full* and *complete* account of the lives of Henry and Anne, but simply a portion of their history; the representation therefore becomes untrue from an *ideal* point of view as well. Not only does this offend the justice which proceeds from human thought, but it likewise offends poetical justice. Moreover, it is opposed to the true and actual justice of history when a man like Henry—the slave to his selfish caprice, lusts and passions, the play-ball in the hands of such a favourite as the ambitious, revengeful, intriguing Wolsey—a man who condemns the Duke of Buckingham to death without cause or justice, and who for his own low, sensual desires repudiates his amiable, pious, and most noble consort, whose only fault is a pardonable pride in her true majesty—when, I repeat, such a man is rewarded for his heavy transgressions with the hand of the woman he loves and by the birth of a fortunate child; and again, when we see Anne Boleyn—who even in the drama seems burdened with a grievous sin, inasmuch as she forces herself into the place belonging to the unjustly banished Queen—leave the stage simply as the happy, extolled mother of such a child, and in the full enjoy-

ment of her unlawful possession. This is *not* the course taken by *history*. We know, and it was always well known, that Henry died while still in the prime of life and after much suffering, in consequence of his excessive dissipations—a wreck in body as well as in mind; we know, and it can never have been a secret, that Anne, after a short period of happiness, and not altogether unjustly, ended her frivolous life in prison, into which she was thrown at her own husband's command.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

III.

The Delineation of Anne.

In the brief but searching delineation of Anne Boleyn there is drawn together the essence of a long history. With little or nothing in her of a substantive or positive nature one way or the other; with scarce any legitimate object-matter of respect or confidence, she is notwithstanding rather an amiable person; possessed with a girlish fancy and hankering for the vain pomps and fripperies of state, but having no sense of its duties and dignities. She has a kindly and pitiful heart, but is so void of womanly principle and delicacy as to be from the first evidently flattered and elated by those royal benevolences, which to any just sensibility of honour would minister nothing but humiliation and shame. She has a real and true pity for the good Queen; but her pity goes altogether on false grounds; and she shows by the very terms of it her eager and uneasy longing after what she scarcely more fears than hopes the Queen is about to lose. She strikes infinitely below the true grounds and sources of Katharine's noble sorrow, and that in such a way as to indicate her utter inability to reach or conceive them; and thus serves to set off and enhance the deep and solid character of her whose soul truth is not so much a quality, as it is the very substance and essential

form; and who, from the serene and steady light thence shining within her, much rather than from any acuteness of strength of intellect, is enabled to detect the crooked policy and duplicity which are playing their engines about her. For, as Mrs. Jameson justly observes, this thorough honesty and integrity of heart, this perfect truth in the inward parts, is as hard to be deceived, as it is incapable of deceiving. We can well imagine, that with those of the Poet's audience who had any knowledge of English history, and many of them no doubt had much, the delineation of Anne, broken off, as it is, at the height of her fortune, must needs have sent their thoughts forward to reflect how the self-same levity of character, which lifted her into Katharine's place, soon afterwards drew on herself a far more sudden and terrible reverse than had overtaken those on whose ruins she had risen.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

IV.

Katharine.

Katharine is at first introduced as pleading before the king in behalf of the commonalty, who had been driven by the extortions of Wolsey into some illegal excesses. In this scene, which is true to history, we have her upright reasoning mind, her steadiness of purpose, her piety and benevolence, placed in a strong light. The unshrinking dignity with which she opposes without descending to brave the cardinal, the stern rebuke addressed to the Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, are finely characteristic; and by thus exhibiting Katharine as invested with all her conjugal rights and influence, and royal state, the subsequent situations are rendered more impressive. She is placed in the first instance on such a height in our esteem and reverence, that in the midst of her abandonment and degradation, and the pro-

found pity she afterwards inspires, the first effect remains unimpaired, and she never falls beneath it.

In the beginning of the second act we are prepared for the proceedings of the divorce, and our respect for Katharine heightened by the general sympathy for "the good queen," as she is expressively entitled, and by the following beautiful eulogium on her character uttered by the Duke of Norfolk:—

> He [Wolsey] counsels a divorce; a loss of her
> That like a jewel has hung twenty years
> About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
> Of her that loves him with that excellence
> That angels love good men with; even of her
> That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
> Will bless the king.

. . . . . .

We are told by Cavendish, that when Wolsey and Campeggio visited the queen by the king's order she was found at work among her women, and came forth to meet the cardinals with a skein of white thread hanging about her neck; that when Wolsey addressed her in Latin, she interrupted him, saying, "Nay, good my lord, speak to me in English, I beseech you; although I understand Latin." "Forsooth then," quoth my lord, "madam, if it please your grace, we come both to know your mind, how ye be disposed to do in this matter between the king and you, and also to declare secretly our opinions and our counsel unto you, which we have intended of very zeal and obedience that we bear to your grace." "My lords, I thank you then," quoth she, "of your good wills; but to make answer to your request I cannot so suddenly, for I was set among my maidens at work, thinking full little of any such matter; wherein there needeth a longer deliberation, and a better head than mine to make answer to so noble wise men as ye be. I had need of good counsel in this case, which

toucheth me so near; and for any counsel or friendship that I can find in England, they are nothing to my purpose or profit. Think you, I pray you, my lords, will any Englishmen counsel, or be friendly unto me, against the king's pleasure, they being his subjects? Nay, forsooth, my lords! and for my counsel, in whom I do intend to put my trust, they be not here; they be in Spain, in my native country. Alas! my lords, I am a poor woman lacking both wit and understanding sufficiently to answer such approved wise men as ye be both, in so weighty a matter. I pray you to extend your good and indifferent minds in your authority unto me, for I am a simple woman, destitute and barren of friendship and counsel, here in a foreign region; and as for your counsel, I will not refuse, but be glad to hear."

It appears, also, that when the Archbishop of York and Bishop Tunstall waited on her at her house near Huntingdon, with the sentence of the divorce, signed by Henry, and confirmed by an act of Parliament, she refused to admit its validity, she being Henry's wife, and not his subject. The bishop describes her conduct in his letter: "She being therewith in great choler and agony, and always interrupting our words, declared that she would never leave the name of queen, but would persist in accounting herself the king's wife till death." When the official letter containing minutes of their conference was shown to her, she seized a pen and dashed it angrily across every sentence in which she was styled *Princess-dowager*.

If now we turn to that inimitable scene between Katharine and the two cardinals (III. i.), we shall observe how finely Shakespeare has condensed these incidents, and unfolded to us all the workings of Katharine's proud yet feminine nature. She is discovered at work with some of her women—she calls for music to soothe "her soul grown sad with troubles"—then follows the little song, of which the sentiment is so well adapted to the occasion, while its quaint yet classic elegance breathes

the very spirit of those times when Surrey loved and sung:—

> Orpheus with his lute made trees,
> And the mountain tops that freeze,
> Bow themselves, when he did sing:
> To his music plants and flowers
> Ever sprung, as sun and showers
> There had made a lasting spring.
>
> Every thing that heard him play,
> Even the billows of the sea,
> Hung their heads, and then lay by.
> In sweet music is such art,
> Killing care and grief of heart
> Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

They are interrupted by the arrival of the two cardinals. Katharine's perception of their subtlety—her suspicion of their purpose—her sense of her own weakness and inability to contend with them, and her mild subdued dignity, are beautifully represented; as also the guarded self-command with which she eludes giving a definitive answer; but when they counsel her to that which she, who knows Henry, feels must end in her ruin, then the native temper is roused at once, or, to use Tunstall's expression, "the choler and the agony," burst forth in words:—

> *Queen Katharine.* Is this your Christian counsel? Out upon ye!
> Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
> That no king can corrupt.
> *Campeius.* Your rage mistakes us.
> *Queen Katharine.* The more shame for ye! holy men I thought ye,
> Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
> But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye.
> Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort,
> The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?

With the same force of language, and impetuous yet dignified feeling, she asserts her own conjugal truth and merit, and insists upon her rights:—

Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords, . . .
. . . . . .
My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

And this burst of unwonted passion is immediately followed by the natural reaction; it subsides into tears, dejection, and a mournful self-compassion:—

Would I had never trod this English ground,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[*To her women.*
Shipwrecked upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allowed me; like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Dr. Johnson observes on this scene, that all Katharine's distresses could not save her from a quibble on the word *cardinal.*

Holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye!

When we read this passage in connection with the situation and sentiment, the scornful play upon the words is not only appropriate and natural, it seems inevitable.

Katharine, assuredly, is neither an imaginative nor a witty personage; but we all acknowledge the truism that anger inspires wit, and whenever there is passion there is poetry. In the instance just alluded to, the sarcasm springs naturally out from the bitter indignation of the moment. In her grand rebuke of Wolsey, in the trial scene, how just and beautiful is the gradual elevation of her language, till it rises into that magnificent image—

> You have by fortune and his highness' favours,
> Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted,
> Where powers are your retainers, . . .

In the depth of her affliction, the pathos as naturally clothes itself in poetry.

> Like the lily,
> That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
> I 'll hang my head and perish.

But these, I believe, are the only instances of imagery throughout; for, in general, her language is plain and energetic. It has the strength and simplicity of her character, with very little metaphor and less wit.

In approaching the last scene of Katharine's life, I feel as if about to tread within a sanctuary where nothing befits us but silence and tears; veneration so strives with compassion, tenderness with awe.

We must suppose a long interval to have elapsed since Katharine's interview with the two cardinals. Wolsey was disgraced, and poor Anna Bullen at the height of her short-lived prosperity. It was Wolsey's fate to be detested by both queens. In the pursuance of his own selfish and ambitious designs, he had treated both with perfidy; and one was the remote, the other the immediate cause of his ruin.

The ruffian king, of whom one hates to think, was bent on forcing Katharine to concede her rights, and illegitimize her daughter, in favour of the offspring of

Anna Bullen: she steadily refused, was declared contumacious, and the sentence of divorce pronounced in 1533. Such of her attendants as persisted in paying her the honours due to a queen were driven from her household; those who consented to serve her as princess-dowager, she refused to admit into her presence; so that she remained unattended, except by a few women, and her gentleman usher, Griffith. During the last eighteen months of her life she resided at Kimbolton. Her nephew, Charles V., had offered here an asylum and princely treatment; but Katharine, broken in heart, and declining in health, was unwilling to drag the spectacle of her misery and degradation into a strange country: she pined in her loneliness, deprived of her daughter, receiving no consolation from the pope, and no redress from the emperor. Wounded pride, wronged affection, and a cankering jealousy of the woman preferred to her (which, though it never broke out into unseemly words, is enumerated as one of the causes of her death), at length wore out a feeble frame. . . .

What the historian relates, Shakespeare realizes. On the wonderful beauty of Katharine's closing scene we need not dwell, for that requires no illustration. In transferring the sentiments of her letter to her lips, Shakespeare has given them added grace, and pathos, and tenderness, without injuring their truth and simplicity: the feelings, and almost the manner of expression, are Katharine's own. The severe justice with which she draws the character of Wolsey is extremely characteristic: the benign candour with which she listens to the praise of him "whom living she most hated," is not less so. How beautiful her religious enthusiasm!—the slumber which visits her pillow, as she listens to that sad music she called her knell; her awakening from the vision of celestial joy to find herself still on earth—

> Spirits of peace! where are ye? Are ye all gone,
> And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?—

how unspeakably beautiful! And to consummate all in one final touch of truth and nature, we see that consciousness of her own worth and integrity which had sustained her through all her trials of heart, and that pride of station for which she had contended through long years—which had become more dear by opposition, and by the perseverance with which she had asserted it—remaining the last strong feeling upon her mind, to the very last hour of existence.

> When I am dead, good wench,
> Let me be used with honour: strew me over
> With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
> I was a chaste wife to my grave; embalm me,
> Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
> A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
> I can no more.

In the epilogue to this play it is recommended to

> The merciful construction of good women,
> For *such a one* we show'd 'em:

alluding to the character of Queen Katharine. Shakespeare has, in fact, placed before us a queen and a heroine, who in the first place, and above all, is a *good* woman; and I repeat, that in doing so, and in trusting for all his effect to truth and virtue, he has given a sublime proof of his genius and his wisdom;—for which, among many other obligations, we women remain his debtors.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women*

What, then, chiefly interested the dramatist in this designed and partly accomplished *Henry VIII.*? The presence of a noble sufferer—one who was grievously wronged, and who, by a plain loyalty to what is faithful and true, by a disinterestedness of soul and enduring magnanimity, passes out of all passion and personal resentment into the reality of things, in which much, in-

deed, of pain remains, but no ignoble wrath or shallow bitterness of heart. Her earnest endeavour for the welfare of her English subjects is made with fearless and calm persistence in the face of Wolsey's opposition. It is integrity and freedom from self-regard set over against guile and power and pride. In her trial scene, the indignation of Katharine flashes forth against the cardinal, but is an indignation which unswervingly progresses towards and penetrates into the truth.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

In spite of the great virtues which I have to acknowledge in her, I have an insurmountable dislike to this princess. As a married woman she was a pattern of social fidelity. As a queen she was most majestic and dignified. As a Christian she was virtue personified. But she inspired Dr. Samuel Johnson with a voice to sing her highest praise, and of all the women described by Shakespeare she is his special favourite. He mentions her with tender pathos . . . and this is insufferable. Shakespeare did his best to idealize the good woman but this is in vain, when we perceive that . . . Dr. Johnson is overcome by tender delight at her sight and runs over in her praise. Were she my wife I could make such praise a ground of separation.

HEINE: *Notes on Shakespeare Heroines.*

V.

Wolsey.

Opposed to Buckingham, but still more accomplished with the new arts in vogue, and with a tongue still more persuasive, is the magnificent arrogance of the all-performing Wolsey. He is the type of the advancing Commons as sprung from their very depths; but he has taken such a start ahead of them as to be willing to forget

and to aid in oppressing, his own original order. He has the upstart's not unprovoked hatred of the hereditary nobility, and the upstart's neglect also of the class he has quitted. The tendency of the age is to advance him, and tempting circumstances and a nature that can be dazzled and misled, carry him on by ways too often unholy to a perilous height. Assentation and convenience to royalty brings on such gigantic success that he makes the usual mistake of his position and dreams of independence. The first manifest proof of falsehood for his own ends in a service that every truth disowned, ensures his ruin, and the double herds of vulgar, the select and the numberless, blacken him in his descent, and exult in his overthrow with a temper that would put the best cause in the wrong.

Wolsey is Shakespeare's most elaborate picture, and he has many, of the arrogant, scheming and unchristian churchman. The strongest lines mark his duplicity of act and word, his envy, malice and pitilessness against Buckingham, Katharine, Pace or Bullen—the dim-burning light that with off-hand severity he would snuff out; and yet so soon as his own ruin explodes he turns upon those who triumph in his fall, some like Surrey not without good excuse, and taxes them indignantly with envy and malice—their ignorance of truth—he who so often had profaned his gift of ingratiating language to betray—with shameful want of manners, thus imputing the faults with which he of all others is most chargeable. Yet strange to say in all this seeming impudent self-assertion he is already becoming more truthful. His defencelessness comes bitterly home to him, and he grasps about wildly and eagerly for those weapons and the armour that would bestead him in such need; and as he vainly searches in his soul for the resources he has forfeited he becomes conscious of his past and irreparable improvidence. Relieved from the obstructions of place and power, he soon sees with clear eye from what quarter might have come entire protection against, or

compensation for any danger, and any insult and fall. The very features of the vices he has been practising are reflected before him in the exultation of the enemies who have leapt into his position, and with sudden pang he notes and hates their despicableness in himself. Such is the process of the purification of his mind, and the sign of it is that the taunts of the nobles have their effect in composing his mind rather than agitating or irritating it. In a bright outburst of moral enlightenment we note the refreshment and very rejuvenescence of the soul, which Shakespeare is our warrant may truly come over the corrupt—the criminal. No repentance will ever undo and reverse the full consequence of wrong, for the better life of the man may sigh as vainly to recover the misused capacities and opportunities of youth and boyhood as their lost hours; yet is not the great Order merciless, nor are they dreamers and deceivers of the fanatical who tell that it remains for the wrong-doer—who shall set a limit and say how heinously guilty—to arrive by whatever providential process at a newness of heart that places him in completest opposition to his former self.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VI.

Divided Against Itself.

The effect of the play as a whole is weak and disappointing. The truth is that the interest, instead of rising towards the end, falls away utterly, and leaves us in the last act among persons whom we scarcely know, and events for which we do not care. . . . I know no other play in Shakespeare which is chargeable with a fault like this, none in which the moral sympathy of the spectator is not carried along with the main current of action to the end. In all the historical tragedies a Providence may be seen presiding over the development of

events, as just and relentless as the fate in a Greek tragedy. Even in *Henry IV.*, where the comic element predominates, we are never allowed to exult in the success of the wrong-doer, or to forget the penalties which are due to guilt. And if it be true that in the romantic comedies our moral sense does sometimes suffer a passing shock, it is never owing to an error in the general design, but always to some incongruous circumstance in the original story which has lain in the way and not been entirely got rid of, and which after all offends us rather as an incident improbable in itself than as one for which our sympathy is unjustly demanded. The singularity of *Henry VIII.* is that, while four-fifths of the play are occupied in matters which are to make us incapable of mirth—'*Be sad, as we would make you*'—the remaining fifth is devoted to joy and triumph, and ends with universal festivity:—

> This day, no man think
> Has business at his house; for all shall stay:
> This little one shall make it holiday.

SPEDDING: *Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1850.

No doubt the nature of the subject imposed enormous difficulties on an Elizabethan dramatist. To render with imaginative sympathy the moving story of the divorce, and yet to remember that the glory of his own time had flowered from that malign plant, was to be under a continual provocation to the conflict of interests which the play, as we see, has not escaped. Regarded near by, the divorce of Katharine was a pitiful tragedy; regarded in retrospect it seemed big with the destinies of England. Yet the earlier Histories had presented a parallel difficulty without involving a parallel failure. The glories of Henry V. like those of Elizabeth were rooted in a crime, but no such rent yawns across the tragedy of *Richard II.* as that which so fatally divides *Henry VIII.* against itself. After making all allowance for such ob-

stacles, it remains true that the total effect of the drama is insignificant in proportion to the splendour of detail and the superb power of single scenes. Nothing more damning can be said of any play, and nothing like it can be said of any play which is wholly Shakespeare's work. Hence, in point simply of dramatic quality, the play justifies a suspicion that it is not entirely Shakespeare's work.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

The Famous History of the Life of King Henry VIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HENRY *the Eighth.*
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.*
CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*
Bishop of Lincoln.
LORD ABERGAVENNY.
LORD SANDS.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
CROMWELL, *Servant to Wolsey.*
GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.*
Three Gentlemen.
DOCTOR BUTTS, *Physician to the King.*
Garter King-at-Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.
Doorkeeper of the Council-chamber. Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, *wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.*
ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.*
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, *woman to Queen Katharine.*

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

Spirits.

SCENE: *London; Westminster; Kimbolton.*

The Famous History of the Life of King Henry VIII.

THE PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I 'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains and the opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see

The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And if you can be merry then, I 'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

London. An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door; at the other, the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Abergavenny.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

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

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they 'lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four throned ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its. To-day the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain India: every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this masque
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye
Still him in praise; and being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one, and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns—
For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds challenged
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believed.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;

To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

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

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

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

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him; let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,

Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in he papers.

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

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

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

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenced?
Nor. Marry, is 't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchased
At a superfluous rate!
Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.
Nor. Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you—
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety—that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he 's revengeful, and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge; it 's long and 't may be said
It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel;
You 'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha?
Where 's his examination?
First Sec. Here, so please you.
Wol. Is he in person ready?

First Sec. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.
[*Exeunt Wolsey and his train.*

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

Nor. What, are you chafed?
Ask God for temperance; that 's the appliance only
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in 's looks
Matter against me, and his eye reviled
Me as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick: he 's gone to the king;
I 'll follow and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

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

Nor. Be advised;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,

And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advised:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

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

Nor. Say not 'treasonous.'

Buck. To the king I 'll say 't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both—for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform 't; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the renching.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleased; and they were ratified
As he cried 'Thus let be,' to as much end

As give a crutch to the dead: but our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows—
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt—
For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey—here makes visitation:
His fears were that the interview betwixt
England and France might through their amity
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menaced him: he privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow—
Which I do well, for I am sure the emperor
Paid ere he promised; whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd—but when the way was made
And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired,
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
As soon he shall by me, that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him, and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.

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

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

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

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

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

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

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

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. [*To Abergavenny*] The king
Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

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

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

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

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?
Bran. He.
Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun. My lord, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. The council-chamber.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder; the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovell: the Cardinal places himself under the king's feet on his right side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choked it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's; in person
I 'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying 'Room for the Queen!' Enter Queen Katharine, ushered by the Duke of Norfolk, and the Duke of Suffolk: she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.
King. Arise, and take place by us: half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety ere you ask is given;
Repeat your will and take it.

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

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: wherein although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you as putter on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master—
Whose honour heaven shield from soil!—even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears;
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

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

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

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

King. Still exaction!
The nature of it? in what kind, let 's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promised pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is named your wars in France: this makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did; and it 's come to pass,
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for

There is no primer business.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

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

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take

From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber,
And though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission: pray, look to 't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. [*To the Secretary*] A word with you.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The grieved commons
Hardly conceive of me: let it be noised
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes; I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

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

King. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd and a most rare speaker;
To nature none more bound; his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black

As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear—
This was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

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

King. Speak freely.

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

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

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

King. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

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

King. What was that Henton?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor, who fed him every minute

With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

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

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

King. Let him on.
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I 'll speak but truth.

I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceived; and that 'twas dangerous for him
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forged him some design, which, being believed,
It was much like to do: he answer'd 'Tush,
It can do me no damage;' adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There 's mischief in this man: canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reproved the duke
About Sir William Bulmer,—

King. I remember
Of such a time: being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

Surv. 'If' quoth he 'I for this had been committed,
As to the Tower I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in 's presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.'

King. A giant traitor!

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

Q. Kath. God mend all!

King. There 's something more would out of thee; what say'st?

Surv. After 'the duke his father,' with the 'knife,'
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour
Was, were he evil used, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There 's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us: by day and night!
He 's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands.

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

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

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

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

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they 've worn out Christendom.

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

How now!
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none but the new proclamation
That 's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is 't for?

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

Cham. I 'm glad 'tis there: now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either,
For so run the conditions, leave those remnants
Of fool and feather that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,
Abusing better men than they can be
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,

They may, 'cum privilegio,' wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

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

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

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are going,
For, sure, there 's no converting of 'em: now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r lady,
Held current music too.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cham. No doubt he 's noble;

He had a black mouth that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord; has wherewithal: in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your lordship's.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A hall in York Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guildford.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas Lovell.

O, my lord, you 're tardy:
The very thought of this fair company

Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Henry Guildford.

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

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

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

Lov. Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

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

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies:
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

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

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

Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his state.

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

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

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

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

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

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here 's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon.
[*Drum and trumpet: chambers discharged.*

Wol. What 's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye. [*Exit Servant.*

Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you 're privileged.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is 't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they 've left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.
[*Exit Chamberlain attended. All rise, and tables removed.*
You have now a broken banquet; but we 'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and once more
I shower a welcome on ye; welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King and others, as masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace, that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct
Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,

They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks and pray 'em take their pleasures.
[*They choose. The King chooses Anne Bullen.*

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

Wol. My lord!

Cham. Your grace?

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

Cham. I will, my lord. [*Whispers the Masquers.*

Wol. What say they?

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

Wol. Let me see then.
By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I 'll make
My royal choice.

King. [*Unmasking*] Ye have found him, cardinal:
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I 'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My lord chamberlain,
Prithee, come hither: what fair lady 's that?

Cham. An 't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.

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

Lov. Yes, my lord.

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

King. I fear, too much.

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

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

[*Exeunt with trumpets.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Westminster. A street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. Whither away so fast?

Sec. Gent. O, God save ye!
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

First Gent. I 'll save you
That labour, sir. All 's now done, but the ceremony

Of bringing back the prisoner.

Sec. Gent. Were you there?

First Gent. Yes, indeed was I.

Sec. Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd.

First Gent. You may guess quickly what.

Sec. Gent. Is he found guilty?

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

Sec. Gent. I am sorry for 't.

First Gent. So are a number more.

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

First Gent. I 'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney on the contrary
Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired
To have brought viva voce to his face:
At which appear'd against him his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

First Gent. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who removed,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

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

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

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

First Gent. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter Buckingham from his arraignment, tipstaves before him, the axe with the edge towards him, halberds on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands, and common people, &c.

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

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

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,

If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no black envy
Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace,
And if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's, and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever beloved and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

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

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

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for 't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honours, and out of ruins
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes: both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. I have done; and God forgive me! [*Exeunt Duke and train.*

First Gent. O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,

I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sec. Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

First Gent. 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,

For not bestowing on him at his asking
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.

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

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

Scene II.

An ante-chamber in the palace.
Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. 'My lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason: His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir.'
I fear he will indeed: well, let him have them: 10
He will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.
Cham. Good day to both your graces.
Suf. How is the king employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What 's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so:
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

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

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears and despairs; and all these for his marriage:
And out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre,
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with, even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true
These news are every where; every tongue speaks 'em,
And every true heart weeps for 't: all that dare
Look into these affairs see this main end,

The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there 's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I 'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike; they 're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let 's in;
And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts that work too much upon him:
My lord, you'll bear us company?

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

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain; and the King draws the curtain and sits reading pensively.*

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

King. Who 's there, ha?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

King. Who 's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate, in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

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

Enter Wolsey and Campeius, with a commission.

Who 's there? my good lord cardinal? O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king. [*To Camp.*] You 're welcome,
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us and it. [*To Wols.*] My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. [*To Nor. and Suf.*] We are busy; go.

Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*] Not to speak of:
I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] If it do,
I 'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*] I another.

[*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgement,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

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

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
The court of Rome commanding, you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant
In the unpartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where 's Gardiner?

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

King. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,

Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit Wolsey.*

Re-enter Wolsey, with Gardiner.

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

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

King. Come hither, Gardiner. [*Walks and whispers.*

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

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

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

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him,
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so grieved him
That he ran mad and died.

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

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
[*Exit Gardiner.*
The most convenient place that I can think of

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

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

An ante-chamber of the Queen's apartments.

Enter Anne Bullen and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither: here 's the pang that pinches.
His highness having lived so long with her, and she
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing—O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthroned,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

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

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

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

Anne. So much the more

Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

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

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts—
Saving your mincing—the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth.

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth; you would not be a queen?

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

Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You 'ld venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were 't worth to know
The secret of your conference?

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

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

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!

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

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

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

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you. [*Aside*] I have perused her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle?—I 'll to the king,
And say I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

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

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once, 'tis an old story,
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year for pure respect!

No other obligation! By my life,
That promises mo thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess: say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you 've heard to her.

Old L. What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A hall in Black-Friars.

Trumpets, sennet and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at arms bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place some distance from

the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

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

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

Wol. Be 't so. Proceed.

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

Crier. Henry King of England, &c.

King. Here.

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

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, &c.

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

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,

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

Be my friends in Spain advised, whose counsel
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless
That longer you desire the court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

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

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

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

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

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;
Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say again,

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
For you or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me; and the cure is to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You 're meek and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,

With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers, and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual; that again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judged by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

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

King. Call her again.

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

Gent. Ush. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help!
They vex me past my patience. Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry, no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.*

King. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,

If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,
The queen of earthly queens. She 's noble born,
And like her true nobility she has
Carried herself towards me.

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

King. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You 're excused:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never desired
It to be stirr'd, but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it: on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,

And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me to 't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came; give heed to 't:
My conscience first received a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: i' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he,
I mean the bishop, did require a respite,
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forced such way
That many mazed considerings did throng
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought
I stood not in the smile of heaven, who had
Commanded nature that my lady's womb,
If it conceived a male-child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't than
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: hence I took a thought,
This was a judgement on me, that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in 't by me: then follows that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in

By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy whereupon we are
Now present here together; that 's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience, which
I then did feel full sick and yet not well,
By all the reverend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd. First I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first moved you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long: be pleased yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

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

King. I then moved you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present summons: unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life

And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That 's paragon'd o' the world.

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

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

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

London. The Queen's apartments.

The Queen and her Women, as at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:

To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!

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

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

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

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
I do not like their coming. Now I think on 't,
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter the two Cardinals, Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you

The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, so much I am happy
Above a number, if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have lived in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolved in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed,
And service to his majesty and you,
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow—
You have too much, good lady—but to know

How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you, and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions
And comforts to your cause.

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

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

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure—
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest—

And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence
In mine own country, lords.

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

Q. Kath. How, sir?

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

Wol. He tells you rightly.

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

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye: holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye:
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries;
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

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

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye,

And all such false professors! would you have me—
If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, has banish'd me his bed already,
His love, too long ago! I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

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

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

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

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!

Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allow'd me: like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I 'll hang my head and perish.

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

Cam. Madam, you 'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and pray forgive me,
If I have used myself unmannerly;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Ante-chamber to the King's apartment.

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

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

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

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

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

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he 's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

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

Nor. Believe it, this is true:
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgement o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, 'I do' quoth he 'perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had!

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

Sur. Now, all my joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to 't!

Nor. All men's!

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

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

Nor. Marry, amen!

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

Cham. Now God incense him,
And let him cry 'Ha!' louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions, which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

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

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.
The cardinal!

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

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

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

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

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me awhile. [*Exit Cromwell.*
[*Aside*] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen! No; I 'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There 's more in 't than fair visage. Bullen!
No, we 'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
Nor. He 's discontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!
Wol. [*Aside*] The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer, one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at something.
Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on 's heart!

Enter King, reading of a schedule, and Lovell.

Suf. The king, the king!

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

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

King. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I required: and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It 's heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,

And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*King takes his seat; whispers Lovell, who goes to the Cardinal.*

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

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

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

King. You have said well.

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

King. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you:
He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,

I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But pared my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

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

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

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

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

King. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: the honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more

On you than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be—
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid—yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't. [*Giving him papers.*]
Read o'er this;
And after, this: and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinal: the nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering.*

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger 's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so;
This paper has undone me: 'tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together

For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What 's this? 'To the Pope!'
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to 's holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter to Wolsey the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself,
To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay:
Where 's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it—

I mean your malice—know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded—envy:
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king,
Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents: now, who 'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself, then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

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

Wol. This, and all else.

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

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility: let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the pope against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despised nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,

Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life. I 'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush and cry 'guilty,' cardinal,
You 'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my head. Have at you!
First that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, 'Ego et Rex meus'
Was still inscribed; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

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

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission

To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

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

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

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is—
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a præmunire—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And so we 'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

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

Crom. How does your grace?

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

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

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

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

Wol. God bless him!

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

Wol. That 's somewhat sudden:
But he 's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That 's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,

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

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

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

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,

And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's: then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

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

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

First Gent. You 're well met once again.

Sec. Gent. So are you.

First Gent. You come to take your stand here and behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

Sec. Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

First Gent. 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds—
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward—
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants and sights of honour.

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

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

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

Sec. Gent. I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what 's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

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

Sec. Gent. Alas, good lady!

[*Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

[*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. *A lively Flourish of trumpets.*
2. *Then two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.*
4. *Choristers, singing. Musicians.*
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head he wears a gilt copper crown.*
6. *Marquess Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. *Duke of Suffolk in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand as high-*

steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.

8. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*

9. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*

10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

They pass over the stage in order and state.

Sec. Gent. A royal train, believe me. These I know:
Who 's that that bears the sceptre?

First Gent. Marquess Dorset:
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

Sec. Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The Duke of Suffolk?

First Gent. 'Tis the same: high-steward.

Sec. Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk?

First Gent. Yes.

Sec. Gent. [*Looking on the Queen*] Heaven bless thee!
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.

First Gent. They that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

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

I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

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

Sec. Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.

First Gent. No more of that.

[*Exit procession; and then a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! where have you been broiling?

Third Gent. Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedged in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

Sec. Gent. You saw
The ceremony?

Third Gent. That I did.

First Gent. How was it? 60

Third Gent. Well worth the seeing.

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

Third Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people 70
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,—

Doublets, I think,—flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say 'This is my wife' there, all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

Sec. Gent. But what follow'd?

Third Gent. At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar, where she kneel'd and saintlike
Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly;
Then rose again and bow'd her to the people;
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen,
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung 'Te Deum.' So she parted,
And with the same full state paced back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

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

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

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

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

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

Third Gent. All the land knows that:
However, yet there is no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

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

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

Sec. Gent. He will deserve more.

Third Gent. Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way,
Which is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I 'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Kimbolton.

Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick: led between Griffith, her Gentleman-Usher, and Patience, her woman.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death!
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,

Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a chair.
So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led 'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

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

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

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his covent, honourably received him;
To whom he gave these words, 'O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!'
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!

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

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;

The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

[*Sad and solemn music.*

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

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent curtsies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same

order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
Grif. None, madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not even now a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the music leave;
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*
Pat. Do you note
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn! how pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold! Mark her eyes!
Grif. She is going, wench: pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An 't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow: 100
Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.
Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.
[*Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.*

Re-enter Griffith, with Capucius.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius. 110
Cap. Madam, the same; your servant.
Kath. O, my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late; 120
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me;
But now I am past all comforts here but prayers.
How does his highness?
Cap. Madam, in good health.

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

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

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

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding—
She is young and of a noble modest nature:
I hope she will deserve well—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,—
And now I should not lie—but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble:
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is, for my men; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by:
If heaven had pleased to have given me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.

These are the whole contents: and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

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

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

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

London. A gallery in the palace.

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

Gar. It 's one o'clock, boy, is 't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,

Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!
Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.

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

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What 's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: affairs that walk,
As they say spirits do, at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd
She 'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She 's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,

Hear me, Sir Thomas: you 're a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beside that of the jewel house, is made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of moe preferments,
With which the time will load him. The archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventured
To speak my mind of him: and indeed this day,
Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have
Incensed the lords o' the council that he is—
For so I know he is, they know he is—
A most arch-heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved
Have broken with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He 's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord: I rest your servant.

[*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind 's not on 't; you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
King. But little, Charles,
Nor shall not, when my fancy 's on my play.
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desired your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.
King. What say'st thou, ha?
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?
Lov. So said her woman, and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.
King. Alas, good lady!
Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!
King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers,
King. Charles, good night. [*Exit Suffolk.*

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.
King. Ha! Canterbury?
Den. Ay, my good lord.
King. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?
Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.
King. Bring him to us.
[*Exit Denny.*
Lov. [*Aside*] This is about that which the bishop spake:
I am happily come hither.

Re-enter Denny, with Cranmer.

King. Avoid the gallery. [*Lovell seems to stay.*] Ha! I have said. Be gone.
What! [*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*
Cran. [*Aside*] I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All 's not well.
King. How now, my lord! you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.
Cran. [*Kneeling*] It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.
King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have moved us and our council, that you shall

This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There 's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

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

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

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices

Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? Such things have been done.
You are potently opposed, and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjured witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

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

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps!
He 's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*] He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter Old Lady; Lovell following.

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

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

King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay, and of a boy.

Old L. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! 'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell!

Lov. Sir?

King. Give her an hundred marks. I 'll to the queen.
[*Exit.*

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

Scene II.

Before the council-chamber.

Pursuivants, Pages, etc., attending.

Enter Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman
That was sent to me from the council pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Ho!
Who waits there? Sure, you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?

Enter Doctor Butts.

Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.
Cran. So.
Butts. [*Aside*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily: the king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*
Cran. [*Aside*] 'Tis Butts, 10
The king's physician: as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me—
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice—
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-councillor,
'Mong boys, grooms and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts at a window above.

Butts. I 'll show your grace the strangest sight—

King. What 's that, Butts?

Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.

King. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages and footboys.

King. Ha! 'tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well there 's one above 'em yet. I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,
At least good manners, as not thus to suffer
A man of his place and so near our favour
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there 's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The council-chamber.

Enter Lord Chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for Canterbury's seat; Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at lower end, as secretary. Keeper at the door.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.
Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
Keep. Without, my noble lords?
Gar. Yes.
Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.
Chan. Let him come in.
Keep. Your grace may enter now.
[*Cranmer enters and approaches the council-table.*
Chan. My good lord archbishop, I 'm very sorry
To sit here at this present and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,—
For so we are inform'd,—with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,

Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as of late days our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living,
I speak it with a single heart, my lords,
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a councillor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment.
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you;
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end;
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary;
That 's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
Would you expect? you are strangely troublesome.
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Cham. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on 't!

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince,
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgement comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou takest me for, I 'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.
[*To Cranmer*] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:

By all that 's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

King. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are? 140
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a councillor to try him,
Not as a groom: there 's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather, 150
If there be faith in men, meant for his trial
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
I 'm sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him and use him well; he 's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords! My Lord of
Canterbury, 160

I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism;
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you 'ld spare your spoons: you shall have two noble partners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please you?
Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you
Embrace and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart
And brother-love I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart:
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus: 'Do my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain:
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The palace yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You 'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within*] 'Good master porter, I belong to the larder.'

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue! Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em. I 'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible—
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons—
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Powle's as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—
You see the poor remainder—could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,
To mow 'em down before me: but if I spared any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again:
And that I would not for a cow, God save her!
[*Within*] 'Do you hear, master porter?'

Port. I shall be with you, presently, good master puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great

tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand: here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in 's nose: all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out 'Clubs!' when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place: at length they came to the broomstaff to me; I defied 'em still: when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in and let 'em win the work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers,

are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here. Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand, fellows!
There 's a trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An 't please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for 't, I 'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: ye 're lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They 're come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly, or I 'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I 'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail;
I 'll peck you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The palace.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts: then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, etc., train borne by a Lady; then follows the Marchioness Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners and myself thus pray:
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.
[*The King kisses the child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!

Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant—heaven still move about her!—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be—
But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be loved and fear'd: her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her:
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but, as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir
As great in admiration as herself,
So shall she leave her blessedness to one—
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness—
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him. Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die;
She must; the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man! never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.

I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding;
I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords:
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
Has business at his house; for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

THE EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They 'll say 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abused extremely, and to cry 'That 's witty!'
Which we have not done neither; that, I fear,
All the expected good we 're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd 'em: if they smile,
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

Glossary.

Abergavenny (*vide* Note); I. i. 211.

Abhor, protest strongly against (according to Blackstone, a technical term of the canon law = Latin *detestor,* but Holinshed has *"Abhor, refuse, and forsake"*); II. iv. 81.

Aboded, foreboded; I. i. 93.

Admit, permit, allow; IV. ii. 107.

Advertise, inform; II. iv. 178.

Advised; "be a.," be careful, reflect; I. i. 139.

After, afterwards; III. ii. 202.

Alike; "things known a.," *i.e.* equally to you as to the others; I. ii. 45.

Allay, subdue, silence; II. i. 152.

Allegiant, loyal; III. ii. 176.

Allow'd, approved; I. ii. 83.

An, if; III. ii. 375.

Anon, presently; I. ii. 107.

A-pieces, in pieces; V. iv. 80.

Appliance, application, cure; I. i. 124.

Approve, confirm (Collier MS., *"improve"*); II. iii. 74.

Arrogancy, arrogance (Folio 1, *"Arrogancie"*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *"Arrogance"*); II. iv. 110.

As, as if; I. i. 10.

Asher-house; Asher was the old spelling of Esher, a place near Hampton Court; III. ii. 231.

At, with; V. i. 131.

Attach, arrest; I. i. 217.

——, seized; I. i. 95.

Attainder, disgrace (Folios 1, 2, *"Attendure"*; Folios 3, 4, *"Attaindure"*); II. i. 41.

Avaunt; "give her the a.," bid her begone; II. iii. 10.

Avoid, quit, leave; V. i. 86.

Baiting, drinking heavily; V. iv. 85.

Banquet, dessert; "running b.," *i.e.* hasty refreshment; used figuratively; I. iv. 12.

Bar, prevent; III. ii. 17.

Beholding, beholden; I. iv. 41.

Beneficial, beneficent; "beneficial sun," *i.e.* the King; I. i. 56.

Beshrew me, a mild asseveration; II. iii. 24.

Beside, besides; Prol. 19.

Bevis; alluding to the old legend of the Saxon hero Bevis, whom William the Conqueror made Earl of Southampton; he was credited with performing incredible deeds of valour; he con-

quered the giant Ascapar; I. i. 38.

Bevy, company of ladies (originally a flock of birds, especially quails); I. iv. 4.

Blister'd, slashed, puffed (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*blistred*"; Folio 4, "*bolstred*"); I. iii. 31.

'*Tall stockings, short-blister'd breeches.*'

From an old French print representing a courtier of the time of Francis I.

Blow us, blow us up; V. iv. 48.

Bombards, large leathern vessels to carry liquors; V. iv. 85.

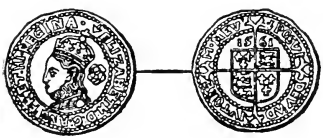
Book, learning (Collier MS., "*brood*"; Lettsom conj. "*brat*"); I. i. 122.

Bootless, useless; II. iv. 61.

Bores, undermines, overreaches (Becket conj. "*bords*"); I. i. 128.

Bosom up, inclose in your heart; I. i. 112.

Bow'd; "a three-pence b.," *i.e.* bent; perhaps alluding to the old custom of ratifying an agreement by a bent coin; or merely equivalent to a "worthless coin"; II. iii. 36. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From an original specimen.

Brake, thicket; I. ii. 75.

Brazier, used quibblingly in double sense of (i.) a worker in brass, (ii.) a portable fireplace; V. iv. 42.

Broken with, broached the subject to; V. i. 47.

Broomstaff, broomstaff's length; V. iv. 58.

Buzzing, whisper; II. i. 148.

By day and night! an exclamation; an oath; I. ii. 213.

Camlet, a light woollen stuff originally made of camel's hair (Folios, "*Chamblet*"); V. iv. 93.

Capable of, susceptible to the temptations of; V. iii. 11.

Cardinal (dissyllabic; Folio 1, "*Cardnall*"); II. ii. 97.

Carried, carried out, managed; I. i. 100.

Caution, warning; II. iv. 186.

Censure, judgement; I. i. 33.

Certain, certainly; II. iv. 71.

Certes, certainly; I. i. 48.
Chafed, angry, enraged (Folios 1, 2, "*chaff'd*"); I. i. 123.
Challenge, the legal right of objecting to being tried by a person; II. iv. 77.
Chambers, small cannon discharged on festal occasions; I. iv. 49.
Cherubins, cherubs; I. i. 23.
Cheveril, kid-skin, used adjectively; II. iii. 32.
Chiding, noisy, clamorous; III. ii. 197.
Chine, joint of beef (Collier MS., "*queen*"); V. iv. 26.
Churchman, ecclesiastic; I. iii. 55.
Cited, summoned to appear; IV. i. 29.
Clerks, clergy; II. ii. 92.
Clinquant, glittering with gold or silver lace; I. i. 19.
Clotharius, one of the Merovingian kings of France; taken as a type of antiquity; I. iii. 10.
Clubs! "In any public affray, the cry was *Clubs! Clubs!* by way of calling for persons with clubs to part the combatants" (Nares); clubs were the weapons of the London apprentices; V. iv. 53.

Coasts, creeps along, like a vessel following the windings of the coast; III. ii. 38.
Colbrand, the Danish giant who, according to the old legend, was slain by Sir Guy of Warwick; V. iv. 22.
Cold, coldness (Collier MS., "*coldness*"; S. Walker, "*colour*"); IV. ii. 98.
Colour, pretext; I. i. 178.
Come off, get out, escape; III. ii. 23.
Commends, delivers; II. iii. 61.
Commissions, warrants; I. ii. 20.
Compell'd, thrust upon one, unsought; II. iii. 87.
Complete, accomplished; I. ii. 118.
Conceit, conception, opinion; II. iii. 74.
Conceive, think, look upon; I. ii. 105.
Conclave; "the holy c.," *i.e.* the College of Cardinals; II. ii. 100.
Confederacy, conspiracy; I. ii. 3.
Confident; "I am c.," I have confidence in you; II. i. 146.
Conjunction; the technical term in astrology for the "conjunction" of two planets; III. ii. 45.
Consulting; "not c.," *i.e.* not c. with each other spontaneously; I. i. 91.
Contrary, contradictory; III. ii. 26.
Convented, convened, summoned (Johnson, "*convened*"); V. i. 52.
Cope; "to c.," of encountering; I. ii. 78.
Covent, convent; IV. ii. 19.
Crab-tree, crab apple tree; V. iv. 8.
Credit, reputation; III. ii. 265.

Cum privilegio, "with exclusive right"; I. iii. 34.
Cure, curacy; I. iv. 33.

Dare, make to cower in fear (*v.* Note); III. ii. 282.
Dear, dearly; II. ii. 111.
Deliver, relate, report; I. ii. 143.
Demure, solemn; I. ii. 167.
Derived, drawn upon, brought upon; II. iv. 32.
Desperate, reckless, rash; III. i. 86.
Did (*v.* Note); IV. ii. 60.
Difference, dissension; I. i. 101.
Discerner, critic; I. i. 32.
Discovers, reveals, betrays; V. iii. 71.
Disposed, used, employed; I. ii. 116.
Due; "due o' the verdict," right verdict (Folios 1, 2, "*dew*"); V. i. 131.
Dunstable, Dunstable Priory; IV. i. 27.

Easy roads, easy journeys, stages; IV. ii. 17.
Element, component part; I. i. 48.
Emballing, investment with the ball; one of the insignia of royalty used at a coronation; II. iii. 47.
Embracement, embrace; I. i. 10.
End; "the e.," at the bottom (Long MS., "*at the end*"); II. i. 40.
Envy, malice, hatred; II. i. 85.
Equal, impartial; II. ii. 108.
Estate, state; II. ii. 70.
Even, pure, free from blemish; III. i. 37.
Ever; "not e.," *i.e.* not always; V. i. 129.
Exclamation, reproach, outcry; I. ii. 52.
Exhalation, meteor, shooting star; III. ii. 226.

Fail, failure of issue; I. ii. 145.
Fail'd, died; I. ii. 184.
Faints, makes faint; II. iii. 103.
Faith, fidelity; II. i. 145.
Father, father-in-law; II. i. 44.
Fearful, afraid, full of fear; V. i. 88.
Fellow, equal; I. iii. 41.
Fellows, comrades; II. i. 73.
Fierce, excessive; I. i. 54.
File, list; I. i. 75.
Filed with, kept pace with (Folios, "*fill'd*"); III. ii. 171.
Fine hand, nice business; V. iv. 74.
Fire-drake, fiery dragon, meteor, will o' the wisp; V. iv. 45.
Fit; "fit o' the face," grimace; I. iii. 7.
Fit, suitable; II. ii. 117.
Flaw'd, broken; I. i. 95; made rents in, wrought damage; I. ii. 21.
Fool and feather; alluding to the grotesque plume of feathers in the jester's cap; I. iii. 25. *Cp.* the accompanying illustration from a bas relief in the Hotel du Bourgtheroulde, Rouen.

For, as for; II. ii. 50.
Force, urge; III. ii. 2.
Foreign man, one employed in foreign embassies; II. ii. 129.
Forged, framed, planned; I. ii. 181.
Forty hours, used for an indefinite time; III. ii. 253.
Forty pence, a sum commonly used for a trifling wager; II. iii. 89.
Frame, plan; I. ii. 44.
Free, freely; II. i. 82.
Free of, unaffected by; II. iv. 99.
Fret, eat away; III. ii. 105.
From, of; III. ii. 268.
Front, am in the front rank; I. ii. 42.
Fullers, cloth cleaners; I. ii. 33.
Furnish'd, suitably appointed, arranged; II. ii. 141.
Gainsay, deny; II. iv. 96.
Gait, walk (Folios, "*gate*"); III. ii. 116.
Gall'd, wounded; III. ii. 207.
Gap, passage; V. i. 36.
Gaping, bawling, shouting; V. iv. 3.
Gave; "My mind g. me.," *i.e.* gave me to understand, I had a misgiving; V. iii. 109.
Gavest, didst impute to; III. ii. 262.
Gives way, makes way, gives opportunity; III. ii. 16.
Gladded, gladdened; II. iv. 196.
Gladding, gladdening; V. i. 71.
Glistering, glistening, shining; II. iii. 21.
Gloss; "painted g.," highly coloured comment, rhetorical flourish; V. iii. 71.
Go about, intend to do; I. i. 131.
Going out, expedition; I. i. 73.
Good, goodness (? wealth; or, good man), merit (Johnson conj. "*ground*"); V. i. 22 (*vide* Note); IV. ii. 60.
Gossips, sponsors; V. v. 12.
Government, self-control; II. iv. 138.
Grief, grievance; I. ii. 56.
Grosser, coarser, ruder; I. ii. 84.
Guarded, trimmed, ornamented; Prol. 16.
Guy, the famous Sir Guy of Warwick, the hero of the old romances; V. iv. 22.

Hall; "the hall," *i.e.* Westminster Hall; II. i. 2.

Happiest; "h. hearers," *i.e.* best disposed, most favourable; Prol. 24.

Happily, haply, perhaps; IV. ii. 10.

Hardly, harshly, unfavourably; I. ii. 105.

Hard-ruled, not easily managed; III. ii. 101.

Have-at-him, attack, thrust (*vide* Note); II. ii. 85.

Have at you; an exclamation of warning in attacking; III. ii. 309.

Having, possession, wealth; II. iii. 23.

He, man; V. iii. 131.

Heart; "the best h.," the very essence, core; I. ii. 1.

Hedges, creeps along by hedgerows (Warburton, "*edges*"); III. ii. 39.

Height; "to the h.," in the highest degree; I. ii. 214.

Held, i.e. have it acknowledged; I. iii. 47.

——, did hold good; II. i. 149.

Hire (dissyllabic); II. iii. 36.

Holidame; "by my h.," an oath (Folios, "*holydame*"; Rowe, "*holy Dame*"); V. i. 116.

Hours (dissyllabic); V. i. 2.

Hulling, floating to and fro; II. iv. 199.

Husband; "an ill h.," a bad economist or manager; III. ii. 142.

In, concerning; II. iv. 103.

Incensed, incited, made to believe (Nares, "*insens'd, i.e.* informed"); V. i. 43.

Indifferent, impartial, unbiased; II. iv. 17.

Indurance, durance, imprisonment; V. i. 121.

Innumerable; "i. substance," untold wealth, immense treasure (Hanmer, "*i. sums*"); III. ii. 326.

Interpreters; "sick i.," prejudiced critics; I. ii. 82.

Issues, sons; III. ii. 291.

Item, again, further; used in enumeration; III. ii. 320.

Its, its own (Folios, "*it's*"); I. i. 18.

Jaded, treated like jades, spurned; III. ii. 280.

Justify, confirm, ratify; I. ii. 6.

Keech, the fat of an ox or cow, rolled up by a butcher in a round lump, hence a name given to Wolsey, the butcher's son (Folio 4, "*Ketch*"); I. i. 55.

Kimbolton, Kimbolton Castle in Huntingdon; now the seat of the Duke of Manchester (Folios 1, 2, "*Kymmalton*" probably the contemporary pronunciation of the word); IV. i. 34.

Knock it, beat time; I. iv. 108.

Lag end, latter end; I. iii. 35.

Large commission, warrant exercising full power; III. ii. 320.

Late, "lately considered valid"; IV. i. 33.
Lay, resided, dwelt; IV. i. 28.
Lay by the heels, put in the stocks; V. iv. 83.
Lay upon, charge, impute; III. ii. 265.
Learnedly, like one learned in the law; II. i. 28.
Leave, leave off, desist; IV. ii. 94.
Legatine, pertaining to a legate (Folio 1, "*Legatiue*"; Folios 2, 3, "*Legantiue*"; Folio 4, "*Legantine*"); III. ii. 339.
Leisure, time at one's own disposal; (Collier MS., "*labour*"); III. ii. 140.
Let; "let him be," even though he be; IV. ii. 146.
Letters-patents (the correct Anglo-French form of *literæ patentes*), letters patent; III. ii. 250.
Level, aim; I. ii. 2.
Like it, may it please; I. i. 100.
Limbo Patrum, prison; strictly the place where the souls of the Fathers of the Old Testament remained till Christ's descent to hell; V. iv. 68.
Line, equator; V. iv. 44.
List, pleases; II. ii. 22.
Little; "in a l.," in few words, briefly; II. i. 11.
'Longing, belonging (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*longing*"; Folio 4, "*'longing*"); I. ii. 32.
Look for, expect; V. iv. 10.
Loose, free of speech; II. i. 127.
Lop, the smaller branches of a tree cut off for faggots; I. ii. 96.
Lose, forget; II. i. 57.

Maidenhead, maidenhood; II. iii. 23.
Main, general; IV. i. 31.
Makings; "royal m.," ensigns of royalty; IV. i. 87.
Manage, training; V. iii. 24.
Mark, a coin worth 1 3/4; V. i. 170.
Marshalsea, the well-known prison; afterwards used as a debtors' prison; V. iv. 90.
May, can; I. ii. 200.
May-day morning; "in the month of May, namely, on May-day in the morning, every man except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods; there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the noise of birds, praising God in their kind" (Stowe); V. iv. 15.
Mazed, amazed, bewildering; II. iv. 185.
Mean, means; V. iii. 146.
Measure, a slow stately dance; I. iv. 106.
Memorized, made memorable; III. ii. 52.
Mere, utter, absolute; III. ii. 329.
Mincing, affectation; II. iii. 31.
Mind, memory; III. ii. 138.

Minds, "their royal m.." their devotion to the king (Pope, "*loyal*"); IV. i. 8.
Mistaken, misjudged; I. i. 195.
Mistakes, misunderstands; III. i. 101.
Mo, more; II. iii. 97.
Model, image, copy; IV. ii. 132.
Modest, moderate; V. iii. 69.
Modesty, moderation; IV. ii. 74.
Moiety, half; I. ii. 12.
Moorfields, a place of resort where the trainbands of the city were exercised; V. iv. 33.
Motions, motives, impulses; I. i. 153.
Mounting, raising on high; I. ii. 205.
Mounts, makes to mount; I. i. 144.
Music, musicians; IV. ii. 94.
Mysteries, artificial fashions; I. iii. 2.

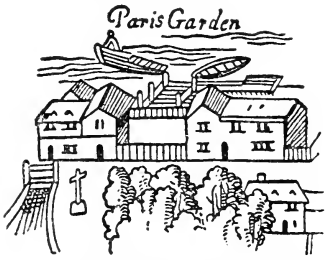
Naughty, wicked; V. i. 138.
New-trimm'd, newly fitted up; I. ii. 80.
Noised, rumoured, reported; I. ii. 105.
Note, notice; "gives n.," proclaims, I. i. 63; information, I. ii. 48.
Noted, noticed, observed; II. i. 46.
Nothing, not at all; V. i. 125.

O', off from; V. iv. 93.
Objections, accusations; III. ii. 307.
Offer, opportunity; III. ii. 4.
Office; "the o.," *i.e.* the officers (Roderick conj. "*each office*"); I. i. 44.
Omit, miss, neglect; III. ii. 3.
On, of; I. i. 94.
Once, at one time; I. ii. 82.
On's, of his; III. ii. 106.
Open; "in o.," openly, in public; III. ii. 404.
Opinion, reputation (*vide* Note); Prol. 20.
Opposing, placing face to face (Long MS., "*exposing*"); IV. i. 67.
Other, otherwise; I. iii. 58.
Outgo, go beyond, surpass; I. ii. 207.
Out of, except; III. ii. 13.
Outspeaks, exceeds; II. ii. 127.
Outworths, exceeds in value; I. i. 123.

Pace, put through their paces; V. iii. 22.
Pain, pains; III. ii. 72.
Painting; "as a p.," *i.e.* of the cheeks; I. i. 26.
Pales, palings, enclosure; V. iv. 94.
Panging, inflicting great pain; II. iii. 15.
Papers, sets down on the list (Campbell, "*the papers*"; Staunton conj. "*he paupers*"); (*vide* Note); I. i. 80.
Paragon'd, regarded as a model or pattern; II. iv. 230.
Parcels, parts, items; III. ii. 125.

Pared, diminished; III. ii. 159.

Paris-garden, the celebrated bear-garden on Bankside, Southwark (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Parish Garden*"); V. iv. 2.



From Aggas's *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.

Part away, depart; III. i. 97.

Parted, departed; IV. i. 92; shared V. ii. 28.

Particular, special ground; III. ii. 189.

Part of, in part, partly; III. i. 24.

Peck, pitch, fling (Johnson, "*pick*"); V. iv. 94.

Pepin, one of the Carlovingian Kings of France, taken as a type of antiquity; I. iii. 10.

Period; "his p.," the end he wishes to attain; I. ii. 209.

Perk'd up, made smart, dressed up; II. iii. 21.

Perniciously, hatefully, to the death; II. i. 50.

Phœnix; "maiden p.," so called because the bird was sexless and did not reproduce itself in the ordinary course of nature, but arose from its ashes; V. v. 40.

Pillars, the insignia of cardinals; II. iv. (stage direction).

Pinked, pierced with holes; V. iv. 50.

Pitch, height, dignity (Warburton, "*pinch*"; Theobald conj. "*batch*"); II. ii. 50.

Pity, subject for compassion; II. iii. 10.

Plain-song, simple melody, without variations; I. iii. 45.

Play; "make my play"; *i.e.* "win what I play for"; I. iv. 46.

Pluck off, abate from the rank; II. iii. 40.

Porringer, cap shaped like a porringer or porridge bowl; V. iv. 50. *Cp.* the accompanying representation of a Milan bonnet fashionable at this time.

A Pinked Porringer.
From a woodcut dated 1546.

Powers, people of highest power and authority; (Vaughan conj. "*peers*"); II. iv. 113.

Powle's, i.e. St. Paul's Cathedral (Folios 1, 2, "*Powles*"; Folio 3, "*Poule's*"; Folio 4, "*Pauls*"); V. iv. 16.

Practice, plot, artifice; I. i. 204.

Præmunire, a writ issued against any one who has committed the offence of introducing foreign authority into England (probably a corruption of *præmonere*); III. ii. 340.

Prayers (dissyllabic); II. i. 77.

Preferr'd, promoted; IV. i. 102.

Presence, presence-chamber; III. i. 17; King's presence, IV. ii. 37.

Present, present moment; V. iii. 9.

Present, immediate; I. ii. 211.

Press, crowd, mob (Folios 1, 2, "*preasse*"; Folio 3, "*preass*"); V. iv. 88.

Prime, first; III. ii. 162.

Primer, more urgent, more pressing; I. ii. 67.

Primero, an ancient game of cards, fashionable in those days; V. i. 7.

Private, alone; II. ii. 12.

Privily, privately; I. i. 183.

Privity, concurrence, knowledge; I. i. 74.

Proof; "in p.," when brought to the test; I. i. 197.

Proper, fine (used ironically); I. i. 98.

Purse; "the p.," *i.e.* the bag containing the great seal carried before him as Lord Chancellor; I. i. 114-115.

Put off, dismissed, I. ii. 32; discard, dismiss, II. iv. 21.

Putter on, instigator; I. ii. 24.

Quality, nature; I. ii. 84.

Queen, play the queen; II. iii.

Raised head, levied an army; II. i. 108.

Range, rank; II. iii. 20.

Rankness, exuberance; IV. i. 59.

Rate, estimation, scale; III. ii. 127.

Read, learn, take example (Collier conj. "*tread*"); V. v. 37.

Receipt, reception; "such r. of learning" = the reception of such learning; II. ii. 139.

Renching (*vide* Note); I. i. 167.

Respect; "dear r.," *i.e.* intense regard; V. iii. 119.

Rub, obstacle, impediment (a term in bowling); II. i. 129.

Run in; "is r. in," has run into, incurred; I. ii. 110.

Saba, the queen of Sheba (the Vulgate "*Regina Saba*"); V. v. 23.

Sacring bell, the bell rung at mass at the elevation of the Host (Rowe, Pope, "*scaring bell*"); III. ii. 295.

Salute, touch, affect, exhilarate (Collier MS., "*elate*"); II. iii. 103.

Saving, with all due respect to; II. iii. 31.

Saw, "we s."; *i.e.* saw each other, met (Folios 3, 4, "*saw y'*"); I. i. 2.
Sectary, dissenter; V. iii. 70.
Seeming, show, appearance; II. iv. 108.
Sennet, a set of notes on the trumpet or cornet, played at the entry or exit of a procession; II. iv. (stage direction).
Set, sitting; III. i. 74.
Set on, set forward; II. iv. 241.
Shot; "loose s.," random shooters, skirmishers; V. iv. 59.
Shrewd, ill, ill-natured; V. iii. 178.
Shrouds, sail-ropes, rigging of a ship; IV. i. 72.
Sick, sick with pride; II. ii. 83; feeble, III. i. 118.
Sicken'd impaired (Theobald conj. "*slacken'd*"); I. i. 82.
Sign, set a stamp on; II. iv. 108.
Silenced; "the ambassador is s.," *i.e.* "commanded to keep his house in silence" (Hall's *Chronicles*); I. i. 97.
Single, sincere, untainted; V. iii. 38.
Slept upon, been blinded to the faults of; II. ii. 43.
Slightly, smoothly, rapidly (S. Walker conj. "*lightly*"); II. iv. 112.
Solicited, informed, moved, stirred; I. ii. 18.
Something, somewhat; I. i. 195.
Sometimes, sometime, at one time; II. iv. 181.
Sooth, truth; II. iii. 30.
Sought, gave occasion for, incurred; V. ii. 15.
Sound, proclaim; V. ii. 13.
Sounder, more loyal; III. ii. 274.
Spaniard; "the S.," *i.e.* the Spanish court; II. ii. 90.
Spann'd, measured, limited; I. i. 223.
Sparing, niggardliness; I. iii. 60.
Spavin, a disease in horses; I. iii. 12.
Speak, bear witness, II. iv. 166; describe, III. i. 125.
Spinsters, spinners; I. ii. 33.
Spleen, malice, enmity; I. ii. 174.
Spleeny, hot-headed; III. ii. 99.
Spoil, destroy, ruin; I. ii. 175.
Springhalt, a disease in horses; I. iii. 13.
Stand on, rely upon; V. i. 122.
State, chair of state, throne; I. ii.; canopy, I. iv. (stage direction).
Staying, waiting; IV. ii. 105.
Still, continually, constantly; II. ii. 126.
Stirs against, is active against (Collier MS., "*strives*"); V. iii. 39.
Stomach, pride, arrogance; IV. ii. 34.
Stood to, sided with; II. iv. 86.
Strains, embraces; IV. i. 46.
Strove, striven; II. iv. 30.
Suddenly, immediately; V. iv. 83.

Sufferance, suffering, pain; II. iii. 15.
Suggestion, underhanded practice, craft; IV. ii. 35.
Suggests, incites; I. i. 164.

Tainted, disgraced; IV. ii. 14.
Take peace, make peace; II. i. 85.
Talker, a *mere* talker (as opposed to one who performs his promise); II. ii. 80.
Temperance, moderation, self-restraint; I. i. 124.
Tendance, attention; III. ii. 149.
Tender, have care, regard for; II. iv. 116.
That, so that; I. i. 25.
This (Folio "*his*"); V. iii. 133.
Throughly, thoroughly; V. i. 110.
Tied, brought into a condition of bondage (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Ty'de*"; Folio 4, "*Ty'd*"; Hanmer, "*Tyth'd*"); IV. ii. 36.
Time, present state of things; V. i. 37.
To, against; III. ii. 92.
To be, as to be; III. i. 86.
Top-proud, proud in the highest degree; I. i. 151.
Touch, hint; V. i. 13.
Trace, follow (Clark MS., "*grace*"); III. ii. 45.
Tract, course, process; I. i. 40.
Trade, beaten track (Warburton, "*tread*"); V. i. 36.
Trembling; "a tr. contribution," a c. so great that it makes the giver tremble (or, [?] makes us tremble); (Collier MS., "*trebling*"); I. ii. 95.
Trow, "I t.," I believe (Folios 1, 2, "*trod*"); I. i. 184.
Truncheoners, men with clubs or truncheons (Folios 3, 4, "*Truncheons*"); V. iv. 54.
Types, distinguishing marks, signs; I. iii. 31.

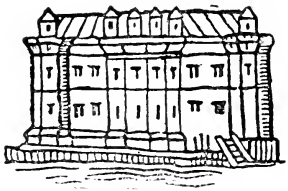
Undertakes, takes charge of; II. i. 97.
Unhappily, unfavorably; I. iv. 89.
Unpartial, impartial; II. ii. 107.
Unwittingly, unintentionally; III. ii. 123.
Use; "make u.," take advantage of the opportunity; III. ii. 420.
Used myself, behaved, conducted myself; III. i. 176.

Vacant, devoid, empty; V. i. 125.
Values; "not v.," is not worth; I. i. 88.
Virtue; "by that v."; by virtue of that office; V. iii. 50.
Visitation, visit; I. i. 179.
Voice, vote, I. ii. 70; rumour, general talk; III. ii. 405.
Voices; "free v.," candid opinion; II. ii. 94.
Vouch, testimony, attestation; I. i. 157.

Wag, move; I. i. 33.

Was, "w. too far"; *i.e.* went beyond proper bounds; III. i. 65.
Way, way of thinking, religious belief; V. i. 28.
Ween, deem, imagine; V. i. 135.
Weigh, value; V. i. 124.
Weigh out, outweigh; III. i. 88.
Well said, well done; I. iv. 30.
Whoever, whomsoever; II. i. 47.
Will, desire; I. ii. 13.
Will'd, desired; III. i. 18.
Wit, understanding; III. i. 72.
Withal, with; III. ii. 130.
Witness, testimony; V. i. 136.
Work, outwork, fortification; V. iv. 62.
Worship, noble rank, nobility; I. i. 39.
Wot, know; III. ii. 122.

You, yourself; I. iv. 20.



Waterfront of the Palace at Bridewell.
From Aggas's *Map of London,* preserved in Guildhall.)

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

Prol. 3. '*high and working*'; Staunton reads '*and high-working.*'

Prol. 12. '*shilling*': the usual price for a seat on or next the stage.

Prol. 16. '*a long motley coat*'; the professional garb of a fool or jester.

Prol. 21. The line is either to be taken as a parenthesis, '*that*' referring to '*opinion*' (= reputation); or as following directly on '*opinion,*' *i.e.* 'the reputation we bring of making what we represent strictly in accordance with truth.'

I. i. 6. '*Those suns of glory*'; *i.e.* Francis I., King of France, and Henry VIII., King of England; Folios 3, 4, read, '*sons.*'

I. i. 7. '*the vale of Andren. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde.* Guynes, a town in Picardy belonging to the English; Arde, a town in Picardy belonging to the French; the vale of Andren between the the two towns was the scene of the famous 'Field of the Cloth of Gold.' *Cp.* illustration at end of Notes.

I. i. 63. Capell's reading of Folio 1, '*but spider-like. Out of his selfe-drawing web. O gives us note.*' Further, Capell and Rowe substituted '*self-drawn*' for '*self-drawing.*'

I. i. 79, 80. '*The honourable . . . out, . . . him in he papers*'; Folios 1, 2, read '*The Councell, out . . . him in, he papers,*' etc. Pope's explanation of these awkward lines is probably correct:—"His own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch him in whom he papers" (*i.e.* registers on the paper). Various emendations have been proposed; *e.g.* '*the papers*'; '*he paupers.*'

I. i. 86. '*minister communication*'; Collier MS., '*the consummation*'; but the phrase is Holinshed's.

I. i. 90. '*the hideous storm*'; "On Mondaie, the eighteenth of June, was such an hideous storme of wind and weather, that manie coniectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortlie after to follow betweene princes" (Holinshed).

I. i. 115. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor was his cousin, Charles Knevet, or Knyvet, grandson of Humphrey Stafford, First Duke of Buckingham.

I. i. 120. '*venom-mouthed*'; Pope's reading; Folios read, '*venom'd-mouth'd.*'

I. i. 152. '*Whom from the flow of gall I name not,*' etc.; *i.e.* 'whom I mention, not because I am still angry,'; etc.

I. i. 167. '*renching*'; the Camb. ed. '*rinsing,*' Pope's unnecessary emendation of the Folio reading '*wrenching,*' which is evidently an error for '*renching,*' a provincial English cognate of '*rinse,*' both words being ultimately derived from the same Scandinavian original, *rinse*, through the medium of French, *rench*, a direct borrowing (Collier MS., '*wrensing*').

I. i. 172. '*count-cardinal*'; Pope proposed '*court-cardinal.*'

I. i. 176. '*Charles the Emperor,*' viz., Charles V., Emperor of Germany; Katharine was his mother's sister.

I. i. 200. '*Hereford*'; Capell's reading; Folios, '*Hertford.*'

I. i. 204, 206. The meaning of these unsatisfactory lines seems to be, as Johnson explained, "I am sorry to be present, and an eye-witness of your loss of liberty."

I. i. 211. '*Abergavenny*'; Folios, '*Aburgany,*' the usual pronunciation of the name.

I. i. 217. '*Montacute*'; Folios read, '*Mountacute*'; Rowe reads, '*Montague.*'

I. i. 219. '*chancellor*'; Theobald's correction; Folios 1, 2 read, '*Councellour.*'

I. i. 221. '*Nicholas Hopkins*'; Theobald's correction (from Holinshed) of Folios, '*Michaell*' (probably due to printer's confusion of '*Nich*' with '*Mich*').

I. ii. 67. '*business*'; Warburton's emendation of Folios, '*baseness.*'

I. ii. 147. '*Henton*'; *i.e.* Nicholas Hopkins, "a monk of an house of the Chartreux Order beside Bristow, called Henton" (Holinshed); there is no need to emend the text.

I. ii. 164. '*confession's seal*'; Theobald's emendation (following Holinshed) of Folios, '*commissions.*'

I. ii. 170. '*To gain*'; the reading of Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, 3 read, '*To*'; Collier MS. reads, '*To get*'; Grant White, '*To win.*'

I. ii. 179. '*for him*'; Capell's emendation of '*For this*' of the Folios; Collier MS. reads, '*From this*'; etc.

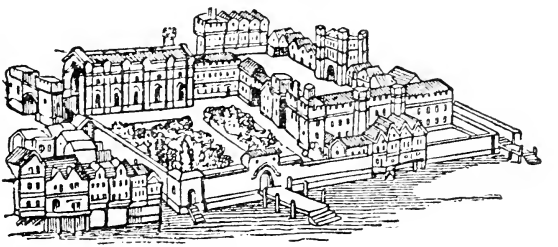
I. ii. 190. '*Bulmer*'; Folios read, '*Blumer*'; Pope, '*Blomer.*'

I. iii. 13. '*Or springhalt*'; Verplanck's (Collier conj.) emendation of Folios, '*A springhalt*'; Pope, '*And springhalt.*'

I. iii. 34. '*wear*'; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1 reads, '*wee*'; Anon. conj., '*oui.*'

I. iii. 59. '*has wherewithal*'; Folios, '*ha's,*' probably an error for ''*has,*' *i.e.* '(*he*) *has.*'

I. iv. *'York Place.'* *Cp.* the annexed illustration.



From Anthony van den Wyngrerde's *Bird's-eye View of London* in 1543, now in the Sutherland collection, Bodleian Library, Oxford.

I. iv. 6. *'As, first, good company'*; so Folios 1, 2, 3; Folio 4 reads, *'As, first good company'*; Theobald, *'as, first-good company'*; Halliwell, *'as far as good company,'* etc.

II. i. 29. *'was either pitied in him or forgotten'*, *i.e.* "either produced no effect, or only ineffectual pity" (Malone).

II. i. 54. *'Sir William Sands'*; Theobald's emendation (from Holinshed) of Folio 1, *'Sir Walter Sands'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Walter Sands.'*

II. i. 86. *'mark'*; Warburton's emendation of Folios, *'make.'*

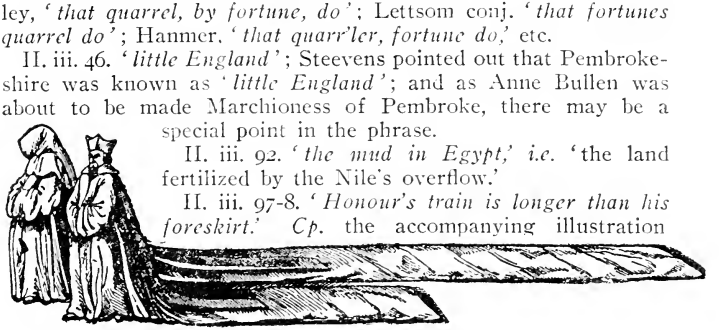
II. i. 105. *'I now seal it,' i.e.* my truth,—with blood.

II. ii. 85. *'one have-at-him'*; Folio 1, *'one; haue at him'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'one heave at him'*; Knight, *'one;—have at him.'*

II. ii. 94. *'Have their free voices,' i.e.* 'have liberty to express their opinions freely' (Grant White, *'Gave'* for *'Have.'*)

II. iii. 14. *'that quarrel, fortune, do'*; Folio 1 reads, *'that quarrell. Fortune, do'*; Collier MS., *'that cruel fortune do'*; Keightley, *'that quarrel, by fortune, do'*; Lettsom conj. *'that fortunes quarrel do'*; Hanmer, *'that quarr'ler, fortune do,'* etc.

II. iii. 46. *'little England'*; Steevens pointed out that Pembrokeshire was known as *'little England'*; and as Anne Bullen was about to be made Marchioness of Pembroke, there may be a special point in the phrase.



II. iii. 92. *'the mud in Egypt,' i.e.* 'the land fertilized by the Nile's overflow.'

II. iii. 97-8. *'Honour's train is longer than his foreskirt.' Cp.* the accompanying illustration

from a series of engravings published at Nancy, 1608, which depicts Duke Henry II. and his attendant the Duke of Mantua at the funeral of Charles III., Duke of Lorraine.

II. iv. 62. '*That longer you desire the court,*' *i.e.* desire the court to delay its proceedings; Folio 4. '*defer*'; Keightley conj. '*court, delay'd.*'

II. iv. 172. '*The Bishop of Bayonne*'; strictly it should be 'the Bishop of Tarbes,' but the mistake was Holinshed's.

II. iv. 174. '*The Duke of Orleans*' was the second son of Francis I., King of France.

II. iv. 182. '*the bosom of my conscience*'; Holinshed's use of '*secret bottom of my conscience*' justified Theobald's emendation of '*bosom*' to '*bottom.*'

II. iv. 199. '*throe*'; Pope's emendation Folios, '*throw.*'

II. iv. 204. '*yet not,*' *i.e.* not yet.

II. iv. 225. '*drive*'; Pope's emendation of Folios, '*drives.*'

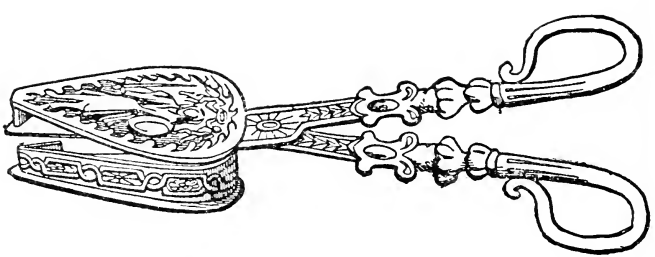
III. i. 38. '*and that way I am wife in*'; *i.e.* concerning my conduct as a wife. (Rowe proposed '*wise*' for '*wife.*')

III. i. 40. '*Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima*'; 'So great is our integrity of purpose towards thee, most serene princess.'

III. ii. 64. '*He is returned in his opinions,*' *i.e.* having sent in advance the opinions he has gathered.

III. ii. 66. '*Together with all famous colleges*'; Rowe reads, '*Gather'd from all the famous colleges.*'

III. ii. 96. '*I must snuff it.*' *Cp.* the accompanying representation of a pair of snuffers dating from the year 1538.



III. ii. 172. '*been mine so*'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4 read, '*been so.*'

III. ii. 192. '*that am, have, and will be,*' etc.; the reading of the

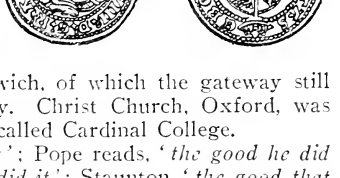
Folios of these lines, which have taxed the ingenuity of scholars; some two dozen various emendations are recorded in the Cambridge Shakespeare, but probably the text as we have it represents the author's words; the meaning of the passage is clear, and the difficulty is due to the change in construction. Instead of '*that am, have, and will be*,' it has been proposed to read, '*that am your slave, and will be*'; this would get rid of the awkward '*have*'= 'have been,' but probably the line is correct as it stands.

III. ii. 272. '*that . . . dare mate*'; *i.e.* I that . . . dare mate.

III. ii. 282. '*And dare us with his cap like larks*'; "One of the methods of daring larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them" (Steevens).

III. ii. 321. '*Cassado*'; so Folios, following Hall and Holinshed; Rowe reads the correct form, '*Cassalis*.'

III. ii. 325. '*your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin*. *Cp.* the accompanying facsimile of a groat minted at Wolsey's city of York.



III. ii. 343. '*Chattels*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*Castles*.'

IV. ii. 58-59. '*Those twins of learning . . . Ipswich and Oxford*'; Wolsey's College, Ipswich, of which the gateway still remains, was founded by Wolsey. Christ Church, Oxford, was founded by Wolsey: it was first called Cardinal College.

IV. ii. 60. '*the good that did it*'; Pope reads, '*the good he did it*'; Collier MS., '*the good man did it*'; Staunton, '*the good that rear'd it*,' etc. The words, if not corrupt, must mean the 'good man (or the goodness) that caused it, *i.e.* founded it.'

V. i. 34. '*is*'; Theobald, '*he's*.'

V. i. 106. '*you a brother of us*,' *i.e.* being a Privy Councillor.

V. iii. 11-12. '*frail and capable of our flesh*'; Keightley, '*culpable and frail*,' etc.; Pope, '*and capable Of frailty*'; Malone, '*incapable; Of our flesh*'; Mason conj. '*and culpable: Of our flesh*,' etc.

V. iii. 22. '*pace 'em not in their hands*,'; *i.e.* 'leading them by the bridle.'

V. iii. 30. '*The Upper Germany*'; alluding to Thomas Munzer's insurrection in Saxony (1521-1522), or to the Anabaptist rising in

Munster (1535); the passage is from Foxe.

V. iii. 66. '*Lay,*' *i.e.* 'though ye lay.'

V. iii. 85. '*This is too much*'; the Folios give the speech to the Chamberlain, evidently due to confusion of '*Cham.*' and '*Chan.*'

The Palace Yard.
From Anthony van den Wyngrerde's *Map of London* (1543), in the Bodleian Library.

V. iii. 125. '*bare*'; Malone's emendation of Folios, '*base.*'

V. iii. 165. '*You'ld spare your spoons,*' *i.e.* you wish to save your spoons! alluding to the old custom of giving spoons as christening presents.

V. iv. '*The Palace Yard.*' *Cp.* illustration.

V. iv. 27. '*And that I would not for a cow, God save her!*' a proverbial expression still used in the South of England.

V. iv. 34. '*some strange Indian.*' Exhibitions of Indians, alive or embalmed, were by no means infrequent in the London of Shakespeare's day. *Cp. Tempest,* II. ii. 34. The annexed illustration represents one of these 'strange kind of people' (with whose transportation Sir Martin Frobisher was specially concerned), and is copied from a pen-and-ink drawing of about 1590, the original of which is preserved in a MS. in the Library of Canterbury Cathedral.

'*Some Strange Indian.*'

V. iv. 65, 66. '*the tribulation of Towerhill, or the limbs of Limehouse.*' There is no evidence for finding in these words the names of Puritan congregations, as commentators have supposed; the alternative phrases are sufficiently expressive without any such supposition, and were perhaps coined for the occasion; they are not found elsewhere.

V. v. 71. '*And your good brethren*'; Thirlby's conjecture, adopted by Theobald; Folios read, '*and you good brethren.*'

V. v. 76. '*has*'; *i.e.* he has; Folios, ''*Has.*'

The meeting of Henry VIII. and Francis I. in the Field of the Cloth of Gold.
(From a bas relief in the Hotel du Bourgtheroulde, Rouen.)

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

PROLOGUE.

18-22. *To rank . . . friend*:—"This is not the only passage," says Johnson, "in which Shakespeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men, with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army; and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all opinion of truth, and leave him never an understanding friend." The Prologue, partly on the strength of this passage, has been by some ascribed to Ben Jonson. It certainly accords well with what he says in the prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*:—

> "Though need make many poets, and some such
> As art and nature have not better'd much;
> Yet ours for want hath not so lov'd the stage,
> As he dare serve the ill customs of the age;
> To make a child, now swaddled, to proceed
> Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
> Past threescore years; or, *with three rusty swords,*
> *And help of some few foot and half-foot words,*
> *Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,*
> *And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars.*"

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

[*Enter the Duke of Norfolk*, etc.] This Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, is the same person who figures as Earl of

Surrey in *Richard III.* His father's rank and titles, having been lost by the part he took with Richard, were restored to him by Henry VIII. in 1514, soon after his great victory over the Scots at Flodden. His wife was Anne, third daughter of Edward IV., and so, of course, aunt to the King. He died in 1525, and was succeeded by his son Thomas, Earl of Surrey. The Poet, however, continues them as duke and earl to the end of the play; at least he does not distinguish between them and their successors. Edward Stafford, the Buckingham of this play, was son to Henry, the Buckingham of *Richard III.* The father's titles and estates, having been declared forfeit and confiscate by Richard, were restored to the son by Henry VII. in the first year of his reign, 1485. In descent, in wealth, and in personal gifts, the latter was the most illustrious nobleman in the court of Henry VIII. In the record of his arraignment and trial he is termed, says Holinshed, "the floure and mirror of all courtesie." His oldest daughter, Elizabeth, was married to the Earl of Surrey; Mary, his youngest, to George Neville, Lord Abergavenny.

48. "*Element* here," says Hudson, "is commonly explained to mean the *first principles* or *rudiments of knowledge*. Is it not rather used in the same sense as when we say of any one, that he is out of his *element*? From Wolsey's calling, they would no more think he could be at home in such matters, than a fish could swim in the air, or a bird fly in the water." Schmidt's explanation substantially agrees with this.

84, 85. *Have broke their backs*, etc.:—"In the interview at Andren," says Lingard, "not only the two kings, but also their attendants, sought to surpass each other in the magnificence of their dress, and the display of their riches. Of the French nobility it was said that many *carried their whole estates on their backs*; among the English the Duke of Buckingham ventured to express his marked disapprobation of a visit which had led to so much useless expense." The passage might be cited as going to show that the Poet's reading in English history was not confined, as some would have us believe, to Holinshed.

85-87. *What did this vanity . . . issue*:—That is, serve for the reporting or proclaiming of a paltry, worthless result; somewhat like the homely phrase, "Great cry, and little wool."

116. *Where's his examination?*—Where is he to be examined? The cardinal, says Holinshed, "boiling in hatred against the Duke of Buckingham, and thirsting for his blood, devised to make Charles Knevet, that had beene the dukes surveior, an instrument

to bring the duke to destruction. This Knevet, being had in examination before the cardinall, disclosed all the dukes life. And first he uttered, that the duke was accustomed by waie of talke to saie how he meant so to use the matter, that he would atteine to the crowne, if King Henrie chanced to die without issue. The cardinall procured Knevet, with manie great promises, that he should laie these things to the dukes charge with more, if he knew it, when time required."

120. There was a tradition that Wolsey was the son of a butcher. But his father, as has been ascertained from his will, was a burgess of considerable wealth, having "lands and tenements in Ipswich, and free and bond lands in Stoke"; which, at that time, would hardly consist with such a trade. Holinshed, however, says, "This Thomas Wolsie was a *poore man's sonne* of Ipswich, and there born, and, being but a child, verie apt to be learned: by his parents he was conveied to the universitie of Oxenford, where he shortlie prospered so in learning, as he was made bachellor of art when he passed not fifteen years of age, and was called most commonlie thorough the universitie the boie bachellor."

122, 123. *A beggar's book*, etc.:—It was natural at that time, that Buckingham, though himself a man of large and liberal attainments, should speak with disdain of learned poverty in comparison of noble blood. Nor was his pride of birth so bad in itself as Wolsey's pride of self-made greatness.

195. *Something mistaken*:—Not that he had made a mistake, but that others were mistaken regarding him.

207. *You shall to the Tower*:—The arrest of Buckingham took place April 16, 1521. The matter is thus related by Holinshed: "The cardinall, having taken the examination of Knevet, went unto the King, and declared unto him, that his person was in danger by such traitorous purpose as the Duke of Buckingham had conceived in his heart, and shewed how that now there were manifest tokens of his wicked pretense; wherefore he exhorted the King to provide for his owne suertie with speed. The King hearing the accusation, inforced to the uttermost by the cardinall, made this answer: If the duke have deserved to be punished, let him have according to his deserts. The duke hereupon was sent for up to London, and at his comming thither was streightwaies attached, and brought to the Tower."

217. *Lord Montacute*:—This was Henry Pole, grandson to George Duke of Clarence, and eldest brother to Cardinal Pole. He had married Lord Abergavenny's daughter. Though restored

to favour at this juncture, he was executed for another alleged treason in this reign.

226. *this instant cloud puts on*:—This instant cloud assumes; "whose figure" referring to "Buckingham," not to "shadow." According to White, "the speaker says that his life is cut short already, and that what they see is but the shadow of the real Buckingham, whose figure is assumed by the instant [the present, the passing] cloud which darkens the sun of his prosperity. Johnson first proposed to read, 'this instant cloud puts *out*,' and in so doing diverted the minds of many readers (including editors and commentators) from the real meaning of the passage, and created an obscurity for them which otherwise might not have existed. Singer, Verplanck, and Hudson adopt Johnson's reading.

Scene II.

151-171. The following from the *Chronicles* will serve as an instance how minutely the Poet adheres to truth in this play: "The same duke, the tenth of Maie, in the twelfe yeare of the kings reigne, at London in a place called the Rose, within the parish of saint Laurence Poultnie, in Canwike street ward, demanded of the said Charles Knevet esquier what was the talke amongest the Londoners concerning the Kings journie beyond the seas. And the said Charles told him that manie stood in doubt of that journie, least the Frenchmen meant some deceit towards the King. Whereto the duke answered, that it was to be feared, least it would come to passe according to the words of a certeine holie moonke. For there is, saith he, a Chartreux moonke, that diverse times hath sent to me willing me to send unto him my chancellor. And I did send unto him John de la Court my chapleine, unto whome he would not declare anie thing, till de la Court had sworne to keep all things secret, and to tell no creature living what hee should heare of him, except it were to me. And then the said moonke told de la Court that neither the King nor his heires should prosper, and that I should indeavour myselfe to purchase the good wils of the communaltie; for I the same duke and my bloud should prosper, and save the rule of the realme of England."

171-176. The honourable part which Katharine is made to act in this scene is unwarranted by history, save that, such was the reverence inspired by her virtue and sagacity, she served generally as a check both upon the despotic temper of her husband, and the all-grasping rapacity of his minister; as appears by the King's be-

coming such an inexpressible compound of cruelty, meanness, and lust, when her influence was withdrawn.

193-199. *If . . . I for this*, etc.:—The *Chronicles* tell us that "the same duke, on the fourth of November, in the eleventh yere of the Kings reigne, at east Greenwich in the countie of Kent, said unto one Charles Knevet, esquier, after that the King had reprooved the duke for reteining William Bulmer knight in his service, that if he had perceived that he should have been committed to the Tower, hee would have so wrought, that the principall dooers therein should not have had cause of great rejoising. For he would have plaied the part which his father intended to have put in practise against King Richard the Third at Salisburie, who made earnest sute to have come unto the presence of the same King Richard; which sute if he might have obteined, he, having a knife secretlie about him, would have thrust it into the bodie of King Richard, as he had made semblance to kneele downe before him."

Scene III.

[*Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands.*] The dramatist has placed this Scene in 1521. Charles Somerset, Earl of Worcester, was then lord chamberlain, and continued in the office until his death, in 1526. But Cavendish, from whom this was originally taken, places this event at a later period, when Lord Sands himself was chamberlain. Sir William Sands, of the Vine, near Basingstoke, Hants, was created a peer in 1527. He succeeded the Earl of Worcester as chamberlain.

25. *fool and feather*:—The text may receive illustration from Nash's *Life of Jacke Wilton*, 1594: "At that time I was no common squire, no undertrodden torchbearer: *I had my feather in my cap as big as a flag in the forctop*; my French doublet gelte in the belly; a paire of side-paned hose, that hung down like two scales filled with Holland cheeses; my *long stock* that sate close to my dock; my rapier pendant, like a round sticke, my blacke cloake of cloth, overspreading my backe lyke a thornbacke or an elephant's eare; and, in consummation of my curiositie, my handes without gloves, *all a mode French*." The feathers which were formerly worn by fools in their caps are alluded to in the ballad of *News and no News*: "And feathers wagging in a fool's cap."

63. *My barge stays*:—Is waiting to take us to York-place (from the King's palace at Bridewell).

Scene IV.

64. [*Enter the King and others, as masquers.*] This visit of the King in disguise is historical, and was quite in the fashion of the time. The occurrences at the real masquing, according to Cavendish, Wolsey's biographer, were much as they are here represented. But it was not on this occasion that Henry first danced with Anne Bullen, as will appear from the next note.

76. [*Dance.*] This incident of the King's dancing with Anne Bullen did not occur during this banquet, but is judiciously introduced here from another occasion, which was a grand entertainment given by the King at Greenwich, May 5, 1527, to the French ambassadors who had come to negotiate a marriage between their king, Francis I., or his son, the Duke of Orleans, and the Princess Mary. First a grand tournament was held, and lances broken; then came a course of songs and dances. About midnight, the King, the ambassadors, and six others withdrew, disguised themselves as Venetian noblemen, returned, and took out ladies to dance, the King having Anne Bullen for his partner. As Holinshed says nothing about this matter, the Poet probably derived it from Hall or Cavendish, who give detailed accounts of it.

96. *And not to kiss you*:—The allusions to the custom here put in practice are countless in our old literature. A kiss was the established reward of the lady's partner, which she could not deny, or he, without an open slight, neglect to take.

102. *In the next chamber*:—According to Cavendish, the King, on discovering himself, being desired by Wolsey to take his place under the state or seat of honour, said "that he would go first and shift his apparel," and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

40 *et seq.* "There was great enmitie," says Holinshed, "betwixt the cardinall and the earle, for that on a time, when the cardinall tooke upon him to checke the earle, he had like to have thrust his dagger into the cardinall. At length there was occasion offered him to compasse his purpose, by the Earle of Kildare his comming out of Ireland. The earle, being unmarried, was desir-

ous to have an English woman to wife; and for that he was a suter to a widow contrairie to the cardinals mind, he accused him to the King, that he had not borne himselfe uprightlie in his office in Ireland. Such accusations were framed against him, that he was committed to prison, and then by the cardinals good preferment the Earle of Surrie was sent into Ireland as the Kings deputie, there to remaine rather as an exile than as lieutenant, as he himself well perceived."

103. *poor Edward Bohun*:—The name of the Duke of Buckingham most generally known was *Stafford*; it is said that he affected the surname of *Bohun*, because he was lord high constable of England by inheritance of tenure from the Bohuns.

Scene II.

12. [*Enter . . . Suffolk,*] This Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, was son of Sir William Brandon, slain by Richard at the battle of Bosworth. He was created Duke of Suffolk in February, 1514, and in March, 1515, was married to Mary, youngest sister of the King, and widow of Louis XII. of France. Suffolk was one of the leading noblemen of his time, both in the cabinet and the field.

40-42. It was the *main end* or *object* of Wolsey to bring about a marriage between Henry and the French king's sister, the Duchess of Alençon.

63. This stage direction of the old copy—*Exit Lord Chamberlain; and the King draws the curtain and sits reading pensively*—is singular. It was calculated for the state of the theatre in Shakespeare's time. When a person was to be discovered in a different apartment from that in which the original speakers in the scene are exhibited, the artless mode of that time was, to place such person in the back part of the stage, behind the curtains which were occasionally suspended across it. These the person who was to be discovered drew back just at the proper time.

130. *he ran mad and died*:—"Aboute this time," says Holinshed, "the King received into favour Doctor Stephen Gardiner, whose service he used in matters of great secrecie and weight, admitting him in the room of Doctor Pace, the which being continually abrode in ambassades, and the same oftentymes not much necessarie, by the Cardinalles appointment, at length he toke such greefe therewith, that he fell out of his right wittes."

Scene III.

78. *a gem*:—Probably the carbuncle, which was supposed by our ancestors to have intrinsic light, and to shine in the dark. Any other gem may reflect light, but cannot give it. Thus in a palace described in *Amadis de Gaule*, 1619: "In the roofe of a chamber hung two lampes of gold, at the bottomes whereof were enchafed two carbuncles, which gave so bright a splendour round about the roome, that there was no neede of any other light."

97, 98. *honour's train*, etc.:—"Meaning, of course," says Hudson, "that still ampler honours are forthcoming to her; or that the banquet will outsweeten the foretaste."

103. *salute my blood*:—Compare with Shakespeare's similar phrase in *Sonnets*, CXXI., 5, 6:—

> "For why should others' false adulterate eyes
> Give *salutation to my* sportive *blood*?"

Scene IV.

[*Canterbury.*] At this time, June 21, 1529, the Archbishop of Canterbury was William Warham, who died in August, 1532, and was succeeded by Cranmer the following March. This long stage direction from the Folio, is in most of its particulars according to the actual event. The "two priests, bearing each a silver cross," and the "two gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars," were parts of Wolsey's official pomp and circumstance; the one being symbolic of his office as Archbishop of York, the other of his authority as Cardinal Legate.

12. [*The Queen . . . goes about the court*, etc.] "Because," says Cavendish, "she could not come directly to the King for the distance which severed them, she took pain to go about unto the King, kneeling down at his feet."

69. *To you I speak*:—The acting of Mrs. Siddons has been much celebrated as yielding an apt and pregnant commentary on this passage. The effect, it would seem, must have been fine; but perhaps the thing savours overmuch of forcing the Poet to express another's thoughts. It is thus described by Mr. Terry: "Vexed to the uttermost by the artifices with which her ruin is prosecuted, and touched with indignation at the meanness and injustice of the proceeding, she interrupts Campeius, with the intention of accusing Wolsey, and of refusing him for her judge.

Campeius, who had been urging immediate trial, imagines it addressed to him, and comes forward as if to answer. Here Mrs. Siddons exhibited one of those unequalled pieces of acting, by which she assists the barrenness of the text, and fills up the meaning of the scene. Those who have seen it will never forget it; but to those who have not, we feel it impossible to describe the majestic self-correction of the petulance and vexation which, in her perturbed state of mind, she feels at the misapprehension of Campeius, and the intelligent expression of countenance and gracious dignity of gesture, with which she intimates to him his mistake. And no language can convey a picture of her immediate reassumption of the fulness of majesty, when she turns round to Wolsey, and exclaims, 'To *you* I speak!' Her form seemed to expand, and her eyes to burn beyond human."

116, 117. *You tender more*, etc.:—So in Holinshed: "He was the hautiest man in all his proceedings alive, having more respect to the honour of his person, than he had to his spirituall profession, wherein should be shewed all meeknes, humilitie, and charitie."

166. *I speak my good lord cardinal to this point*:—The King, having first addressed Wolsey, breaks off; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the cardinal's sentiments upon the point in question.

239. *Prithee, return*:—The King, be it observed, is here merely thinking aloud. Cranmer was at that time absent on a foreign embassy.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

22, 23. Being churchmen they should be virtuous, and every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office: but all hoods make not monks. In allusion to the Latin proverb, *Cucullus non facit monachum*, to which Chaucer also alludes:—

> "*Habite ne maketh monke ne frere*;
> But a clene life and devotion,
> Maketh gode men of religion."

51-53. The construction is, "I am sorry my integrity, and service to his majesty and you, should breed so deep suspicion." Edwards made a transposition of the lines, thus:—

"I am sorry my integrity should breed
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant,
And service to his majesty and you."

Hudson (Harvard ed.) so transposes them. White leaves them in the original order, with the line, *And service to his majesty and you* in parenthesis.

102. *The more shame for ye*:—If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine; for I thought you good.

164. *grow as terrible as storms*:—It was one of the charges brought against Lord Essex, that, in a letter written during his retirement in 1598 to the lord keeper, he had said, "There is no tempest to the passionate indignation of a prince."

Scene II.

42. *married*:—The date commonly assigned for the marriage of Henry and Anne is November 14, 1532; at which time they set sail together from Calais, the King having been on a visit to his royal brother of France. Lingard, following Godwin, Stowe, and Cranmer, says they were privately married the 25th of January, 1533, and that the former date was assigned in order to afford the proper space between their marriage and the birth of Elizabeth, which latter event took place the 7th of September following. The marriage was to have been kept secret till May; but the circumstances forced a public acknowledgment of it early in April.

120-128. This incident, in its application to Wolsey, is a fiction: he made no such mistake; but another person having once done so, he took occasion thereby to ruin him. The Poet was judicious in making Wolsey's fall turn upon a mistake which in his hands had proved so fatal to another. The story is told by Holinshed of Thomas Ruthall, Bishop of Durham, who was accounted the richest subject in the realm; and who, having by the King's order written a book setting forth the whole estate of the kingdom, had it bound up in the same style as one before written, setting forth his own private affairs. At the proper time the King sent Wolsey to get the book, and the bishop gave him the wrong one. "The cardinall, having the booke, went foorthwith to the King, delivered it into his hands, and breefelie informed him of the contents thereof; putting further into his head, that if at anie time he were destitute of a masse of monie, he should not need to seeke further

than to the cofers of the bishop. Of all which when the bishop had intelligence, he was stricken with such greefe, that he shortlie ended his life in the yeare 1523."

140. *Spiritual leisure* is leisure for *spiritual exercises.* The King seems biting him with irony; as if his leisure were so filled up with spiritual concerns that he could not spare any of it for worldly affairs.

141. *Keep your earthly audit* "means, apparently," says Hudson, "look after your temporal interests, or audit, that is *verify*, your secular accounts."

184-190. The interpretation seems to be: "Besides your bond of duty as a loyal and obedient servant, you owe a particular devotion to me as your special benefactor."

231. *my Lord of Winchester's*:—Shakespeare forgot that Wolsey was himself bishop of Winchester, having succeeded Bishop Fox in 1528, holding the see in commendam. Esher was one of the episcopal palaces belonging to that see.

256. *Buckingham, my father-in-law*:—The Poet continues the same persons Duke of Norfolk and Earl of Surrey through the play. Here the earl is the same who had married Buckingham's daughter, and had been shifted off out of the way, when that great nobleman was to be struck at. In fact, however, he who, at the beginning of the play, 1521, was earl, became duke in 1525. At the time of this scene the Earl of Surrey was the much-accomplished Henry Howard, son of the former, born in 1520; a man of fine genius and heroic spirit, afterwards distinguished alike in poetry and in arms, and who, on the mere strength of royal suspicion, was sent to the block in 1547.

314. *Ego et Rex meus*:—These several charges are taken almost literally from Holinshed, where the second item reads thus: "In all writings which he wrote to Rome, or anie other forren prince, he wrote *Ego et rex meus,* I and my king; as who would saie that the King were his servant." In the Latin idiom, however, such was the order prescribed by modesty itself. And, in fact, the charge against Wolsey, as given from the records by Lord Herbert, was not that he set himself above or before the King, but that he spoke of himself along with him.

325. *Your holy hat,* etc.:—This was one of the articles exhibited against Wolsey, but rather with a view to swell the catalogue than from any serious cause of accusation; inasmuch as the Archbishops Cranmer, Bainbridge, and Warham were indulged with the same privilege.

350 *et seq.* "In *Henry VIII.*," says Emerson, "I think I see plainly the cropping out of the original work on which his [Shakespeare's] own finer stratum was laid. The first play was written by a superior, thoughtful man, with a vicious ear. I can mark his lines, and know well their cadence. See Wolsey's soliloquy, and the following scene with Cromwell, where, instead of the metre of Shakespeare, whose secret is that the thought constructs the tune, so that reading for the sense will bring out the rhythm—here the lines are constructed on a given tune, and the verse has even a trace of pulpit eloquence."

411, 412. *the noble troops . . . smiles*:—The number of persons who composed Cardinal Wolsey's household, according to the authentic copy of Cavendish, was *five hundred.* Cavendish's work, though written soon after the death of Wolsey, was not printed till 1641, and then in a most unfaithful and garbled manner, the object of the publication having been to render Laud odious, by showing how far Church power had been extended by Wolsey, and how dangerous that prelate was, who, in the opinion of many, followed his example. In that spurious copy we read that the number of his household was *eight hundred* persons. In other MSS. and in Dr. Wordsworth's edition, we find it stated at *one hundred and eighty* persons.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

16. *coronation*:—"The play," in the opinion of Emerson, "contains through all its length unmistakable traits of Shakespeare's hand, and some passages, as the account of the coronation, are like autographs."

49. *The Cinque-ports* (i.e., the *five* ports) were Hastings, Sandwich, Dover, Romney, and Hythe. Rye and Winchelsea were subsequently added. For furnishing many warships the original five received important privileges. According to Hall, "the Cinque-ports claimed to bear the canopy over the Queen's head, the day of the coronation."

88. *crown*:—The coronation of Anne took place June 1, 1533; the divorcement of Katharine having been formally pronounced the 17th of May.

Scene II.

16. *his mule*:—Cardinals generally rode on mules, as a mark perhaps of humility. Cavendish says that Wolsey "rode like a cardinal sumptuously upon his mule, trapped altogether in crimson velvet and gilt stirrups."

34. *Of an unbounded stomach*:—The *Chronicles* have many passages showing up this trait of pride or arrogance in Wolsey's character. Thus: "It fortuned that the Archbishop of Canterbury wrote to the cardinall anon after that he had received his power legantine, the which letter after his old familiar maner he subscribed, Your brother William of Canterburie. With which subscription he was so much offended, that he could not temper his mood, but in high displeasure said that he would so worke within a while, that he should well understand how he was his superiour, and not his brother." This whole speech was evidently founded upon the following, copied by Holinshed from Hall: "This cardinall was of a great *stomach* for he compted himselfe equall with princes, and by craftie *suggestion* got into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced little on simonie, and was not pitifull, and stood affectionate in his own opinion: in open presence he would lie and seie untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning: he would promise much and perform little: he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie evill example."

48-68. *This cardinal*, etc.:—This speech is formed on the following passage in Holinshed: "This cardinall was a man undoubtedly born to honour; exceeding wise, faire-spoken, high-minded, full of revenge, vitious of his bodie; loftie to his enemies, were they never so big, to those that accepted and sought his friendship wonderful courteous; a ripe schooleman; thrall to affections, brought a-bed with flatterie; insatiable to get, and more princelie in bestowing; as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrown with his fall, the other unfinished, and yet as it lyeth, for an house of studentes incomparable throughout Christendome. . . . A great preferrer of his servants, an advaunсer of learning, stoute in every quarrel, never happy till this his overthrow; wherein he shewed such moderation, and ended so perfectlie, that the houre of his death did him more honour than all the pomp of his life passed."

103. *rude behaviour*:—Queen Katharine's servants, after the divorce at Dunstable, were directed to be sworn to serve her not as *queen* but as *princess dowager*. Some refused to take the oath,

and so were forced to leave her service; and as for those who took it and stayed, she would not be served by them, by which means she was almost destitute of attendants.

169. *maiden flowers*:—To scatter flowers in the grave at the burial of maidens was customary. See *Hamlet*, V. i. 244, 245: "She is allow'd her virgin crants, her *maiden strewments*"; and, a few lines further on, the Queen's words when she strews flowers in the grave of Ophelia.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

113-121. We here trace the Poet's reading into a new path, and one that entirely refutes the old notion that his knowledge of English history was confined to the pages of Holinshed. The matter of the Scene, and in many cases the precise language, are taken from the book commonly known as *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*, which was first printed in 1563.

142-157. *Be of good cheer*, etc.:—This is taken almost literally from Foxe, who makes the King speak to the archbishop as follows: "'Doe not you know what state you be in with the whole world, and how manie great enemies you have? Do you not consider what an easie thing it is to procure three or foure false knaves to witnesse against you? Think you to have better lucke that wai than your master Christ had? I see by it you will run headlong to your undoing, if I would suffer you. Your enemies shall not so prevaile against you; for I have otherwise devised with myselfe to keepe you out of their hands. Yet notwithstanding, to morrow, when the councell shall sit and send for you, resort unto them, and if in charging you with this matter they do commit you to the Tower, require of them, because you are one of them, a councellor, that you may have your accusers brought before them without any further indurance, and use for yourselfe as good perswasions that way as you may devise; and if no intreatie will serve, then deliver unto them this my ring, and say unto them, *if there be no remedie, my lords, but that I must needs go to the Tower, then I revoke my cause from you and appeale to the Kings owne person, by this his token unto you all*; for, so soon as they shall see this my ring, they shall understand that I have

resumed the whole cause into mine owne hands.' The archbishop, perceiving the Kings benignitie so much to himwards, had much ado to forbeare teares. 'Well,' said the King, 'go your waies, my lord, and do as I have bidden you.'"

Scene II.

20. [*Enter the King and Butts at a window above.*] In America we are not without some examples of old houses in which large rooms are commanded by windows opening into them from passageways or small adjacent apartments. But of old it was quite common in England to have such windows in the large rooms of manor halls, castles, and palaces, especially in the kitchen and the dining-room, or banqueting-hall. From these apertures the mistress of the mansion could overlook the movements of her servants, either with or without their knowledge, and direct them without the trouble and unpleasantness of mingling with them. Instead of a window there was very often a door opening upon a small gallery or platform, not unlike those in which the musicians are placed in some assembly rooms. Such a gallery, too, was part of the stage arrangement of Shakespeare's day.

34. *draw the curtain close*:—That is, the curtain of the balcony or upper stage, where the King now is.

Scene III.

[*The council-chamber.*] The old stage direction at the commencement of this Scene is: "A councell table brought in with chayres and stooles and placed under the state." Our ancestors were contented to be *told* that the same spot, perhaps without any change of its appearance except the drawing back of a curtain, was at once the outside and the inside of the council-chamber.

99-113. *By virtue of that ring*, etc.:—So in Foxe: "Anone the archbishop was called into the counsaille chamber, to whome was alledged as before is rehearsed. The archbishop answered in like sort as the King had advised him; and in the end, when he perceived that no maner of perswasion or intreatie could serve, he delivered them the Kings ring, revoking his cause into the Kings hands. The whole councell being thereat somewhat amazed, the

Earle of Bedford with a loud voice, confirming his wordes with a solemn othe, said, 'When you first began the matter, my lords, I tolde you what would come of it. Do you thinke that the King will suffer this mans finger to ake? Much more, I warrant you, will hee defend his life against brabling varlets. You doe but cumber yourselves to heare tales and fables against him.' And so, incontinently upon the receipt of the Kings token, they all rose, and caryed the King his ring, surrendering that matter, as the order and use was, into his own hands."

102. *This is the king's ring*:—It seems to have been a custom, begun probably before the regal power experienced the restraints of law, for every monarch to have a ring, the temporary possession of which invested the holder with the same authority as the owner himself could exercise. The production of it was sufficient to suspend the execution of the law; it procured indemnity for offences committed, and imposed acquiescence and submission to whatever was done under its authority. The traditional story of the Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth, and the Countess of Nottingham, long considered as an incident of a romance, is generally known, and now as generally credited.

167. *you'ld spare your spoons*:—The ancient offerings upon occasions of christening when spoons were given as presents were called *apostle-spoons,* because the extremity of the handle was formed into the figure of one or other of the apostles. Such as were opulent and generous gave the whole *twelve*; those who were more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expense of the four evangelists; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name.

Scene IV.

15. *On May-day morning*:—Anciently the first of May was observed by all classes of Englishmen as a holiday. The old custom is finely touched by Wordsworth in his two *Odes to May*:—

> "Time was, blest Power! when youths and maids
> At peep of dawn would rise
> And wander forth, in forest glades
> Thy birth to solemnize.

Though mute the song—to grace the rite
Untouch'd the hawthorn bough,
Thy Spirit triumphs o'er the slight;
Man changes, but not Thou!"

Scene V.

50 *et seq.* On a picture of King James, which formerly belonged to Bacon, the King is styled *Imperii Atlantici Conditor.* In 1612 there was a lottery for the plantation of Virginia. The lines probably allude to the settlement of that colony.

76. The last Act is the indispensable sequel and completion to those that precede, and clinches the vast political determination that was gathering and moving onward, in the intrigues and reactions of the earlier scenes. The business of the divorce opened the question of independence of Rome—or reopened it, and it is furthered by the dispositions of Anne Bullen and her feud with the cardinal. In the last Act we find the King in personal exercise of absolute power, and giving sign of casting it decisively into the scale of the party of the new opinions, by crushing the intrigue of Gardiner. Cranmer and Cromwell are indicated in the play as the ecclesiastical and lay leaders of the impending innovation, and if with brevity, we must remember that the ears of Shakespeare's generation were still tingling with their doings, and parties took sides at once at the very mention of their names. Hence the significance to the course of the play, of the support they receive from the King, and the seal of the alliance is the selection of the new man Cranmer to be godfather to the infant princess—of Elizabeth, who was destined to carry forward not only the better public tendencies peace and power—of honours open to all, and as nobly gained as bestowed, but also to secure the strongest establishment for the church of liberty and liberalizing enlightenment, that the marriage of her mother was the occasion of first effectually promoting.

Questions on King Henry VIII.

1. Who is the dramatist to whom joint authorship of this play is ascribed?

2. Mention the parts assigned to Shakespeare.

3. What is the temper of the play as evidenced by the Prologue? How many instances does the play present where *mightiness meets misery*? Do you think Shakespeare wrote the Prologue?

ACT FIRST.

4. What event is discussed by Norfolk and Buckingham at the beginning of the play?

5. Whom does Norfolk's glowing description serve to introduce, and what impression of him is gained thereby?

6. What bits of personal biography of Wolsey does the scene furnish?

7. What is the dramatic purpose of the scene between Wolsey and Buckingham?

8. Of what treasons does Buckingham accuse Wolsey? How is the former prevented from carrying out his threat? How is the promise of the Prologue fulfilled in the arrest of Buckingham?

9. Comment on the power of Wolsey at the court as indicated by his position in the procession at the opening of Sc. ii.

10. Has the subject of the Queen's petition been introduced in the preceding Scene? Does the interruption by the Queen make an effective dramatic moment?

11. Explain the social conditions resulting from the taxations. Who was responsible for the taxations? On what pretext were they levied?

12. What is Wolsey's defense of himself? Do the facts or does the King accuse him and ask for explanation?

13. Indicate Henry's conservative policy. How does Wolsey turn the King's pardon to his own advantage?

14. What are the accusations against Buckingham made by the Surveyor?

15. How does the Queen bear herself during this entire Scene? What is the dramatic purpose of presenting her at the height of her official dignity and influence at the outset of the play?

16. For whom was the Cardinal's party given as presented in Sc. iv.?

17. What impression do you get of Anne Bullen in this Scene? What side of Henry's nature is here presented? What of the Cardinal?

18. Is the incident of the masquers historical?

ACT SECOND.

19. How did the Duke of Buckingham conduct himself at his trial? Why is the trial not given before the spectators?

20. In his speech, Sc. i., beginning line 55, what distinction does Buckingham make between the justice of his sentence and the fact of his own guilt or innocence?

21. What was the fate of his father? Is there any anticipation of the thought of Wolsey's farewell address (III. ii. 350) in the speech of Buckingham beginning line 100?

22. How is Wolsey accused of implication in the rumoured divorce of Henry and Katharine? Why did he desire the archbishopric of Toledo?

23. What element of the exposition does the letter (Sc. ii.) supply? What relation does Suffolk bear to the King?

24. What does Norfolk say (Sc. ii.) about Wolsey's influence over the King? How is he shown, by dramatic means, to be the privileged subject?

25. On what mission did Campeius come to the court? Give the Dr. Pace incident and its effect upon Wolsey. How did the Cardinal use all inferiors?

26. Interpret the King's allusions to Katharine at the end of Sc. ii.

27. Is Anne's pity for the Queen genuine? Does she apprehend the real grounds of the Queen's misery? Is Anne sincere in her protestations about pomps?

28. Estimate the character of the Old Lady. What is her station? Compare her with the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet.*

29. What honours does the King bestow upon Anne? What is the dramatic effect of this advancement of her?

30. How does Katharine begin her appeal (Sc. iv.) to the King

at the opening of her trial? What allusion does she make to the legality of the marriage?

31. What is the dramatic action accompanying the speech, *Lord cardinal, to you I speak*?

32. What point in Wolsey's career is marked by the Queen's denunciation of him?

33. How does Katharine characterize his reply to her? To what pitch does it stir her?

34. How does she leave the court?

35. What does the King say in exoneration of Wolsey? How was Henry led to question the validity of his marriage with Katharine? Interpret the King's speech with which the Scene closes.

ACT THIRD.

36. Comment on the fitness of the opening song to the spirit of the first Scene. What presage is there of the conclusion of the Scene?

37. In what frame of mind does Katharine receive Wolsey and Campeius? What does Wolsey say is the purpose of their visit?

38. In the scene with Wolsey and Campeius what new things does Katharine advance in her own defence? What part does her sense of queenly dignities as her right bear to her other claims? Compare her with Hermione. Which case more moves to pity?

39. In Wolsey's words, *The hearts of princes kiss obedience, so much they love it*, what far-reaching principle does he suggest of a polity that he helped to establish in England and which held sway until the fall of the Stuarts?

40. Does the Scene close with a feeling of Katharine's defeat?

41. With what motive does the open opposition (Sc. ii.) against Wolsey begin? How is it said that he swayed the King?

42. What are the two counts that the King has against Wolsey which end in his downfall? How are they dramatically presented?

43. Why was Wolsey opposed to Anne Bullen?

44. Was the incident of Wolsey's mistake in sending to the King the inventory of his personal possessions historically true? Characterize the scene in which the King breaks with Wolsey.

45. To what uses did Wolsey intend to put the wealth that he had accumulated?

46. Is there a failure to sustain the level of the scene between the points marked by the exit of the King and the farewell address by Wolsey? What is Wolsey's bearing during the scoldings of the lords?

47. It is judged that this Scene, from the exit of the King on to the end, is the work of Fletcher. Mention some aspects of the longer speeches that seem un-Shakespearian.

48. Is there a progressive rise in dramatic effect in the three instances that illustrate the promise of the Prologue that the play shall exhibit how *mightiness meets misery*?

ACT FOURTH.

49. How are we informed of the divorce of Katharine? What attitude did she persist in maintaining towards the court set to judge the case?

50. How is Anne Bullen's coronation procession described?

51. What is the dramatic purpose of Sc. ii. in following the events of the preceding Scene?

52. How did Wolsey end his life?

53. How does Katharine describe his life? Was Griffith's account as true as the Queen's?

54. What is symbolized by the masque?

55. What trait in Katharine does the conduct of the messenger call out?

56 Is the last scene in which Katharine appears convincing in its truth to nature?

ACT FIFTH.

57. How does Sc. i. show Anne Bullen to be regarded by the courtiers?

58. Who are associated with her in the disfavour of the court?

59. What incident precedes the interview of the King and Cranmer, and what is suggested by the juxtaposition?

60. How does Henry arrange with Cranmer to meet the charges of the council? On what grounds was Cranmer summoned before them?

61. What is the chief trait of the Old Lady as exhibited in Sc. i. and in the earlier Scene?

62. What indignity is put upon Cranmer, and how is the King informed of it? Describe Cranmer's trial.

63. Indicate the purpose of Sc. iii. Granting that it was written by Fletcher, or by some unknown hand, how does it compare with similar scenes of undoubted Shakespearian authorship?

64. Comment upon the lack of unity of the play in considering the last Act in relation to the others.

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65. Viewing the play as a whole, what is its great artistic defect? Is there a lack of any informing purpose?
Is there a lack of any informing purpose?

66. Show how Wolsey's fall caused a change in his ideas of life and duty. Do you regard his repentance and purification as natural and logical?

67. How is contrast effected by the portrayal of Cranmer in the last Act?

68. How does the end of the play exhibit the transference of absolute power once wielded by Wolsey? In this respect does the play exhibit the true course of history?

69. What made it impossible for this play to present a life-like portrait of Anne Bullen? Does this portrait contain anything false?