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

THE PROLOGUE.

I *Come no more to make you laugh, Things now,*
That beare a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of State and Woe:
Such Noble Scenes, as draw the Eye to flow
We now present. Those that can Pitty, heere
May (if they thinke it well) let fall a Teare,
The Subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their Money out of hope they may beleeve,
May heere finde Truth too. Those that come to see
Onely a show or two, and so agree,
The Play may passe: If they be still, and willing,
Ile undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short houres. Onely the
That come to heare a Merry, Bawdy Play,
A noyse of Targets: Or to see a Fellow
In a long Motley Coate, garded with Yellow,

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter the Duke of Norfolke at one doore. At the other,
the Duke of Buckinham, and the Lord
Aburgavenny.

Buckingham.
GOod morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since last we saw in France?
Norf. I thanke your Grace:
Healthfull, and ever since a fresh Admirer
Of what I saw there.
Buck. An untimely Ague
Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when
Those Sunnes of Glory, those two Lights of Men
Met in the vale of Andren.
Nor. ‘Twixt Guynes and Arde,
I was then present, saw them salute on Horsebacke,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their Embracement, as they grew together,
Which had they,
What foure Thron’d ones could have weigh’d
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time
I was my Chambers Prisoner.

Will be deceyv'd. For gentle Hearers, know
To ranke our chosen Truth with such a show
As Foole, and Fight is, beside forfeyting
Our owne Braines, and the Opinion that we bring
To make that onely true, we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding Friend.
Therefore, for Goodnesse sake, and as you are knowne
The First and Happiest Hearers of the Towne,
Be sad, as we would make ye. Think ye see
Te very Persons of our Noble Story,
As they were Living: Thinke you see them Great,
And follow'd with the generall throng, and sweat
Of thousand Friends: Then, in a moment, see
How soone this Mightinesse, meets Misery:
And if you can be merry then, Ile say,
A Man may weepe upon his Wedding day.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say
Till this time Pompe was single, but now married
To one above it selfe. Each following day
Became the next dayes master, till the last
Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,
All Clinquant all in Gold, like Heathen Gods
Shone downe the English; and to morrow, they
Made Britaine, India: Every man that stood,
Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too,
Not us'd to toyle, did almost sweat to beare
The Pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske
Was cry'de incompareable; and th'ensuing night
Made it a Foole, and Begger. The two Kings
Equall in lustre, were now best, now worst
As presence did present them: Him in eye,
Still him in praise, and being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one, and no Discerner
Durst wagge his Tongue in censure, when these Sunnes
(For so they phrase 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd
The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did performe

Beyond thoughts Compasse, that former fabulous Storie
Being now seene, possible enough, got credit
That *Bevis* was beleev'd.
Buc. Oh you go farre.
Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In Honor, Honesty, the tract of ev'ry thing,
Would by a good Discourser loose some life,
Which Actions selfe, was tongue too,
Buc. All was Royall,
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view. The Office did
Distinctly his full Function: who did guide,
I meane who set the Body, and the Limbes
Of this great Sport together?
Nor. As you guesse:
One certes, that promises no Element
In such a businesse.
Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?
Nor. All this was ordred by the good Discretion
Of the right Reverend Cardinall of Yorke.
Buc. The divell speed him: No mans Pye is freed
From his Ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce Vanities? I wonder,
That such a Keech can with his very bulke
Take up the Rayes o'th'beneficiall Sun,
And keepe it from the Earth.
Nor. Surely Sir,
There's in him stuffe, that put's him to these ends:
For being not propt by Auncestry, whose grace
Chalkes Successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to'th'Crowne; neither Allied
To eminent Assistants; but Spider-like
Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O gives us note,
The force of his owne merit makes his way
A guift that heaven gives for him, which buyes
A place next to the Kng.
Abur. I cannot tell
What Heaven hath given him: let some Graver eye
Pierce into that, but I can see his Pride
Peepe through each part of him: whence ha's he that,
If not from Hell? The Divell is a Niggard,
Or ha's given all before, an he begins
A new Hell in himselfe.
Buc. Why the Divell,
Upon this French going out, tooke he upon him
(Without the privity o'th'King) t'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 Honor
He meant to lay upon: and his owne Letter
The Honourable Boord of Councell, out
Must fetch him in, he Papers.
Abur. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this, so sicken'd their Estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.
Buc. O many
Have broke their backes with laying Mannors on 'em
For this great Journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poore issue.
Nor. Greevingly I thinke,
The Peace betweene the French and us, not valewes
The Cost that did conclude it.
Buc. Every man,
After the hideous storme that follow'd, was

A thing Inspir'd, and not consulting, broke
Into a generall Prophesie: That this Tempest
Dashing the Garment of this Peace, aboaded
The sodaine breach on't.
Nor. Which is budded out,
For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at Burdeux.
Abur. Is it therefore
Th'Ambassador is silenc'd?
Nor. Marry is't.
Abur. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate.
Buc. Why all this Businesse
Our Rverend Cardinall carried.
Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you, ad the Cardinall. I advise you
(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you
Honor, and plenteous safety) that you reade
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together; To consider further, that
What his high Hatred would effect, wants not
A Minister in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's Revengefull; and I know, his Sword
Hath a sharpe edge: It's long, and't may be saide
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosome up my counsell,
You'l finde it wholesome. Loe, where comes that Rock
That I advice your shunning.

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

Car. The Duke of *Buckinghams* Surveyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?
Secr. Heere so please you.
Car. Is he in person, ready?
Secr. I, please your Grace.
Car. Well, we shall then know more, & *Buckingham*
Shall lessen this bigge looke.
Exeunt Cardinall, and his Traine.
Buc. This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him, therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A Beggers booke,
Out-worths a Nobles blood.
Nor. What are chaff'd?
Aske God for Temp'rance, that's th'appliance onely
Which your disease requires.
Buc. I read in's looks
Matter against me, and his eye revil'd
Me as his abject object, at this instant
He bores me with some tricke; He's gone to'th'King:
Ile follow, and out-stare him.
Nor. Stay my Lord,
And let your Reason with your Choller question
What 'tis you go about: to climbe steepe hilles
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full hot Horse, who being allow'd his way
Selfe-mettle tyres him: Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: Be to your selfe,
As you would to your Friend.
Buc. Ile to the King,
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe

This

This *Ipswich* fellowes insolence; or proclaime,
There's difference in no persons.
Norf. Be advis'd;
Heat not a Furnace for your foe so hot
That it do sindge your selfe. We may out-runne
By violent swiftnesse that which we run at;
And lose by over-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor til't run ore,
In seeming to augment it, wasts it: be advis'd;
I say againe there is no English Soule
More strongeer to direct you then your selfe;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of passion.
Buck. Sir,
I am thankfull to you, and Ile goe along
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions by Intelligence,
And proofes as cleere as Founts in *July,* when
Wee see each graine of gravell; I doe know
To be corrupt and treasonous.
Norf. Say not treasonous.
Buck. To th'King Ile say't, & make my vouch as strong
As shore of Rocke: attend. This holy Foxe,
Or Wolfe, or both (for he is equall rav'nous
As he is subtile, and as prone to mischiefe,
As able to perform't) his minde, and place
Infecting one another, yea reciprocally,
Only to shew his pompe, as well in France,
As here at home, suggests the King our Master
To this last costly Treaty: Th'enterview,
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glasse
Did breake ith'wrenching.
Norf. Faith, and so it did.
Buck. Pray give me favour Sir: This [cunuing] Cardinall
The Articles o'th'Combination drew
As himselfe pleas'd; and they were ratified
As he cride thus let be, to as much end,
As give a Crutch to th'dead. But our Count-Cardinall
Has done this, and tis well: for worthy *Wolsey*
(Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this followes,
(Which as I take it, is a kinde of Puppie
To th'old dam Treason) *Charles* the Emperour,
Under pretence to see the Queene his Aunt,
(For twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper *Wolsey)* here makes visitation,
His feares were that the Interview betwixt
England and France, might through their amity
Breed him some prejudice; for from this League,
Peep'd harmes that menac'd him. Privily
Deales with our Cardinal, and as I troa
Which I doe well; for I am sure the Emperour
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his Suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made
And pav'd with gold: the Emperor thus desir'd,
That he would please to alter the Kings course,
And breake the foresaid peace. Let the King know
(As soone he shall by me) that thus the Cardinall
Does buy and sell his Honour as he pleases,
And for his owne advantage.
Norf. I am sorry
To heare this of him; and could wish he were
Somthing mistaken in't.
Buck. No, not a sillable:
I doe pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appeare in proofe.

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

Brandon. Your Office Sergeant: execute it.
Sergeant. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of *Buckingham,* and Earle
Of *Hertford, Stafford* and *Northampton,* I
Arrest thee of High Treason, in the name
Of our most Soveraigne King.
Buck. Lo you my Lord,
The net has falne upon me, I shall perish
Under device, and practise:
Bran. I am sorry,
To see you tane from liberty, to looke on
The busines present. Tis his Highnes pleasure
You shall to th'Tower.
Buck. It will helpe me nothing
To plead mine Innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'st part, black. The will of Heav'n
Be done in this and all things: I obey.
O my Lord *Aubergany:* Fare you well.
Bran. Nay, he must beare you company. The King
Is pleas'd you shall to th'Tower, till you know
How he determines further.
Abur. As the Duke said,
The will of Heaven be done, and the Kings pleasure
By me obey'd.
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t'attach Lord *Mountacute,* and the Bodies
Of the Dukes Confessor, *John de la Car,*
One *Gilbert Pecke,* his Councellour.
Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o'th'Plot: no more I hope.
Bra. A Monke o'th'*Chartreux.*
Buck: O Michaell Hopkins?
Bra. He.
Buck. My Surveyor is falce: The ore-great *Cardinall*
Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spand already:
I am the shadow of poore *Buckingham,*
Whose Figure even this instant Clowd puts on,
By Darkning my cleere Sunne. My Lords farewell. *Exe.*

Scena Secunda.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinals shoulder, the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovell: the Cardinall places himselfe under the Kings feete on his righ side.

King. My life it selfe, and the best heart of it,
Thankes you for this great care: I stood i'th'levell
Of a full-charg'd confederacie, and give thankes
To you that choak'd it. Let be cald before us
That Gentleman of *Buckinghams,* in person,
Ile heare him his confessions justifie,
And point by point the Treasons of his Maister,
He shall againe relate.
A noyse within crying roome for the Queene, usher'd by the Duke of Norfolke. Enter the Queene, Norfolke and Suffolke: she kneels. King riseth from his State, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.
Queen. Nay we must longer knele; I am a Suitor.
King. Arise, and take place by us; halfe your Suit
Never name to us; you have halfe our power:

The

The other moity ere you aske is given,
Repeat your will, and take it.
Queen. Thanke your Majesty
That you would love your selfe, and in that love
Not unconsideered leave your Honour, nor
The dignity of your Office; is the poynt
Of my Petition.
Kin. Lady mine proceed.
Queen. I am solicited not by a few,
And those of true condition; That your Subjects
Are in great grievance: There have beene Commissions
Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although
My good Lord Cardinall, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions: yet the King, our Maister (not
Whose Honor Heaven shield from soile; even he escapes
Language unmannerly; yea, such which breakes
The sides of loyalty, and almost appeares
In lowd Rebellion.
Norf. Not almost appeares,
It doth appeare; for, upon these Taxations,
The Clothiers all not able to maintaine
The many to them longing, have put off
The Spinsters, Carders, Fullers, Weavers, who
Unfit for other life, compeld by humger
And lack of other meanes, in desperate manner
Daring th'event too th'teeth, are all in uprore,
And danger serves among them.
Kin. Taxation?
Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinall,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this Taxation?
Card. Please you Sir,
I know but of a single part in ought
Pertaines to th'State: and front but in that File
Where others tell steps with me.
Queen. No, my Lord?
You know no more then others? But you frame
Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholsome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my Soveraigne would have note) they are
Most pestilent to th'hearing, and to beare 'em,
The Backe is Sacrifice to th'load; They say
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
To hard an exclamation.
Kin, Still Exaction:
The nature of it, in what kinde let's know,
Is this Exaction?
Queen. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am boldned
Under your promis'd pardon. The Subjects griefe
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each
The sixt part of his Substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your warres in France: this makes bold mouths,
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegeance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did: and it's come to passe,
This tractable obedience is a Slave
To each incensed Will: I would your Highnesse
Would give it quicke consideration; for
There is no primer basenesse.
Kin. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Card. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, then by
A single voice, and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the Judges: If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me say,
'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake
That Vertue must goe through: we must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the feare
To cope malicious Censurers, which ever,
As rav'nous Fishes doe a Vessell follow
That is new trim'd; but benefit no further
Then vainly longing. What we oft doe best,
By sicke Interpreters (once weake ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cride up
For our best Act: if we shall stand still,
In feare our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,
We should take roote here, where we sit;
Or sit State-Statues onely.
Kin. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from feare:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a President
Of this Commission? I beleeve, not any.
We must not rend our Subjects from our Lawes,
And sticke them in our Will. Sixt part of each?
A trembling Contribution; why we take
From every Tree, lop, barke, and part o'th'Timber:
And though we leave it with a roote thus hackt,
The Ayre will drinke the Sap. To every County
Where this is question'd, send our Letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'de
The force of this Commission: pray looke too't;
I put it to your care.
Card. A word with you.
Let there be Letters writ to every Shire,
Of the Kings grace and pardon: the greeved Commons
Hardly conceive of me. Let it be nois'd,
That through our Intercession, this Revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. *Exit Secret.*

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I am sorry, that the Duke of *Buckingham*
Is run in your displeasure.
Kin. It grieves many:
The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a most rare Speaker,
To Nature none more bound; his trayning such,
That he may funish and instruct great Teachers,
And never seeke for ayd out of himselfe: yet see,
When these so Noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the minde growing once corrupt,
They turne to vicious formes, ten times more ugly
Then ever they were faire. This man ao compleat,
Who was enrold 'mongst wonders; and when we
Almost with ravish'd listning, could not finde
His houre or speech, a minute: He, (my Lady)
Hath into monstrous habits put the Graces
That once were his, and is become as blacke,
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by Us, you shall heare
(This was his Gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike Honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practises, whereof
We cannot feele too little, heare too much.

Card.

Card. Stand forth, & with bold spirit relate what you
Most like a carefull Subject have collected
Out of the Duke of *Buckingham.*
Kin. Speake freely.
Sur. First, it was usuall with him; every day
It would infect his Speech: That if the King
Should without issue dye; hee'l carry it so
To make the Scepter his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his Sonne in Law,
Lord *Aburgany,* to whom by oth he menac'd
Revenge upon the *Cardinall.*
Card. Please your Highnesse note
This dangerous conception in this point,
Not frended by his wish to your High person;
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.
Queen. My learn'd Lord *Cardinall,*
Deliver all with Charity.
Kin, Speake on;
How grounded hee his Title to the Crowne
Upon our faile; to this point hast thou heard him,
At any time speake ought?
Sur. He was brought to this,
By a vaine Prophesie of *Nicholas Henton,*
Kin. What was that *Henton?*
Sur. Sir, a *Chartreux* Fryer,
His Confessor, who fed him every minute
With words of Soveraignty.
Kim. How know'st thou this?
Sur. Not long before your Highnesse sped to France,
The Duke being at the Rose, within the Parish
Saint *Laurence Poultney,* did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners,
Concerning the French Journey. I replide,
Men feare the French would prove perfidious
To the Kings danger: presently, the Duke
Said, 'twas the feare indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certaine words
Spoke by a holy Monke, that oft, sayes he,
Hath sent to me, wishing one to permit
John de la Car, my Chaplaine, a choyce howre
To heare from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the Commissions Seale,
He sollemnly had sworne, that what he spoke
My Chaplaine to no Creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure Confidence,
This pausingly enfu'de; neither the King, nor's Heyres
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him strive
To the love o'th'Commonalty, the Duke
Shall governe England.
Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Dukes Surveyor, and lost your Office
On the complaint o'th'Tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your spleene a Noble person,
And spoyle your nobler Soule; I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.
Kin. Let him on: Goe forward.
Sur. On my Soule, Ile speake but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th'Divels illusions
The Monke might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dangerous
For this to ruminate on this so farre, untill
It forg'd him some designe, which being beleev'd
It was much like to doe: He answer'd, Tush,
It can doe me no damage; adding further,
That had the King in his last Sicknesse faild,
The Cardinals and Sir *Thomas Lovels* heads

Should have gone off.
Kin. Ha? What, so rancke? Ah,ha,
There's mischiefe in this man; canst thou say further?
Sur. I can my Liedge.
Kin. Proceed.
Sur Being at *Greenwich,*
After your Highnesse had reprov'd the Duke
About Sir *William Blumer.* (vant,
Kin. I remember of such a time, being my sworn ser-
The Duke retein'd him his. But on: what hence?
Sur. If (quoth he) I for this had beene committed,
As to the tower, I thought; I would have plaid
The Part my Father meant to act upon
Th'Usurper *Richard*, who being at *Salsbury*,
Made suit to come in's presence; which if granted,
(As he made semblance of his duty) would
Have put his knife into him.
Kin. A Gyant Traytor.
Card. Now Madam, may his Highnes live in freedome,
And this man out of Prison.
Queen. God mend all. (say'st?
Kin. Ther's somthing more would out of thee; what
Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the knife
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible Oath, whose tenor
Was, were he evill us'd, he would outgoe
His Father, by as much as a performance
Do's and irresolute purpose.
Kin. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us: he is attach'd,
Call him to present tryall: if he may
Finde mercy in the Law, 'tis his; in none,
Let him not seek't of us: By day and night
Hee's Traytor to th' height. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Tertia.

Enter L. Chamberlaine and L. Sandys.
L. Ch. Is't possible the spels of France should juggle
Men into suh strange mysteries?
L. San. New customes,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
(Nay let 'em be vumanly) yet are follow'd.
L. Ch. As farre as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late Voyage, is but meerly
A fit or two o'th'face, (but they are shrewd ones)
For when they hold 'em, you would sweare directly
Their very noses had been Councellours
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius,* they keepe State so.
L. San. They have all new legs.
And lame ones; one would take it,
That never see'em pace before, the Spaven
A Spring-halt rain'd among 'em.
L. Ch. Death my Lord,
Their cloathes are after such a Pagan cut too't,
That sure th'have worne out [Christendome]: how now?
What newes, Sir *Thomas Lowell?*

Enter Sir Thomas Lowell.
Lowell. Faith my Lord,
I heare of none but the New Proclamation,
That's clapt upon the Court Gate.
L. Cham.

L. Cham. What is't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travel'd Gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talke and Taylors.
L. Cha,. I'm glad 'tis there;
Now I would pray our Monsieurs
To thinke an English Courtier may be wise,
And never see the *Louvre.*
Lov. They must either
(For so run the Conditions) leave those remnants
Of Foole and Feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto; as Fights and Fire-workes,
Abusing better men then they can be
Out of a forreigne wisedome, renouncing cleane
The faith theh have in Tennis and tall Stockings,
Short blistred Breeches, and those types of Travell;
And understand againe like honest men,
Or pack to their old Playfellowes; there, I take it,
They may *Cum* [*Praiilegio*]*[Priviligio,]* wee away
The lag end of their lewdnesse, and be laugh'd at.
L.San. Tis time to give 'em Physicke, their diseases
Are growne so catching.
L. Cham. What a losse our Laedies
Will have of these trim vanities?
Lovell. I marry,
there will be woe indeed Lords, the slye whorsons
Have got a speeding tricke to lay downe Ladies.
A French Song, and a Fiddle, ha's no Fellow.
L. San. The Divell fiddle 'em.
I amd glad they are going,
Fur 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 plaine song,
And have an houre of hearing, and by'r Lady
Held currant Musicke too.
L. Cham. Well said Lord *Sands,*
Your Colts tooth is not cast yet?
L. San. No my Lord,
Nor shall not while I have a stumpe.
L. Cham. Sir *Thomas,*
Whither were you a going?
Lov. To the Cardinals;
Your Lordship is a guest too.
L. Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a Supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The Beauty of this Kingdome Ile assure you.
Lov. That Churchman
Beares a bounteous minde indeed,
A hand as fruitfull as the Land that feeds us,
His dewes fall every where.
L. Cham. No doubt hee's Noble;
He had a blacke mouth that said other of him.
L. San. He may my Lord,
Ha's wherewithall in him;
Sparing would shew a worse sinne, then ill Doctrine,
Men of his way, should be most liberall.
They are set heere for examples.
L. Cham. true, they are so;
But few now give so great ones:
My Barge stayes;
Your Lordship shall along: Come, good Sir *Thomas,*
We shall be late else, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*
This night to be Comptrollers.
L. San. I am your Lordships. *Exeunt.*

Secna Quarta.

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

S. Hen. Guilf. Ladyes,
A generall welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all; This Night he dedicates
To faire content, and you: Non heere he hopes
In all this Noble Bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: hee would have all as merry:
As first, good Company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter L. Chamberlaine L. Sands, and Lovell.
O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thought of this faire Company,
Clapt wings to me.
Cham. You are young Sir *Harry Guilford.*
San. Sir *Thomas Lovell,* had the Cardinall
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should fined a running Banket, ere they rested,
I thinke would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of faire ones.
Lov. O that your Lordship were but now Confessor,
To one or two of these.
San. I would I were,
They should finde easie pennance.
Lou. Faith how easie?
San. As easie as a downe bed would affoord it.
Cham. Sweet Ladies will it please you sit; Sir *Harry*
Place you that side, Ile take the charge of this:
His grace is entring. Nay, you must not freeze,
Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather:
My Lord *Sands*, you are one will keepe 'em waking:
Pray sit betweene these Ladies.
San. By my faith,
And thanke your Lordship: by your leave sweet Ladies,
If I chance to talke a little wilde, forgive me:
I had it from my Father.
An. Bul. Was he mad Sir?
San. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none, just as I doe now,
He would Kisse you Twenty with a breath.
Cham. Well said my Lord:
So no y'are fairely seated: Gntlemen,
The pennance lyes on you; if these faire Ladies
Passe away frowning.
San. For my little Cure,
Let me alone.

Hoboyes. Enter Cardinall Wolsey, and takes his State.
Card. Y'are welcome my faire Guests; that noble Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Friend. This to confirme my welcome,
And to you all good health.
San. Your Grace is Noble,
Let me have such a Bowle may hold my thankes,
And save me so much talking.
Card. My Lord *Sands,*

I am beholding to you: cheere your neighbours:
Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?
San. The red wine first must rise
In their faire cheekes my Lord, then we shall have ‘em,
Talke us to silence.
An. B. You are a merry Gamster
My Lord *Sands.*
San. Yes, if I make my play:
Heer’s to your Ladiship, and pledge it Madam:
For tis to such a thing.
An.B. You cannot shew me.
Drums and Trumpet, Chambers dischargd.
Sen. I told your Grace, they would talke anon.
Card. What’s that?
Cham. Looke out there, some of ye.
Card. What warlike voyce,
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, feare not;
By all the lawes of Warre y’are priviledg’d.

Enter a Servant.
Cham. How now, what is’t?
Serv. A noble troupe of Strangers,
For so they seeme; th’ave left their Barge and landed,
And hither make, as great Embassadors
From forraigne Princes.
Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine,
Go, give ‘em welcome; you can speake the French tongue
And pray receive ‘em Nobly, and conduct ‘em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.
All rise, and Tables remov’d.
You have now a broken Banket, but wee’l mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and once more
I showre a welcome on yee; welcome all.

Hoboyes. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like Shepheards, usher’d by the Lord Chamberlaine. They passe directly before the Cardinall, and gracefully salute him.
A noble Company: what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they praid
To tell your Grace: That having heard by fame
Of this so Noble and so faire assnbly,
This night to meet heere they could doe no lesse,
(Out of the great respect they beare to beauty)
But leave their Flockes, and under your faire Conduct
Crave leave to view these Ladies, and entreat
An houre of Revels with ‘em.
Card. Say, Lord *Chamberlaine,*
They have done my poore house grace:
For which I pay’em a thousand thankes,
And pray ‘em take their pleasures.
Choose Ladies, King and An. Bullen.
King. The fairest hand I ever touch’d: O Beauty,
Till now I never knew thee.
Musicke, Dance.
Card. My Lord.
Cham. Your Grace.
Card. Pray tell ‘em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst ‘em by his person
More worthy this place then my selfe, to whom
(If I but knew him) with my love and duty
I would surrender it. *Whisper.*
Cham. I will my Lord.
Card. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confesse
There is indeed, which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Card. Let me see then,
By all your good leaves Gentlemen; heere Ile make
My royall choyce.
Kin, Ye have found him Cardinall,
You hold a faire Assembly; you doe well Lord:
You are a Churchman, or Ile tell you Cardinall,
I should judge now unhappily.
Card. I am glad
Your Grace is growne so pleasant.
Kin. My Lord Chamberlaine,
Prethee come hither, what faire Ladie's that?
Cham. An't please your Grace,
Sir *Thomas Bullens* Daughter, the Viscount *Rochford,*
One of her Highnesse women.
Kin. By Heaven she is a dainty one. Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kisse you. A health Gentlemen,
Let it goe round.
Card. Sir *Thomas Lovell,* is the Banket ready
I'th' Privy Chamber?
Lov. Yes, my Lord.
Card. Your Grace
I feare, with dancing is a little heated.
Kin. I feare too much.
Card. There's fresher ayre my Lord,
In the next Chamber.
Kin. Lead in your Ladies ev'ry one: Sweet Partner,
I must not yet forsake you: Let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinall: I have halfe a dozen healths,
To drinke to these faire Ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once againe, and then let's dreame
Who's best in favour. Let the Musicke knock it.
Exeunt with Trumpets.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen at severall Doores.
1. Whether away so fast?
2. O, God save ye:
Ev'n to the Hall, to heare what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.
1. Ile save you
That labour Sir. All's now done but the Ceremony
Of bringing backe the Prisoner.
2. Were you there?
1. Yes indeed was I.
2. Pray speake what ha's happen'd.
1. You may guesse quickly what.
2. Is he found guilty?
1. Yes truely is he,
And condemn'd upon't.
2. I am sorry fort.
1. So are a number more.
2. But pray how past it?
1. Ile tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Bar; where, to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alledged
Many sharpe reasons to defeat the Law.
The Kings Atturney on the contrary,
Urg.d on the Examinations, proofes, confessions
Of

Of divers witnesses, which the Dune desir'd
To him brought *viva voce* to his face;
At which appear'd against him, his Surveyor
Sir *Gilbert Pecke* his Chancellour, and *John Car,*
Confessor to him, with that Divell Monke,
Hopkins, that made this mischiefe.
2. That was hee
That fed him with his Prophecies.
1. The same,
All these accus'd him strongly, which he faine
Would have flung from him; but indeed he could not;
And so his Peeeres upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of High Treason. Much
he spoke, and learnedly for life: But all
Was either pittied in him, or forgotten.
2. After all this, how did he beare himselfe?
1. When he was brought agen to th'Bar, to heare
His Knell rung out, his Judgement, he was stir'd
With such an Agony, he sweat extreamly,
And something spoke in choller, ill , and hasty:
But he fell to himselfe againe, and sweetly,
In all the rest shew'd a most Noble patience.
2. I doe not thinke he feares death.
1. Sure he does not,
He never was so womanish, the cause
He may a little grieve at.
2. Certainly,
The Cardinall is the end of this.
1. Tis likely,
By all conjectures: First *Kildares* Attendure;
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remov'd
Earle *Surrey,* was sent thither, and in hast too,
Least he should helpe his Father.
2. That tricke of State
Was a deepe envious one.
1. At his returne,
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted
(And generally) who ever the King favours,
The Cardinall instantly will finde imployment,
And farre enough from Court too.
2. All the Commons
Hate him perniciously, and o' my Conscience
With him ten faddom deepe: This Duke as much
They love and doate on: call him bounteous *Buckingham,*
The Mirror of all courtesie.

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 Walter Sands, and common people, &c.

1. Stay there Sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speake of.
2. Let's stand close and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus farre have come to pitty me;
Heare what I say, and then goe home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a Traitors judgement,
And by that name must dye; yet Heaven beare witnes,
And if I have a Conscience, let it sinke me,
Even as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.
The Law I beare no mallice 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 looke they glory not in mischiefe;

Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then, my guiltlesse blood must cry against ‘em.
For further life in this world I ne’re hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies
More then I dare make faults.
You few that lov’d me,
And dare be bold to weepe for *Buckingham,*
His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying:
Goe with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long divorce of Steele fals on me,
Make of your Prayeers one sweet Sacrifice,
And lift my Soule to Heaven.
Lead on a Gods name.
Lovell. I doe 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 numberlesse offences
Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with:
No blacke Envy shall make my Grave.
Commend mee to his Grace:
And if he speake of *Buckingham*; pray tell him,
You met him halfe in Heaven: my vowes and prayers
Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer then I have time to tell his yeares;
Ever belov’d and loving, may his Rule be;
And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodnesse and he, fill up one Monument.
Lov. To th’ 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 comming: See the Barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as suites
The Greatnesse of his Person.
Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicholas,*
Let it alone; my State now will but mocke me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,
And Duke of *Buckingham:* now, poor *Edward Bohun;*
Yet I am richer then my base Accusers,
That never knew what Truth meant: I now seale it;
And with that bloud will make ‘em one day groane for’t.
My noble Father *Henry* of *Buckingham,*
Who first rais’d head against Usurping *Richard,*
Flying for succour to his Servant *Banister,*
Being distrast; was by that wretch betraid,
And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him.
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pittying
My Fathers losse; like a most Royall Prince
Restor’d me to my Honours: and out of ruines
Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,
Henry the Eight, Life, Honour, Name and all
That made me happy; at one stroake ha’s taken
For ever from the World. I had my Tryall,
And must needs say a Noble one; which makes me
A little happier then my wretched Father:
Yet thus farre we are one in Fortunes; both
Fell by our Servants, by those Men we lov’d most:
A most unnaturall and faithlesse Service.
Heaven ha’s an end in all: yet, you that heare me,
This from a dying man receive as certaine:
Where you are liberall of your loves and Councels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,

And

And give your hearts to; when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found againe
But where they meane to sinke ye: all good people
Pray for me, I must now forsake ye; the last houre
Of my long weary life is come upon me:
Farewell; and when you would say somthing that is sad,
Speake how I fell.
I have done; and God forgive me.
Exeunt Duke and Traine.
1. O, this is full of pitty; Sir, it cals
I feare, too many curses on their heads
That were the Authors.
2. If the Duke be guiltlesse,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inckling
Of an ensuing evill, if it fall,
Greater then this.
1. Good Angels keepe it from us:
What may it be? you doe not doubt my faith Sir?
2. This Secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceale it.
1. Let me have it:
I doe not talke much.
2. I am confident;
You shall Sir: Did you not of late dayes heare
A buzzing of a Separation
Betweene the King and *Katherine*?
1. Yes, but it held not:
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the rumor; and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.
2. But that slander Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it growes agen
Fresher then e're it was; and held for certaine
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinall,
Or some about him neere, have out of malice
To the good Queene, possest him with a scruple
That will undoe her: To confirme this too,
Cardinall *Campeius* is arriv'd, and lately,
As all thinke for this busines.
1. Tis the Cardinall;
And meerely to revenge him on the Emperour,
For not bestowing on him at his asking,
The Archbishopricke of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.
2. I thinke
You have hit the marke; but is't not cruell,
That she should feele the smart of this: the Cardinall
Will have his will, and she must fall.
1. 'Tis wofull.
Wee are too open heere to argue this:
Let's thinke in private more. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Chaberlaine, reading this Letter.

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

fore a Subject, if not before the King, which stop'd our mouthes
Sir.
I fear he will indeede; well, let him have them; hee
will have all I thinke.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Norfolke and Suffolke.

Norf. Well met my Lord *Chamberlaine.*
Cham. Good day to both your Graces.
Suff. How is the King imployd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Norf. What's the cause?
Cham. It seemes the Marriage with his Brothers Wife
Ha's crept too neere his Conscience.
Suff. No, his Conscience
Ha's crept too neere another Ladie.
Norf. Tis so;
This is the Cardinals doing: The King-Cardinall,
That blinde Priest, like the eldest Sonne of Fortune,
Turns what he list. The King will know him one day.
Suff. Pray God he doe,
Hee'l never know himselfe else.
Norf. How holily he workes in all his businesse,
And with what zeale? For now he has crackt the League
Between us & the Emperor (the Queens great Nephew)
He dives into the Kings Soule, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the Conscience,
Feares, and despaires, and all these for his Marriage.
And out of all these, to testore the King,
He counsels a Divorce, a losse of her
That like a Jewell, ha's hung twenty yeares
About his necke, 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 stroake of Fortune falls
Will blesse the King: and is not this course pious?
Cham. Heaven keep me from such councel: tis most true
These newes are every where, every tongue speaks 'em,
And every true heart weepes for't. All that dare
Looke into these affaires, see this maine end,
The French Kings Sister. Heaven will one day open
The Kings eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.
Suff. And free us from his slavery.
Norf. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will worke us all
From Princes into Pages: all mens honours
Lie like one lumpe before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.
Suff. For me, my Lords,
I love him not, nor feare him, there's my Creede:
As I am made without him, so Ile stand,
If the King please: his Curses and his blessings
Touch me alike: th'are breath I not beleeve in.
I knew him, and I know him: so I leave him
To him that made him proud; the Pope.
Norf. Let's in;
And with some other busines, put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:
My Lord, youle beare us company?
Cham. Excuse me,
The King ha's sent me otherwhere: Besides
You'l finde a most unfit time to disturbe him:
Health to your Lordships.

Norfolke. Thankes my good Lord *Chamberlaine.*
Exit Lord Chamaberlaine, and the King drawes the Curtaine and sits reading pensively.
Suff. How sad he lookes; sure he is much afflicted.
Kin. Who's there? Ha?
Norff. Pray God be not angry.
Kin. Who's there I say? How dare you thrust your (selves
Into my private Meditations?
Who am I? Ha?
Norf. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne're meant: Our brach of Duty this way,
Is businesse of Estate; in which, we come
To know your Royall pleasure.
Kin. Ye are too bold:
Go too; Ile make ye know your times of businesse:
Is this an howre for temporall affaires? Ha?
Enter Wolsey and Campeius with a Commission.
Who's there? my good Lord Cardinall? O my *Wolsey,*
The quiet of my wounded Conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a King; you'r welcome
Most learned Reverend Sir, into our Kingdome,
Use us, and it: 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 houre
Of private conference.
Kin. We are busie; goe.
Norff. This Priest ha's no pride in him?
Suff. Not to speake of:
I would not be so sicke though for his place:
But this cannot continue.
Norff. If it doe, Ile venture one; have at him.
Suff. I another.
Exeunt Norfolke and Suffolke.
Wol. Your Grace ha's given a President of wisedome
Above all Princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voyce of Christendome:
Who can be angry now? What Envy reach you?
The Spaniard tide by blood and favour to her,
Must now confesse, if they have any goodnesse,
The Tryall, just and Noble. All the Clerkes,
(I meane the learned ones in Christian Kingdomes)
Have their free voyces. Rome (the Nurse of Judgement)
Invited by your Noble selfe, hath sent
One generall Tongue unto us. This good man,
This just and learned Priest, Cardnall *Campeius,*
Whom once more, I present unto your Highnesse.
Kin. And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome,
And thanke 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 Highnesse hand
I tender my Commission; by whose vertue,
The Court of Rome commanding. You my Lord
Cardinall of *Yorke,* are joyn'd with me their Servant,
In the unpartiall judging of this Businesse.
Kin. Two equall men: The Queene shall be acquain- (ted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner*?
Wol. I know your Majesty, ha's alwayes lov'd her
So deare in heart, not to deny her that
A Woman of lesse Place might aske by Law;
Schollers allow'd freely to argue for her.
Kin. I, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best, God forbid els: Cardinall,
Prethee call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary.
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy & favour to you;
You are the Kings now.

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

Kin. Come hither *Gardiner.*

Walkes and whispers.

Camp. My Lord of *Yorke,* was not one Doctor *Pace*
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Camp. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes surely.

Camp. Beleeve me, there's an ill opinion spread then,
Even of your selfe Lord Cardinall.

Wol. How? of me?

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

Wol. Heav'ns peace be with him:
That's Christian care enough: for living Murmerers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a Foole;
For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow,
If I command him followes my appointment,
I will have none so neere els. Learne this Brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

Kin, Deliver this with modesty to th'Queene.

Exit Gardiner.

The most convenient place, that I can thinke of
For such receipt of Learning, is Black-Fryers:
There ye shall meete about this weighty busines.
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.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

An. Not for that neither; here's the pang that pinches.
His highnesse, having liv'd so long with her, and she
Ao good a Lady, that no Tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harme-doing: Oh, now after
So many courses of the Sun enthroaned,
Still growing in a Majesty and pompe, the which
To leave, a thousand fold more bitter, then
'Tis sweet at first t'acquire. After this Processe.
To give her the avaunt, it is a pitty
Would move a Monster.

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

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

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

An. So much the more
Must pitty drop upon her; verily
I sweare, tis better to be lowly borne,

And

And range with humble livers in Content,
Then to be perk'd up in a glistring griefe,
And weare a golden sorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our best having.
Anne. By my troth, and Maidenhead,
I would not be a Queene.
Old L. Beshrew me, I would.
And venture Maidenhead for't, and so would you
For all this spice of your Hipocrisie:
You that have so faire parts of Woman on you,
Have (too) a Woman's heart, which ever yet
Affected Eminence, Wealth, Soveraignty;
Which, to say sooth, are Blessings; and which guifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft Chiverell Conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
An. Nay, good troth.
Old. L. Yes troth, & troth; you would not be a Queen?
An. No, not for all the riches under Heaven.
Old L. Tis strange; a threepence bow'd now would hire me
Old as I am, to Queene it: but I pray you,
What thinke you of a Duchesse? Have you limbs
To beare that load of Title?
An. No, in truth.
Old. L. Then you are weakly made; plucke off a little,
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more then blushing comes to: If your backe
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, tis too weake
Ever to get a Boy.
An. How you doe talke;
I sweare againe, I would not be a Queene,
For all the world;
Old. L. In faith, for little England
You'ld venture an emballing: I my selfe
Would for *Carnarvanshire,* although there long'd
No more to th'Crowne but that: Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

L. Cham. Good morrow Ladies; what wer't worth to (know
The secret of your conference?
An. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our Mistris Sorrowes we were pittying.
Cham. It was a gently businesse, and becomming
The action of good women, there is hope
All will be well.
An, Now I pray God, *Amen.*
Cham. You beare a gentle minde, & heav'nly blessings
Follow such Creatures. That you may, faire Lady
Perceive I speake sincerely, and high notes
Tane of your many vertues; the Kings Majesty
Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and
Doe's purpose honour to you no lesse flowing ,
Then Marchionesse of *Pembrooke;* to which Title,
A Thousand pound a yeare, Annuall support,
Out of his Grace, he addes.
An. I doe not know
What kinde of my obedience, I should tender;
More then my All, is Nothing: Nor my Prayers
Are not words duely hallowed; nor my Wishes
More worth, then empty vanities: yet Prayers & Wishes
Are all I can returne. 'Beseech your Lordship,
Vouchsave to speake my thankes, and my obedience,
As from a blushing Handmaid, to his Highnesse;
Whose health and Royalty I pray for.

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

Exit Lord Chamberlaine.

An. My honour'd Lord.

Old. L. Why this it is: See, see,
I have been begging sixteene yeares in Court
(Am yet a Courtier beggerly) not could
Come pat betwixt too early, and too late
For any suit of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
A very fresh Fish heere; fye, fye, fye, upon
This compel'd fortune: have your mouth fild up,
Before you open it.

An. This is strange to me.

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

An. Come you are pleasant.

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

An. Good Lady,
Make your selfe 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 thinke what followes.
The Queene is comfortlesse, and wee forgetfull
In our long absence: pray doe not deliver,
What heere y'have heard to her.

Old L. What do you thinke me--------*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets.

Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them two Scribes in the habite of Doctors; after them, the Bishop of Canturbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincolne, Ely, Rochester, and S. Asaph: Next them, with some small distance, followes a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the great Seale, and a Cardinals Hat: Then two Priests, bearing each a Silver Crosse: Then a Gentleman Usher bare-headed, accompanyed with a Sergeant at Armes, bearing a Silver Mace: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great Silver Pillers: 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 Cardialls sit under him as Judges. The Queene 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.

Car. Whil'st our Commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
King. What is the need?
It hath already publiquely bene read,
And on all sides th'Authority allow'd,
You may then spare that time.
Car. Bee't so, proceed.
Scri. Say, *Henry* K. of England, come into the Court.
Crier. Henry King of England, &c.
King. Heere.
Scribe. Say, *Katherine* Queene of England,
Come into the Court.
Crier. Katherine Queen of England, &c.
The Queene makes no answer, rises out of her Chaire, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneeles at his Feete. Then speakes.
Sir, I desire you do me Right and Justice,
And to bestow your pitty on me; for
I am a most poore Woman, and a Stranger,
Borne out of your Dominions: having heere
No Judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equall Friendship and Proceeding. Alas Sir:
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceede to put me off,
And take your good Grace from me? Heaven witnesse,
I have bene to you, a true and humble Wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in feare to kindle your Dislike,
Yea, subject to your Countenance: Glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd? When was the houre
I ever contradicted your Desire?
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your Anger, did I
Continue in my Liking? Nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to minde,
That I have been your Wife, in this Obedience,
Upward of twenty yeares, and have bene blest
With many Children by you. If in the course
And processe of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine Honor, aught;
My bond to Wedlocke, or my Love and Dutie
Against your Sacred Person; in Gods name
Turne me away: and let the fowl'st Contempt
Shut doore upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kinde 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 Spaine, was reckon'd one
The wisest Prince, that there had reign'd, by many
A yeare before. It is not to be question'd,
That they had gather'd a wise Councell to them
Of every Realme, that did debate this Businesse,
Who deem'd our Marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you Sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my Friends in Spaine, advis'd; whose Counsaile
I will implore. If not, i'th'name of God
Your pleasure be fulfull'd.
Wol. You have heere Lady,
(And of your choice) these Reverend Fathers, men
Of singular Integrity, and Learning;
Yea, the elect o'th'Land, who are assembled
To pleade your Cause. It shall be therefore bootlesse,

That longer you desire the Court, as well
For your owne quiet, as to rectifie
What is unsetled in the King.
Camp. His Grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore Madam,
It's fit this Royall Session do proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.
Qu. Lord Cardinall, to you I speake.
Wol. Your pleasure, Madam.
Qu. Sir, I am about to weepe; but thinking that
We are a Queene (or long have dream'd so) certaine
The daughter of a King, my drops of teares,
Ile turne to sparkes of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet.
Qu. I will, when you are humble; Nay before,
Or God will punish me. I do beleeve
(Induc'd by potent Circumstances) that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge,
You shall not be my Judge. For it is you
Have blowne this Coale, betwixt my Lord, and me;
(Which Gods dew quench) therefore, I say againe,
I utterly abhorre; yea, from my Soule
Refuse you for my Judge, whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious Foe, and thinke not
At all a Friend to truth.
Wol. I do professe
You speake not like your selfe: who ever yet
Have stood to Charity, and displayd th'effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisedome,
Ore-topping womans powre. Madam, you do me wrong
I have no Spleene against you, nor injustice
For you, or any: how farre I have proceeded,
Or how farre further (Shall) is warranted
By a Commission from the Consistorie,
Yea, the whole Consistorie of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blowne this Coale: I do deny it,
The King is present: If it be knowne to him,
That I gainsay my Deed, how may he wound,
And worthily my Falsehood, yea, as much
As you have done my Truth. If he know
That I am free of your Report, he knowes
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the Cure is to
Remove these Thoughts from you. The which before
His Highnesse shall speake in, I do beseech
You (gracious Madam) to unthinke your speaking,
And to say so no more.
Queen. My Lord, my Lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weake
T'oppose your cunning. Y'are meeke, & humble-mouth'd
You signe your Place, and Calling, in full seeming,
With Meekenesse and Humilitie: but your Heart
Is cramm'd with Arrogance, Spleene, and Pride.
You have by Fortune, and his Highnesse favors,
Gone slightly o're lowe steppes, and now are mounted
Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words
(Domestickes to you) serve your will, as't please
Your selfe pronounce their Office. I must tell you,
You tender more your persons Honor, then
Your high profession Spirituall. That agen
I do refuse you for my Judge, and heere
Before you all, Appeale unto the Pope,
To bring my whole Cause 'fore his Holinesse,
And to be judg'd by him.
She Curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.
Camp.

Camp. The Queene is obstinate,
Stubborne to Justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainfull to be tride by't; tis not well.
Shee's going aaway.
Kin. Call her againe.
Crier. Katherine Q of England, come into the Court.
Get. Ush. Madam you are cald backe.
Que. What need you note it? pray you keep your way,
When you are cald returne. Now the Lord helpe,
They vexe me past my patience, pray you passe on;
I will not tarry: no, not ever more
Upon this businesse my appearance make,
In any of their Courts.
Exit Queene, and her Attendants.
Kin. Go thy wayes *Kate,*
Tht man i'th'world, who shall report he ha's
A better Wife, let him in naught be trusted,
For speaking false in that; thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentlenesse,
Thy meeknesse Saint-like, Wife-like Government;
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Soveraigne and Pious els, could speake thee out)
The Queene of earthly Queenes; Shee's Noble borne;
And like her true Nobility, she ha's
Carried her selfe towards me.
Wol. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highnes,
That it shall please you to declare in hearing
Of all these eares (for where I am rob'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd, although not there
At once, and fuly satisfide) whether ever I
Did broach this busines to your Highnes, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't: or ever
Have to you, but with thankes to God for such
A Royall Lady, spake one, the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present State,
Or touch of her good Person?
Kin. My Lord Cardinall,
I doe 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 Curres,
Barke when their fellowes doe. By some of these
The Queene is put in anger; y'are excus'd:
But will you be more justifi'de? You ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this busines, never desir'd
It to be stir'd; but oft have hindred, oft
The passages made toward it; on my Honour,
I speake my good Lord Cardinall, to this point;
And thus farre cleare him.
Now, what mov'd me too't,
I will be bold with time and your attention: (too't:
Then marke th'inducement. Thus it came; give heede
My Conscience first receiv'd a tendernes,
Scruple, and pricke, on certain Speeches utter'd
By th'Bishop of *Bayon*, then French Embassador,
Who had beene hither sent on the debating
And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleance,* and
Our Daughter *Mary:* I'th'Progresse of this busines,
Ere a determinate resolution, hee
(I meane the Bishop) did require a respite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord advertise,
Whether our Daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our Marriage with the Dowager,
Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This respite shooke

The bosome of my Conscience, enter'd me'
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my Breast, which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings, did throng
And prest in with this Caution. First, me thought
I stood not in the smile of Heaven, who had
Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe
If it conceiv'd a male-child by me, should
Doe no more Office of life too't; then
The Grave does to th'dead: For her Male Issue,
Or di'de where they were made, or shortly after
This world had ayr'd them. Hence I tooke a thought,
This was a Judgement on me, that my Kingdome
(Well worthy the best Heyre o'th'World) should not
Be gladded in't by me. Then followes, that
I weigh'd the danger which my Realmes stood in
By this my Issues faile, and that gave to me
Many a groaning throw: thus hulling in
The wild Sea of my Conscience, I did steere
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present heere together: that's to say,
I meant to rectifie my Conscience, which
I then did feele full sicke, and yet not well,
By all the Reverend Fathers of the Land,
And Doctors learn'd. First I began in private,
With you my Lord of *Lincolne*; you remember
How under my oppression I did reeke
When I first mov'd you.
B. Lin. Very well my Liedge.
Kin, I have spoke long. be pleas'd your selfe to say
How farre you satisfide me.
Lin. So please your Highnes,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a State of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread, that I committed
The daringst Counsaile which I had to doubt,
And did entreate your Highnes to this course,
Which you are running heere.
Kin, I then mov'd 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 Seales; therefore goe on,
For no dislike i'th'world against the person
Of the good Queene; but the sharpe thorny points
Of my alleadged reasons, drives this forward:
Prove but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life
And Kingly Dignity, we are contented
To weare our mortall State to come, with her,
(*Katherine* our Queene) before the primest Creature
That's Parragon to th'World
Camp. So please your Highnes,
The Queene being absent, 'tis a needfull fitnesse,
That we adjourne this Court till further day;
Meane while, must be an earnest motion
Made to the Queene to call back her Appeale
She intends unto his Holinesse:
Kin. I may perceive
Those Cardinals trifle with me: I abhorre
This dilatory sloth, and trickes of Rome.
My learn'd and welbloved Servant *Cranmer,*
Prethee returne, with thy approch: I know,
My comfort comes along: breake up the Court;
I say, set on.
Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.

Actus Tertius. *Scena Prima.*

Enter Queene and her Women as at worke.
Queen. Take thy Lute wench,
My Soule growes sad with troubles,
Sing, and disperse ‘em if thou canst: leave working:

Song.
O*Rpheus with his Lute made Trees,*
And the Mountaine tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his Musicke, Plants and Flowers
Ever sprung; as Sunne and Showers,
There had made a lasting Spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the Billowes of the Sea,
Hung their heads, & then lay by.
In sweet Musicke is such Art,
Killing care, & griefe of heart,
Fall asleepe, or hearing dye.

Enter a Gentleman.
Queen. How now?
Gent. And’t please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence.
Queen. Would they speake with me?
Gent. They wil’d me say so Madam.
Queen. Pray their Graces
To come neere: what can be their busines
With me, a poore weake woman, falne from favour?
I doe not like their comming; now I think on’t
They should bee good men, their affaires as righteous:
But all Hoods, make not Monkes.
Enter the two Cardinalls, Wolsey & Campian.
Wols. Peace to your Highnesse.
Queen. Your Graces find me heere part of a Houswife,
(I would be all) against the worst may happen:
What are your pleasures with me, reverent Lords?
Wol. May it please you Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private Chamber; we shall give you
The full cause of our comming.
Queen. Speake it heere.
There’s nothing I have done yet o’ my Conscience
Deserves a Corner: would all other Women
Could speake this with as free a Soule as I doe.
My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were tri’de by ev’ry tongue, ev’ry eye saw’em,
Envy and base opinion set against ‘em,
I know my life so even. If your busines
Seeke me out, and that way I am Wise in;
Out with it boldly: Truth loves open dealing.
Card. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas Regina serenissima.
Queen. O good my Lord, no Latin;
I am not such a Truant since my comming,
As not to know the Language I have liv’d in: (ous:
A strange Tongue makes my cause more strange, suspiti-
Pray speake in English; heere are some will thanke you,
If you speake truth, for their poore Mistris sake;
Beleeve me she ha’s had much wrong. Lord Cardinall,
The willing’st sinne I ever yet committed,
May be absolv’d in English.
Card. Noble Lady,

I am sorry my integrity [shoul] breed,
(And service to his Majesty and you)
So deepe suspition, 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 waighty difference
Betweene the King and you, and to deliver
(Like free and honest men) our just opinions,
And comforts to our cause.
Camp. Most honour'd Madam,
My Lord of Yorke, out of his Noble nature,
Zeale and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting (like a good man) your late Censure
Both of his truth and him(which was too farre)
Offers, as I doe, in a signe of peace,
His Service, and his Counsell.
Queen. To betray me.
My Lords, I thanke you both for your good wills,
Ye speake like honest men, (pray God ye prove so)
But how to make ye sodainly an Answere
In such a poynt of weight, so neere mine Honour,
(More neere my Life I feare) with my weake wit;
And to such men of gravity and learning;
In truth I know not. I was set at worke,
Among my Maids, full little (God knowes) looking
Either for such men, or such businesse;
For her sake that I have beene, for I feele
The last fit of my Greatnesse; good your Graces
Let me have time and Councell for my Cause:
Alas, I am a Woman frendlesse, hopelesse.
*Wol.*Madam,
You wrong the Kings love with these feares,
Your hopes and friends are infinite.
Queen. In England,
But little for my profit can you thnke Lords,
That any English man daare give me Councell?
Or be a knowne friend 'gainst his Highnes pleasure,
(Though he be growne 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 heere,
They are (as all my other comforts) far hence
In mine owne Countrey Lords.
Camp. I would your Grace
Would leave your greefes, and take my Counsell.
Queen. How Sir?
Camp. Put your maine cause into the Kings protection,
Hee's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much,
Both for your Honour better, and your Cause:
For if the tryall of the Law o'retake ye,
You'l part away disgrac'd.
Wol. He tels you rightly.
Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruine:
Is this your Christian Councell? Out upon ye.
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge,
That no King can corrupt.
Camp. Your rage mistakes us.
Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my Soule two reverend Cardinall Vertues:
But Cardinall Sins, and hollow hearts I feare ye:
Mend 'em for shame my Lords: Is this your comfort?
The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Lady?
A woman lost among ye, Laugh't at, scorned?
I will not wish ye halfe my miseries,

I have more Charity. But say I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heavens sake take heed, least at once
The burthen of my sorrowes, fall upon ye.
Car. Madam, this is a meere distraction,
You turne the good we offer, into envy.
Quee. Ye turne me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
And all such false Professors. Would you have me
(If you have any Justice, any Pitty,
If ye be any thing but Churchmens habits)
Put my sicke cause into his hands, that hates me?
Alas, ha's banish'd me his Bed already,
His Love, too long ago. I am old my Lords,
And all the Fellowship I hold now with him
Is onely my Obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchednesse? All your Studies
Make me a Curse, like this.
Camp. Your feares are worse.
Qu. Have I liv'd thus long (let me speake my selfe,
Since Vertue findes no friends) a Wife, a true one?
A Woman (I dare say without Vainglory)
Never yet branded with Suspition?
Have I, with all my full Affections
Still met the King? Lov'd him next Heav'n? Obey'd him?
Bin (out of fondnesse) 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're dream'd a Joy, beyond his pleasure;
And to that Woman (when she has done most)
Yet will I adde an Honor; a great Patience.
Car. Madam, you wander from the good
We ayme at.
Qu. My Lord,
I dare not make my selfe so guiltie,
To give up willingly that Noble Title
Your Master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e're divorce my Dignities.
Car. Pray heare me.
Qu. Would I had never trod this English Earth,
Or felt the Flatteries that grow upon it:
Ye have Angers Faces; but Heaven knowes your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched Lady?
I am the most unhappy Woman living.
Alas (poore Wenches) where are now your Fortunes?
Shipwrack'd upon a Kingdome, where no Pitty,
No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weepe for me?
Almost no Grave allow'd me? Like the Lilly
That once was Mistris of the Field, and flourish'd,
Ile hang my head, and perish.
Car. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know, our Ends are honest,
Youl'd feele more comfort. Why shold we (good Lady)
Upon what cause wrong you? Alas, our Places,
The way of our Profession is against it;
We are to Cure such sorrowes, not to sowe 'em.
For Goodnesse sake, consider what you do,
How you may hurt your selfe: I, utterly
Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage.
The hearts of Princes kisse Obedience,
So much they love it. But to stubborne Spirits,
They swell and grow, as terrible as stormes.
I know you have a Gentle, Noble temper,
A Soule as even as a Calme; Pray thinke us,
Those we professe, Peace-makers, Friends, and Servants.
Camp. Madam, you'l finde it so:
You wrong your Vertues

With these weake Womens feares. A Noble Spirit
As yours was, put into you, ever casts
Such doubts as false Coine from it. The King loves you,
Beware you loose it not: For us (if you please
To trust us in your businesse) we are ready
To use our utmost Studies,in your service.
Qu. Do what ye will, my Lords:
And pray forgive me;
If I have us'd my selfe unmannerly,
You know I am a Woman, lacking wit
To make a seemely answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his Majestie,
He ha's my heart yet, and shall have my Prayers
While I shall have my life. Come reverend Fathers,
Bestow your Councels on me. She now begges
That little thought when she set footing heere,
She should have bought her Dignities so deere. *Exeunt*

Scoena Secunda.

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

Norf. If you will now unite in your Complaints,
And force them with a Constancy, the Cardinall
Cannot stand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustaine moe new disgraces,
With these you beare alreadie.
Sur. I am joyfull
To meete the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my Father-in=Law, the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.
Suf. Which of the Peeres
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The stampe of Noblenesse in any person
Out of himselfe?
Cham. My Lords, you speake your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know:
What we can do to him (though now the time
Gives way to us) I much feare. If you cannot
Barre his accesse to'th'King, never attempt
Any thing on him: for he hath a Witchcraft
Over the King in's Tongue.
Nor. O feare him not,
His spell in that is out: the King hath found
Matter against him, that for ever marres
The Hony of his Language. No, he's setled
(Not to come off) in his displeasure.
Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to heare such Newes as this
Once every houre.
Nor. Beleeve it, this is true.
In the Divorce, his contrarie proceedings
Are all unfolded: wherein he appreares,
As I would wish mine Enemy.
Sur. How came
His practices to light?
Suf. Most strangely.
Sur. O how? how?
Suf. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miscarried,
And

And came to th'eye o'th'King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinall did intreat his Holinesse
To stay the Judgement o'th'Divorce; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceive
My King is tangled in affection, to
A Creature of the Queenes, Lady *Anne Bullen.*
Sur. Ha's the King this?
Suf. Beleeve it.
Sur. Will this worke?
Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his trickes founder, and he brings his Physicke
After his Patients death; the King already
Hath married the faire Lady.
Sur. Would he had.
Suf. May you be happy in your wish my Lord,
For I professe you have it.
Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the Conjunction.
Suf. My Amen too't.
Nor. All mens.
Suf. There's order given for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but yong, and may be left
To some eares unrecounted. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and compleate
In minde and feature. I perswade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this Land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But will the King
Digest this Letter of the Cardinals?
The Lord forbid.
Nor. Marry Amen.
Suf. No, no:
There be moe Waspes that buz about his Nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal *Campeius,*
Is stolne away to Rome, hath 'tane no leave,
Ha's left the cause o'th'King unhandled, and
Is posted as the Agent of our Cardinall,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The King cry'de Ha, at this.
Cham. No God incense him,
And let him cry Ha, lowder.
Norf. But my Lord
When returnes *Cranmer?*
Suf. He is return'd in his Opinions, which
Have satisfied the King for his Divorce,
Together with all famous Colledges
Almost in Christendome: shortly (I beleeve)
His second Marriage shall be publishd, and
Her Coronation. *Katherine* no more
Shall be call'd Queene, but Princesse Dowager,
And Widdow to Prince *Arthur.*
Nor. This same *Cranmer's*
A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine
In the Kings businesse.
Suf. He ha's, and we shall see him
For it an Arch-byshop.
Nor. So I heare.
Suf. 'Tis so.
Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.
The Cardinall.
Nor. Observe, observe, hee's moody.
Car. The Packet Cromwell,
Gav't you the King?
Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.
Card. Look'd he o'th'inside of the Paper?

Crom. Presently
He did unseale them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a Serious minde: a heede
Was in his countenance. You he bad
Attend him heere this Morning.
Card. Is he ready to come abroad?
Crom. I thinke by this he is.
Card. Leave me a while. *Exit Cromwell.*
It shall be to the Dutches of Alanson,
The French Kings Sister; He shall marry her.
Anne Bullen? No: Ile no *Anne Bullens* for him,
There's more in't then faire Visage. *Bullen?*
No, wee'l no *Bullens*: Speedily I wish
To heare from Rome. The Marchionesse of Penbroke?
Nor. He's discontented.
Suf. May be he heares the King
Does whet his Anger to him.
Sur. Sharpe enough,
Lord for thy Justice.
Car. The late Queenes Gentlewoman?
A Knights Daughter
To be heer Mistris Mistris? The Queenes, Queene?
This Candle burnes not cleere, 'tis I must snuffe it,
Then out it goes. What though I know her vertuous
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholsome to
Our cause, that she should lye i'th'bosome of
Our hard rul'd King. Againe, there is sprung up
An Heretique, an Arche-one; *Cranmer,* one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
And is his Oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Enter King, reading of a Scedule.

Sur. I would 'twer somthing [yt] would fret the string,
The Master-cord on's heart.
Suf. The King, the King.
King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his owne portion? And what expence by'th'houre
Seemes to flow from him? How, i'th'name of Thrift
Does he rake this together? Now my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinall?
Nor. My Lord, we have
Stood heere observing him. Some strange Commotion
Is in his braine: He bites his lip, and starts,
Stops on a sodaine, lookes upon the ground,
Then layes his finger on his Temple: Straight
Springs out into fast gate, then stops againe,
Strikes his brest hard, and anon, he casts
His eye against the Moone: in most strange Postures
We have seene him set himselfe.
King. It may well be,
there is mutiny in's minde. This morning,
Papers of State he sent me, to peruse
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There (on my Conscience put unwittingly)
Forsooth an inventorie, thus importing
The severall parcels of his Plate, his treasure,
Rich Stuffes and Ornaments of Houshold, which
I finde at such proud Rate, that it out-speakes
Possesseion of a Subject.
Nor. It's Heavens will,
Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet,
To blesse your eye withall.
King. If we did thinke

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

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

Car. Heaven forgive me,
Ever God Blesse your Highnesse.
King. Good my Lord,
You are full of Heavenly stuffe, and beare the Inventory
Of your best Graces, in your minde; the which
You were now running o're: you have scarse time
To steale from Spirituall leysure, a briefe span
To keepe your earthly Audit, sure in that
I deeme you a ill Husband, and am gald
To have you therein my Companion.
Car. Sir.
For Holy Offices I have a time; a time
To thinke upon the part of businesse, which
I bear i'th'State: and Nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I her fraile sonne, among'st my Brethren mortall,
Must give my tendance to.
King. You have said well.
Car. And ever may your Highnesse yoake together,
(As I will lend you cause) my doing well,
With my well saying.
King. 'Tis well said agen.
And 'tis a kinde of good deede to say well,
And yet words are no deeds. My Father lov'd you,
He said he did, and with his deed did Crowne
His word upon you. Since I had my Office,
I have kept you next my Heart, have not alone
Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home,
But par'd my present Havings, to bestow
My Bounties upon you.
Car. What should this meane?
Sur. The Lord increase this businesse.
King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And if you may confesse it, say withall
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?
Car. My Soveraigne, I confesse your Royall graces
Showr'd on me daily, have bene more then could
My studied purposes requite, which went
Beyond all mans endeavours. My endeavors,
Have ever come too short of my Desires,
Yet fill'd with my Abilities: Mine owne ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To'th'good of your most Sacred Person, and
The profit of the State. For your great Graces
Heap'd upon me (poore Undeserver) I
Can nothing render but Allegiant thankes,
My Prayres to heaven for you; my Loyaltie
Which ever ha's, and ever shall be growing,
Till death (that Winter) Kill it.
King. Fairely answer'd:
A Loyall, and obedient Subject is
Therein illustrated, the Honor of it
Does pay the Act of it, as i'th'contrary
The fowlenesse is the punishment. I presume,
That as my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you,
My heart drop'd Love, my powre rain'd Honor, more
On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart,

Your Braine, an every Function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As ‘twer in Loves particular, be more
To me your Friend, then any.
Car. I do professe,
That for your Highnesse good, I ever labour’d
More then mine owne: that am, have, and will be
(Though all the world should cracke their duty to you,
And throw it from their Soule, though perils did
Abound, as thicke as thought could make ‘em, and
Appeare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty,
As doth a Rocke against the chiding Flood,
Should the approach of this wilde River breake,
And stand unshaken yours.
King. ‘Tis Nobly spoken:
Take notice Lords, he ha’s a Loyall brest,
For you have seene him open’t. Read o’re this,
And after this, and then to Breakfast with
What appetite you have.

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

Car. What should this meane?
What sodaine Anger’s this? How have I reap’d it?
He parted Frowning from me, as if Ruine
Leap’d from his Eyes. So lookes the chased Lyon
Upon the daring Huntsman that has gall’d him:
Then akes him nothing. I must read this paper:
I feare the Story of his Anger. ‘Tis so:
This paper ha’s undone me: ‘Tis th’Accompt
Of all that world of Wealth I have drawne together
For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedome,
And see my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence!
Fit for a Foole to fall by: What crosse Divell
Made me put this maine Secret in the Packet
I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beate this from his Braines?
I know ‘twill stirre him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spight of Fortune
Will bring me off againe. What’s this? *To th’Pope?*
The Letter (as I live) with all the Businesse
I weit too’s Holinesse. Nay then, farewell:
I have touch’d the highest point of all my Greatnesse,
And from that full Meridian of my Glory,
I haste now to my Setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the Evening,
And no man see me more.

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

Nor. Heare the Kings pleasure Cardinall,
Who commands you
To render up the Great Seale presently
Into our hands, and to Confine your self
To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchesters,
Till you heare further from his Highnesse.
Car. Stay:
Where’s your Commission? Lords, words cannot carrie
Authority so weighty.
Suf. Who dare crosse ‘em,
Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expressely?
Car. Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,
(I meane your malice) I know, Officious Lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feele
Of what course Mettle ye are molded, Envy,
How eagerly ye follow my Disgraces

As if it fed ye, and how sleeke and wanton
Ye appeare in every thing may bring my ruine?
Follow your envious courses, men of Malice;
You have Christian warrant for ‘em, and no doubt
In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Seale
You aske with such a Violence, the King
(Mine, and your Master) with his owne hand, gave me:
Bad me enjoy it, with the Place, and Honors
During my life, and to confirme his Goodnesse,
Ti’de it by Letters Patents. Now, who’ll take it?
Sur. The King that gave it.
Car. It must be himselfe then.
Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Priest.
Car. Proud Lord, thou lyest:
Within these fortie houres, Surrey durst better
Have burnt that Tongue, then saide so.
Sur. Thy Ambition
(Thou Scarlet sinne) robb’d this bewailing Land
Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law,
The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh’d not a haire of his. Plague of your policie,
You sent me Deputie for Ireland,
Farre from his succour; from the King, from all
That might have mercie on the fault, thou gav’st him:
Whil’st your great Goodnessse, out of holy pitty,
Absolv’d 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 Jurie, and foule Cause can witnesse.
If I lov’d many words, Lord, I should tell you,
You have as little Honestie, as Honor,
That in the way of Loyaltie, and Truth,
Toward the King, my ever Roiall Master,
Dare mate a sounder man then Surrie can be,
And all that love his follies.
Sur. By my Soule,
Your long Coat (Priest) protects you,
Thou should’st feele
My Sword i’th’life blood of thee else. My Lords,
Can ye endure to heare this Arrogance?
And from this Fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus Jaded by a peece of Scarlet,
Farewell Nobility: let his Grace go forward,
And dare us with his Cap, like Larkes.
Card. All Goodnesse
Is poyson to thy Stomacke.
Sur. Yes, that goodnesse
Of gleaning all the Lands wealth into one,
Into your owne hands (Card’nall) by Extortion:
The goodnesse of your intercepted Packets
You writ to’th ‘Pope, against the King: your goodnesse
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolke, as you are truly Noble,
As you respect the common good, the State
Of our despis’d Nobilitie our Issues,
(Whom if he live, will scarse be Gentlemen)
Produce the grand summe of his sinnes, the Articles
Collected from his life. Ile startle you
Worse then the Sacring Bell, when the browne Wench
Lay kissing in your Armes, Lord Cardinall.
Car. How much me thinkes, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in Charitie against it.

Nor. Those Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand:
But thus much, they are foule ones.
Wol. So much fairer
And spotlesse, shall mine Innocence arise,
When the King knowes my Truth.
Sur. This cannot save you:
I thanke my Memorie, I yet remember
Some of these Articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and crie guiltie Cardinall,
You'l shew a little Honestie.
Wol. Speake on Sir,
I dare your worst Objections: If I blush,
It is to see a Nobleman want manners.
Sur. I had rather want those, then my head;
Have at you.
First, that without the Kings assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a Legate, by which power
You maim'd the Jusisdiction of all Bishops.
Nor. Then, That in all you writ to Rome, or else
To Forraigne Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd: in which you brought the King
To be your Servant.
Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Councell, when you went
Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders, the Great Seale.
Sur. Item, You sent a large Commission
To *Gregory de Cassado,* to conclude
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,
A League betweene his Highnesse, and *Ferrara.*
Suf. That out of meere Ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy-Hat to be stampt on the Kings Coine.
Sur. Then, That you have sent inumerable substance,
(By what meanes got, I leave to your owne conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the wayes
You have for Dignities, to the meere undooing
Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are,
Which since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
Cham. O my Lord,
Presse not a falling man too farre: 'tis Vertue:
His faults lye open the the Lawes, let them
(Not you) correct him. My heart weepes to see him
So little, of his great Selfe.
Sur. I forgive him.
Suf. Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleasure is,
Because all those things you have done of late
By your power Legative within this Kingdome,
Fall into'th'compasse of a Premunire;
That therefore such a Writ be sued against you,
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
Castles, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge.
Nor. And so wee'l leave you to your Meditations
How to live better. For your stubborne answer
About the giving backe the Great Seale to us,
The King shall know it, and (no doubt) shal thanke you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.
Exeunt all byt Wolsey.
*Wol.*So farewell, to the little good you beare me.
Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatnesse.
This is the state of Man; to day he puts forth
The tender Leaves of hopes, to morrow Blossomes,
And beares his blushing Honors thicke upon him:
The third day, comes a Frost; a killing Frost,
And when he thinkes, good easie man, full surely
His

His Greatnesse is a ripening, nippes his roote,
And then he fals as I do. I have ventur'd
Like little wanton Boyes that swim on bladders:
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride
At length broke under me, and now ha's left me
Weary, and old with Service, to the mercy
Of a rude streame, that must for ever hide me.
Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,
I feele my heart new open'd. Oh ho wretched
Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes favours?
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire too,
That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their ruine,
More pangws, and feares then warres, or women have;
And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer,
Never to hope againe.

Enter Cromwell, standing amazed.

Why how now *Cromwell?*
Crom. I have no power to speake Sir.
Car. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder
A great man should decline. Nay, and you weep
I am falne indeed.
Crom. How does your Grace.
Card. Why well.
Never so truly happy, my good *Cromwell,*
I know my selfe now, and I feele within me,
A peace above all earthly Dignities,
A still, and quiet Conscience. The King ha's cur'd me,
I humbly thanke his Grace: and from these shoulders
These ruin'd Pillers, out of pitty, taken
A loade, would sinke a Navy, (too much Honor.)
O'tis a burden *Cromwel*, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man, that hopes for Heaven.
Crom. I am glad your Grace,
Ha's made that right use of it.
Card. I hope I have:
I am able now (me thinkes)
(Out of a Fortitude of Soule, I feele)
To endure more Miseries, and greater farre
Then my Weake-hearted Enemies, dare offer.
What Newes abroad?
Crom. the heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.
Card. God blesse him.
Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas Morre* is chosen
Lord Chancellor, in your place.
Card. That's somewhat sodain.
But he's a Learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highnesse favour, and do Justice
For Truths-sake, and his Conscience; that his bones,
When he ha's run his course, and sleepes in Blessings,
May have a Tombe of Orphants teares wept on him.
What more?
Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;
Install'd Lord Arch-byshop of Canterbury.
Card. That's Newes indeed.
Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in secrecie long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queene,
Going to Chappell: and the voyce is now
Onely about her Corronation.
Card. There was the waight that pull'd me downe.
O *Cromwell,*
The King ha's gone beyond me: All my Glories
In that one woman, I have lost for ever.

No Sun, shall ever usher forth mine Honors,
Or gilde again the Noble Troopes that waighted
Upon my smiles. Go get thee from me *Cromwel,*
I am a poore falne man, unworthy now
To be thy Lord, and Master. Seeke 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 stirre him
(I know his Noble Nature) not to let
Thy hopefull service perish too. Good *Cromwell*
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine owne future safety.
Crom. O my Lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forgo
So good, so Noble, and so true a Master?
Beare witnesse, all that have not hearts of Iron,
With what a sorrow *Cromwell* leaves his Lord.
The King shall have my service; but my prayres
For ever, and for ever shall be yours.
Card. Cromwel, I did not thinke to shed a teare
In all my Miseries: But thou hast forc'd me
(Out of thy honest truth) to play the Woman.
Let's dry our eyes: And thus farre heare me *Cromwel,*
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleepe in dull cold Marble, where no mention
Of me, more must be heard of: Say I taught thee;
Say *Wolsey,* that once trod the wayes of Glory,
And sounded all the Depths, and Shoales of Honor,
Found thee a way (out of his wracke) to rise in:
A sure, and safe one, though thy Master mist it.
Marke but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me:
Cromwel, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
By that sinne fell the Angels: how can man then
(The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it?
Love thy selfe last, cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more then Honesty.
Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace
To silence envious Tongues. Be Just, and feare not;
Let all the ends thou aym'st at, be thy Countries,
Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall'st (O *Cromwell)*
Thou fall'st a blessed Martyr.
Serve the King: And prythee leade me in:
There take an Inventory of all I have,
To the last peny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe,
And my Integrity to Heaven, is all,
I dare now call mine owne. O *Cromwel, Cromwel,*
Had I but serv'd my God, with halfe the Zeale
I serv'd my King: he would not in mine Age
Have left me naked to mine Enemies.
Crom. Good Sir, have patience.
Card. So I have. Farewell
The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heaven do dwell.
Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. *Scena Prima.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 Y'are well met once againe.
2 So are you.
1 You come to take your stand heere, and behold
The Lady *Anne,* passe from her Corronation.

2 'Tis

2 'Tis all my businesse. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckinghame came from his Triall.
1 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow,
This generall joy.
2 'Tis well: The Citizens
I am sure have shewne at full their Royall minds,
As let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In Celebration of this day with Shewes,
Pageants, and Sights of Honor.
1 Never greater,
Nor Ile assure you better taken Sir.
2 May I be bold to aske what that containes,
That Paper in your hand.
1 Yes, 'tis the List
Of those that claime their Offices this day,
By custome of Coronation.
The Duke of Suffolke is the first, and claimes
To be high Steward; Next the Duke of Norfolke,
He to be Earle Marshall: you may reade the rest.
1 I thanke you Sir: Had I not known those customs,
I should have beene beholding to your Paper:
But I beseech you, what's become of *Katherine*
The Princesse Dowager? How goes her businesse?
1 That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury accompanied with other
Learned, and Rverend Fathers of his Order,
Held a late Court at Dunstable; sixe miles off
From Ampthill, where the Princesse lay, to which
She was often cyted by them, but appear'd not:
And to be short, for not Appearance, and
The Kings late Scruple, by the maine assent
Of all these Learned men, she was divorc'd,
And the late Marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was remov'd to Kymmalton,
Where she remaines now sicke.
2 Alas good Lady.
The Trumpets sound: Stand close,
The Queene is comming. *Ho-boyes.*

The Order of the Coronation.

1 A lively Flourish of Trumpets.
2 Then, two Judges.
3 Lord Chancellor, *with Purse and Mace before him.*
4 Quirristers *singing.* Musicke.
5 Mayor of London, *bearing the Mace. Then* Garter, *in his Coate of Armes, and on his head he wore a Gilt Copper Crowne.*
6 Marquesse Dorset, *bearing a Scepter of Gold on his head, a Demy Coronall of Gold. With him, the Earle of* Surrey, *bearing the Rod of Silver with the Dove, Crowned with an Earles Coronet. Collars of Esses.*
7 Duke of Suffolke, *in his Robe of Estate, his Coronet on his head bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With him, the Duke of* Norfolke, *with the Rod of Marshalship, a Coronet on his heaed. Collars of Esses.*
8 *A* Canopy, *borne by four of the* Cinque-Ports, *under it the Queene in her Robe, in her haire, richly adorned with Pearle, Crowned. On each side her, the Bishop of* London, *and* Winchester.
9 *The* Olde Dutchesse of Norfolke, *in a Coronall of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queenes Traine.*
10 Certaine Ladies *or* Countesses, *with plaine Circlets of Gold, without Flowers.*
Exeunt, *first passing over the Stage in Order and State, and then, A great Flourish of Trumpets.*

2 A Royall Traine beleeve me: These I know:
Who's that that beares the Scepter?
1 Marquesse Dorset,
And that the Earle of Surrey, with the Rod.
2 A bold brave Gentleman. That should bee
The Duke of Suffolke.
1 'Tis the same: high Steward.
2 And that my Lord of Norfolke?
1 Yes.
2 Heaven blesse thee,
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a Soule, she is an Angell;
Our King ha's all the Indies in his Armes,
And more, and richer, when he straines that Lady,
I cannot blame his Conscience.
1 They that beare
The Cloath of Honour over her, are four Barons
Of the Cinque Ports.
2 Those men are happy,
And so are all. are neere her.
I take it, she that carries up the Traine,
Is that old Noble Lady, Duchesse of Norfolke.
1 It is, and all the rest are Countesses.
2 Their Coronets say so These are Starres indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.
2 No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

1 God save you Sir. Where have you bin broiling?
3 Among the crow'd i'th'Abbey, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
With the meere ranknesse of their joy.
2 You saw the Ceremony?
3 That I did.
1 How was it?
3 Well worth the seeing.
2 Good Sir, speake it to us?
3 As well as I am able. The rich streame
Of Lords, and Ladies, having brought the Queene
To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off
A distance from her; while her Grace sate downe
To rest a while, some halfe an houre, or so,
In a rich Chaire of State, opposing freely
The Beauty of her Person to the People.
Beleeve me Sir, she is the goodliest Woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noyse arose,
As the shrowdes make at Sea, in a stiffe Tempest,
As lowd, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes,
(Doublets, I thinke) flew up, and had their Faces
Bin loose, this day they had beene lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great belly'd women,
That had not halfe a weeke to go, like Rammes
In the old time of Warre, would shake the prease
And make 'em reele before 'em. No man living
Could say this is my wife there, all were woven
So strangely in one peece.
2 But what follow'd?
3 At length, her Grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the Alter, where she kneel'd, and Saint-like
Cast her faire eyes to Heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose againe, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Arch-byshop of Canterbury,
She had all the Royall makings of a Queene;
As holy Oyle, *Edward* Confessors Crowne,
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all such Emblemes
Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire

With

With all the choysest Musicke of the Kingdome,
Together sung *Te Deum.* So she parted,
And with the same full State pac'd backe againe
To Yorke-Place, where the Feast is held.
1 Sir,
You must no more call it Yorke-place, that's past:
For since the Cardinall fell, that Titles lost,
'Tis now the Kings, and call'd White-Hall.
3 I know it:
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.
2 What two Reverend Bishops
Were those that went on each side of the Queene?
3 *Stokeley* and *Gardiner,* the one of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the Kings Secretary:
The other London.
2 He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the Archbishops,
The vertuous, *Cranmer.*
3 All the Land knowes that:
How ever, yet there is no great breach, when it comes
Cranmer will finde a Friend will not shrinke from him.
2 Who may that be, I pray you.
3 *Thomas Cromwell,*
A man in much esteeme with th'King, and truly
A worthy Friend. The King ha's made him
Master o'th'Jewell House,
And one already of the Privy Councell.
2 He will deserve more.
3 Yes without all doubt.
Come Gentlemen ye shall go my way,
Which is to 'th Court, and there ye shall be my Guests:
Something I can command. As I walke thither,
Ile tell ye more.
Both. You may command us Sir. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

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

Grif. How do's your Grace?
Kath. O *Griffith,* sicke to death:
My Legges like loaden Branches bow to 'th'Earth,
Willing to leave their burthen: Reach a Chaire,
So now (me thinkes) I feele a little ease.
Did'st thou not tell me *Griffith,* as thou lead'st mee,
That the great Childe of Honor, Cardinall Wolsey
Was dead?
Grif. Yes Madam: but I thinke your Grace
Out of the paine you suffer'd, gave no eare too't.
Kath. Pre'thee good *Griffith,* tell me how he dy'de.
If well, he stept before me happily
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voyce goes Madam,
For after the stout Earle Northumberland
Arrested him at Yorke, and brought him forward
As a man sorely tainted, to his Answer,
He fell sick sodainly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his Mule.
Kath. Alas poore man.
Grif. At last, with easie Rodes, he came to Leicester,

Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reverend Abbot
With al his Covent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words. O Father Abbot
An old man, broken with the stormes of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Give him a little earth for Charity.
So went to bed; where eagarly his sicknesse
Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,
About the houre of eight, which he himselfe
Foretold should be his last, full of Repentence,
Continuall Maditations, Teares, and Sorrowes,
He gave his Honors to the world agen,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.
Kath. So may he rest,
His Faults lye gently on him:
Yet thus farre *Griffith,* give me leave to speake him,
And yet with Charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomacke, ever ranking
Himselfe with Princes. One that by suggestion
Ty'de all the kingdome. Symonie, was faire play,
His owne Opinion was his Law. I'th'presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words, and meaning. He was never
(But where he meant to Ruine) pittifull.
His Promises, were as he then was, Mighty:
But his performance, as he is now, Nothing:
Of his owne body he was ill, and gave
The Clergy ill example.
Grif. Noble Madam:
Mens evill manners live in Brasse, their Vertues
We write in Water. May it please your Highnesse
To heare me speake his good now?
Kath. Yes good *Griffith,*
I were malicious else.
Grif. This Cardinall,
Though from an humble Stocke, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much Honor. From his Cradle
He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one:
Exceeding wise, faire spoken, and perswading:
Lofty, and sowre to them that lov'd him noe:
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as Summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sinne) yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most Princely: Ever witnesse for him
Those twinnes of Learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford: one of which, fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good that did it.
The other (though unfinish'd) yet so Famous,
So excellent in Art, and still so rising,
That Christendome shall ever speake his Vertue.
His Overthrow, heap'd Happinesse upon him:
For then, and not till then,he felt himselfe,
And found the Blessednesse of being little.
And to adde greater Honors to his Age
Then man could give him; he dy'de, fearing God.
Kath. After my death, I whish no other Herald,
No other speaker of my living Actions,
To keepe mine Honor, from Corruption,
But such an honest Chronicler as *Griffith.*
Whom I most hated Living, thou hast made mee
With thy Religious Truth, and Modestie,
(Now in his Ashes) Honor: Peace be with him.
Patience, be neere me still, and set me lower.
I have not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith,*
Cause the Musitians play me that sad note
I nam'd my Knell; whil'st I sit meditating

On that Celestiall Harmony I go too.

Sad and solemne Musicke.

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

The Vision.

Enter solemnly tripping one after another, sixe Personages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their heades Garlands of Bayes, and golden Vizards on their faces, Branches of Bayes or Palme in their hands. They first Conge unto her, then Dance: and at certaine Changes, the first two hold a spare Garland over her Head, at which the other foure make reverend Curtsies. Then the two that held the Garland, deli ver 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 sleepe) signes of rejoycing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so, in their Dancing vanish, carrying the Garland with them. The Musicke continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me heere in wretchednesse, behinde ye?
Grif. Madam, we are heere.
Kate. 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 Troope
Invite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beames upon me, like the Sun?
They promis'd me eternall Happinesse,
And brought me Garlands (*Griffith)* which I feele
I am not worthy yet to weare: I shall assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyfull Madam, such good dreames
Possesse your Fancy.
Kath. Bid the Musicke leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. *Musicke ceases.*
Pati. Do you note
How much heer Grace is alter'd on the sodaine?
How long her face is drawne? How pale she lookes,
And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes?
Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray.
Pati. Heaven comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And't like your Grace-----
Kath. You are a sawcy Fellow,
Deserve we no more Reverence?
Grif. You are too blame,
Knowing she will not loose her wonted Greatnesse
To use so rude behaviour. Go too, kneele.
Mes. I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon,
My hast 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're see againe. *Exit Messeng.*

Enter Lord Capuchius.

If my sight faile not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
My Royall Nephew, and your name *Capuchius.*
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,
Firsst mine owne service to your Grace, the next
The Kings request, that I would visit you,
Who greeves much for your weaknesse, and by me
Sends you his Princely Commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;
That gentle Phusicke given in time, had cur'd me:
But now I am past all Comforts heere, by Prayers.
How does his Highnesse?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he ever do, and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name
Banish'd the Kingdome. *Patience,* is that Letter
I caus'd you to write, yet sent away?
Pat. No Madam.
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.
Cap. Most willing Madam.
Kath. In which I have commended to his goodnesse
The Modell of our chaste loves: his yong daughter,
The dewes of Heaven fall thicke in Blessings on her,
Beseeching him to give her vertuous breeding.
She is yong, and of a Noble modest Nature,
I hope she will deserve well; and a little
To love her for her Mothers sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knowes how deerely.
My next poore Petition,
Is that his Noble Grace would have some pittie
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 lye) but will deserve
For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule,
For honestie, and decent Carriage
A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)
And sure those men are happy that shall 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 pleas'd to have given me longer life
And able meanes, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
By that you love the deerest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to soules departed,
Stand these poore peoples Friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right.
Cap. By Heaven I will,
Or let me loose the fashion of a man.
Kath. I thanke you honest Lord. Remember me
In all humilitie unto his Highnesse:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him in death I blest him
(For so I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell
My Lord. *Griffith* farewell. Nay, *Patience,*
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed,
Call in more women.When I am dead, good Wench,
Let me be us'd with Honor; strew me over
With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste Wife, to my Grave: Embalme me,
Then lay me forth (although unqueen'd) yet like
A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterre me.
I can no more.
Exeunt leading Katherine.

Scena

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

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

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, is't not.
Boy. It hath strooke.
Gard. These should be houres for necessities,
Not for delights: Times to repayre our Nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night Sir *Thomas:*
Whether so late?
Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?
Gar. I did Sir *Thomas,* and left him at Primero
With the Duke of Suffolke.
Lov. I must to him too
Before he go to bed. Ile take my leave.
Gard. Not yet Sir *Thomas Lovell:* what's the matter?
It seemes your in hast: and if there be
No great offence belongs too't, give your Friend
Some touch of your late businesse: Affaires that walke
(As they say Spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder Nature, then the businesse
That seekes dispatch by day.
Lov. My Lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your eare
Much waightier then this worke. The Queens in Labor
They say in great Extremity, and fear'd
Shee'l with the Labour, end.
Gard. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may finde
Good time, and live: but for the Stocke Sir *Thomas,*
I wish it grubb'd up now.
Lov. Methinkes I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience sayes
Shee's a good Creature, and sweet-Ladie do's
Deserve our better wishes.
Gard. But Sir, Sir,
Heare me Sir *Thomas,* y'are a Gentleman
Of mine own way. I know you Wise, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne're be well,
'Twill not Sir *Thomas Lovel,* tak't of me,
Till *Cranmer, Cromwell,* her two hands, and shee
Sleepe in their Graves.
Lovell. Now Sir, you speake of two
The most remark'd i'th'Kingdome: as for *Cromwell,*
Beside that of the Jewell-House, is made Master
O'th'Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir,
Stands in the gap and Trade of moe Preferments,
With which the Lime will loade him. Th'Archbyshop
Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare speake
One syllable against him?
Gard. Yes, yes, Sir *Thomas,*
There are that Dare, and I my selfe have ventur'd
To speake my minde of him: and indeed this day,
Sir (I may tell it you) I thinke I have
Incenst the Lords o'th'Councell, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most Arch-Heretique, a Pestilence
That does infect the Land: with which, they moved
Have broken with the King, who hath so farre
Given eare to our Complaint, of his greate Grace,
And Princely Care, fore-seeing those fell Mischiefes,

Our Reasons lay'd before him, hath commanded
To morrow Morning to the Councell Boord
He be convented. He's a rank weed Sir *Thomas,*
And we must root him out. From your Affaires
I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir *Thomas.*
Exit Gardiner and Page.
Lov. Many good nights, my Lord, I rest your servant.
Enter King and Suffolke.
King. Charles, I will play no more to night,
My mindes not on't, you are too hard for me.
Suff. Sir, I did never win of you before.
King. But little *Charles,*
Nor shall not when my Fancies on my play.
Now *Lovel,* from the Queene what is the Newes.
Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman,
I sent your Message, who return'd her thankes
In the great'st humblenesse, and desir'd your Highnesse
Most heartily to pray for her.
King. What say'st thou? Ha?
To pray for her? What, is she crying out?
Lou. So said her woman, and that her suffrance made
Almost each pang, a death.
King. Alas good Lady.
Suf. God safely quit her of her Burthen, and
With gentle Travaile, to the gladding of
Your Highnesse with an Heire.
King. 'Tis midnight *Charles,*
Prythee to bed, and in thy Prayres remember
Th'estate of my poore Queene. Leave me alone,
For I must thinke of that, which company
Would not be friendly too.
Suff. I wish your Highnesse
A quiet night, and my good Mistris will
Remember in my prayers.
King. Charles good night. *Exit Suffolke.*
Well Sir, what followes?
Enter Sir Anthony Denny.
Den. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Arch-byshop,
As you commanded me.
King. Ha? Canturbyry?
Den. I my good Lord.
King. 'Tis true: where is he *Denny?*
Den. He attends your Highnesse pleasure.
King. Bring him to Us.
Lov. This is about that, which the Bishop spake,
I am happily come hither.
Enter Cranmer and Denny.
King. Avoyd the Gallery. *Lovell seemes to stay.*
Ha? I have said. Be gone.
What? *Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*
Cran. I am fearefull: Wherefore frownes he thus?
'Tis his Aspect of Terror. All's not well.
King. How now my Lord?
You do desire to know wherefore
I sent for you.
Cran. It is my dutie
T'attend your Highnesse pleasure.
King. Pray you arise
My good and gracious Lord of Cantruburie:
Come, you and I must walke a turne together:
I have Newes to tell you.
Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah my good Lord, I greeve at what I speake,
And am right sorrie to repeat what followes.
I have, and most unwillingly of late

Heard many greevous, I do say my Lord
Greevous complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Have mov'd Us, and our Councell, that you shall
This Morning come before us, where I know
You cannot with such freedome purge your selfe,
But that till further Triall, in those Charges
Which will require your Answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Towre: you, a Brother of us
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witnesse
Would come against you.
Cran. I humbly thanke your Highnesse,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnowed, where my Chaffe
And Corne shal flye asunder. For I know
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Then I my selfe, poore man.
King. Stand up, good Canturbury,
Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted
In us thy Friend. Give me thy hand, stand up,
Prythee let's walke. Now by my Holydame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would have given me your Petition, that
I should have tane some paines, to bring together
Your selfe, and your Accusers, and to have heard you
Without indurance further.
Cran. Most dread Liege,
The good I stand on, is my Truth and Honestie:
If they shall faile, I with mine Enemies
Will triumph o're my person, which I waigh not,
Being of those Vertues vacant. I feare nothing
What can be said against me.
King. Know you not
How your state stands i'th'world, with the whole world?
Your Enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must beare the same proportion, and not ever
The Justice and the Truth o'th'question carries
The dew o'th'Verdict with it; at what ease
Might corrupt mindes procure, Knaves as corrupt
To sweare against you: Such things have bene done.
Your are Potently oppos'd, and with a Malice
Of as great Size. Weene you of better lucke,
I meane in perjur'd Witnesse, then your Master,
Whose Minister you are, whiles heere he liv'd
Upon this naughty Earth? Go too, go too,
You take a Precepit for no leape of danger,
And woe your owne destruction.
Cran. God, and your Majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.
King. Be of good cheere,
They shall no more prevaile, then we give way too:
Keepe comfort to you, and this Morning see
You do appeare before them. If they shall chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you:
The best perswasions to the contrary
Faile not to use, and with what vehemencie
Th'occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliver them, and your Appeale to us
There make before them. Looke, the goodman weeps:
He's honest on mine Honor. Gods blest Mother,
I sweare he is true-hearted, and a soule
None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone.
And do as I have bid you. *Exit Cranmer.*
He ha's strangled his Language in his teares.

Enter Olde Lady.

Gent. within. Come backe: what meane you?

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

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

Lady. I, I my Liege,
And of a lovely Boy: the God of heaven
Both now, and ever blesse her: 'Tis a Gyrle
Promises Boyes heereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your Visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As Cherry, is to Cherry.

King. Lovell.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred Markes.
Ile to the Queene. *Exit King.*

Lady. An hundred Markes? By this light, Ile ha more.
An ordinary Groome is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the Gyrle was like to him? Ile
Have more, or else unsay't: and now, while 'tis hot,
Ile put it to th issue. *Exit Ladie.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cranmer, Archbishop of Canturbury.

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

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my Lord:
But yet I cannot helpe you.

Cran. Why?

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

Enter Doctor Buts.

Cran. So.

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

Cran. 'Tis *Buts.*
The Kings Physitian, as he past along
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me:
Pray heaven he found not my disgrace: for certaine
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turne their hearts, I never sought their malice)
To quench mine Honor; they would shame to make me
Wait else at doore: a fellow Councellor
'Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyes.
But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

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

Buts. Ile shew your Grace the strangest sight.

King. What's that *Buts?*

Buts

Butts. I thinke your Highnesse saw this many a day.
Kin. Body a me: where is it?
Butts. There my Lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of *Canturbury,*
Who holds his State at dore 'mongst Pursevants,
Pages, and Foot-boyes.
Kin, Ha? 'Tis he indeed.
Is this the Honour they doe one another?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet; I had thought
They had parted so much honsesty among 'em,
At least good manners; as not thus to suffer
A man of his Place, and so neere our favour
To dance attendance on their Lordships pleasures,
And at the dore too, like a Post with Packets:
By holy *Mary (Butts)* there's knavery;
Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtaine close:
We shall heare more anon.

A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed under the State. Enter Lord Chancellour, places himselfe at the upper end of the Table, on the left hand: A Seate being left void above him, as for Canterburies Seate. Duke of Suffolke, Duke of Norfolke, Surrey, ord Chamberlaine, Gardiner, seat themselves in Order on each side. Cromwell at lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speake to the businesse, M. Secretary;
Why are we met in Councell?
Crom. Please your Honours,
The chiefe cause concernes his Grace of *Canterbury.*
Gard. Ha's he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Norf. Who waits there?
Keep. Without my Noble Lords?
Gard. Yes.
Keep. My Lord Archbishop:
And ha's done halve an houre to know your pleasures.
*Chan.*Let him come in.
Keep. Your Grace may enter now.
Cranmer approaches the Councell Table.
Chan. My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry
To sit heere at this present, and behold
That Chayre stand empty: But we all are men
In our owne natures fraile, and capable
Of our flesh, few are Angels, out of which frailty
And want of wisedome, you that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd your selfe, and not a little:
Toward the King first, then his Lawes, in filling
The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines
(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are Heresies;
And not reform'd, may prove pericious.
Gard. Which Reformation must be sodaine too
My Noble Lords; for those that tame wild Horses,
Pace'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But stop their mouthes with stubborn Bits & spurre 'em,
Till they obey the mannage. If we suffer
Out of our easinesse and childish pitty
To one mans Honour, this contagious sicknesse;
Farewell all Physicke: and what followes then?
Commotions, uprores, with a generall Taint
Of the whole State; as of late dayes our neighbours,
The upper *Germany* can deerely witnesse:
Yet freshly pittied in our memories.
Cran. My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progresse
Both of my Life and Office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching

And the strong course of my Authority,
Might goe one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to doe well: nor is there living,
(I speake it with a single heart, my Lords)
A man that more detests, more stirres against,
Both in his private Conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a publique peace then I doe:
Pray Heaven the King may never find a heart
With lesse Allegeance in it. Men that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment;
Dare bite the best. I doe 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.
Suff. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a Counsellor,
And by that vertue no man daare accuse you. (ment,
Gard. My Lord, because we have busines of more mo-
We will be short with you. 'Tis his Highnesse pleasure
And our consent, for better tryall of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower,
Where being but a private man againe,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More then (I feare) you are provided for.
Cran. Ah my good Lord of *Winchester:* I thanke you,
You are alwayes my good Friend, if your will passe,
I shall both finde your Lordship, Judge and Juror,
You are so mercifull. I see your end,
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekenesse, Lord
Become a Churchman, better then Ambition:
Win straying Soules with modesty againe,
Cast none away: That I shall cleere my selfe,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you doe conscience,
In doing dayly wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling, makes me modest.
Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary,
That's the plaine truth; your painted glosse discovers
To men that understand you, words and weaknesse.
Crom. My Lord of *Winchester,* y'are a little,
By your good favour, too sharpe; Men so Noble,
How ever faulty, yet should finde respect
For what they have beene: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.
Gard. Good M. Secretary,
I cry your Honour mercie; you may worst
Of all this Table say so.
Crom. Why my Lord?
Gard. Doe not I know you for a Favourer
Of this new Sect? ye are not sound.
Crom. Not sound?
Gard. Not sound I say.
Crom. Would you were halfe so honest:
Mens prayers then would seeke you, not their feares.
Gard. I shall remember this bold Language.
Crom. Doe.
Remember your bold life too.
Cham. This is too much;
Forbeare for shame my Lords.
Gard. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Cham. Then thus for you my Lord, it stands agreed
I take it, by all voyces: That forthwith,
You be convaid to th'Tower a Prisoner;
There to remaine till the Kings further pleasure
Be knowne unto us: are you all agreed Lords.

All

All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to th'Tower my Lords?
Gard. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:
Let some o'th'Guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I goe like a Traytor thither?
Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i'th'Tower.
Cran. Stay good my Lords,
I have a little yet to say. Looke there my Lords,
By vertue of that Ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruell men, and give it
To a most Noble Judge, the King my Maister.
Cham. This is the Kings Ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suff. 'Ts the right Ring, by Heav'n: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rowling,
'Twould fall upon our selves.
Norf. Doe you thinke my Lords
The King willsuffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'Tis now too certaine;
How much more is his Life in value with him?
Would I were fairely out on't.
Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and Informations
Against this man, whose honesty the Divell
And his Disciples onely envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burnes ye: now have at ye.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seate.

Gard. Dread Soveraigne,
How much are we bound to Heaven,
In dayly thankes; that gave us such a Prince;
Not onely good and wise, but most religious:
One that in all obedience, makes the Church
The cheefe ayme of his Honour, and to strengthen
That holy duty out of deare respect,
His Royall selfe in Judgement comes to heare
The cause betwixt her, and this great offender.
Kin. You were ever good at sodaine Commendations,
Bishop of *Winchester*. But know I come not
To heare such flattery now, and in my preence
They are too thin, and base to hide offences,
To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell,
And thinke with wagging of your tongue to win me:
But wherefore thou tak'st me for; I'm sure
Thou hast a cruell Nature and a bloody.
Good man sit downe: Now let me see the proudest
Hee, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Then but once thinke his place becomes thee not.
Sur. May it please your Grace;----
Kin. No Sir, it doe's not please me,
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding,
And wisedome of my Councell; but I finde none:
Was it discretion Lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deserve that Title)
This honest man, wait like a lowsie Foot-boy
At Chamber dore? and one, as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? Did my Commission
Bid ye so farre forget your selves? I gave ye
Power, as he was a Counsellour to try him,

Not as a Groome: There's some of ye, I see,
More out of Malice then Integrity,
Would trye him to the utmost, had ye meane,
Which ye shall never have while I live.
Chan, Thus farre
My most dread Soveraigne, may it like your Grace,
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his Imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryall,
And faire purgation to the world then malice,
I'm sure in me.
Kin. Well, well my Lords respect him.
Take him, and use him well; hee's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholding to a Subject; I
Am for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more adoe, but all embrace him;
Be friends for shame my Lords: My Lord of *Canterbury*
I have a Suite which you must not deny mee.
That is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptisme,
You must be Godfather, and answere for her.
Cran. The greatest Monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: how may I deerve it,
That am a poore and humble Subject to you?
Kin. Come, come my Lord, you'd spare your spoones;
You shall have two noble Partners with you: the old
Dutchesse of *Norfolke*, and LadyMarquesse *Dorset*? will
these please you?
Once more my Lord of *Winchester,* I charge you
Embrace, and love this man.
Gard. With a true heart,
And Brothers love I doe it.
Cran. And let Heaven
Witnesse how deare, I hold this Confirmation. (hearts,
Kin. Good Man, those joyfull teares shew thy true
The common voyce I see is verified
Of thee, which sayes thus: Do my Lord of *Canturbury*
A shrewd turne, and hee's 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 remaine:
So I grow stronger, you more Honour gaine. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Noyse and tumults within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'l leave your noyse anon ye Rascals: doe
you take the Court for Parish Garden: ye rude Slaves,
leave your gaping:
Within, Good M. Porter I belong to th'Larder.
Por. Belong to th'Gallowes, and be hang'd ye Rogue:
Is this a place to roare in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree
staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em:
Ile scratch your heads; you must be seeing Christenings?
Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes heere, you rude
Raskalls?
Man. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impossible,
Unlesse wee sweepe'em from the dore with Cannon,
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleepe
On May-day Morning, which will never be:
We may as well push against Powles as stirre 'em.
Por. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man.

Man. Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in?
As much as one sound Cudgell of foure foote,
(You see the poore remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare Sir.
Port. You did nothing Sir.
Man. I am not *Sampson,* nor Sir *Guy,* nor *Colebrand,*
To mowe 'em downe before me: but if I spar'd any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or Shee, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker:
Let me ne're hope to see a Chine againe,
And that I would not for a Cow, God save her.
Within, Do your heare M. Porter?
Port. I shall b with you presently, good M. *Puppy,*
Keepe the dore close Sirha.
Man. What would you have me doe?
Por. What should you doe,
But knock 'em downe by th' dozens? Is this More fields to muster in? Or have wee some strange Indian with the great *Toole,* come to Court, the women so besiege us? Blesse me, what a fry of Fornication is at dore? On my Christian Conscience this one Christening will beget a thousand, here will be Father, God-father, and all together.
Man. The Spoones will be the bigger Sir: There is a fellow somewhat neere the doore, he should be a Brasier by his face, for o'my conscience twenty of the Dog-dayes now reigne in's Nose; all that stand about him are under the Line, they need no other pennance: that Fire-Drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his Nose discharged against mee; hee stands there like a Morter-piece to blow us. There was a Habberdashers Wife of small wit, neere him, that rail'd upon me, till her pinck'd porrenger fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the State. I mist the Meteor once, and hit that Woman, who cryed out Clubbes, when I might see from farre, some forty Truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o'th'Strond where she was quartered; they fell on, I made good my place; at length they came to th'broome staffe to me, I defide 'em stil, when sodainly a File of Boyes behind 'em, loose shot, deliver'd such a showre of Pibbles, that I was faine to draw mine Honour in, and let 'em with the Worke, the Divell was amongst 'em I thinke surely.
Por. These are the youths that thunder at a Playhouse, and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limehouse, their deare Brothers are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum,* and there they are like to dance these three dayes; besides the running Banquet of two Beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

*Cham.*Mercy o'me: what a Multitude are heere?
They grow still too; from all parts they are comming,
As if we kept a Faire heere? Where are these Porters?
These lazy knaves? Y'have made a fine hand fellowes?
Theres a trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithfull friends o'th'Suburbs? We shall have
Great store of roome no doubt, lest for the Ladies,
When they passe backe from the Christening?
Por. And't please your Honour,
We are but men; and what so many may doe,
Not being torne a pieces, we have done:
An Army cannot rule 'em.
Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't; Ile lay ye all

By th'heeles, and sodainly: and on your heads
Clap round Fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaves,
And heere ye lye baiting of Bombards, when
Ye should doe Service. Harke the Trumppets sound,
Th'are come already from the Christening,
Go breake among the preasse, and finde a way out
To let the Troope passe fairely; or Ile finde
A Marshallsey, shall hold ye play these two Monthes.
Por. Make way there, for the Princesse.
Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or Ile make your head ake.
Por. You i'th'Chamblet, get up o'th'raile,
Ile pecke you o're the pales else. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Quarta.

Enter Trumpets sounding: Then two Aldermen, L. Maior, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolke with his Marshals Staffe, Duke of Suffolke, two Noblemen, bearing great standing Bowels for the Christening Guifts: Then foure Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under which the Duchesse of Norfolke, Godmother, bearing the Childe richly habited in a Mantle, &c. Traine borne by a Lady: Then follows the Marchionesse Dorset, the other Godmother, and Ladies. The Troope passe once about the Stage, and Garter speakes.
Gart. Heaven
From thy endlesse goodnesse, send prosperous life,
Long, and ever happie, to the high and Mighty
Princess of England *Elizabeth.*

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.
Cran. And to your Royall Grace, & the good Queen,
My Noble Partners, and my selfe thus pray
All comfort, joy in this most gracious Lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make Parents happy,
May hourely fall upon ye.
Kin. Thanke you good Lord Archbishop:
What is her Name?
Cran. Elizabeth.
Kin. Stand up Lord,
With this Kisse, take my Blessing: God protect thee,
Into whose hand, I give thy Life.
Cran. Amen.
Kin. My Noble Gossips, y'have beene too Prodigall;
I thanke ye heartily: So shall this Lady,
When she ha's so much English.
Cran. Let me speake Sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter,
Let none thinke Flattery; for they'l find 'em Truth.
This Royall 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 ripenesse: She shall be,
(But few now living can behold that goodnesse)
A Patterne to all Princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: *Saba* was never
More covetous of Wisedome, and faire Vertue
Then this pure Soule shall be. All Princely Graces
That mould up such a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Vertues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall Nurse her,
Holy

Holy and Heavenly thoughts still Counsall her:
She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her owne shall blesse her;
Her Foes shake like a Field of beaten Corne,
And bang their heads with sorrow:
Good growes with her.
In her dayes, Every Man shall eate in safety,
Under his owne Vine what he plants; and sing
The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
God shall be truely knowne, and those about her,
From her shall read the perfect way of Honour,
And by those claime their greatnesse; not by Blood.
Nor shall this peace sleepe with her: But as when
The Bird of Wonder dyes, the Mayden Phoenix,
Her Ashes new create another Heyre,
As great in admiration as her selfe.
So shall she leave her Blessednesse to One,
(When Heaven shal call her from this clowd of darknes)
Who, from the sacred Ashes of her Honoour
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;
Where ever the bright Sunne of Heaven shall shine,
His Honour, and the greatnesse of his Name,
Shall be, and make new Nations. He shall flourish,

THE EPILOGUE.

T*is ten to one, this Play can never please*
All that are heere: Some come to take their ease,
And sleepe an Act or two; but those we feare
W'have frighted with our Trumpets: so 'tis cleare
They'l say tis naught. Others to heare the City
Abus'd extreamly, and to cry that's witty,
Which wee have not done neither; that I feare

And like a Mountaine Cedar, ‘reach his branches,
To all the Plaines about him: Our Children’s Children
Shall see this, and blesse Heaven.
Kin. Thou speakest wonders.
Cran. She shall be to the happinesse of England,
An aged Princesse; many dayes shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to Crowne it.
Would I had knowne no more: But she must dye,
She must, the Saints must have her; yet a Virgin,
A most unspotted Lilly shall she passe
To th’ground, and all the World shall mourne her.
*Kin.*O Lord Archbishop
Thou hast made me now a man, never before
This happy Child, did I get any thing.
This Oracle of comfort, ha’s so pleas’d me,
That when I am in Heaven, I shall desire
To see what this Child does, and praise my Maker.
I thanke ye all. To you my good Lord Maior,
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
I have receiv’d much Honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankfull. Lead the way Lords,
Ye must all see the Queene, and she must thanke ye.
She will be sicke els. This day, no man thinke
‘Has businesse at his house; for all shall stay:
This Little-One shall make it Holy-day. *Exeunt.*

All the expected good w’are like to heare.
For this Play at this time, is onely in
The mercifull construction of good women,
For such a one we shew’d ‘em: If they smile,
And say twill doe; I know within a while,
All the best men are ours; for ‘tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their Ladies bid ‘em clap.

F I N I S.