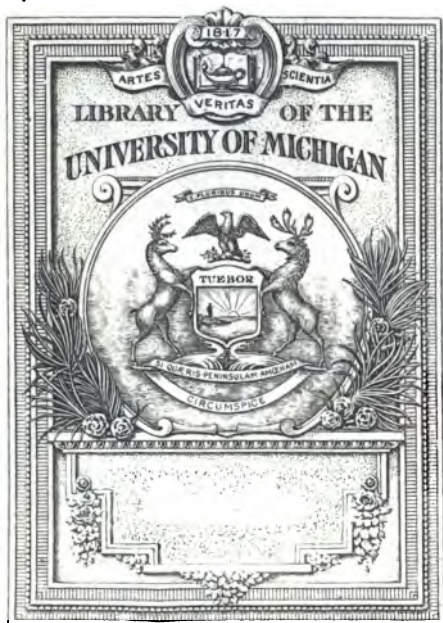


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KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

WITH

INTRODUCTION, AND NOTES EXPLANATORY AND CRITICAL.

*FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.*

BY THE

REV. HENRY N. HUDSON, LL.D.



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## INTRODUCTION.

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### History of the Play.

**K**ING HENRY THE EIGHTH was undoubtedly among the latest of the Poet's writing: Mr. Grant White thinks it was the very last; nor am I aware of any thing that can be soundly alleged against that opinion. The play was never printed till in the folio of 1623. It is first heard of in connection with the burning of the Globe theatre, on the 29th of June, 1613: at least I am fully satisfied that this is the piece which was on the stage at that time. Howes the chronicler, recording the event some time after it occurred, speaks of "the house being filled with people to behold the play of *Henry the Eighth*." And we have a letter from Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering, dated "London, this last of June," with the following: "No longer since than yesterday, while Burbage's company were acting at the Globe the play of *Henry the Eighth*, and there shooting off certain chambers in way of triumph, the fire catched, and fastened upon the thatch of the house, and there burned so furiously, as it consumed the whole house." But the most particular account is in a letter from Sir Henry Wotton to his nephew, dated July 2, 1613: "Now, to let matters of State sleep, I will entertain you at the present with what happened this week at the Bankside. The King's Players had a new play called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces in the reign of Henry the Eighth, which was set forth with



many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty. Now King Henry making a masque at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped did light on the thatch, where, being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes being more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming within less than an hour the whole house to the very ground. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric; wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks."

Some of the circumstances here specified clearly point to the play which has come down to us as Shakespeare's. Sir Henry, to be sure, speaks of the piece by the title "*All is True*"; but the other two authorities describe it as "the play of *Henry the Eighth*." And it is worth noting that Lorkin, in stating the cause of the fire, uses the very word, *chambers*, which is used in the original stage-direction of the play. So that the discrepancies in regard to the name infer no more than that the play then had a double title, as many other plays also had. And the name used by Sir Henry is unequivocally referred to in the Prologue, the whole argument of which turns upon the quality of the piece as being *true*. Then too the whole play, as regards the kind of interest sought to be awakened, is strictly correspondent with what the Prologue claims in that behalf: a scrupulous fidelity to Fact is manifestly the law of the piece; as if the author had here undertaken to set forth a drama made up emphatically of "chosen truth," insomuch that it might justly bear the significant title *All is True*.

The piece in performance at the burning of the Globe theatre is described by Wotton as *a new play*; and it will

hardly be questioned that he knew well what he was saying. The internal evidence of the piece itself all draws to the same conclusion as to the time of writing. In that part of Cranmer's prophecy which refers to King James, we have these lines :

Wherever the bright Sun of heaven shall shine,  
The honour and the greatness of his name  
Shall be, and make new nations : he shall flourish,  
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
To all the plains about him.

On a portrait of King James once owned by Lord Bacon, the King is styled *Imperii Atlantici Conditor*. And all agree that the first allusion in the lines just quoted is to the founding of the colony in Virginia, the charter of which was renewed in 1612, the chief settlement named Jamestown, and a lottery opened in aid of the colonists. The last part of the quotation probably refers to the marriage of the King's daughter Elizabeth with the Elector Palatine, which took place in February, 1613. The marriage was a theme of intense joy and high anticipations to the English people, as it seemed to knit them up with the Protestant interest of Germany ; anticipations destined indeed to a sad reverse in the calamities that fell upon the Elector's House. Concurrent with these notes of seeming allusion to passing events, are the style, language, and versification ; in which respects it is hardly distinguishable from *Coriolanus* and the other plays known to have been of the Poet's latest period.

All which considered, I am quite at a loss why so many editors and critics should have questioned whether Shakespeare's drama were the one in performance at the burning of the Globe theatre. They have done this partly under the assumption that Shakespeare's play could not have been *new*

at that time. But I cannot find such assumption at all sustained by any arguments they have produced. It is true, a piece described as "The Interlude of King Henry the Eighth" was entered at the Stationers' in February, 1605. There is, however, no good reason for ascribing this piece to Shakespeare: on the contrary, there is ample reason for supposing it to have been a play by Samuel Rowley, entitled "When you see me you know me, or the famous chronicle history of King Henry the Eighth," and published in 1605.

Some, again, urge that Shakespeare's play must have been written before the death of Elizabeth, which was in March, 1603. This is done on the ground that the Poet would not have been likely to glorify her reign so largely after her death. And because it is still less likely that during her life he would have glorified so highly the reign of her successor, therefore resort is had to the theory, that in 1613 the play was revived under a new title, which led Wotton to think it a new play, and that the Prologue was then written, and the passage referring to James interpolated. But all this is sheer conjecture, and is directly refuted by the Prologue itself, which clearly supposes the forthcoming play to be then in performance for the first time, and the nature and plan of it to be wholly unknown to the audience: to tell the people they were not about to hear

A noise of targets, or to see a fellow  
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,

had been flat impertinence in case of a play that had been on the stage several years before. As to the passage touching James, I can perceive no such signs as have been alleged of its being an after-insertion: the awkwardness of connection,

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which has been affirmed as betraying a second hand or a second time, is altogether imaginary: the lines knit in as smoothly and as logically with the context, before and after, as any other lines in the speech.

Nor can I discover any indications of the play's having been written with any special thought of pleasing Elizabeth. The design, so far as she is concerned, seems much rather to have been to please the people, by whom she was all-beloved during her life, and, if possible, still more so when, after the lapse of a few years, her prudence, her courage, and her magnanimity save where her female jealousies were touched, had been set off by the blunders and infirmities of her successor. For it is well known that the popular feeling ran back so strongly to her government, that James had no way but to fall in with the current, notwithstanding the strong causes which he had, both public and personal, to execrate her memory. The play has an evident making in with this feeling, unsolicitous, generally, of what would have been likely to make in, and sometimes boldly adventurous of what would have been sure to make out, with the object of it. Such an appreciative delineation of the meek and honourable sorrows of Catharine, so nobly proud, yet in that pride so gentle and true-hearted; her dignified submission, wherein her rights as a woman and a wife are firmly and sweetly asserted, yet the sharpest eye cannot detect the least swerving from duty; her brave and eloquent sympathy with the plundered people, pleading their cause in the face of royal and reverend rapacity, this too with an energetic simplicity which even the witchcraft of Wolsey's tongue cannot sophisticate; and all this set in open contrast with the worldly-minded levity, and the equivocal or at least qualified virtue, of her rival, and with the headstrong, high-handed,

conscience-shamming selfishness of the King ; — surely the Poet must have known a great deal less, or a great deal more, than anybody else, of the haughty daughter of that rival and that King, to have thought of pleasing her by such a representation.

### Historic Basis of the Action.

The historical matter of the play, so far as relates to the fall of Wolsey and the divorce of Catharine, was derived, originally, from George Cavendish, who was gentleman-usher to the great Cardinal, and himself an eye-witness of much that he describes. His *Life of Master Wolsey* is among the best specimens extant of the older English literature ; the narrative being set forth in a clear, simple, manly eloquence, which the Poet, in some of his finest passages, almost literally transcribed. Whether the book had been printed in Shakespeare's time, is uncertain ; but so much of it as fell within the plot of the drama had been embodied in the chronicles of Holinshed and Stowe. In the fifth Act, the incidents, and in many cases the very words, are taken from Fox the martyrologist, whose *Acts and Monuments of the Church*, first published in 1563, had grown to be a very popular book in the Poet's time.

The "fierce vanities" displayed in the Field of the Cloth of Gold, with an account of which the play opens, occurred in June, 1520, and the death of Buckingham in May, 1521. The court assembled for the divorce began its work on the 18th of June, 1529, and was dissolved, without concluding any thing, on the 23d of July. On the 17th of October following, Wolsey resigned the Great Seal, and died on the 29th of November, 1530. In July, 1531, Catharine withdrew from the Court, and took up her abode at Ampthill. Long

before this time, the King had been trying to persuade Anne Boleyn, one of the Queen's Maids of Honour, to be a sort of left-hand wife to him; but an older sister of hers had already held that place, and had enough of it: so she was resolved to be his right-hand wife or none at all; and, as the Queen would not recede from her appeal to the Pope, Anne still held off till she should have more assurance of the divorce being carried through. In September, 1532, she was made Marchioness of Pembroke, and was privately married to the King on the 25th of January, 1533. Cranmer became Archbishop of Canterbury the next March, and went directly about the business of the divorce, which was finished on the 24th of May. This was followed, in June, by the coronation of the new Queen, and in September by the birth and christening of the Princess Elizabeth. Soon after the divorce, Catharine removed to Kimbolton, where, in the course of the next year, 1534, she had to digest the slaughter of her steadfast friends, Fisher and More; as the peculiar temper of the King, being then without the eloquence of the great Cardinal or the virtue of the good Queen to assuage it, could no longer be withheld from such repasts of blood. Catharine died on the 8th of January, 1536, which was some two years and four months after the birth of Elizabeth. The play, however, reverses the order of these two events. As for the matter of Cranmer and the Privy Council, in Act v., this did not take place till 1544, more than eleven years after the event with which the play closes.

#### **Authorship of the Play.**

Dr. Johnson gave it as his opinion that the Prologue and Epilogue of this play were not written by Shakespeare. And I believe all the critics who have since given any special heed

to the matter have joined in that opinion. I have not for many years had the slightest doubt on the subject. And I am equally clear in the same opinion touching the Epilogues to *The Tempest* and *King Henry the Fourth*, and the Chorus to the fourth Act of *The Winter's Tale*. Nor, indeed, does it seem possible that any one having a right taste for Shakespeare should judge otherwise, after comparing those pieces with the Induction to the Second Part of *Henry the Fourth*, and the Choruses in *King Henry the Fifth*; all which ring the true Shakespearian gold for workmanship in that kind. It was very common for the dramatic writers of the time to have such trimmings of their plays done by some friend. Who wrote the Prologue and Epilogue to *Henry the Eighth* has been somewhat in question. The well-known intimacy and friendship between Jonson and Shakespeare have naturally drawn men's thoughts to honest Ben as the author of them: but, as the style answers equally well to the motions of another hand; and as we have unquestionable marks of another hand in the body of the play; a conjectural ascription of the matter to Jonson is not properly in order.

It is now, I think, as good as settled that this play was the joint production of Shakespeare and John Fletcher; somewhat more than half of it belonging to the latter. Dr. Johnson had the sagacity to observe that the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Catharine; and that the rest of the play might be easily conceived and easily written. But this germ of criticism did not grow to any tangible results till our own day. As far back, however, as 1850, Mr. James Spedding, a critic of approved perspicacity and judgment, published an article in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, discoursing the theme with lucid statement and cogent argument; and all the more satisfactory, that it lands in definite and

well-braced conclusions. On the appearance of this article, Mr. Samuel Hickson, another discriminating and judicious critic, put forth a brief paper in *Notes and Queries*, expressing an entire concurrence with Mr. Spedding, and also saying that he had reached the same conclusion three or four years before ; this too without having any communication with him, or any knowledge of him, even of his name ; but that the want of a favourable opportunity had kept him from making his thoughts known. Nor was this a mere general concurrence : it was an entire agreement in the details, and extending even to the assignment of scenes and parts of scenes to their respective authors. Still more recently, Mr. F. G. Fleay has brought his metrical tests and his figures to bear upon the question ; and the result is a full confirmation both of the general and the particular conclusions reached by the two other gentlemen.

Of course the evidence on which this judgment proceeds is altogether internal, as the play has come down to us without any outside tokens or suggestions of another hand than Shakespeare's in the making of it. And the most striking and available parts of that evidence, though not the strongest, have reference to the qualities of style and versification. But Fletcher's peculiarities in this point are so strongly marked ; rather say, he has an habitual mannerism of diction and metre so pronounced ; that no one thoroughly at home in his acknowledged workmanship can easily fail to taste his presence in whatever he wrote : and, as certain portions of the play in hand have the full measure of his idiom in those respects, so it is nowise strange that several critics, once started on the track, should all tie up in the same result.

For my own part, I have slowly and reluctantly grown, or been drawn, into the same upshot with the writers named,



and am now thoroughly satisfied that the conclusion they have reached is substantially right. The details of this conclusion are as follows:—That the first and second scenes of Act i. are Shakespeare's; also the third and fourth scenes of Act ii.; also about three sevenths of the second scene in Act iii., down to the King's parting from Wolsey with the words, "and then to breakfast with what appetite you have"; also the first scene of Act v.: and that all the rest of the play is Fletcher's; namely, the third and fourth scenes of Act i., the first and second of Act ii., the first, and about four sevenths of the second in Act iii., the whole of Act iv., the second, third, and fourth of Act v., also the Prologue and Epilogue. Mr. Fleay makes the whole number of blank-verse lines in the play to be 2613, of which 1467 are Fletcher's, thus leaving only 1146 to Shakespeare.

From the forecited distribution I see no reason to dissent, except that, as Mr. Spedding admits, some of the portions assigned to Fletcher have traces of a superior workman. In particular, the latter part of the second scene in Act iii., all after the *exit* of the King, seems to me a mixture of Fletcher and Shakespeare: though the Fletcher element preponderates, still I feel some decided workings of the master-hand. The same, though in a somewhat less degree, of the coronation scene, the first in Act iv. Certainly, if Fletcher wrote the whole of these, he must have been, for the time, surprised out of himself, and lifted quite above his ordinary plane; even the best that he does elsewhere giving no promise of such touches as we find here. On the other hand, I doubt whether the first scene of Act v. be pure Shakespeare: at all events, it seems by no means equal to his other portions of the play. And, as the two authors probably wrote in conjunction, it might well be that some

whole scenes were done by each, while in others their hands worked together, or the one revised and finished what the other had first written; thus giving us choice bits of Shakespearian gold mingled with the Fletcherian silver.

Mr. Spedding's essay is so fine a piece of criticism in itself, so calm and just in temper, and withal cuts so near the heart of the subject, that I cannot well resist the impulse to reproduce a considerable portion of it. After a clear statement of his conclusion, together with the grounds of it, he proceeds as follows:

The opening of the play — the conversation between Buckingham, Norfolk, and Abergavenny — seemed to have the full stamp of Shakespeare, in his latest manner: the same close-packed expression; the same life, and reality, and freshness; the same rapid and abrupt turnings of thought, so quick that language can hardly follow fast enough; the same impatient activity of intellect and fancy, which, having once disclosed an idea, cannot wait to work it orderly out; the same daring confidence in the resources of language, which plunges headlong into a sentence without knowing how it is to come forth; the same careless metre which disdains to produce its harmonious effects by the ordinary devices, yet is evidently subject to a master of harmony; the same entire freedom from book-language and commonplace; all the qualities, in short, which distinguish the magical hand which has never yet been successfully imitated.

In the scene in the Council-chamber which follows, where the characters of Catharine and Wolsey are brought out, I found the same characteristics equally strong.

But the instant I entered upon the third scene, in which the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Lovell converse, I was conscious of a total change. I felt as if I had passed suddenly out of the language of nature into the language of the stage, or of some conventional mode of conversation. The structure of the verse was quite different, and full of mannerism. The expression

became suddenly diffuse and languid. The wit wanted mirth and character. And all this was equally true of the supper-scene which closes the first Act.

The second Act brought me back to the tragic vein, but it was not the tragic vein of Shakespeare. When I compared the eager, impetuous, and fiery language of Buckingham in the first Act with the languid and measured cadences of his farewell speech, I felt that the difference was too great to be accounted for by the mere change of situation, without supposing also a change of writers. The presence of death produces great changes in men, but no such change as we have here.

When, in like manner, I compared the Henry and Wolsey of the scene which follows with the Henry and Wolsey of the Council-chamber, I perceived a difference scarcely less striking. The dialogue, through the whole scene, sounded still slow and artificial.

The next scene brought another sudden change. And, as in passing from the second to the third scene of the first Act, I had seemed to be passing all at once out of the language of nature into that of convention; so, in passing from the second to the third scene of the second Act, (in which Anne Boleyn appears, I may say for the first time, for in the supper-scene she was merely a conventional court lady without any character at all,) I seemed to pass not less suddenly from convention back again into nature. And, when I considered that this short and otherwise insignificant passage contains all that we ever see of Anne, and yet how clearly the character comes out, how very a woman she is, and yet how distinguishable from any other individual woman, I had no difficulty in acknowledging that the sketch came from the same hand which drew Perdita.

Next follows the famous trial-scene. And here I could as little doubt that I recognized the same hand to which we owe the trial of Hermione. When I compared the language of Henry and of Wolsey throughout this scene to the end of the Act, with their language in the Council-chamber, (Act i. scene 2,) I found that it corresponded in all essential features: when I compared it

with their language in the second scene of the second Act, I perceived that it was altogether different. Catharine also, as she appears in this scene, was exactly the same person as she was in the Council-chamber; but, when I went on to the first scene of the third Act, which represents her interview with Wolsey and Campeius, I found her as much changed as Buckingham was after his sentence, though without any alteration of circumstances to account for an alteration of temper. Indeed the whole of this scene seemed to have all the peculiarities of Fletcher, both in conception, language, and versification, without a single feature that reminded me of Shakespeare; and, since in both passages the true narrative of Cavendish is followed minutely and carefully, and both are therefore copies from the same original and in the same style of art, it was the more easy to compare them with each other.

In the next scene, (Act iii. scene 2,) I seemed again to get out of Fletcher into Shakespeare; though probably not into Shakespeare pure; a scene by another hand perhaps, which Shakespeare had only remodelled, or a scene by Shakespeare which another hand had worked upon to make it fit the place. The speeches interchanged between Henry and Wolsey seemed to be entirely Shakespeare's; but, in the altercation between Wolsey and the lords which follows, I could recognize little or nothing of his peculiar manner, while many passages were strongly marked with the favourite Fletcherian cadence: and as for the famous "Farewell, a long farewell," &c., though associated by means of *Enfield's Speaker* with my earliest notions of Shakespeare, it appeared (now that my mind was opened to entertain the doubt) to belong entirely and unquestionably to Fletcher.

Of the fourth Act I did not so well know what to think. For the most part it seemed to bear evidence of a more vigorous hand than Fletcher's, with less of mannerism, especially in the description of the coronation, and the character of Wolsey; and yet it had not to my mind the freshness and originality of Shakespeare. It was pathetic and graceful, but one could see how it

was done. Catharine's last speeches, however, smacked strongly again of Fletcher. And, all together, it seemed to me that, if this Act had occurred in one of the plays written by Beaumont and Fletcher in conjunction, it would probably have been thought that both of them had a hand in it.

The first scene of the fifth Act, and the opening of the second, I should again have confidently ascribed to Shakespeare, were it not that the whole passage seemed so strangely out of place. I could only suppose that the task of putting the whole together had been left to an inferior hand; in which case I should consider this to be a genuine piece of Shakespeare's work, spoiled by being introduced where it has no business. In the execution of the christening-scene, on the other hand, (in spite again of the earliest and strongest associations,) I could see no evidence of Shakespeare's hand at all; while in point of *design* it seemed inconceivable that a judgment like his could have been content with a conclusion so little in harmony with the prevailing spirit and purpose of the piece.

As regards the point of diction and metre, the argument turns very much upon the use of verses with a redundant syllable at the end, or what are commonly called lines with double endings, but what I sometimes designate as lines with amphibractic endings. This, at all events, is the handiest, and perhaps the most telling, item to be urged in illustration of the point. And here it will not be out of place to observe that Shakespeare's regular verse is the iambic pentameter. This, however, he continually diversifies with metrical irregularities, introducing trochees, spondees, anapests, dibrachs, tribrachs, and sometimes dactyls, in various parts of his lines. But his most frequent irregularity is by ending his verses with amphibrachs; and this occurs much oftener in his later plays than in his earlier; and in some of his plays, as in the Shakespeare portions of the

one now in hand, we have about one third of the lines ending with amphibrachs. The purpose of this is, to prevent or avoid monotony; just as great composers enrich and deepen their harmonies by a skilful use of discords. Now Fletcher's use of this irregularity is far more frequent than Shakespeare's: commonly not less than two thirds of his lines, and often a larger proportion, having amphibractic endings. So excessive is this usage with him, that, besides rendering the movement of his verse comparatively feeble and languid, it becomes a very emphatic mannerism: in fact, it just works the irregularity itself into a new monotony, and a monotony of the most soporific kind. For nothing has so much the effect of a wearisome sameness as a continual or too frequent recurrence of the same variation: even the studied and uniform regularity, or what Cowper terms "the creamy smoothness," of Pope's versification is less monotonous to the ear, than such an over-use of one and the same mode of diversity. And this, together with certain other traits of style and diction not easy to describe, imparts to Fletcher's verse a very peculiar and rather heavy swing and cadence, often amounting to downright sing-song and humdrum. Many times, in reading him, I have, almost before I knew it, caught my thoughts drowsing off into a half-somnolent state, from this constant and uniform oscillation, so to speak, of his language and metre. Vastly different is all this in Shakespeare; whose metrical irregularities are always so ordered as to have the effect of jogging the attention into alertness and keeping it freshly awake.

To make the point clear to the apprehension of average readers, I will next produce several of Fletcher's best and most characteristic passages; enough to give a full and fair taste of his habitual manner. The first is from *The Knight*

of *Malta*, ii. 5, where Oriana, the heroine, being falsely accused of crime, and sentenced to die, unless a champion appear and vindicate her honour in single combat, makes the following speech as she goes up to the scaffold :

Thus I ascend ; nearer, I hope, to Heaven !  
 Nor do I fear to tread this dark black mansion,  
 The image of my grave : each foot we move  
 Goes to it still, each hour we leave behind us  
 Knolls sadly toward it. — My noble brother, —  
 For yet mine innocence dares call you so, —  
 And you the friends to virtue, that come hither,  
 The chorus to this tragic scene, behold me,  
 Behold me with your justice, not with pity,  
 (My cause was ne'er so poor to ask compassion,)  
 Behold me in this spotless white I wear,  
 The emblem of my life, of all my actions ;  
 So ye shall find my story, though I perish.  
 Behold me in my sex : I am no soldier ;  
 Tender and full of fears our blushing sex is,  
 Unharden'd with relentless thoughts ; unhatcht  
 With blood and bloody practice : alas, we tremble  
 But when an angry dream afflicts our fancies ;  
 Die with a tale well told. Had I been practis'd,  
 And known the way of mischief, travell'd in it,  
 And given my blood and honour up to reach it ;  
 Forgot religion, and the line I sprung on ;  
 O Heaven ! I had been fit then for Thy justice,  
 And then in black, as dark as Hell, I had howl'd here.  
 Last, in your own opinions weigh mine innocence :  
 Amongst ye I was planted from an infant,  
 (Would then, if Heaven had so been pleased, I had perish'd !)  
 Grew up, and goodly, ready to bear fruit,  
 The honourable fruit of marriage :  
 And am I blasted in my bud with treason ?  
 Boldly and basely of my fair name ravish'd,  
 And hither brought to find my rest in ruin ?  
 But He that knows all, He that rights all wrongs,  
 And in His time restores, knows me ! — I've spoken.

The next is the main part of two speeches made by

Cæsar, with Pompey's lifeless head before him, in *The False One*, ii. 1 :

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Thou glory of the world once, now the pity,  
 Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus?  
 What poor fate follow'd thee, and pluck'd thee on,  
 To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian?  
 The light and life of Rome to a blind stranger,  
 That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,  
 Nor worthy circumstance shew'd what a man was?  
 That never heard thy name sung but in banquets,  
 And loose lascivious pleasures? to a boy,  
 That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,  
 No study of thy life, to know thy goodness?  
 And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,  
 Leave him distrusted, that in tears falls with thee,  
 In soft relenting tears? Hear me, great Pompey;  
 If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee!  
 Thou hast most unnobly robb'd me of my victory,  
 My love and mercy.

*Ptol.* Hear me, great Cæsar!

*Cæsar.*

I have heard too much :

And study not with smooth shows to invade  
 My noble mind, as you have done my conquest.  
 You're poor and open : I must tell you roundly,  
 That man that could not recompense the benefits,  
 The great and bounteous services, of Pompey,  
 Can never dote upon the name of Cæsar.  
 Though I had hated Pompey, and allow'd his ruin,  
 I gave you no commission to perform it :  
 Hasty to please in blood are seldom trusty ;  
 And, but I stand environ'd with my victories,  
 My fortune never failing to befriend me,  
 My noble strengths and friends about my person,  
 I durst not try you, nor expect a courtesy  
 Above the pious love you shew'd to Pompey.  
 You've found me merciful in arguing with ye :  
 Swords, hangmen, fires, destructions of all natures,  
 Demolishments of kingdoms, and whole ruins,  
 Are wont to be my orators. Turn to tears,



You wretched and poor seeds of sun-burnt Egypt;  
 And, now you've found the nature of a conqueror  
 That you cannot decline, with all your flatteries;  
 That, where the day gives light, will be himself still;  
 Know how to meet his worth with humane courtesies! ;  
 Go, and embalm those bones of that great soldier;  
 Howl round about his pile, fling on your spices,  
 Make a Sabæan bed, and place this phoenix  
 Where the hot Sun may emulate his virtues,  
 And draw another Pompey from his ashes,  
 Divinely great, and fix him 'mongst the Worthies?

The following is one of Lisander's speeches in *The Lover's Progress*, ii. 3 :

Can Heaven be pleased with these things?  
 To see two hearts that have been twined together,  
 Married in friendship, to the world two wonders,  
 Of one growth, of one nourishment, one health,  
 Thus mortally divorced for one weak woman?  
 Can Love be pleased? Love is a gentle spirit;  
 The wind that blows the April flowers not softer:  
 She's drawn with doves, to show her peacefulness:  
 Lions and bloody pards are Mars's servants.  
 Would you serve Love? do it with humbleness,  
 Without a noise, with still prayers and soft murmurs:  
 Upon her altars offer your obedience,  
 And not your brawls; she's won with tears, not terrors:  
 That fire you kindle to her deity,  
 Is only grateful when it's blown with sighs,  
 And holy incense flung with white-hand innocence:  
 You wound her now; you are too superstitious:  
 No sacrifice of blood or death she longs for.

I add another characteristic strain from the same play,  
 iv. 4 :

*Lisander.* 'T' the depth of meditation, do you not  
 Sometimes think of Olinda?

*Lidian.* I endeavour  
 To raze her from my memory, as I wish  
 You would do the whole sex; for know, *Lisander*,  
 The greatest curse brave man can labour under

Is the strong witchcraft of a woman's eyes.  
Where I find men, I preach this doctrine to 'em :  
As you're a scholar, knowledge make your mistress,  
The hidden beauties of the Heavens your study ;  
There shall you find fit wonder for your faith,  
And for your eye inimitable objects :  
As you're a profess'd soldier, court your honour ;  
Though she be stern, she's honest, a brave mistress !  
The greater danger you oppose to win her,  
She shows the sweeter, and rewards the nobler :  
Woman's best loves to hers mere shadows be ;  
For after death she weds your memory.  
These are my contemplations.

In the foregoing extracts we have 114 complete lines, of which 79 end with amphibrachs, thus leaving 35 with iambic endings ; a proportion of something more than two to one. Cranmer's long speech at the close of the play in hand contains 49 lines, of which 34 have amphibractic endings, and 15 iambic ; also a proportion of somewhat more than two to one. The average proportion in Buckingham's three speeches on going to his execution is about the same ; and so through all the Fletcherian portions of the play. Besides this most obvious feature, Fletcher has another trick of mannerism, frequently repeating a thought, or fraction of a thought, with some variation of language ; which imparts a very un-Shakespearian diffuseness to his style, as of an author much more fluent and fertile in words than in matter. This trait also is repeatedly exemplified in the forecited passages : so that, by comparing those passages with the parts of the play ascribed to Fletcher, any one having an eye and an ear for such things can easily identify the two as proceeding from one and the same source.

But the play has another very striking and decided characteristic which I was for a long time quite unable to account

for. The structure and ordering of the piece as a whole is very unlike Shakespeare's usual workmanship, especially that of his closing period. Coleridge aptly notes it as "a sort of historical masque or show-play"; for so, to be sure, it has several masque-like scenes, that interrupt the proper dramatic continuity; as the supper-scene at Wolsey's house, i. 4, and the scene of the coronation, iv. 1. In other words, the piece is far from evincing great skill or judgment in the high point of dramatic architecture. Judged by the standard of Shakespeare's other plays, it is by no means a well organized specimen. We can trace in it no presiding idea, no governing thought. Though some of the parts are noble in themselves, still they have no clear principle of concert and unity, no right artistic centre: they rather give the impression of having been put together arbitrarily, and not under any organic law. The various threads of interest do not pull together, nor show any clear intelligence of each other; the whole thus seeming rather a mechanical juxtaposition of parts than a vital concrescence. In short, the current both of dramatic and of historic interest is repeatedly broken and disordered by misplaced and premature semi-catastrophes, which do not help each other at all; instead of flowing on with continuous and increasing volume to the one proper catastrophe. The matter is well stated by Gervinus: "The interest first clings to Buckingham and his designs against Wolsey, but with the second Act he leaves the stage; then Wolsey draws the attention increasingly, and he too disappears in the third Act; meanwhile our sympathies are drawn more and more to Catharine, who also leaves the stage in the fourth Act: then, after being thus shattered through four Acts by circumstances of a tragic character, we have the fifth Act closing with a merry festivity, for which we are not

prepared, and crowning the King's base passion with victory, in which we take no warm interest."

By way of accounting for all this, I probably cannot do better than to quote again from Mr. Spedding, who discourses the point as follows :

It was not unusual in those days, when a play was wanted in a hurry, to set two or three or even four hands at work upon it; and the occasion of the Princess Elizabeth's marriage may very likely have suggested the production of a play representing the marriage of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. Such an occasion would sufficiently account for the determination to treat the subject not tragically; the necessity for producing it immediately might lead to the employment of several hands; and thence would follow inequality of workmanship and imperfect adaptation of the several parts to each other. But this would not explain the incoherency and inconsistency of the main design. Had Shakespeare been employed to make a design for a play which was to end with the happy marriage of Henry and Anne Boleyn, we may be sure that he would not have occupied us through the first four Acts with a tragic and absorbing interest in the decline and death of Queen Catharine, and through half the fifth with a quarrel between Cranmer and Gardiner, in which we have no interest.

On the other hand, since it is by Shakespeare that all the principal matters and characters are *introduced*, it is not likely that the general design of the piece would be laid out by another. I should rather conjecture that he had conceived the idea of a great historical drama on the subject of Henry VIII. which would have included the divorce of Catharine, the fall of Wolsey, the rise of Cranmer, the coronation of Anne Boleyn, and the final separation of the English from the Romish Church, which, being the one great historical event of the reign, would naturally be chosen as the focus of poetic interest; that he had proceeded in the execution of this idea as far perhaps as the third Act, which might

have included the establishment of Cranmer in the seat of highest ecclesiastical authority; when, finding that his fellows of the Globe were in distress for a new play to honour the marriage of the Lady Elizabeth with, he thought that his half-finished work might help them, and accordingly handed them his manuscript to make what they could of it; that they put it into the hands of Fletcher, (already in high repute as a popular and expeditious playwright,) who, finding the original design not very suitable to the occasion and utterly beyond his capacity, expanded the three Acts into five, by interspersing scenes of show and magnificence, and passages of description, and long poetical conversations, in which his strength lay; dropped all allusion to the great ecclesiastical revolution, which he could not manage and for which he had no materials supplied him; converted what should have been the middle into the end; and so turned out a splendid "historical masque, or shew-play," which was no doubt very popular then, as it has been ever since.

### **Ecclesiastical Leanings.**

It is a question of no little interest, how far and in what sort the authors of this play stand committed to the Reformation; if at all, whether more as a religious or as a national movement. They certainly show a good mind towards Cranmer; but nothing can be justly argued from this, for they show the same quite as much towards Catharine; and the King's real motives for putting her away are made plain enough. There are however several expressions, especially that in Cranmer's prophecy touching Elizabeth,—"In her days God shall be truly known,"—which indicate pretty clearly how the authors regarded the great ecclesiastical question of the time; though it may be fairly urged that in all these cases they do but make the persons speak characteristically, without practising any ventriloquism about them.

Not that I have any doubt as to their being what would now be called Protestants. That they were truly such, is quite evident, I think, in the general complexion of the piece, which, by the way, is the only one of Shakespeare's plays where this issue enters into the structure and life of the work. Surely no men otherwise minded would have selected and ordered the materials of a drama so clearly with a view to celebrate Elizabeth's reign, all the main features of which were identified with the Protestant interest by foes as well as friends. But, whether the authors were made such more by religious or by national sympathies, is another question, and one not to be decided so easily. For the honour and independence of England were then so bound up with that cause, that Shakespeare's sound English heart, and the strong current of patriotic sentiment that flowed through his veins, were enough of themselves to secure it his cordial adhesion. That there was, practically, no breath for the stout nationality of old England but in the atmosphere of the Reformation, left no choice to such a thoroughgoing Englishman as he everywhere approves himself. All which sets off the more clearly his judicial calmness in giving to the characters severally their due, and in letting them speak out freely and in their own way the mind that is within them. That, in his view, they could best serve his ends by being true to themselves, is sufficient proof that his ends were right.

#### **Political and Social Characteristics.**

The social and civil climate of England as shown in this piece is very different from that in the other plays of the historic series. A new order of things has evidently sprung up and got firm roothold in the land. Nor have we far to seek for the causes of this. All through the time of Henry the

Eighth, owing to the long frenzy of civil slaughter which had lately possessed the nation, the English people were in nervous dread of a disputed succession. In the course of that frenzy, the old overgrown nobility became greatly reduced in numbers and crippled in strength, so as to be no longer an effective check upon the constitutional head of the State. The natural effect was to draw the throne into much closer sympathy with the people at large: the King had to throw himself more and more upon the commons; which of course brought on a proportionable growth of this interest. So, in these scenes, we find the commons highly charged with a sense of their rising strength, and the rulers, from the King downwards, quailing before their determined voice. The best chance of power and consequence is felt to be by "gaining the love of the commonalty." On the other hand, the people, being thus for the first time brought into direct intercourse with the throne, and being elated with the novelty of having the King with them, become highly enthusiastic in his cause; they warm up intensely towards his person, and are indeed the most obsequious of all orders to any stretches of prerogative that he may venture in their name; the growth of his power being felt by them as the growth of their own. So that this state of things had the effect for a while of greatly enhancing the power of the crown. Henry the Eighth was almost if not altogether autocratic in his rule. Both he and Elizabeth made themselves directly responsible to the people, and the people in turn made them all but irresponsible.

Nor do the signs of a general transition-process stop here. Corresponding changes in ideas and manners are going on. Under the long madness of domestic butchery, the rage for war had in all classes thoroughly spent itself. Military skill and service is no longer the chief, much less the only path

to preferment and power. Another order of abilities has come forward, and made its way to the highest places of honour and trust. The custom is gradually working in of governing more by wisdom, and less by force. The arts of war are yielding the chief seat to the arts of peace : learning, eloquence, civic accomplishment, are disputing precedence with hereditary claims : even the highest noblemen are getting ambitious of shining in the new walks of honour, and of planting other titles to nobility than birth and family and warlike renown ; insomuch that the princely Buckingham, graced as he is with civil abilities, and highly as he values himself upon them, complains that "a beggar's book out-worths a noble's blood."

This new order of things has its crowning exponent in Wolsey, whose towering greatness in the State is because he really leads the age in the faculties and resources of solid statesmanship. But his rapid growth of power and honour not only turns his own head, but provokes the envy and hatred of the old nobility, whose untamed pride of blood naturally resents his ostentatious pride of merit. And he has withal in large measure the overgrown upstart's arrogance towards both the class from which he sprang and the class into which he has made his way. Next to Wolsey, the King himself, besides having strong natural parts, was the most accomplished man in the same arts, and probably the ablest statesman that England had in his time. But his nature was essentially coarse, hard, and sinister ; his refinement was but skin-deep, and without any roothold in his heart ; and, from the causes already noted, his native infirmities got pampered into the ruffianism, at once cold and boisterous, which won him the popular designation of "bluff King Hal," and which is artfully disguised indeed by the authors, yet not so but that we feel its presence more than enough.



### General Notes of Characterization.

I have already observed how the interest of this play is broken and scattered by incoherences of design and execution. The interest, however, of the several portions is deep and genuine while it lasts ; at least, till we come to the fifth Act. We are carried through a series of sudden and most afflicting reverses. One after another, the mighty are broken and the lofty laid low ; their prosperity being strained to a high pitch, as if on purpose to deepen their plunge, just when they have reached the summit, with their hearts built up and settled to the height of their rising, and when the revolving wheel of time seems fast locked with themselves at the top.

First, we have Buckingham in the full-blown pride of rank and talents. He is wise in counsel, rich in culture and accomplishment, of captivating deportment, learned and eloquent in discourse. A too self-flattering sense of his strength and importance has made him insolent and presumptuous ; and his self-control has failed from the very elevation that rendered it most needful to him. In case of Henry's dying without issue, he was the next male heir to the throne in the Beaufort branch of the Lancastrian House. So he plays with aspiring thoughts, and practises the arts of popularity, and calls in the aid of fortune-tellers to feed his ambitious schemes, and at the same time by his haughty bearing stings the haughtiness of Wolsey, and sets that wary, piercing eye in quest of matter against him. Thus he puts forth those leaves of hope which, as they express the worst parts of himself, naturally provoke the worst parts of others, and so invite danger while blinding him to its approach ; till at length all things within and around are made ripe for his upsetting and ruin ; and, while he is exultingly spreading

snæres for the Cardinal, he is himself caught and crushed with the strong toils of that master-hand.

Next, we have the patient and saintly Catharine sitting in state with the King, all that she would ask being granted ere she asks it; sharing half his power, and appearing most worthy of it when most free to use it. She sees blessings flowing from her hand to the people, and the honour and happiness of the nation reviving as she pleads for them; and her state seems secure, because it stands on nothing but virtue, and she seeks nothing but the good of all within her reach. Yet even now the King is cherishing in secret the passion that has already supplanted her from his heart, and his sinister craft is plotting the means of divorcing her from his side, and at the same time weaving about her such a net of intrigue as may render her very strength and beauty of character powerless in her behalf; so that before she feels the meditated wrong all chance of redress is foreclosed, and she is left with no defence but the sacredness of her sorrows.

Then we have the overgreat Cardinal, who, in his plentitude of inward forces, has cut his way and carried himself upward over whatever offered to stop him. He walks most securely when dangers are thickest about him; and is sure to make his purpose so long as there is any thing to hinder him; because he has the gift of turning all that would thwart him into the ministry of a new strength. His cunning hand quietly gathers in the elements of power, because he best knows how to use it, and wherein the secret of it lies: he has the King for his pupil and dependant because his magic of tongue is never at a loss for just the right word at just the right time. By his wisdom and eloquence he assuages Henry's lawless tempers, and charms his headstrong caprice into prudent and prosperous courses, and thus gets the keep-

ing of his will. That he can always sweeten the devil out of the King, and hold him to the right, is hardly to be supposed; but even when such is not the case he still holds the King to him by his executive ability and art in putting the wrong smoothly through. His very power, however, of rising against all opposers serves, apparently, but to aggravate and assure his fall, when there is no further height for him to climb; and at last, through his own mere oversight and oblivion, he loses all, from his having no more to gain.

Yet in all these cases, inasmuch as the persons have their strength inherent, and not adventitious, therefore they carry it with them in their reverses; or rather, in seeming to lose it, they augment it. For it is then seen, as it could not be before, that the greatness which was in their circumstances served to obscure that which was in themselves. Buckingham is something more and better than the gifted and accomplished nobleman, when he stands before us unpropped and simply as "poor Edward Bohun"; his innate nobility being then set free, and his mind falling back upon its naked self for the making good his title to respect. Wolsey, also, towers far above the all-performing and all-powerful Cardinal and Chancellor who "bore his blushing honours thick upon him," when, stripped of every thing that fortune and favour can give or take away, he bestows his great mind in parting counsel upon Cromwell; when he comes, "an old man broken with the storms of State," to beg "a little earth for charity"; and when he has really "felt himself, and found the blessedness of being little."

Nor is the change in our feelings towards these men, after their fall, merely an effect passing within ourselves: it proceeds in part upon a real disclosure of something in them that was before hidden beneath the superinducings of place

and circumstance. Their nobler and better qualities shine out afresh when they are brought low, so that from their fall we learn the true causes of their rising. And because this real and true exaltation springs up naturally in consequence of their fall, therefore it is that from their ruins the authors build "such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow."

### Character of Wolsey.

Wolsey is indeed a superb delineation, strong, subtle, comprehensive, and profound. All the way from his magnificent arrogance at the start to his penetrating and persuasive wisdom on quitting the scene, the space is rich with deep and telling lines of character. The corrupting influences of place and power have stimulated the worsè elements of his nature into an usurped predominance: pride, ambition, duplicity, insolence, vindictiveness, a passion for intriguing and circumventing arts, a wilful and elaborate stifling of conscience and pity, confidence in his potency of speech making him reckless of truth and contemptuous of simplicity and purity, — these are the faults, all of gigantic stature, that have got possession of him. When the reverse, so sudden and decisive, overtakes him, its first effect is to render him more truthful. In the great scene, iii. 2, where Norfolk, Suffolk, and Surrey so remorselessly hunt him down with charges and reproaches, his conscience is quickly stung into resurgence; with clear eye he begins to see, in their malice and their ill-mannered exultation at his fall, a reflection of his own moral features, and with keen pangs of remorse he forthwith goes to searching and hating and despising in himself the things that show so hateful and so mean in his enemies; and their envenomed taunts have the effect rather of composing his

mind than of irritating it. To be sure, he at first stings back again ; but in his upworkings of anger his long-dormant honesty is soon awakened, and this presently calms him.

His repentance, withal, is hearty and genuine, and not a mere exercise in self-cozenage, or a fit of self-commiseration : as he takes all his healthy vigour and clearness of understanding into the process, so he is carried through a real renovation of the heart and rejuvenescence of the soul : his former sensibility of principle, his early faith in truth and right, which had been drugged to sleep with the high-wines of state and pomp, revive ; and with the solid sense and refreshment of having triumphed over his faults and put down his baser self, his self-respect returns ; and he now feels himself stronger with the world against him than he had been with the world at his beck. As the first practical fruit of all this, and the best proof of his earnestness in it, he turns away his selfishness, and becomes generous, preferring another's welfare and happiness to his own : for so he bids Cromwell fly from him, and bestow his services where the benefits thereof will fall to the doer ; whereas a selfish man in such a case would most of all repine at losing the aid and comfort of a cherished and trusted servant. Finally, in his parting counsel to Cromwell, there is a home-felt calmness and energy of truth, such as assures us that the noble thoughts and purposes, the deep religious wisdom, which launched him, and for some time kept with him, in his great career, have been reborn within him, and are far sweeter to his taste than they were before he had made trial of their contraries. No man could speak such words as the following, unless his whole soul were in them :

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :  
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?  
 Love thyself last; -cherish those hearts that hate thee:  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's: then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.

### Queen Catharine.

The delineation of Catharine differs from the two foregoing, in that she maintains the same simple, austere, and solid sweetness of mind and manners through all the changes of fortune. Yet she, ~~too~~, rises by her humiliation, and is made perfect by suffering, if not in herself, at least to us; for it gives her full sway over those deeper sympathies which are necessary to a just appreciation of the profound and venerable beauty of her character. She is mild, meek, and discreet; and the harmonious blending of these qualities with her high Castilian pride gives her a very peculiar charm. ~~There withal~~ she is plain in mind and person; has neither great nor brilliant parts; and of this she is fully aware, for she knows herself thoroughly: but she is nevertheless truly great, — and this is the one truth about her which she does not know, — from the symmetry and composure wherein all the elements of her being stand and move together: so that she presents a remarkable instance of greatness in the whole, with the absence of it in the parts.

How clear and exact her judgment and discrimination! yet we scarce know whence it comes, or how. From the first broaching of the divorce, she knows the thing is all a foregone conclusion with the King; she is also in full possession of the secret why it is so: she feels her utter helpless-

ness, being, as she is, in a land of strangers, with a capricious tyrant for the party against her, so that no man will dare to befriend her cause with honest heartiness; that no trial there to be had can be any thing but a mockery of justice, for the sole purpose will be to find arguments in support of what is predetermined, and to set a face of truth on a body of falsehood: she has no way therefore but to take care of her own cause; her only help lies in being true to herself; and indeed the modest, gentle, dignified wisdom with which she schools herself to meet the crisis is worth a thousand-fold more than all the defences that any learning and ingenuity and eloquence could frame in her behalf.

Her power over our better feelings is in no small degree owing to the impression we take, that she sees through her husband perfectly, yet never in the least betrays to him, and hardly owns to herself, what mean and hateful qualities she knows or feels to be in him. It is not possible to over-state her simple artlessness of mind; while nevertheless her simplicity is of such a texture as to be an overmatch for all the unscrupulous wiles by which she is beset. Her betrayers, with all their mazy craft, can neither keep from her the secret of their thoughts nor turn her knowledge of it into any blemish of her innocence; nor is she less brave to face their purpose than penetrating to discover it. And when her resolution is fixed, that "nothing but death shall e'er divorce her dignities," it is not, and we feel it is not, that she holds the accidents of her position for one iota more than they are worth; but that these are to her the necessary symbols of her honour as a wife, and the inseparable garments of her delicacy as a woman; and as such they have so grown in with her life, that she cannot survive the parting with them; to say nothing of how they are bound up with her sentiments

of duty, of ancestral reverence, and of self-respect. } Moreover many hard, hard trials have made her conscious of her sterling virtue: she has borne too much, and borne it too well, to be ignorant of what she is and how much better things she has deserved; she knows, as she alone can know, that patience has had its perfect work with her: and this knowledge of her solid and true worth, so sorely tried, so fully proved, enhances to her sense the insult and wrong that are put upon her, making them eat like rust into her soul.

One instance deserves special noting, where, by the peculiar use of a single word, the author well illustrates how Catharine "guides her words with discretion," and at the same time make her suggest the long, hard trial of temper and judgment which she has undergone. It is in her dialogue with the two Cardinals, when they visit her at Bridewell:

Bring me a constant woman to her husband,  
 One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;  
 And to that woman, when she has done most,  
 Yet will I add an honour,—a *great patience*.

How much more is here understood than is expressed! By the cautious and well-guarded but pregnant hint conveyed in the last three words, the mind is thrown back upon the long course of trials she has suffered, and still kept her suffering secret, lest the knowledge thereof should defeat the cherished hope of her heart; with what considerate forbearance and reserve she has struggled against the worst parts of her husband's character; how she has wisely ignored his sins against herself, that so she might still keep alive in him a seed of grace and principle of betterment; thus endeavouring by conscientious art to make the best out of his strong but hard and selfish nature. Yet all this is so intimated as not to compromise at all the apprehensive delicacy which befits her relation to him, and belongs to her character.



The scope of this suggestion is well shown by a passage in the *Life of Wolsey*, referring to things that took place some time before the divorce was openly mooted. The writer is speaking of Anne Boleyn: "After she knew the King's pleasure and the bottom of his secret stomach, then she began to look very haughty and stout, lacking no manner of jewels and rich apparel that might be gotten for money. It was therefore judged by-and-by through the Court of every man, that she being in such favour might work masteries with the King, and obtain any suit of him for her friend. All this while, it is no doubt but good Queen Catharine, having this gentlewoman daily attending upon her, both heard by report and saw with her eyes how it framed against her good ladyship: although she showed neither unto Mistress Anne Boleyn nor unto the King any kind or spark of grudge or displeasure; but accepted all things in good part, and with wisdom and great patience dissembled the same, having Mistress Anne in more estimation, for the King's sake, than she was before."

Catharine in her seclusion, and discrowned of all but her honour and her sorrow, is one of the authors' noblest and sweetest deliverances. She there leads a life of homely simplicity. Always beautiful on the throne, in her humiliation she is more beautiful still. She carries to the place no grudge or resentment or bitterness towards any; nothing but faith, hope, and charity; a touching example of womanly virtue and gentleness; hourly in Heaven for her enemies; her heart garrisoned with "the peace that passeth all understanding." Candid and plain herself, she loves and honours plainness and candour in others; and it seems a positive relief to her to hear the best spoken that can be of the fallen great man who did more than all the rest to

work her fall. [Her calling the messenger "a saucy fellow," who breaks in so abruptly upon her, discloses just enough of human weakness to make us feel that she is not quite an angel yet;] and in her death-scene we have the divinest notes of a "soul by resignation sanctified."

### Delineation of Henry.

The portrait of the King, all the circumstances considered in which it was drawn, is a very remarkable piece of work, being no less true to the original than politic as regards the authors: for the cause which Henry had been made to serve, though against his will, and from the very rampancy of his vices, had rendered it a long and hard process for the nation to see him as he was. The authors keep the worst parts of his character mainly in the background, veiling them withal so adroitly and so transparently as to suggest them to all who are willing to see them; in other words, they do not directly expose or affirm his moral hatefulness, but place it silently in facts, and so make him characterize himself in a way to be felt: nay, they even make the other persons speak good things of him, but at the same time let him refute and reprove their words by his deeds. At all events, the man's hard-hearted and despotic capriciousness is brought to points of easy inference; yet the matter is carried by the authors with such an air of simplicity as if they were hardly aware of it; though, when one of the persons is made to say of Henry, "His conscience has crept too near another lady," it is manifest that the authors understood his character perfectly. His little traditional peculiarities of manner, which would be ridiculous, but that his freaky fierceness of temper renders them dreadful; and his

mixture of hypocrisy and fanaticism, which endeavours to misderive his bad passions from Divine sources, and in the strength of which he is enabled to believe a lie, even while he knows it to be a lie, and because he wishes it true ; — all these things are shown up, without malice indeed, but without mercy too. — Such and so great is the psychagogic refinement displayed in this delineation.

In the whole matter of the divorce, Henry is felt to be acting from motives which he does not avow : already possessed with a criminal passion for which he is lawlessly bent on making a way, he still wants to think he has strong public reasons for the measure, and that religion and conscience are his leading inducements ; and he shows much cunning and ability in pressing these considerations into view : but it is plain enough that he rather tries to persuade himself they are true than really believes them to be so ; though there is no telling how far, in this effort to hide the real cause from the world, he may strangle the sense of it in his own breast. All this, however, rather heightens the meanness than relieves the wickedness of his course. The power or the poison of self-deceit can indeed work wonders ; and in such cases it is often extremely difficult to judge whether a man is wilfully deceiving others or unconsciously deceiving himself : in fact, the two often slide into each other, so as to compound a sort of honest hypocrisy, or a state between belief and not-belief : but Henry wilfully embraces and hugs and holds fast the deceit, and rolls all arguments for it as sweet morsels under his tongue, because it offers a free course for his carnal-mindedness and raging self-will. But the history of his reign after the intellect of Wolsey and the virtue of Catharine were removed is the best commentary on the motives that swayed him at this time ; and there I must leave him.

### Characteristics of Anne.

In the brief delineation of Anne Boleyn there is gathered up the essence of a long story. She is regarded much less for what she is in herself than for the gem that is to proceed from her; and her character is a good deal screened by the purpose of her introduction, though not so much but that it peeps significantly through. With little in her of a positive nature one way or the other; with hardly any legitimate object-matter of respect or confidence, she appears notwithstanding a rather amiable person; possessed with a girlish fancy and hankering for the vanities and glitterings of state, but having no sense of its duties and dignities. She has a kindly heart, but is so void of womanly principle and delicacy as to be from the first evidently elated by those royal benevolences which to any just sensibility of honour would minister nothing but humiliation and shame. She has a real and true pity for the good Queen, which however goes altogether on false grounds; and she betrays by the very terms of it an eager and uneasy longing after what she scarcely more fears than hopes the Queen is about to lose. As for the true grounds and sources of Catharine's noble sorrow, she strikes vastly below these, and this in such a way as to indicate an utter inability to reach or conceive them. Thus the effect of her presence is to set off and enhance that deep and solid character of whose soul truth is not so much a quality as the very substance and essential form; and who, from the serene and steady light thence shining within her, much rather than from acuteness or strength of intellect, is enabled to detect the duplicity and serpentine policy which are playing their engines about her. For this thorough integrity of heart, this perfect truth in the inward parts, is as

hard to be deceived as it is incapable of deceiving. I can well imagine that, with those of the audience who had any knowledge in English history, — and many of them no doubt had much, — the delineation of Anne, broken off as it is at the height of her fortune, must have sent their thoughts forward to reflect how the self-same levity of character, which lifted her into Catharine's place, soon afterwards drew upon herself a far more sudden and terrible reverse. And indeed some such thing may be needful, to excuse the authors for not carrying out the truth of history from seed-time to harvest, or at least indicating the consummation of that whereof they so faithfully unfold the beginnings.

The moral effect of this play as a whole is very impressive and very just. And the lesson evolved, so far as it admits of general statement, may be said to stand in showing how sorrow makes sacred the wearer, and how, to our human feelings, suffering, if borne with true dignity and strength of soul, covers a multitude of sins; or, to carry out the point with more special reference to Catharine, it consists, as Mrs. Jameson observes, in illustrating how, by the union of perfect truth with entire benevolence of character, a queen, and a heroine of tragedy, though "stripped of all the pomp of place and circumstance," and without any of "the usual sources of poetical interest, as youth, beauty, grace, fancy, commanding intellect, could depend on the moral principle alone to touch the very springs of feeling in our bosoms, and melt and elevate our hearts through the purest and holiest impulses."

# KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

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## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

THOMAS WOLSEY, Cardinal.

CAMPEIUS, Cardinal, and Legate.

CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the  
Emperor Charles V.

THOMAS CRANMER, Archbishop of  
Canterbury.

HOWARD, Duke of Norfolk.

STAFFORD, Duke of Buckingham.

BRANDON, Duke of Suffolk.

THOMAS HOWARD, Earl of Surrey.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

LORD CHANCELLOR.

GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.

LONGLAND, Bishop of Lincoln.

NEVILLE, Lord Abergavenny.

WILLIAM LORD SANDS.

Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.

Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Sir NICHOLAS VAUX.

CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.

GRIFFITH, Gentleman - Usher to  
Queen Catharine.

BUTTS, Physician to the King.

Secretaries to Wolsey. Garter, King-  
at-Arms.

Surveyor to Buckingham.

BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.

Door-Keeper of the Council-Cham-  
ber. A Crier.

Page to Gardiner.

A Porter, and his Man.

CATHARINE OF ARRAGON, Wife to  
King Henry.

ANNE BOLEYN, her Maid of Honour.

An old Lady, Friend to Anne Boleyn.

PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Cath-  
arine.

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

SCENE. — *Chiefly in London and Westminster; once at Kimbolton.*

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## PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh : things now,  
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,  
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,

Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,  
 We now present. Those that can pity, here  
 May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;  
 The subject will deserve it. Such as give  
 Their money out of hope they may believe,  
 May here find truth too. Those that come to see  
 Only a show or two, and so agree  
 The play may pass, if they be still and willing,  
 I'll undertake may see away their shilling  
 Richly in two short hours. Only they  
 That come to hear a merry bawdy play,  
 A noise of targets, or to see a fellow  
 In a long motley coat guarded<sup>1</sup> with yellow,  
 Will be deceived ; for, gentle hearers, know,  
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
 As Fool and fight is, besides forfeiting  
 Our own brains, and th' opinion that we bring  
 Or make, — that only truth we now intend, —  
 Will leave us ne'er an understanding friend.<sup>2</sup>  
 Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you're known  
 The first and happiest<sup>3</sup> hearers of the town,  
 Be sad, as we would make ye : think ye see  
 The very persons of our history

<sup>1</sup> This long motley coat was the usual badge dress of the professional Fool. — *Guarded* is *faced* or *trimmed*. See *The Merchant*, page III, note 30.

<sup>2</sup> This seems to imply a reference to what, as shown in the preface, there is good reason for thinking to have been originally the first title of the play. For by advertising the play under the title *All is True* the authors would naturally beget an *opinion* or *expectation* of truth in what was to be shown ; which opinion or expectation would be forfeited or destroyed by the course in question.

<sup>3</sup> *Happy* is here used for *propitious*, or *favourable*, which is one of the senses of the corresponding Latin word *felix*.

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

---

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter, on one side, the Duke of NORFOLK ; on the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.*<sup>1</sup>

*Buck.* Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done  
Since last we saw<sup>2</sup> in France ?

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Howard, the present Duke of Norfolk, is the same person who figures as Earl of Surrey in *King Richard III.* His father's rank and titles, having been lost by the part he took with Richard, were restored to him by Henry VIII. in 1514, soon after his great victory over the Scots at Flodden. His wife was Anne, third daughter of Edward IV., and so, of course, aunt to the King. He died in 1525, and was succeeded by his son Thomas, Earl of Surrey. The Poet, however, continues them as duke and earl to the end of the play ; at least he does not distinguish between them and their successors. — Edward Stafford, the Buckingham of this play, was son to Henry, the Buckingham of *King Richard III.* The father's titles and estates, having been declared forfeit and confiscate by Richard, were restored to the son by Henry VII. in the first year of his reign, 1485. In descent, in wealth, and in personal gifts, the latter was the most illustrious nobleman in the Court of Henry VIII. In the record of his arraignment and trial he is termed, says Holinshed, "the floure and mirror of all courtesie." His oldest daughter, Elizabeth, was married to the Earl of Surrey ; Mary, his youngest, to George Neville, Lord Abergavenny.

<sup>2</sup> That is, "since last we saw *each other*," or *met*. So in *Cymbeline*, i. 1 :



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

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

*Nor.* 'Twi'x Guines and Arde.<sup>3</sup>  
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback ;  
Beheld them, when they 'lighted, how they clung  
In their embracement, as <sup>4</sup> they grew together ;  
Which had they, what four throned ones could have weigh'd  
Such a compounded one ?

*Buck.* All the whole time  
I was my chamber's prisoner.

*Nor.* Then you lost  
The view of earthly glory : men might say,  
Till this time pomp was single, but now married  
To one above itself. Each following day  
Became the ~~last~~<sup>NEXT</sup> day's master, till the ~~next~~<sup>LAST</sup>  
Made former wonders its :<sup>5</sup> to-day, the French,  
All clinquant,<sup>6</sup> all in gold, like heathen gods,

"When shall we see again ?" — "How have ye *done* ?" answers precisely to our phrase, "How have you *been* ?" though we still say, "How do you do ?"

<sup>3</sup> *Guynes* and *Arde* are the names of two towns in Picardy, where the English and French respectively set up their tents and pavilions. *Andren* is the name of a valley between them, where the two Kings met.

<sup>4</sup> *As for as if* ; a common usage.

<sup>5</sup> *Its for its own*. Each later day mastered, that is, surpassed or outdid, the one before it, and was itself in turn outdone by the next day ; which next seemed to carry in its hand the splendours of all the days preceding.

<sup>6</sup> *Clinquant* is commonly explained here as meaning *glittering, shining*. Richardson says it is used "for the *jingling* noise of the ornaments" ; which is certainly the usual sense of the word.

Shone down the English ; and, to-morrow, they  
 Made Britain India ; every man that stood  
 Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were  
 As cherubins, all gilt : the madams too,  
 Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
 The pride upon them, that<sup>7</sup> their very labour  
 Was to them as a painting : now this masque  
 Was cried incomparable ; and th' ensuing night  
 Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings,  
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,  
 As presence did present them ; him in eye,  
 Still him in praise : and, being present both,  
 'Twas said they saw but one ; and no discernor  
 Durs wag his tongue in censure.<sup>8</sup> When these suns —  
 For so they phrase 'em — by their heralds challenged  
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
 Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous story,  
 Being now seen possible enough, got credit,  
 That Bevis<sup>9</sup> was believed.

*Buck.* O, you go far.

*Nor.* As I belong to worship, and affect  
 In honour honesty, the tract<sup>10</sup> of every thing

<sup>7</sup> *That for so that or insomuch that* ; a very frequent usage. — Of course the meaning of what follows is, that their labour put colour into their cheeks. — *Pride*, here, is splendour of dress or adornment.

<sup>8</sup> No discriminating observer durst express an *opinion* as to which made the finest appearance. This use of *censure* occurs often.

<sup>9</sup> The old romantic legend of *Bevis of Hampton*. This Bevis, a Saxon, was for his prowess created Earl of Southampton by William the Conqueror.

<sup>10</sup> *Tract* here has the sense, apparently, of *course*, *process*, or *trace*. Johnson explains the passage thus : "The course of these triumphs and pleasures, however well related, must lose in the description part of the spirit and energy which were expressed in the real action." — To "belong to worship" was to be in the rank of gentleman, or of the *gentry*. So "your

Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
 Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;  
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;  
 Order gave each thing view; the office did  
 Distinctly his full function.

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

*Nor.* One, certes, that promises no element<sup>11</sup>  
 In such a business.

*Buck.* I pray you, who, my lord?

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

*Buck.* The Devil speed him! no man's pie is freed  
 From his ambitious finger. What had he  
 To do in these fierce<sup>12</sup> vanities? I wonder  
 That such a keech<sup>13</sup> can with his very bulk

*Worship*" was a common title of deference, though not so high as "your Honour." — To *affect* a thing, as the word is here used, is to crave or desire it, to aspire to it, to have a passion for it.

<sup>11</sup> *Element* here is commonly explained to mean the *first principles or rudiments of knowledge*. Is it not rather used in the same sense as when we say of any one, that he is out of his *element*? From Wolsey's calling, they would no more think he could be at home in such matters, than a fish could swim in the air, or a bird fly in the water. — *Certes*, meaning *certainly*, is here a monosyllable. In some other places the Poet uses it as a dissyllable.

<sup>12</sup> This use of *fierce* in the sense of *excessive*, or nearly that, is common in the old writers, and is sometimes met with in those of later date. Shakespeare has it repeatedly. So in *Cymbeline*, v. 5: "This *fierce* abridgement hath to it circumstantial branches, which distinction should be rich in." Also in *Hamlet*, i. 1: "And even the like precurse of *fierce* events."

<sup>13</sup> A round lump of fat. It has been thought that there was some allusion here to the Cardinal's being reputed the son of a butcher. We have "Goodwife *Keech*, the butcher's wife," mentioned by Dame Quickly in *Henry IV.*, ii. 1. — In the next line, *beneficial* is used for *beneficent*. Walker

Take up the rays o' the beneficial Sun,  
And keep it from the Earth.

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

*Aber.* I cannot tell  
What Heaven hath given him, — let some graver eye  
Pierce into that ; but I can see his pride  
Peep through each part of him : whence has he that ?  
If not from Hell, the Devil is a niggard ;  
Or has given all before, and he begins  
A new hell in himself.

*Buck.* Why the Devil,  
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,  
Without the privity o' the King, t' appoint  
Who should attend on him ? He makes up the file  
Of all the gentry ;<sup>14</sup> for the most part such  
To whom as great a charge as little honour  
He meant to lay upon ;<sup>15</sup> and his own letter,

notes upon it thus : " It is to be observed that the words *benefit* and *beneficial*, in our old writers, almost uniformly involve the idea of a *benefactor*, which has since been dropped, except in cases where the context implies that idea, e.g., *conferring* or *receiving a benefit*."

<sup>14</sup> The *file* is the *list*, *roll*, or *schedule*.

<sup>15</sup> This use of *to* and *upon* may be merely a doubling of prepositions, such as occurs repeatedly in Shakespeare ; but is, more likely, an instance

The honourable board of Council out,  
Must fetch him in the papers.<sup>16</sup>

*Aber.* [www.libtool.com](http://www.libtool.com). I do know  
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have  
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never  
They shall abound as formerly.

*Buck.* O, many  
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em  
For this great journey.<sup>17</sup> What did this vanity  
But minister communication of  
A most poor issue? <sup>18</sup>

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

*Buck.* Every man,  
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was  
A thing inspired; and, not consulting, broke  
Into a general prophecy, that this tempest,

of pretty bold ellipsis; the sense being, "To whom *he gave as great a charge as he meant to lay upon them* little honour."

<sup>16</sup> His own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the Council, *must fetch him in whom he papers down*. Wolsey drew up a list of the several persons whom he had appointed to attend on the King at this interview, and addressed his letters to them.

<sup>17</sup> "In the interview at Andren," says Lingard, "not only the two kings, but also their attendants, sought to surpass each other in the magnificence of their dress, and the display of their riches. Of the French nobility it was said that many *carried their whole estates on their backs*: among the English the Duke of Buckingham ventured to express his marked disapprobation of a visit which had led to so much useless expense."

<sup>18</sup> That is, serve for the reporting or proclaiming of a paltry, worthless result; somewhat like the homely phrase, "Great cry, and little wool." Staunton, however, explains it thus: "But furnish *discourse* on the poverty of its result. *Communication* in the sense of *talk* or *discourse* is found repeatedly in the writers of Shakespeare's time."

Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded  
The sudden breach on't.<sup>19</sup>

*Nor.*

Which is budded out ;  
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd  
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

*Aber.*

Is it therefore  
Th' ambassador is silenced ?<sup>20</sup>

*Nor.*

Marry, is't.

*Aber.* A proper title of a peace ;<sup>21</sup> and purchased  
At a superfluous rate !

*Buck.*

Why, all this business  
Our reverend Cardinal carried.

*Nor.*

Like't your Grace,<sup>22</sup>

The State takes notice of the private difference  
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you, —  
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you  
Honour and plenteous safety, — that you read  
The Cardinal's malice and his potency  
Together ; to consider further, that  
What his high hatred would effect wants not  
A minister in his power. You know his nature,  
That he's revengeful ; and I know his sword  
Hath a sharp edge : it's long, and, 't may be said,  
It reaches far ; and where 'twill not extend,  
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,

<sup>19</sup> So in Holinshed : " On Mondaie the eighteenth of June was such an *hideous* storme of winde and weather, that manie conjectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortlie after to follow betweene princes." — *Aboded* is *foreboded* or *prognosticated*.

<sup>20</sup> Silenced in his official capacity ; that is, *refused a hearing*.

<sup>21</sup> " A fine thing indeed, to be honoured with the title or name of a peace ! "

<sup>22</sup> " *Please* it your Grace," or, " *May it please* your Grace." This use of the verb to *like* occurs very often in Elizabethan English.

You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock  
That I advise your shunning.

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

*Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, the purse borne before him; certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixes his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.*

*Wol.* The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha?  
Where's his examination?

*1 Secr.* Here, so please you.

*Wol.* Is he in person ready?

*1 Secr.* Ay, please your Grace.

*Wol.* Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham  
Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt WOLSEY and Train.*]

*Buck.* This butcher's cur<sup>23</sup> is venom-mouth'd, and I  
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best  
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book  
Outworths a noble's blood.<sup>24</sup>

*Nor.* What, are you chafed?

<sup>23</sup> There was a tradition that Wolsey was the son of a butcher. But his father, as hath been ascertained from his will, was a burgess of considerable wealth, having "lands and tenements in Ipswich, and free and bond lands in Stoke"; which, at that time, would hardly consist with such a trade. Holinshed, however, says, "This Thomas Wolsie was a *poore man's sonne* of Ipswich, and there born, and, being but a child, verie apt to be learned: by his parents he was conveyed to the universitie of Oxenford, where he shortlie prospered so in learning, as he was made bachellor of art when he passed not fifteen years of age, and was called most commonlie thorough the universitie the boie bachellor."

<sup>24</sup> It was natural at that time that Buckingham, though himself a man of large and liberal attainments, should speak with disdain of learned poverty in comparison with noble blood. *Book* is here put for *learning*. So in 2 *Henry VI.*, iv. 7: "Because my *book* preferred me to the King"; preferred in its old sense of *recommended*.

Ask God for temperance ;<sup>25</sup> that's th' appliance only  
Which your disease requires.

*Buck.* [www.libtool.com](http://www.libtool.com) read in's looks  
Matter against me ; and his eye reviled  
Me, as his abject object : at this instant  
He bores me with some trick :<sup>26</sup> he's gone to th' King ;  
I'll follow, and outstare him.

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

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

*Nor.* Be advised ;<sup>27</sup>  
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
That it do singe yourself : we may outrun,  
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,  
And lose by over-running. Know you not,  
The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,  
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advised :  
I say again, there is no English soul

<sup>25</sup> *Temperance* in the classical sense of moderation, self-command, or self-restraint. Repeatedly so.

<sup>26</sup> Meaning, "he stabs or wounds me by some artifice."

<sup>27</sup> *Be advised* is *bethink* yourself, that is, use your judgment, or be considerate. Often so.



More stronger to direct you than yourself,  
 If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
 Or but allay, the fire of passion.

*Buck.*

Sir,

I'm thankful to you ; and I'll go along  
 By your prescription : but this top-proud<sup>28</sup> fellow, —  
 Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but  
 From sincere motions,<sup>29</sup> — by intelligence,  
 And proofs as clear as founts in Júly, when  
 We see each grain of gravel, I do know  
 To be corrupt and treasonous.

*Nor.*

Say not, treasonous.

*Buck.* To th' King I'll say't ; and make my vouch as  
 strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,  
 Or wolf, or both, — for he is equal ravenous  
 As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief  
 As able to perform't ; his mind and place  
 Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally, —  
 Only to show his pomp as well in France  
 As here at home, suggests<sup>30</sup> the King our master  
 To this last costly treaty, th' interview,  
 That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass  
 Did break i' the rinsing.

*Nor.*

Faith, and so it did.

*Buck.* Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning Cardinal  
 The articles o' the combination drew  
 As himself pleased ; and they were ratified

<sup>28</sup> *Top-proud* is *superlatively* proud, or *over-topping* all others in pride  
 So the Poet often uses the verb to *top* for to *surpass*.

<sup>29</sup> "Whom I speak of, not in *malice*, but from just and candid *motives*."

<sup>30</sup> To *prompt*, to *move*, to *incite* are among the old senses of to *suggest*.

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

*Nor.* I am sorry  
To hear this of him ; and could wish he were  
Something mistaken<sup>31</sup> in't.

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

<sup>31</sup> Not that he had made a mistake, but that others mistook, or were mistaken, in regard to him ; *misunderstood*.

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

*Bran.* Your office, sergeant; execute it.

*Serg.*

Sir,

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

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

*Bran.* I am sorry,  
To see<sup>32</sup> you ta'en from liberty, to look on  
The business present: 'tis his Highness' pleasure  
You shall to th' Tower.

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

*Bran.* Nay, he must bear you company. — [*To ABERGA-*  
*VENNY.*] The King  
Is pleased you shall to th' Tower, till you know  
How he determines further.

*Aber.* As the duke said,  
The will of Heaven be done, and the King's pleasure

<sup>32</sup> An obscure passage; but *to see* is an instance of the infinitive used gerundively. So that the meaning comes something thus: "*In seeing* you deprived of freedom, I regret to be present on this occasion"; or, as Staunton words it, "I am sorry, since it is to see you deprived of liberty, that I am a witness of this business." See *Hamlet*, page 169, note 1.— The arrest of Buckingham took place April 16, 1521.

By me obey'd !

*Bran.* Here is a warrant from  
The King t' attach Lord Montacute ;<sup>33</sup> and the bodies  
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,  
And Gilbert Peck, his chancellor, —

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

*Bran.* — A monk o' the Chartreux.

*Buck.* O, Nicholas Hopkins ?

*Bran.* He.

*Buck.* My surveyor is false ; the o'er-great Cardinal  
Hath show'd him gold ; my life is spann'd<sup>34</sup> already :  
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,  
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out  
By darkening my clear sun.<sup>35</sup> — My lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>33</sup> This was Henry Pole, grandson to George Duke of Clarence, and eldest brother to Cardinal Pole. He had married Lord Abergavenny's daughter. Though restored to favour at this juncture, he was executed for another alleged treason in this reign.

<sup>34</sup> Is *measured*, the end of it determined. Man's life is said in Scripture, to be but a *span* long.

<sup>35</sup> " Stripped of my titles and possessions, I am but the shadow of what I was ; and even this poor figure or shadow a cloud this very instant puts out, reduces to nothing, by darkening my son of life." — *Instant* is *passing* or *present*. We have a like expression in Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia*, upon which *The Winter's Tale* was partly founded : " Fortune, envious of such happie successes, turned her wheele, and *darkened their bright sunne* of prosperitie with the mistie *clouds* of mishap and miserie."

SCENE II.—*The Same. The Council-Chamber.*

*Cornets. Enter King HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY, the Lords of the Council, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and Attendants. The King enters leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.*

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

*[The King takes his state. The Lords of the Council take their several places. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.]*

*A Noise within, crying Room for the Queen ! Enter Queen CATHARINE, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK : she kneels. The King rises from his state, takes her up, kisses and places her by his side.*

*Cath.* Nay, we must longer kneel : I am a suitor.

*King.* Arise, and take place by us : half your suit  
Never name to us ; you have half our power :  
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given ;  
Repeat your will, and take it.

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

*King.* Lady mine, proceed.

*Cath.* I am solicited, not by a few,  
 And those of true condition, that your subjects  
 Are in great grievance : there have been commissions  
 Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart  
 Of all their loyalties : — wherein, although,  
 My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches  
 Most bitterly on you, as putter-on<sup>2</sup>  
 Of these exactions, yet the King our master, —  
 Whose honour Heaven shield from soil ! — even he escapes  
 not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks  
 The sides of loyalty, and almost appears  
 In loud rebellion.

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

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

*Wol.* Please you, sir,

<sup>1</sup> Men of *true condition* are men *well disposed*, or men of *loyal tempers*.  
 The use of *condition* in that sense is very frequent.

<sup>2</sup> A *putter-on* is an *instigator*. So to *put on* was often used for to *prompt*,  
 to *incite*, or *instigate*.

I know but of a single part, in aught  
 Pertains to th' State ; and front but in that file  
 Where others tell <sup>3</sup> steps with me: *en*

*Cath.* No, my lord,  
 You know no more than others ; but you frame  
 Things that are known alike ; <sup>4</sup> which are not wholesome  
 To those which would not know them, and yet must  
 Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,  
 Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are  
 Most pestilent to th' hearing ; and, to bear 'em, <sup>5</sup>  
 The back is sacrifice to th' load. They say  
 They are devised by you ; or else you suffer  
 Too hard an exclamation.

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

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

<sup>3</sup> To *tell* was used for to *count* ; as in "keep *tally*," still in use.

<sup>4</sup> Are known *in common*. She means, that he *originates* measures, and then gets the Council to *father* them ; so that he has the advantage, and they bear the responsibility.

<sup>5</sup> That is, *in bearing* them. See page 54, note 32.

To each incensèd will.<sup>6</sup> I would your Highness  
 Would give it quick consideration, for  
 There is no primer business.

*King.* By my life,

This is against our pleasure.

*Vol.* And for me,

I have no further gone in this than by  
 A single voice ; and that not pass'd me but  
 By learnèd approbation of the judges. If I am  
 Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know  
 My faculties nor person, yet will be  
 The chronicles of my doing, let me say  
 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
 That virtue must go through. We must not stint  
 Our necessary actions, in the fear  
 To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,  
 As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow  
 That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further  
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,  
 By sick interpreters,<sup>7</sup> or weak ones, is  
 Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft,  
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
 For our best action. If we shall stand still,  
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,  
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit

<sup>6</sup> The meaning seems to be, that the spirit of obedience *succumbs* or *gives way* to the violence or distemper of individual will.

<sup>7</sup> Heath thinks the epithet *sick* is here used in accordance with the Stoic philosophy, which regarded the passions as so many diseases of the soul. He adds, "By *sick interpreters*, therefore, the Poet intended such as are under the actual influences of envy, hatred, or any other of the malevolent passions." — *Allow'd*, in the next line, is *approved*. See *The Winter's Tale*, page 49, note 29.



State-statues only.

*King.* Things done well,  
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;  
 Things done without example, in their issue  
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
 Of this commission? I believe, not any.  
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?  
 A trembling<sup>8</sup> contribution ! Why, we take  
 From every tree lop,<sup>9</sup> bark, and part o' the timber ;  
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,  
 The air will drink the sap. To every county  
 Where this is question'd send our letters, with  
 Free pardon to each man that has denied  
 The force of this commission : pray, look to't ;  
 I put it to your care.

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

*Enter Surveyor.*

*Cath.* I'm sorry that the Duke of Buckingham  
 Is run in<sup>10</sup> your displeasure.

<sup>8</sup> *Trembling*, if it be the right word here, must be used causatively, that is, in the sense of *dreadful* or *terrible*. The Poet uses divers intransitive verbs in this way, such as *cease*, *fall*, &c.

<sup>9</sup> The *lop* of a tree is the branch, that which is *lopped* or cut off from the timber-part or the trunk.

<sup>10</sup> *In* for *into* ; the two being often used indiscriminately.

*King.* It grieves many :  
 The gentleman is learnèd, and a most rare speaker ;  
 To Nature none more bound ; his training such,  
 That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,  
 And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,  
 When these so noble benefits shall prove  
 Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,  
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly  
 Than ever they were fair. This man so complète,  
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,  
 Almost with listening ravish'd, could not find  
 His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,  
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces  
 That once were his, and is become as black  
 As if besmear'd in Hell. Sit by us ; you shall hear —  
 This was his gentleman in trust — of him  
 Things to strike honour sad. — Bid him recount  
 The fore-recited practices ; whereof  
 We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

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

*King.* Speak freely.

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

*Wol.* Please your Highness, note  
 His dangerous conception in this point.

Not friended by his wish, to your high person  
His will is most malignant ; and it stretches  
Beyond you, to your friends.

*Cath.* My learn'd Lord Cardinal,  
Deliver all with charity.

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

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

*King.* What was that Hopkins?

*Surv.* Sir, a Chartreux friar,  
His confessor ; who fed him every minute  
With words of sovereignty.

*King.* How know'st thou this?

*Surv.* Not long before your Highness sped to France,  
The duke being at the Rose,<sup>11</sup> within the parish  
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand  
What was the speech among the Londoners  
Concerning the French journey : I replied,  
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,  
To the King's danger. Presently the duke  
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed ; and that he doubted<sup>12</sup>  
'Twould prove the verity of certain words  
Spoke by a holy monk ; *that oft*, says he,  
*Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit*  
*John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour*

<sup>11</sup> This was "the Manor of the Rose," of which Cunningham, in his *Hand-book of London*, says "a crypt remains between Duck's-foot-lane and Merchant Tailor's School."

<sup>12</sup> *Doubted for feared or suspected ; a frequent usage.*

*To hear from him a matter of some moment :  
Whom after, under the confession's seal,  
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke  
My chaplain to no creature living but  
To me should utter, with demure confidence  
This pausingly ensued : " Neither the King nor's heirs,  
Tell you the duke, shall prosper : bid him strive  
To gain the love o' the commonalty : the duke  
Shall govern England."*

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

*King.* Let him on. —  
Go forward.

*Surv.* On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
I told my lord the duke, by th' Devil's illusions  
The monk might be deceived ; and that 'twas dangerous  
For him to ruminate on this so far, until  
It forged him some design, which, being believed,  
It was much like to do ; he answer'd, *Tush,*  
*It can do me no damage ;* adding further,  
That, had the King in his last sickness fail'd,  
The Cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads  
Should have gone off.

*King.* Ha ! what, so rank ? Ah-ha !  
There's mischief in this man. — Canst thou say further ?

*Surv.* I can, my liege.

*King.* Proceed.

*Surv.* Being at Greenwich,

After your Highness had reprov'd the duke  
About Sir William Blomer, —

*King.* [www.libtool.com](http://www.libtool.com) I remember  
Of such a time : being my servant sworn,  
The duke retain'd him his. — But on ; what hence ?

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

*King.* A giant traitor !

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

*Cath.* God mend all !

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

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

*King.* There's his period,  
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd ;  
Call him to present trial : if he may  
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his ; if none,  
Let him not seek't of us : by day and night,  
He's traitor to the height.<sup>13</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>13</sup> *By day and night* is simply an adjuration ; not meaning that he is a traitor night and day ; which were a little too flat.

SCENE III. — *The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord SANDS.*<sup>1</sup>

*Cham.* Is't possible the spells of France should juggle  
Men into such strange mysteries?<sup>2</sup>

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

*Cham.* As far as I see, all the good our English  
Have got by the late voyage is but merely  
A fit or two o' the face;<sup>3</sup> but they are shrewd ones;  
For, when they hold 'em, you would swear directly  
Their very noses had been counsellors  
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

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

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

*Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.*

How now!

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

<sup>1</sup> The author places this scene in 1521. Charles Somerset, Earl of Worcester, was then Lord Chamberlain, and continued in the office until his death, in 1526. But Cavendish, from whom this was originally taken, places this event at a later period, when Lord Sands himself was chamberlain. Sir William Sands, of the Vine, near Basingstoke, Hants, was created a peer in 1527. He succeeded the Earl of Worcester as chamberlain.

<sup>2</sup> *Mysteries* are *arts*, and here *artificial* fashions.

<sup>3</sup> *A fit of the face* is a *grimace*, an artificial cast of the countenance.

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

*Cham.* What is't for?

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

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

*Lov.* They must either —  
For so run the conditions — leave those remnants  
Of fool and feather,<sup>4</sup> that they got in France,  
With all their honourable points of ignorance  
Pertaining thereunto, — as fights and fireworks ;  
Abusing better men than they can be,  
Out of a foreign wisdom ; — renouncing clean  
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,  
Short blister'd breeches<sup>5</sup> and those types of travel,  
And understand again like honest men ;

<sup>4</sup> The text may receive illustration from Nashe's *Life of Jack Wilton*, 1594 : " At that time I was no common squire, no under-trodden torchbearer : I had my feather in my cap as big as a flag in the foretop ; my French doublet gelte in the belly ; a paire of side-paned hose, that hung down like two scales filled with Holland cheeses ; my long stock that sate close to my dock ; my rapier pendant, like a round sticke ; my blacke cloake of cloth, overspreading my backe lyke a thornbacke or an elephant's eare ; and, in consummation of my curiositie, my handes without gloves, *all a mode French.*" Douce justly observes that Sir Thomas Lovell's is an allusion to the feathers which were formerly worn by Fools in their caps, and which are alluded to in the ballad of *News and no News* : " And feather's wagging in a fool's cap."

<sup>5</sup> This word *blister'd* describes with picturesque humour the appearance of the slashed breeches, covered as they were with little puffs of satin lining which thrust themselves out through the slashes. — GRANT WHITE.

Or pack to their old playfellows : there, I take it,  
They may, *cum privilegio*, wee<sup>6</sup> away  
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

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

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

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

*Sands.* The Devil fiddle 'em ! I'm glad they're going ;  
For, sure, there's no converting of 'em : now  
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten  
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,<sup>7</sup>  
And have an hour of hearing ; and, by'r Lady,  
Held current music too.

*Cham.* Well said, Lord Sands ;  
Your colt's tooth<sup>8</sup> is not cast yet.

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

*Cham.* Sir Thomas,

<sup>6</sup> *Wee* is, I take it, merely an Anglicized spelling of the French *oui*, and is used as a verb. Of course it is meant in ridicule of the trick these Frenchified dandies have caught up of aping French idioms in their talk. — The wit of this scene and the next, though of quite another tang than Shakespeare's, is in Fletcher's liveliest and spiciest vein. See Critical Notes.

<sup>7</sup> *Plain-song* is an old musical term used to denote the simplicity of the chant. His lordship's thought is that, the apish and fantastical embroidery of French manners being put down by royal proclamation, the plain style of old honest English manhood will now stand some chance of being heeded again.

<sup>8</sup> *Colt's-tooth* is an old expression for *youthfulness* generally. The Lord Chamberlain means that Sands has not sown all his *wild oats* yet.



Whither were you a-going?

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

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

*Lov.* That churchman<sup>9</sup> bears a bounteous mind indeed,  
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;  
His dews fall everywhere.

*Cham.* No doubt he's noble ;  
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

*Sands.* He may, my lord, — 'has wherewithal ; in him  
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine :  
Men of his way should be most liberal ;  
They're set here for examples.

*Cham.* True, they are so ;  
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;<sup>10</sup>  
Your lordship shall along. — Come, good Sir Thomas,  
We shall be late else ; which I would not be,  
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,  
This night to be comptrollers.

*Sands.* I'm your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>9</sup> *Churchman* was formerly used as a term of distinction for a priest, or what is now called a *clergyman*.

<sup>10</sup> The speaker is now in the King's palace at *Bridewell*, from whence he is proceeding by water to York-Place.

SCENE IV.— *The Same. The Presence-Chamber in York-*

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*Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the Guests. Enter, on one side, ANNE BOLEYN and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests; on the other, enter Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.*

*Guild.* Ladies, a general welcome from his Grace  
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates  
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,  
In all this noble bevy,<sup>1</sup> has brought with her  
One care abroad; he would have all as merry  
As feast, good company, good wine, good welcome,  
Can make good people.— O, my lord, you're tardy:

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and Sir THOMAS  
LOVELL.*

The very thought of this fair company  
Clapp'd wings to me.

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

<sup>1</sup> A *bevy* is a company. In the curious catalogue of "the companies of pestys and foules," in the *Book of St. Albans*, it is said to be the proper term for a company of ladies, of roes, and of quails. Its origin is yet to seek. Spenser has "a *bevy* of ladies bright" in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, and "a lovely *bevy* of faire ladies" in his *Faerie Queene*; and Milton has "a *bevy* of fair dames."

*Sands.* By my faith,  
 And thank your lordship. — By your leave, sweet ladies :  
 [*Seats himself between ANNE BOLEYN and another Lady.*  
 If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;  
 I had it from my father.

*Anne.* Was he mad, sir ?

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

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

*Sands.* For my little cure,<sup>2</sup>  
 Let me alone.

*Hautboys.* *Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, attended, and takes his state.*

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

*Sands.* Your Grace is noble :  
 Let me have such a bowl may hold<sup>3</sup> my thanks,  
 And save me so much talking.

*Wol.* My Lord Sands,  
 I am beholding<sup>4</sup> to you : cheer your neighbours. —

<sup>2</sup> *Cure*, as the word is here used, is a parochial charge ; hence the word *curate*, for one who ministers in such a charge. Of course his lordship is speaking facetiously.

<sup>3</sup> "Such a bowl as may hold," we should say. Such omission or ellipsis of the relatives is very frequent in Shakespeare.

<sup>4</sup> This old use of *beholding*, where we should use *beholden*, falls under the general head of active and passive forms used indiscriminately.

Ladies, you are not merry : — gentlemen,  
Whose fault is this?

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

*Anne.* You're a merry gamester,  
My Lord Sands.

*Sands.* Yes, if I may make my play.<sup>5</sup>  
Here's to your ladyship : and pledge it, madam,  
For 'tis to such a thing, —

*Anne.* You cannot show me.

*Sands.* I told your Grace they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets, and chambers*<sup>6</sup> *discharged, within.*]

*Wol.* What's that?

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

*Wol.* What warlike voice,

And to what end, is this ! — Nay, ladies, fear not ;  
By all the laws of war ye're privileged.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Cham.* How now ! what is't?

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

*Wol.* Good Lord Chamberlain,  
Go, give 'em welcome ; you can speak the French tongue ;

<sup>5</sup> That is, "if I may choose my game."

<sup>6</sup> *Chambers* are short pieces of ordnance, standing almost erect upon their breechings, chiefly used upon festive occasions, being so contrived as to carry great charges, and make a loud report. They had their name from being little more than mere *chambers* to lodge powder ; that being the technical name for the cavity in a gun which contains the powder.

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em  
 Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty  
 Shall shine at full upon them. — Some attend him. —

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All rise, and the  
 tables are removed.*]

You've now a broken banquet ; but we'll mend it.  
 A good digestion to you all : and once more  
 I shower a welcome on ye ; — welcome all. —

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

A noble company ! what are their pleasures ?

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

*Wol.* Say, Lord Chamberlain,  
 They've done my poor house grace ; for which I pay 'em  
 A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses  
 ANNE BOLEYN.*]

*King.* The fairest hand I ever touch'd ! O beauty,  
 Till now I never knew thee !<sup>7</sup> [*Music. Dance.*]

<sup>7</sup> This incident of the King's dancing with Anne Boleyn did not occur during the banquet at York-House, but is judiciously introduced here from another occasion : A grand entertainment given by the King at Greenwich, May 5, 1527, to the French ambassadors who had come to negotiate a mar-

*Wol.* My lord, —

*Cham.* Your Grace?

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

*Cham.* I will, my lord.

[*Goes to the Masquers, and returns.*]

*Wol.* What say they?

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

*Wol.* Let me see then. —

[*Comes from his state.*]

By all your good leaves, gentlemen ; here I'll make  
My royal choice.<sup>8</sup>

*King.* [*Unmasking.*] Ye've found him, Cardinal :  
You hold a fair assembly ; you do well, lord :  
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, Cardinal,  
I should judge now unhappily.<sup>9</sup>

*Wol.* I'm glad

Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

*King.* My Lord Chamberlain,

riage between their King, Francis I., or his son, the Duke of Orleans, and the Princess Mary. First a grand tournament was held, and three hundred lances broken ; then came a course of songs and dances. About midnight, the King, the ambassadors, and six others withdrew, disguised themselves as Venetian noblemen, returned, and took out ladies to dance, the King having Anne Boleyn for his partner.

<sup>8</sup> A royal choice, because it has a *king* for its *object*.

<sup>9</sup> That is, *waggishly*, or *mischievously*. Shakespeare often uses *unhappy* and its derivatives in this sense. See *Much Ado*, page 53, note 32.

Pr'ythee, come hither : what fair lady's that?

*Cham.* An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas Boleyn's daughter, — [www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

The Viscount Rochford, — one of her Highness' women.

*King.* By Heaven, she is a dainty one. — Sweetheart, I were unmannerly, to take you out, And not to kiss you.<sup>10</sup> [*Kisses her.*] — A health, gentlemen ! Let it go round.

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

*Lov.* Yes, my lord.

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

*King.* I fear, too much.

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

*King.* Lead in your ladies, every one : — sweet partner, I must not yet forsake you : let's be merry. — Good my Lord Cardinal, I've half a dozen healths To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure<sup>11</sup> To lead 'em once again ; and then let's dream Who's best in favour. — Let the music knock it.<sup>12</sup>

[*Exeunt with trumpets.*]

<sup>10</sup> A kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner. Thus in "A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie, concerning the Use and Abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie" :

But some reply, what foole would daunce,  
If that when daunce is doon  
He may not have at ladyes lips  
That which in daunce he woon.

<sup>11</sup> *Measure* is the old name of a slow-measured *dance*, such as was used on special occasions of state and ceremony.

<sup>12</sup> The use of this phrase for "let the music *play*," or *strike up*, probably sprung from beating time, or the beating of drums.

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ACT II.

SCENE I. — *London. A Street.*

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*

*1 Gent.* Whither away so fast?

*2 Gent.* O, God save ye!

E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become  
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

*1 Gent.* I'll save you  
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony  
Of bringing back the prisoner.

*2 Gent.* Were you there?

*1 Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.

*2 Gent.* Pray, speak what has happen'd.

*1 Gent.* You may guess quickly what.

*2 Gent.* Is he found guilty?

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

*2 Gent.* I'm sorry for't.

*1 Gent.* So are a number more.

*2 Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?

*1 Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke  
Came to the bar; where to his accusations  
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleged  
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.  
The King's attorney, on the contrary,  
Urged on th' examinations, proofs, confessions  
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired  
To have brought, *vivd voce*, to his face:  
At which appear'd against him his surveyor;



Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor ; and John Car,  
Confessor to him ; with that devil-monk,  
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

*2 Gent.* That was he  
That fed him with his prophecies?

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

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

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

*2 Gent.* I do not think he fears death.

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

*2 Gent.* Certainly  
The Cardinal is the end of this.

*1 Gent.* 'Tis likely,  
By all conjectures : first, Kildare's attainder,  
Then deputy of Ireland ; who removed,  
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,  
Lest he should help his father.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There was great enmitie betwixt the cardinall and the earle, for that  
on a time, when the cardinall tooke upon him to checke the earle, he had

2 *Gent.* That trick of State  
Was a deep-evil one.

1 *Gent.* At his return  
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,  
And generally, whoever the King favours,  
The Cardinal instantly will find employment,<sup>2</sup>  
And far enough from Court too.

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

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

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; Tipstaves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side: with him Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WILLIAM SANDS, and common People.*

2 *Gent.* Let's stand close,<sup>3</sup> and behold him.

*Buck.* All good people,  
You that thus far have come to pity me,  
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.  
I have this day received a traitor's judgment,

like to have thrust his dagger into the cardinal. At length there was occasion offered him to compass his purpose, by the earle of Kildare's coming out of Ireland. Such accusations were framed against him, that he was committed to prison, and then by the cardinals good preferment the earle of Surrie was sent into Ireland as the Kings deputie, there to remaine rather as an exile than as lieutenant, as he himself well perceived. — HOLINSHED.

<sup>2</sup> That is, will find employment for. The Poet has many like instances of prepositions understood.

<sup>3</sup> Close is secret, or out of sight. Often so.

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

*Lov.* I do beseech your Grace, for charity,  
 If ever any malice in your heart  
 Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

*Buck.* Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you  
 As I would be forgiven : I forgive all ;  
 There cannot be those numberless offences  
 'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with : no black envy<sup>4</sup>  
 Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his Grace ;

<sup>4</sup> *Envy* is continually used for *malice* in old English. We have the same sense a little before in "That trick of State was a deep-*envious* one." — "Take peace with" here evidently means *forgive* or *pardon*. Shakespeare has no instance, I think, of the phrase so used.

And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him  
You met him half in Heaven : my vows and prayers  
Yet are the King's ; and, till my soul forsake me,  
Shall cry for blessings on him : may he live  
Longer than I have time to tell his years !  
Ever beloved and loving may his rule be !  
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,  
Goodness and he fill up one monument !

*Lov.* To 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 coming : see the barge be ready ;  
And fit it with such furniture as suits  
The greatness of his person.

*Buck.* Nay, Sir Nicholas,  
Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.  
When I came hither, I was Lord High-Constable  
And Duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bohun :<sup>5</sup>  
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it ;  
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.  
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,  
Who first raised head against usurping Richard,  
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,  
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,  
And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !  
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying  
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,

<sup>5</sup> The name of the Duke of Buckingham most generally known was *Stafford* ; it is said that he affected the surname of *Bohun*, because he was Lord High-Constable of England by inheritance of tenure from the Bohuns.

Restored me to my honours, and, out of ruins,  
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,  
 Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all  
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken  
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,  
 And must needs say a noble one ; which makes me  
 A little happier than my wretched father :  
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes : Both  
 Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most ;  
 A most unnatural and faithless service !  
 Heaven has an end in all : yet, you that hear me,  
 This from a dying man receive as certain :

Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels  
 Be sure you be not loose ;<sup>6</sup> for those you make friends  
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
 The least rub<sup>7</sup> in your fortunes, fall away  
 Like water from ye, never found again  
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,  
 Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye : the last hour  
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.  
 Farewell :

And when you would say something that is sad,  
 Speak how I fell.—I've done ; and God forgive me !

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and train.]

*I Gent.* O, this is full of pity !—Sir, it calls,  
 I fear, too many curses on their heads

<sup>6</sup> That is, *loose of tongue*, or given to blabbing your own secrets. So in *Othello*, iii. 3 :

There are a kind of men so *loose* of soul  
 That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs.

<sup>7</sup> *Rub* is *hindrance* or *obstruction*. So in Hamlet's celebrated soliloquy :  
 "Ay, there's the rub."

That were the authors.

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

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us!  
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith,<sup>8</sup> sir?

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

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

2 *Gent.* I am confident;  
You shall, sir: did you not of late days hear  
A buzzing<sup>9</sup> of a separation  
Between the King and Catharine?

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

2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,  
Is found a truth now: for it grows again  
Fresher than e'er it was; and held<sup>10</sup> for certain  
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,  
Or some about him near, have, out of malice  
To the good Queen, possess'd him with a scruple  
That will undo her: to confirm this too,

<sup>8</sup> *Faith* for *fidelity*; still sometimes used in that sense.

<sup>9</sup> A *buzzing* is a *whispering*, or a *rumour*. Often so used.

<sup>10</sup> We have the same elliptical form of expression a little before, in I, 3:  
"And held current music too." That is, "and *be* held." Here, "and '*is*  
held."

Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately ;  
As all think, for this business.

*1 Gent.* 'Tis the Cardinal ;  
And merely to revenge him on the Emperor  
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,  
Th' archbishopric of Toledo,<sup>11</sup> this is purposed.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *The Same. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.*

*Cham.* My lord : The horses your lordship sent for, with  
all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furn-  
ish'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 Cardinal's, by commission and  
main power, took 'em from me ; with this reason, — His  
master would be served before a subject, if not before the  
King ; which stopp'd our mouths, sir.

I fear he will indeed : well, let him have them :  
He will have all, I think.

<sup>11</sup> This was the richest See in Europe, and was considered the highest ecclesiastical dignity in Christendom next to the Papacy. Wolsey did in fact aspire to it as a stepping-stone to St. Peter's Chair ; and his disappointment therein was among his alleged causes for urging on the divorce.

*Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*<sup>1</sup>

*Nor.* Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

*Cham.* Good day to both your Graces.

*Suf.* How is the King employ'd?

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

*Nor.* What's the cause?

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

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

*Nor.* 'Tis so :

This is the Cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal :  
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,  
Turns what he list. The King will know him one day.

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

*Nor.* How holily he works in all his business !  
And with what zeal ! for, now he has crack'd the league  
'Tween us and th' Emperor, the Queen's great-nephew,  
He dives into the King's soul, and there scatters  
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,  
Fears, and despairs ; and all these for his marriage :  
And out of all these to restore the King,  
He counsels a divorce ; a loss of her  
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years  
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;  
Of her that loves him with that excellence  
That angels love good men with ; even of her

<sup>1</sup> Charles Brandon, the present Duke of Suffolk, was son of Sir William Brandon, slain by Richard at the battle of Bosworth. He was created Duke of Suffolk in February, 1514, and in March, 1515, was married to Mary, youngest sister of the King, and widow of Louis the Twelfth of France.



That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,  
Will bless the King : and is not this course pious? .

*Cham.* Heaven keep me from such counsel ! 'Tis most  
true

These news are everywhere ; every tongue speaks 'em,  
And every true heart weeps for't : all that dare  
Look into these affairs see his main end, —  
The French King's sister.<sup>2</sup> Heaven will one day open  
The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon  
This bold bad man.

*Suf.* And free us from his slavery.

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

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

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

*Cham.* Excuse me ;

<sup>2</sup> It was the main *end* or *object* of Wolsey to bring about a marriage between Henry and the French King's sister, the Duchess of Alençon.

The King has sent me otherwhere : besides,  
 You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.  
 Health to your lordships!

*Nor.* Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.* NORFOLK *opens a folding-door.* The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.]

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

*King.* Who's there, ha ?

*Nor.* Pray God he be not angry.

*King.* Who's there, I say ? How dare you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I, ha ?

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

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

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.*

Who's there ? my good Lord Cardinal ? O my Wolsey,  
 The quiet of my wounded conscience ;  
 Thou art a cure fit for a king. — [*To CAMPEIUS.*] You're  
 welcome,

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom :  
 Use us and it. — [*To WOLSEY.*] My good lord, have great care  
 I be not found a talker.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> The meaning appears to be, " Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk."

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

*King.* [*To NOR. and SUF.*] We are busy ; go.

*Nor.* [*Aside to SUF.*] This priest has no pride in him !

*Suf.* [*Aside to NOR.*] Not to speak of :

I would not be so sick<sup>4</sup> though for his place.  
But this cannot continue.

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

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

[*Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*]

*Wol.* Your Grace has given a precedent of wisdom  
Above all princes, in committing freely  
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom :  
Who can be angry now ? what envy reach you ?  
The Spaniard,<sup>5</sup> tied by blood and favour to her,  
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,  
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,<sup>6</sup>  
I mean the learnèd ones, in Christian kingdoms  
Have their free voices,<sup>7</sup> Rome, the nurse of judgment,  
Invited by your noble self, hath sent

<sup>4</sup> That is, *so sick* as he is proud.

<sup>5</sup> *Spaniard* is here equivalent to *Spanish*, as appears by *they* referring to it. Adjectives singular were often thus used with the sense of plural substantives.

<sup>6</sup> A *clerk* is, in the original meaning of the word, a *scholar* ; and in old times, when learning was confined to the clergy, the word grew to mean a clergyman.

<sup>7</sup> *Sent*, at the end of the next line, is probably to be understood here. Such is Singer's explanation. — *Voices for opinions or judgments.* The question of the divorce was in fact laid before all or most of the learned bodies in Europe, who sent forward their opinions in writing ; but it is pretty well understood that some of their " free voices " were well paid for.

One general tongue unto us, this good man,  
This just and learnèd priest, Cardinal Campeius,  
Whom once ~~more~~ I ~~present~~ unto your Highness.

*King.* And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,  
And thank the holy Conclave<sup>8</sup> for their loves :  
They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

*Cam.* Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers'<sup>9</sup>  
loves,

You are so noble. To your Highness' hand  
I tender my commission ; — by whose virtue<sup>10</sup> —  
The Court of Rome commanding — you, my Lord  
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant  
In the impartial judging of this business.

*King.* Two equal<sup>11</sup> men. The Queen shall be acquainted  
Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

*Wol.* I know your Majesty has always loved her  
So dear in heart, not to deny her that<sup>12</sup>  
A woman of less place might ask by law, —  
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

*King.* Ay, and the best she shall have ; and my favour  
To him that does best : God forbid else. Cardinal,  
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary :  
I find him a fit fellow. [Exit WOLSEY.]

<sup>8</sup> The holy *Conclave* is the College of Cardinals, in whose name Campeius was sent as special Legate in the business. His right name is *Campeggio*. He was an eminent canonist, and arrived in London, October 7, 1528, but in such a state of suffering and weakness, that he was carried in a litter to his lodgings.

<sup>9</sup> *Strangers* here means *foreigners*.

<sup>10</sup> By the *virtue of which* ; referring to the commission.

<sup>11</sup> *Equal* is *impartial* ; men *equally* favourable to both the parties.

<sup>12</sup> In old English, *that* is very often used for the compound relative *what, that which*.

*Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.*

*Wol.* [*Aside to GARD.*] Give me your hand : much joy  
and favour to you ;

You are the King's now.

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

*King.* Come hither, Gardiner. [*They converse apart.*]

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

*Wol.* Yes, he was.

*Cam.* Was he not held a learnèd man ?

*Wol.* Yes, surely.

*Cam.* Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread, then,  
Even of yourself, Lord Cardinal.

*Wol.* How ! of me ?

*Cam.* They will not stick to say you envied him ;  
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,  
Kept him a foreign man still ;<sup>13</sup> which so grieved him,  
That he ran mad and died.

*Wol.* Heaven's peace be with him !  
That's Christian care enough : for living murmurers  
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool ;  
For he would needs be virtuous : that good fellow,<sup>14</sup>  
If I command him, follows my appointment :  
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,  
We live not to be griped by meaner persons.

*King.* Deliver this with modesty to th' Queen. —

[*Exit GARDINER.*]

<sup>13</sup> Kept him employed *abroad*, or in foreign parts. Holinshed says that Wolsey grew jealous of Dr. Pace's standing with the King, and so kept shifting him off on frivolous or unimportant embassies, till "at length he took such grief therewith, that he fell out of his right wits."

<sup>14</sup> He means Gardiner ; a "good fellow" because unscrupulous.

The most convenient place that I can think of  
 For such receipt of learning <sup>15</sup> is Black-Friars ;  
 There ye shall meet about this weighty business :  
 My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. — O, my lord,  
 Would it not grieve an able man to leave  
 So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,  
 O, 'tis a tender place ! and I must leave her. [ *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.— *The Same. An Ante-chamber in the Queen's Apartments.*

*Enter ANNE BOLEYN and an old Lady.*

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

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

*Anne.* O, God's will ! much better  
 She ne'er had known pomp : though't be temporal,  
 Yet, if that fortune's quarrel do divorce

<sup>15</sup> A rather odd expression ; but meaning "for the reception of such learned men." *Receipt*, however, for the thing received occurs elsewhere. See *King Richard the Second*, page 44, note 26.

It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging  
As soul and body's severing.

*Old L.* Alas, poor lady !  
She is a stranger now again.

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

*Old L.* Our content  
Is our best having.

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

*Old L.* Beshrew me, I would,  
And venture maidenhood for't ; and so would you,  
For all this spice of your hypocrisy :  
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,  
Have too a woman's heart ; which ever yet  
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty ;  
Which, to say sooth, are blessings ; and which gifts —  
Saving your mincing<sup>1</sup> — the capacity  
Of your soft cheveril conscience<sup>2</sup> would receive,  
If you might please to stretch it.

<sup>1</sup> *Mincing* is *affectation*. To *mince* is, properly, to *cut up fine*, as in making *mince-meat*. Hence it came to be used of *walking affectedly*, that is, with very *short steps*, and so of affected behaviour generally. So in Isaiah, iii. 16: "The daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, *mincing* as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet."

<sup>2</sup> Meaning the same as the "india-rubber consciences" of our time; *cheveril* being leather made of kid-skin, which was peculiarly yielding and *stretchy*. See *Twelfth Night*, page 83, note 4.

*Anne.* Nay, good troth, —

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

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

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

*Anne.* No, in truth.

*Old L.* Then you are weakly made : pluck off a little ;<sup>3</sup>  
I would not be a young count in your way,  
For more than blushing comes to.

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

*Old L.* In faith, for little England  
You'd venture an emballing :<sup>4</sup> I myself  
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there long'd  
No more to th' crown but that. Lo, who comes here ?

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

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

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

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

<sup>3</sup> Anne declining to be either a *queen* or a *duchess*, the old lady says "pluck off a little"; let us descend a little lower, and so diminish the glare of preferment by bringing it nearer your own quality.

<sup>4</sup> That is, you would venture to be distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty, used with the sceptre at coronations.



*Anne.* Now, I pray God, amen !

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

*Anne.* I do not know  
What kind of my obedience I should tender ;  
More than my all is nothing : nor my prayers  
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes  
More worth than empty vanities ; yet prayers and wishes  
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship  
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,  
As from a blushing handmaid, to his Highness ;  
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

*Cham.* Lady,  
I shall not fail t' approve the fair conceit<sup>5</sup>  
The King hath of you. — [*Aside.*] I've perused her well ;  
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,  
That they have caught the King : and who knows yet  
But from this lady may proceed a gem  
To lighten<sup>6</sup> all this isle ? — [*To her.*] I'll to the King,

<sup>5</sup> To *approve* is here to *confirm*, by the report he shall make, the *good opinion* the King has formed.

<sup>6</sup> The carbuncle was supposed to have intrinsic light, and to shine in the dark ; any other gem may reflect light but cannot give it. Thus in a Palace described in *Amadis de Gaule*, 1619 : " In the rooffe of a chamber hung two lames of gold, at the bottomes whereof were enchased two carbuncles,

And say I spoke with you.

*Anne.* My honour'd lord.

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn) [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

*Old L.* Why, this it is ; see, see !

I have been begging sixteen years in Court,—  
Am yet a courtier beggarly, — nor could  
Come pat betwixt too early and too late  
For any suit of pounds ; and you, O fate !  
A very fresh-fish here, — fie, fie upon  
This compell'd fortune ! — have your mouth fill'd up  
Before you open't.

*Anne.* This is strange to me.

*Old L.* How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence,<sup>7</sup> no.  
There was a lady once — 'tis an old story —  
That would not be a queen, that would she not,  
For all the mud in Egypt : have you heard it?

*Anne.* Come, you are pleasant.

*Old L.* With your theme, I could  
O'er mount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke !  
A thousand pounds a-year, for pure respect !  
No other obligation ! By my life,  
That promises more thousands : honour's train  
Is longer than his foreskirt.<sup>8</sup> By this time  
I know your back will bear a duchess : say,  
Are you not stronger than you were?

*Anne.* Good lady,  
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,

which gave so bright a splendour round about the roome, that there was no  
neede of any other light."

<sup>7</sup> *Forty pence* was in those days the proverbial expression of a small  
wager.

<sup>8</sup> Meaning, of course, that still ampler honours are forthcoming to her ;  
or that the banquet will outsweeten the foretaste.

And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,  
 If this salute my blood<sup>9</sup> a jot : it faints me,  
 To think what follows.  
 The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
 In our long absence : pray, do not deliver  
 What here you've heard to her.

*Old L.*

What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *The Same.* A Hall in Black-Friars.

*Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands ; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors ; after them, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY<sup>1</sup> alone ; after him, the Bishops of LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT ASAPH ; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat ; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross ; then a Gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-arms bearing a silver mace ; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars ; after them, side by*

<sup>9</sup> "Salute my blood" means about the same as *raise* or *exhilarate* my *spirits*. The phrase sounds harsh ; but *blood* is often put for *passion*, or for the passions generally ; and to *salute* easily draws into the sense of to *encourage*, or to *stimulate* for encouragement. So in the Poet's 121st Sonnet :

For why should others' false-adulterate eyes  
 Give salutation to my sportive blood ?

<sup>1</sup> At this time, June 21, 1529, the Archbishop of Canterbury was William Warham, who died in August, 1532, and was succeeded by Cranmer the following March. — The whole of this long stage-direction is taken *verbatim* from the original copy, and in most of its particulars was according to the actual event. — The "two priests bearing each a silver cross," and the "two gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars," were parts of Wolsey's official pomp and circumstance ; the one being symbolic of his office as Archbishop of York, the other of his authority as Cardinal Legate.

*side, the two Cardinals, WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS ; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and their trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state ; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory ; between them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the hall.*

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

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

*Wol.* Be't so. — Proceed.

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

*Crier.* Henry King of England, &c.

*King.* Here.

*Scribe.* Say, Catharine Queen of England, come into the court.

*Crier.* Catharine Queen of England, &c.

*[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet ; then speaks.]*<sup>2</sup>

*Cath.* Sir, I desire you do me right and justice ;  
And to bestow your pity on me : for  
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,

<sup>2</sup> Because she could not come directly to the king for the distance which severed them, she took pain to go about unto the king, kneeling down at his feet. — CAVENDISH.

Born out of your dominions ; having here  
No judge indifferent,<sup>3</sup> nor no more assurance  
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,  
In what have I offended you ? what cause  
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,  
That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness,  
I've been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable ;  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry,  
As I saw it inclined. When was the hour  
I ever contradicted your desire,  
Or made it not mine too ? Which of your friends  
Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
He were mine enemy ? what friend of mine,  
That had to him derived your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking ? nay, gave not notice  
He was from thence discharged ? Sir, call to mind  
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
Upward of twenty years ; and have been blest  
With many children by you : if, in the course  
And process of this time, you can report,  
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,  
Against your sacred person,<sup>4</sup> in God's name,  
Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt  
Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
To th' sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,  
The King, your father, was reputed for -

<sup>3</sup> *Indifferent* in its old sense of *impartial*.

<sup>4</sup> *Aught* is understood before "Against your sacred person."

A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
And unmatch'd wit and judgment : Ferdinand,  
My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one  
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many  
A year before : it is not to be question'd  
That they had gather'd a wise council to them  
Of every realm, that did debate this business,  
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly  
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may  
Be by my friends in Spain advised ; whose counsel  
I will implore : if not, i' the name of God,  
Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

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

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

*Cath.* Lord Cardinal,—  
To you I speak.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> The acting of Mrs. Siddons has been much celebrated as yielding an apt commentary on this passage. The effect, it would seem, must have been fine ; but perhaps the thing savours overmuch of forcing the Poet to express another's thoughts. As thus interpreted, the Queen begins a reply to Campeius ; and then, some movement taking place, she forthwith changes

*Wol.* Your pleasure, madam?

*Cath.* Sir,

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

*Wol.* Be patient yet.

*Cath.* I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,  
Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
Induced by potent circumstances, that  
You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge<sup>6</sup>  
You shall not be my judge : for it is you  
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me ;  
Which God's dew quench ! Therefore I say again,  
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul  
Refuse<sup>7</sup> you for my judge ; whom, yet once more,  
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
At all a friend to truth.

*Wol.* I do profess  
You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet  
Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects  
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong :  
I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice  
For you or any : how far I've proceeded,

her purpose, turns round to Wolsey, and most pointedly and with the utmost dignity of injured virtue directs her speech to him, making *you* very emphatic.

<sup>6</sup> *Challenge* here is a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a jurymen, says, " I *challenge* him."

<sup>7</sup> *Abhor* and *refuse* are not the mere words of passion, but technical terms of the canon law : *detestor* and *recuso*. The former, in the language of canonists, signifies no more than I *protest* against. — BLACKSTONE.

Or how far further shall, is warranted  
 By a commission from the Consistory,  
 Yea, the whole Consistory of Rome: You charge me  
 That I have blown this coal: I do deny it.  
 The King is present: if't be known to him  
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
 And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much  
 As you have done my truth. But, if he know  
 That I am free of your report, he knows  
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him  
 It lies to cure me; and the cure is, to  
 Remove these thoughts from you: the which before  
 His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,  
 And to say so no more.

*Cath.*

My lord, my lord,

I am a simple woman, much too weak  
 To oppose your cunning. You're meek-and-humble-mouth'd;  
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,<sup>8</sup>  
 With meekness and humility: but your heart  
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.  
 You have, by fortune, and his Highness' favours,  
 Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted  
 Where powers are your retainers; and your words,  
 Domestic to you, serve your will as't please

<sup>8</sup> You have *in appearance* meekness and humility, as a *token* or *outward sign* of your place and calling. But perhaps Heath's explanation is better: "You testify your high rank in the Church, and your priestly character, by that meekness and humility, the semblance of which you know perfectly well how to assume. Every one knows that attestations are authenticated by signing them; whence, I suppose, by a pretty violent catachresis, the Poet substituted the verb *sign*, instead of the more simple and obvious one, *attest*."



Yourself pronounce their office.<sup>9</sup> I must tell you,  
 You tender more your person's honour than  
 Your high profession spiritual; that again  
 I do refuse you for my judge; and here,  
 Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,  
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness,  
 And to be judged by him.

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

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

*King.* Call her again.

*Crier.* Catharine Queen of England, come into the court.

*Grif.* Madam, you are call'd back.

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

[*Exeunt* QUEEN, GRIFFITH, and her other Attendants.

*King.* Go thy ways, Kate:  
 That man i' the world who shall report he has  
 A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,

<sup>9</sup> This passage has exercised the commentators a good deal, and is indeed rather obscure; though I suspect the obscurity is owing mainly to the great compression of language. I take the meaning to be something thus: Now you have full *power* to work your *will*, and therefore use *words* as men use *domestics*, merely as they will serve your ends, without any regard to *truth*. *Powers*, plural, for the power of doing *various* things, whatever he may wish. *Are your retainers* seems equivalent to *are entirely at your will and pleasure*.

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

*Wol.* Most gracious sir,  
In humblest manner I require<sup>10</sup> your Highness,  
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing  
Of all these ears, — for where I'm robb'd and bound,  
There must I be unloosed ; although not there  
At once and fully satisfied, — whether ever I  
Did broach this business to your Highness ; or  
Laid any scruple in your way, which might  
Induce you to the question on't? or ever  
Have to you — but with thanks to God for such  
A royal lady — spake one the least word that might  
Be to the prejudice of her present state,  
Or touch of her good person ?

*King.* My Lord Cardinal,  
I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,  
I free you from't. You are not to be taught  
That you have many enemies, that know not  
Why they are so, but, like to village-curs,  
Bark when their fellows do : by some of these  
The Queen is put in anger. You're excused :

<sup>10</sup> *Require*, in old language, is often the same as *request*. Shakespeare has it so repeatedly. Thus in *Macbeth*, iii. 4 : " In best time we will *require* her welcome." And in *Coriolanus*, ii. 3 : " Once, if he do *require* our voices."

But will you be more justified? you ever  
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never  
 Desired it to be stirr'd, but oft have hinder'd, oft,  
 The passages made toward it: — on my honour,  
 I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this point,<sup>11</sup>  
 And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me to't,  
 I will be bold with time and your attention:  
 Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came; give heed to't:  
 My conscience first received a tenderness,  
 Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd  
 By th' Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;  
 Who had been hither sent on the debating  
 A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and  
 Our daughter Mary: i' the progress of this business,  
 Ere a determinate resolution, he —  
 I mean the bishop — did require a respite;  
 Wherein he might the King his lord advèrtise  
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
 Respecting<sup>12</sup> this our marriage with the dowager,  
 Sometimes<sup>13</sup> our brother's wife. This respite shook  
 The bottom of my conscience, enter'd me,  
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble  
 The region of my breast; which forced such way,  
 That many mazed considerings did throng,  
 And press'd in with this caution. First, methought  
 This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom,  
 Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not

<sup>11</sup> The King, having first addressed Wolsey, breaks off; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the Cardinal's mind upon the point in question.

<sup>12</sup> *Respecting*, here, is *considering*. So the usual meaning of the substantive *respect* was *consideration*. See *King John*, page 128, note 5.

<sup>13</sup> Both *sometimes* and *sometime* often had the sense of *formerly*.

Be gladdened in't by me : then follows, that  
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
 By this my issue's fail : and that gave to me  
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in  
 The wild sea <sup>14</sup> of my conscience, I did steer  
 Toward this remedy, whereupon we are  
 Now present here together ; that's to say,  
 I meant to rectify my conscience — which  
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well —  
 By all the reverend fathers of the land  
 And doctors learn'd. — First I began in private  
 With you, my Lord of Lincoln : you remember  
 How under my oppression I did reek,  
 When I first moved you.

*Lin.* Very well, my liege.

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

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

*King.* I then moved you,  
 My Lord of Canterbury ; and got your leave  
 To make this present summons : — unsolicited  
 I left no reverend person in this court ;

<sup>14</sup> The phrase belongs to navigation. A ship is said to *hull* when she is dismasted, and only her *hull* or *hulk* is left to be driven to and fro by the waves. So in the *Alarm for London*, 1602 : " And they lye *hulling up and down* the stream."

But by particular consent proceeded  
 Under your hands and seals : therefore go on :  
 For no dislike i' the world against the person  
 Of the good Queen, but the sharp thorny points  
 Of my allegèd reasons, drive this forward.  
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life  
 And kingly dignity, we are contented  
 To wear our mortal state to come with her,  
 Catharine our Queen, before the primest creature  
 That's paragon'd<sup>15</sup> o' the world.

*Cam.* So please your Highness,

The Queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness  
 That we adjourn this court till further day :  
 Meanwhile must be an earnest motion  
 Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal  
 She intends unto his Holiness. [*They rise to depart.*]

*King.* [*Aside.*] I may perceive

These Cardinals trifle with me : I abhor  
 This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.  
 My learn'd and well-belovèd servant, Cranmer,  
 Pr'ythee, return :<sup>16</sup> with thy approach, I know,  
 My comfort comes along.— Break up the court :  
 I say, set on. [*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*]

<sup>15</sup> To be *paragoned* is to be *compared*, or to admit of rivalry or comparison. Shakespeare has the word several times as a verb. So in *Othello*, ii. 2: "A maid that *paragons* description and wild fame." Here the word evidently means *rivals* or *exceeds*. So, again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 5: "I will give thee bloody teeth, if thou with Cæsar *paragon* again my man of men."

<sup>16</sup> The King, be it observed, is here merely thinking aloud. Cranmer was at that time absent on a foreign embassy.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—*London. Palace at Bridewell: a Room in the Queen's Apartment.*

*The Queen and some of her Women at work.*

*Cath.* Take thy lute, wench:<sup>1</sup> my soul grows sad with troubles;  
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain-tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves, when he did sing:  
To his music plants and flowers  
Ever sprung; as<sup>2</sup> Sun and showers  
There had made a lasting Spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.<sup>3</sup>  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing<sup>4</sup> care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

<sup>1</sup> *Wench*, generally implying some disparagement, is here used as a familiar term of kindness or endearment. *Wretch*, a still stronger word, is repeatedly used by the Poet in a similar way.

<sup>2</sup> *As for as if*; a very frequent usage with the old poets.

<sup>3</sup> *To lay by* is a nautical term for to *slacken sail*, and so means to *become quiet or composed*.

<sup>4</sup> *Killing* is here used as an adjective, not as a participle.

. *Enter a Gentleman.*

*Cath.* How now!

*Gent.* An't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals  
Wait in the presence.<sup>5</sup>

*Cath.* Would they speak with me?

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

*Cath.* Pray their Graces  
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*]—What can be their business  
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?  
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.  
They should be good men; their affairs are righteous:  
But all hoods make not monks.<sup>6</sup>

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.*

*Wol.* Peace to your Highness!

*Cath.* Your Graces find me here part of a housewife:  
I would be all, against the worst may happen.  
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

*Wol.* May't please you, noble madam, to withdraw  
Into your private chamber, we shall give you  
The full cause of our coming.

*Cath.* Speak it here;  
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,  
Deserves a corner: would all other women

<sup>5</sup> Presence for *presence-chamber*, the room where Majesty received company.

<sup>6</sup> Being churchmen, they should be virtuous, and every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office: but all hoods make not monks. In allusion to the Latin proverb, *Cucullus non facit monachum*, to which Chaucer also alludes:

*Habite ne maketh monke ne frere;*  
But a clene life and devotion,  
Maketh gode men of religion.

Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !  
 My lords, I care not—so much I am happy  
 Above a number—if my actions  
 Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,  
 Envy and base opinion set against 'em,  
 I know my life so even. If your business  
 Do seek me out, and that way I am wife in,<sup>7</sup>  
 Out with it boldly : truth loves open dealing.

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

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

*Wol.* Noble lady,  
 I'm sorry my integrity should breed  
 So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant,  
 And service to his Majesty and you.  
 We come not by the way of accusation,  
 To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,  
 Nor to betray you any way to sorrow ;  
 You have too much, good lady : but to know  
 How you stand minded in the weighty difference  
 Between the King and you ; and to deliver,

<sup>7</sup> The expression is certainly very odd ; but the meaning probably is, "and with reference to that question or matter which concerns me as a wife."



Like free and honest men, our just opinions,  
And comforts to your cause.

*Cam.* [www.libtool.com](http://www.libtool.com) Most honour'd madam,  
My Lord of York, — out of his noble nature,  
Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace, —  
(Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure  
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,) —  
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,  
His service and his counsel.

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

*Wol.* Madam; you wrong the King's love with these  
fears :  
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

*Cath.* In England  
But little for my profit : can you think, lords,  
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?  
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his Highness' pleasure, —  
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest, —  
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,

They that must weigh out<sup>8</sup> my afflictions,  
 They that my trust must grow to, live not here :  
 They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,  
 In mine own country, lords.

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

*Cath.* How, sir?

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

*Wol.* He tells you rightly.

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

*Cam.* Your rage mistakes us.

*Cath.* The more shame for ye :<sup>9</sup> holy men I thought ye,  
 Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues ;  
 But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye :  
 Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?  
 The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,  
 A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?  
 I will not wish ye half my miseries ;  
 I have more charity : but say, I warn'd ye ;  
 Take heed, for Heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once  
 The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

*Wol.* Madam, this is a mere distraction ;

<sup>8</sup> *Weigh out* for *weigh* ; that is, *consider* them, *do justice* to them.

<sup>9</sup> If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine ; for I thought you good.

You turn the good we offer into envy.<sup>10</sup>

*Cath.* Ye turn me into nothing : woe upon ye,  
 And all such false professors ! Would you have me —  
 If you have any justice, any pity,  
 If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits —  
 Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me ?  
 Alas, 'has banish'd me his bed already,  
 His love, too long ago ! I'm old, my lords,  
 And all the fellowship I hold now with him  
 Is only my obedience. What can happen  
 To me above this wretchedness ? all your studies  
 Make me a curse like this.

*Cam.* Your fears are worse.

*Cath.* Have I lived thus long (let me speak myself,  
 Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one ?  
 A woman — I dare say, without vain-glory —  
 Never yet branded with suspicion ?  
 Have I with all my full affections  
 Still met the King ? loved him next Heaven ? obey'd him ?  
 Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him ?  
 Almost forgot my prayers to content him ?  
 And am I thus rewarded ? 'tis not well, lords.  
 Bring me a constant woman to her husband,<sup>11</sup>  
 One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure ;  
 And to that woman, when she has done most,  
 Yet will I add an honour, — a great patience.

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

*Cath.* My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,  
 To give up willingly that noble title

<sup>10</sup> *Envy*, again, for *malice*. See page 78, note 4.

<sup>11</sup> A woman constant to her husband. *Constant* in the sense of *faithful*.

Your master wed me to : nothing but death  
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

*Wol.* [www.libtool.com](http://www.libtool.com) Pray, hear me.

*Cath.* Would I had never trod this English earth,  
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !  
Ye've angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts.  
What will become of me now, wretched lady !  
I am the most unhappy woman living.—  
[*To her Women.*] Alas, poor wenches, where are now your  
fortunes !

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,  
No friends, no hope ; no kindred weep for me ;  
Almost no grave allow'd me : like the lily,  
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,  
I'll hang my head and perish.

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

*Cam.* Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues  
With these weak women's fears : a noble spirit,

As yours was put into you, ever casts  
 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The King loves you ;  
 Beware you lose it not : for us, if please you  
 To trust us in your business, we are ready  
 To use our utmost studies in your service.

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

SCENE II. — *The Same. Ante-chamber to the King's Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, the Duke of SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Nor.* If you will now unite in your complaints,  
 And force<sup>1</sup> them with a constancy, the Cardinal  
 Cannot stand under them : if you omit  
 The offer of this time, I cannot promise  
 But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,  
 With these you bear already.

*Sur.* I am joyful  
 To meet the least occasion that may give me

<sup>1</sup> Force for enforce, press, or urge. So in *Measure for Measure*, iii. 1 : "That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose when he would force it."

Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,  
To be revenged on him.

*Suf.* Which of the peers  
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least  
Strangely neglected?<sup>2</sup> when did he regard  
The stamp of nobleness in any person  
Out of himself?

*Cham.* My lords, you speak your pleasures :  
What he deserves of you and me I know ;  
What we can do to him, — though now the time  
Gives way<sup>3</sup> to us, — I much fear. If you cannot  
Bar his access to th' King, never attempt  
Any thing on him ; for he hath a witchcraft  
Over the King in's tongue.

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

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

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

*Sur.* How came  
His practices to light?

<sup>2</sup> The force of *not* in *uncontemn'd* extends over *strangely neglected*. The Poet has many instances of similar construction.

<sup>3</sup> That is, *opens a way*, gives us an *opportunity*. So in *Julius Casar*, ii. 3: "Security *gives way* to conspiracy."

*Suf.* Most strangely.

*Sur.* O, how, how?

*Suf.* The Cardinal's letter to the Pope miscarried,  
And came to th' eye o' the King : wherein was read,  
How that the Cardinal did entreat his Holiness  
To stay the judgment o' the divorce ; for, if  
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*  
*My King is tangled in affection to*  
*A creature of the Queen's, Lady Anne Boleyn.*

*Sur.* Has the King this ?

*Suf.* Believe it.

*Sur.* Will this work ?

*Cham.* The King in this perceives him, how he coasts  
And hedges his own way.<sup>4</sup> But in this point  
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic  
After his patient's death : the King already  
Hath married the fair lady.<sup>5</sup>

*Sur.* Would he had !

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

*Sur.* Now, all joy  
Trace<sup>6</sup> the conjunction !

*Suf.* My amen to't !

*Nor.* All men's !

<sup>4</sup> To *coast* is to hover about, to pursue a sidelong course about a thing. To *hedge* is to creep along by the hedge, not to take the direct and open path, but to steal covertly through circumvolutions.

<sup>5</sup> The date commonly assigned for the marriage of Henry and Anne is November 14, 1532; at which time they set sail together from Calais, the King having been on a visit to his royal brother of France. Lingard, following Godwin, Stowe, and Cranmer, says they were privately married the 25th of January, 1533.

<sup>6</sup> To *trace* is to follow or attend.

*Suf.* There's order given for her coronation :  
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left  
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,  
She is a gallant creature, and complete  
In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her  
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall  
In it be memorized.<sup>7</sup>

*Sur.* But will the King  
Digest this letter of the Cardinal's ?  
The Lord forbid !

*Nor.* Marry, amen !

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

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

*Nor.* But, my lord,  
When returns Cranmer ?

*Suf.* He is return'd in his opinions ;<sup>8</sup> which

<sup>7</sup> To *memorize* is to *make memorable*. So in *Macbeth*, i. 2: "Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds, or *memorize* another Golgotha, I cannot tell."

<sup>8</sup> Cranmer, then one of the King's chaplains, had been on a special mission to advocate the divorce at Rome, and to collect the *opinions* of learned canonists and divines in Italy and elsewhere. Doubtless these are the *opinions* meant in the text. The using of *in* with the force of *as to*, or *in respect of*, has occasioned some doubt as to what is meant by *opinions*. Cranmer has returned *in effect*, by sending on the opinions.



Have satisfied the King for his divorce,  
 Together with all famous colleges  
 Almost in Christendom, shortly, I believe,  
 His second marriage shall be publish'd, and  
 Her coronation. Catharine no more  
 Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager  
 And widow to Prince Arthur.

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

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

*Nor.* So I hear.

*Suf.* 'Tis so.  
 The Cardinal!

*Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.*

*Nor.* Observe, observe, he's moody.

*Wol.* The packet, Cromwell, gave't you the King?

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

*Wol.* Look'd he o' the inside of the papers?

*Crom.* Presently

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

*Wol.* Is he ready  
 To come abroad?

*Crom.* I think, by this he is.

*Wol.* Leave me awhile. — [*Exit CROMWELL.*]

It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon  
 The French King's sister: he shall marry her.

Anne Boleyn ! No ; I'll no Anne Boleyns for him :  
There is more in it than fair visage. Boleyn !  
No, we'll no Boleyns. Speedily I wish  
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke !

*Nor.* He's discontented.

*Suf.* May be, he hears the King  
Does whet his anger to him.

*Sur.* Sharp enough,  
Lord, for Thy justice !

*Wol.* The late Queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,  
To be her mistress' mistress ! the Queen's queen !  
This candle burns not clear : 'tis I must snuff it ;  
Then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous  
And well-deserving ? yet I know her for  
A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to  
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of  
Our hard-ruled King. Again, there is sprung up  
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one  
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,  
And is his oracle.

*Nor.* He's vex'd at something.

*Sur.* I would 'twere something that would fret the string,  
The master-cord on's heart !

*Suf.* The King, the King !

*Enter the King, reading a schedule, and LOVELL.*

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

*Nor.* My lord, we have

Stood here observing him : some strange commotion  
 Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;  
 Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,  
 Then lays his finger on his temple ; straight  
 Springs out into fast gait ; then stops again,  
 Strikes his breast hard ; and then anon he casts  
 His eye against the Moon : in most strange postures  
 We've seen him set himself.

*King.* It may well be  
 There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning  
 Papers of State he sent me to peruse,  
 As I required : and wot you what I found,  
 There, on my conscience, put unwittingly ?  
 Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing :  
 The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,  
 Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household ; which  
 I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks  
 Possession of a subject.<sup>9</sup>

*Nor.* It's Heaven's will :  
 Some spirit put this paper in the packet,

<sup>9</sup> This incident, in its application to Wolsey, is a fiction : he made no such mistake ; but, another person having once done so, he took occasion thereby to ruin him. The story is told by Holinshed of Thomas Ruthall, Bishop of Durham ; who was accounted the richest subject in the realm ; and who, having by the King's order written a book setting forth the whole estate of the kingdom, had it bound up in the same style as one before written, setting forth his own private affairs. At the proper time the King sent Wolsey to get the book, and the Bishop gave him the wrong one. " The cardinal, having the booke, went forthwith to the king, delivered it into his hands, and brieflie informed him of the contents thereof ; putting further into his head, that if at anie time he were destitute of a masse of monie, he should not need to seeke further than to the cofers of the bishop. Of all which when the bishop had intelligence, he was stricken with such greefe, that he shortlie ended his life in the yeare 1523."

To bless your eye withal.

*King.* If we did think  
His contemplation were above the Earth,  
And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still  
Dwell in his musings : but I am afraid  
His thinkings are below the Moon, not worth  
His serious considering. [*Takes his seat, and whispers* LOV-  
ELL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.

*Wol.* Heaven forgive me !—  
Ever God bless your Highness !

*King.* Good my lord,  
You're full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory  
Of your best graces in your mind ; the which  
You were now running o'er : you have scarce time  
To steal from spiritual leisure<sup>10</sup> a brief span  
To keep your earthly audit : sure, in that  
I deem you an ill husband,<sup>11</sup> and am glad  
To have you therein my companion.

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

<sup>10</sup> That is, leisure for *spiritual exercises*. The King seems biting him with irony ; as if his leisure were so filled up with spiritual concerns, that he could not spare any of it for worldly affairs. "Keep your earthly audit" means, apparently, look after your temporal interests, or audit, that is, *verify*, your secular accounts.

<sup>11</sup> *Husband*, as here used, is *manager*. So we have *husbandry* for *management*. These senses come naturally from the primitive sense of *husband*, which is *house band* ; that which keeps the house in order, and so makes it a *home*.

Must give my tendance to.

*King.* You have said well.

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

*King.* 'Tis well said again ;  
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well :  
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you :  
He said he did ; and with his deed did crown  
His word upon you. Since I had my office,  
I've kept you next my heart ; have not alone  
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,  
But pared my present havings,<sup>12</sup> to bestow  
My bounties upon you.

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

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

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

*Wol.* My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,  
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could  
My studied purposes requite ; which<sup>13</sup> went  
Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours  
Have ever come too short of my desires,

<sup>12</sup> *Having*, as often, for *possession*, or what one *has*. *Pared*, of course, is *lessened*, *reduced*, or *impaired*.

<sup>13</sup> *Which* refers, no doubt, to *royal graces*, not to *purposes*. He means that the King's favours to him were greater than any man could possibly merit.

Yet filed with my abilities :<sup>14</sup> mine own 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, poor undeserver, I  
 Can nothing render but allegiant thanks ;  
 My prayers to Heaven for you ; my loyalty,  
 Which ever has and ever shall be growing,  
 Till death, that Winter, kill it.

*King.*

Fairly answer'd ;

A loyal and obedient subject is  
 Therein illustrated : the honour of it  
 Does pay the act of it ; as, i' the contrary,  
 The foulness is the punishment. I presume  
 That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
 My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more  
 On you than any ; so your hand and heart,  
 Your brain, and every function of your power,  
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,  
 As 'twere in love's particular, be more  
 To me, your friend, than any.<sup>15</sup>

*Wol.*

I do profess

That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd  
 More than mine own ; that I am true, and will be,  
 Though all the world should crack their duty to you,  
 And throw it from their soul : though perils did  
 Abound as thick as thought could make 'em, and  
 Appear in forms more horrid, yet my duty —  
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood —

<sup>14</sup> That is, kept pace, walked in the same *file*, with my abilities.

<sup>15</sup> "Besides your bond of duty as a loyal and obedient servant, you owe a particular devotion to me as your special benefactor."

Should the approach of this wild river break,  
And stand unshaken yours.

*King.* [www.libtool.com](http://www.libtool.com) 'Tis nobly spoken. —

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,  
For you have seen him open't. — Read o'er this ;

And, after, this : [ *Giving him papers.*

and then to breakfast with

What appetite you have. [*Exit, frowning upon WOLSEY : the Nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering.*]

*Wol.*

What should this mean ?

What sudden anger's this ? how have I reap'd it ?

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin

Leap'd from his eyes : so looks the chafed lion

Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him ;

Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper ;

I fear, the story of his anger. — 'Tis so ;

This paper has undone me : 'tis th' account

Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together

For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the Popedom,

And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,

Fit for a fool to fall by ! what cross devil

Made me put this main secret in the packet

I sent the King ? Is there no way to cure this ?

No new device to beat this from his brains ?

I know 'twill stir him strongly ; yet I know

A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune,

Will bring me off again. — What's this ? *To th' Pope !*

The letter, as I live, with all the business

I writ to's Holiness. Nay, then farewell !

I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;

And, from that full meridian of my glory,

I haste now to my setting : I shall fall

Like a bright exhalation<sup>16</sup> in the evening,  
And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the Earl of  
SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Nor.* Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal ; who commands  
you

To render up the Great Seal presently  
Into our hands ; and to confine yourself  
To Asher-house,<sup>17</sup> my Lord of Winchester's,  
Till you hear further from his Highness.

*Wol.*

Stay ;

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

*Suf.*

Who dare cross 'em,

Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly ?

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

I mean your malice,—know, officious lords,

I dare and must deny it. Now I feel

Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy :

How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,

As if it fed ye ! and how sleek and wanton

Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin !

Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;<sup>18</sup>

You've Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,

<sup>16</sup> *Exhalation* was often used in a way now quite out of date. Here it probably means what we call a *meteor*. See *King John*, page 98, notes 16 and 19; also, *1 Henry IV.*, page 54, note 3.

<sup>17</sup> *Asher* was the ancient name of *Esher*, in Surrey. The author forgot that *Wolsey* was himself Bishop of Winchester, having succeeded Bishop Fox in 1528, holding the see in commendam. *Esher* was one of the episcopal palaces belonging to that see.

<sup>18</sup> An apt instance of *envy* for *malice* ; also, of *envious* for *malicious*.



In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,  
 You ask with such a violence, the King—  
 Mine and your master— with his own hand gave me ;  
 Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,  
 During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,  
 Tied it by letters-patents :<sup>19</sup> now, who'll take it ?

*Sur.* The King, that gave it.

*Wol.* It must be himself, then.

*Sur.* Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

*Wol.* Proud lord, thou liest :

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better  
 Have burnt that tongue than said so.

*Sur.* Thy ambition,  
 Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land  
 Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :<sup>20</sup>  
 The heads of all thy brother cardinals—  
 With thee and all thy best parts bound together—  
 Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !  
 You sent me deputy for Ireland ;  
 Far from his succour, from the King, from all  
 That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest him :  
 Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,

<sup>19</sup> Such is the old form of writing what we call *letters-patent*; which are public official documents granting or securing certain rights to the persons named therein ; like a certificate of copyright.

<sup>20</sup> I have already noted that the Poet continues the same persons Duke of Norfolk and Earl of Surrey through the play. Here the Earl is the same who had married Buckingham's daughter, and had been shifted off out of the way, when that great nobleman was to be struck at. In fact, however, he who, at the beginning of the play, 1520, was Earl, became Duke in 1525. At the time of this scene the Earl of Surrey was the much-accomplished Henry Howard, son of the former ; a man of fine genius and heroic spirit, afterwards distinguished alike in poetry and in arms, and who, on the mere strength of royal suspicion, was sent to the block in 1547.

Absolved him with an axe.

*Wol.* This, and all else  
 This talking lord can lay upon my credit,  
 I answer is most false. The duke by law  
 Found his deserts : how innocent I was  
 From any private malice in his end,  
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.  
 If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you  
 You have as little honesty as honour ;  
 That in the way of loyalty and truth  
 Toward the King, my ever royal master, I  
 Dare mate<sup>21</sup> a sounder man than Surrey can be,  
 And all that love his follies.

*Sur.* By my soul,  
 Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou shouldst feel  
 My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. — My lords,  
 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?  
 And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,  
 To be thus jaded<sup>22</sup> by a piece of scarlet,  
 Farewell nobility ; let his Grace go forward,  
 And dare us with his cap like larks.<sup>23</sup>

*Wol.* All goodness  
 Is poison to thy stomach.

*Sur.* Yes, that goodness  
 Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,

<sup>21</sup> To *mate*, here, is to *match*, to *compete with*, to *challenge*.

<sup>22</sup> *Jaded* is *overcrowded*, *overmastered*. The force of this term may be best understood from a proverb given by Cotgrave, in *v. Rosse*, a *jade*. " Il n'est si bon cheval qui n'en deviendroit *rosse* : It would anger a saint, or *crestfull* the best man living to be so used."

<sup>23</sup> A cardinal's hat is scarlet, and the method of daring larks is by small mirrors on scarlet cloth, which engages the attention of the birds while the fowler draws his nets over them.

Into your own hands, Cardinal, by extortion ;  
 The goodness of your intercepted packets  
 You writ to th' Pope against the King : your goodness,  
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious. —  
 My Lord of Norfolk, — as you're truly noble,  
 As you respect the common good, the state  
 Of our despised nobility, our issues,  
 Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen, —  
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles  
 Collected from his life. — I'll startle you.

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

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

*Wol.* So much fairer  
 And spotless<sup>24</sup> shall mine innocence arise,  
 When the King knows my truth.

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

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

*Sur.* I had rather want those than my head. Have at  
 you !  
 First, that, without the King's assent or knowledge,  
 You wrought to be a Legate ; by which power

<sup>24</sup> The *more*, virtually implied in *fairer*, extends its force over *spotless* ;  
 "so much *more fair* and *spotless*." See 2 *Henry IV.*, page 156, note 2.

You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.<sup>25</sup>

*Nor.* Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else  
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*  
Was still inscribed ; in which you brought the King  
To be your servant.<sup>26</sup>

*Suf.* Then, that, without the knowledge  
Either of King or Council, when you went  
Ambassador to th' Emperor, you made bold  
To carry into Flanders the Great Seal.

*Sur.* Item, you sent a large commission  
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,  
Without the King's will or the State's allowance,<sup>27</sup>  
A league between his Highness and Ferrara.

*Suf.* That, out of mere ambition, you have caused

<sup>25</sup> A Legate, as the term is here used, was a special representative of the Pope. If admitted or resident in a country, he could, by virtue of his legation commission, overrule or supersede, for the time being, the local authority of the Bishops. For this cause, all exercise of such powers had been prohibited in England by special statute. Nevertheless Wolsey had in fact got himself made Legate, and this with the full approval of the King, though both of them knew the thing to be unlawful. But the King's approval did not justify the minister.

<sup>26</sup> These several charges are taken almost literally from Holinshed, where the second item reads thus : " In all writings which he wrote to Rome, or anie other forren prince, he wrote *Ego et rex meus*, I and my King ; as who would saie that the king were his servant." In the Latin idiom, however, such was the order prescribed by modesty itself. And, in fact, the charge against Wolsey, as given from the records of Lord Herbert, was not that he set himself above or before the King, but that he spoke of himself along with him : " Also, the said lord cardinal, in divers and many of his letters and instructions sent out of this realm, had joined himself with your grace, as in saying and writing, — *The king and I would ye should do thus ; — The king and I give you our hearty thanks* : whereby it is apparent that he used himself more like a fellow to your highness than like a subject."

<sup>27</sup> *Allowance* in its old sense of *approval*, or *sanction*, probably. The Poet has both the noun and the verb repeatedly in that sense.

Your holy hat be stamp'd on the King's coin.<sup>28</sup>

*Sur.* Then, that you've sent innumerable substance —  
By what means got, I leave to your own conscience —  
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways  
You have for dignities ; to th' mere<sup>29</sup> undoing  
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ;  
Which, since they are of you, and odious,  
I will not taint my mouth with.

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

*Sur.* I forgive him.

*Suf.* Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is, —  
Because all those things you have done of late,  
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,  
Fall into th' compass of a *præmunire*,<sup>30</sup> —  
That therefore such a writ be sued against you ;  
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,  
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be  
Out of the King's protection : this is my charge.

*Nor.* And so we'll leave you to your meditations  
How to live better. For your stubborn answer

<sup>28</sup> This was one of the articles exhibited against Wolsey, but rather with a view to swell the catalogue than from any serious cause of accusation ; inasmuch as the Archbishops Cranmer, Bainbridge, and Warham were indulged with the same privilege.

<sup>29</sup> *Mere* in the sense of *utter* or *absolute* ; a frequent usage.

<sup>30</sup> The judgment in a writ of *præmunire* (a barbarous word used instead of *præmonere*) is, that the defendant shall *be out of the King's protection* ; and his *lands and tenements, goods and chattels* forfeited to the King ; and that his body shall remain in prison at the King's pleasure.

About the giving back the Great Seal to us,  
The King shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.  
So fare you well, my little-good Lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but WOLSEY.*]

*Wol.* So farewell to the little good you bear me.  
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !  
This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
And — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a-ripening — nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many Summers in a sea of glory ;  
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,  
Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :  
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,<sup>31</sup>  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;  
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again. —

<sup>31</sup> "*Their ruin*" is the ruin which they inflict; *their* referring to *princes*: what is technically called the *subjective* genitive. So in ii. 3, of this play: "And free us from *his* slavery"; that is, the slavery imposed by him. See, also, *The Tempest*, page 138, note 23.

*Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell!

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, sir.

*Wol.*

What, amazed

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

*Crom.* How does your Grace?

*Wol.*

Why, well;

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

*Crom.* I'm glad your Grace has made that right use of it.

*Wol.* I hope I have: I'm able now, methinks—

Out of a fortitude of soul I feel —  
T' endure more miseries and greater far  
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.  
What news abroad?

*Crom.* The heaviest and the worst  
Is your displeasure<sup>32</sup> with the King.

*Wol.*

God bless him!

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

<sup>32</sup> Here "*your displeasure*" is the pleasure which you have incurred, or of which you are the *object*; hence called the *objective genitive*.

*Wol.*

That's somewhat sudden :

But he's a learnèd man. May he continue  
 Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice  
 For truth's sake and his conscience ; that his bones,  
 When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,  
 May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !<sup>33</sup>  
 What more ?

*Crom.* That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,  
 Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That's news indeed.

*Crom.* Last, that the Lady Anne,  
 Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,  
 This day was view'd in open<sup>34</sup> as his Queen,  
 Going to chapel ; and the voice is now  
 Only about her coronation.

*Wol.* There was the weight that pull'd me down. O  
 Cromwell,  
 The King has gone beyond me : all my glories  
 In that one woman I have lost for ever :  
 No Sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,  
 Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
 Upon my smiles.<sup>35</sup> Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;

<sup>33</sup> The Lord Chancellor is the general guardian of orphans. "*A tomb of tears*," says Johnson, "is very harsh." Steevens has adduced an Epigram of Martial, in which the Heliades are said to "weep a tomb of tears" over a viper. Drummond, in his *Tears for the Death of Mæliades*, has the same conceit :

The Muses, Phœbus, Love, have raised of their *teares*  
*A crystal tomb* to him, through which his worth appears.

<sup>34</sup> *In open* is a Latinism. "Et castris *in aperto* positis," Liv. i. 33 ; that is, *in a place* exposed on all sides to view.

<sup>35</sup> The number of persons who composed Cardinal Wolsey's household, according to the authentic copy of Cavendish, was *five hundred*. Cavendish's work, though written soon after the death of Wolsey, was not printed



I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now  
 To be thy lord and master : seek the King ;  
 That sun, I pray, may never set ! I've told him  
 What and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;  
 Some little memory of me will stir him —  
 I know his noble nature — not to let  
 Thy hopeful service perish too : good Cromwell,  
 Neglect him not ; make use <sup>36</sup> now, and provide  
 For thine own future safety.

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

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,  
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
 Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;  
 And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
 Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee,  
 Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,  
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—  
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;

till 1641, and then in a most garbled manner, the object of the publication having been to render Laud odious, by showing how far Church power had been extended by Wolsey, and how dangerous that prelate was, who, in the opinion of many, followed his example. In that copy we read that the number of his household was *eight hundred* persons. In other MSS. and in Dr. Wordsworth's edition, it is stated at *one hundred and eighty* persons.

<sup>36</sup> *Use* and *usance* were common terms for *interest* or *profit*.

A sure and safe one; though thy master miss'd it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :  
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?  
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee :  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's : then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
Thou fall'st a blessèd martyr ! Serve the King ;  
And,—pr'ythee, lead me in :  
There take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny ; 'tis the King's : my robe,  
And my integrity to Heaven, is all  
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !  
Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my King, He would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Crom.* Good sir, have patience.

*Wol.*

So I have. Farewell

The hopes of Court ! my hopes in Heaven do dwell.

[*Excunt.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Westminster.*

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*

*1 Gent.* You're well met once again.

*2 Gent.* So are you.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*1 Gent.* Yes ; 'tis the list  
Of those that claim their offices this day  
By custom of the coronation.  
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims  
To be High-Steward ; next, the Duke of Norfolk,  
He to be Earl Marshal : you may read the rest.

*2 Gent.* I thank you, sir : had I not known those cus-  
toms,

I should have been beholding to your paper.  
But, I beseech you, what's become of Catharine,  
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

*1 Gent.* That I can tell you too. The Archbishop  
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other  
Learnèd and reverend fathers of his order,  
Held a late court<sup>1</sup> at Dunstable, six miles off  
From Amptill, where the princess lay; to which  
She was oft cited by them, but appear'd not:  
And, to be short, for not-appearance and  
The King's late scruple, by the main<sup>2</sup> assent  
Of all these learnèd men she was divorced,  
And the late marriage<sup>3</sup> made of none effect:  
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,  
Where she remains now sick.

*2 Gent.* Alas, good lady! [*Trumpets.*]  
The trumpets sound: stand close, the Queen is coming.

#### THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

*A lively flourish of trumpets. Then enter,*

1. *Two Judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
3. *Choristers, singing.* [*Music.*]
4. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat-of-arms,<sup>4</sup> and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquess DORSET, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head*

<sup>1</sup> "*Lately* held a court" is the meaning, of course.

<sup>2</sup> *Great, strong, mighty*, are among the old senses of *main*. So in *Hamlet*, i. 3: "No further than the *main* voice of Denmark goes withal."

<sup>3</sup> That is, the marriage *lately* considered valid.

<sup>4</sup> His coat of office, emblazoned with the royal arms.

*a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of SURREY, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of esses.*<sup>5</sup>

6. *Duke of SUFFOLK, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of NORFOLK, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of esses.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports;<sup>6</sup> under it, the Queen in her robe; her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Duchess of NORFOLK, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

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

*1 Gent.*

Marquess Dorset;

And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

*2 Gent.* A bold brave gentleman. That lord should be  
The Duke of Suffolk?

*1 Gent.*

'Tis the same; High-Steward.

*2 Gent.* And that my Lord of Norfolk?

<sup>5</sup> In the account of the coronation, the author follows Hall, who says that "such as were knights had collars of esses." A collar of *esses* was probably so called from the S-shaped links of the chain-work. Sometimes there were ornaments between the *esses*. It was a badge of equestrian nobility. Its origin is unknown.

<sup>6</sup> The *five* ports were Dover, Hastings, Hythe, Romney, and Sandwich; to which Rye and Winchelsea were afterwards added. The jurisdiction of them was vested in barons for the better protection of the English coast. Hall says that "the Cinque-ports claimed to bear the canopy over the queen's head, the day of the coronation."

1 *Gent.*

Yes.

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

1 *Gent.*

They that bare

The cloth of honour o'er her are four barons  
Of the Cinque-ports.

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

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

1 *Gent.* It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed.

1 *Gent.* And sometimes falling ones.

2 *Gent.*

No more of that.

[*Exit procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*]

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

1 *Gent.* God save you, sir ! where have you been broiling ?

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

2 *Gent.* You saw the ceremony ?

3 *Gent.* That I did.

1 *Gent.* How was it ?

3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream  
Of lords and ladies, having brought the Queen

To a prepared place in the choir, fell off  
 A distance from her ; while her Grace sat down  
 To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,  
 In a rich chair of state, opposing freely  
 The beauty of her person to the people.  
 Believe me, sir (she is the goodliest woman  
 That ever lay by man) which when the people  
 Had the full view of, such a noise arose  
 As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,  
 As loud, and to as many tunes : hats, cloaks, —  
 Doublets, I think, — flew up ; and had their faces  
 Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy  
 I never saw before. No man living  
 Could say, *This is my wife*, there ; all were woven  
 So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But what follow'd ?

3 *Gent.* At length her Grace rose, and with modest  
 paces

Came to the alter ; where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,  
 Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly ;  
 Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people :  
 When by the Archbishop of Canterbury  
 She had all the royal makings of a queen ;  
 As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,  
 The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems  
 Laid nobly on her : which perform'd, the choir,  
 With all the choicest music<sup>7</sup> of the kingdom,  
 Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,<sup>8</sup>  
 And with the same full state paced back again

<sup>7</sup> *Music for musicians, or musical instruments ; a common figure.*

<sup>8</sup> The Poet often uses *part* for *depart*. So in iii. 2: "He *parted* frowning from me." See, also, *The Winter's Tale*, page 40, note 2.

To York-place, where the feast is held.<sup>9</sup>

1 *Gent.*

Sir, you

Must no more call it York-place, that is past ;

For, since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost :

'Tis now the King's, and call'd Whitehall.

3 *Gent.*

I know it ;

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that th' old name

Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.*

What two reverend bishops

Were those that went on each side of the Queen ?

3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner ; the one of Winchester,

Newly prefer'd from the King's secretary ;<sup>10</sup>

The other, London.

2 *Gent.*

He of Winchester

Is held no great good lover of th' Archbishop's,

The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.*

All the land knows that :

However, yet there is no great breach ; when it comes,

Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you ?

3 *Gent.*

Thomas Cromwell ;

A man in much esteem wi' th' King,<sup>11</sup> and truly

A worthy friend. The King

Has made him master o' the jewel-house,

And one, already, of the Privy-Council.

<sup>9</sup> The coronation of Anne took place June 1, 1533; the divorcement of Catharine having been formally pronounced the 17th of May.

<sup>10</sup> That is, lately *promoted* from *being* the King's secretary, or from the office of secretary. This use of to *prefer* was common.

<sup>11</sup> This play has many instances of *the* elided, so as to coalesce with a preceding word; as *by th'*, *for th'*, *to th'*, &c. Here we have a double elision of *with* and *the*, so as to make one syllable of them. The Poet often has it so. See *The Tempest*, page 47, note 16.



2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.  
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which  
Is to the Court, and there shall be my guests :  
Something I can command. As I walk thither,  
I'll tell ye more.

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

SCENE II. — *Kimbolton.*

*Enter* CATHARINE, *sick ; led between* GRIFFITH *and* PATIENCE.

*Grif.* How does your Grace?

*Cath.* O Griffith, sick to death !  
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to th' earth,  
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair :—  
So ; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.  
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,  
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,  
Was dead ?<sup>1</sup>

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

*Cath.* Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :  
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,<sup>2</sup>  
For my example.

*Grif.* Well, the voice goes, madam :  
For, after the stout Earl Northumberland  
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward—

<sup>1</sup> Wolsey died Nov. 29, 1530 ; and the events of this scene did not occur till January, 1536, which was more than two years after the event that closes the play.

<sup>2</sup> *Happily* is sometimes used by Shakespeare for *haply*, *peradventure* ; but it here more probably means *opportunately*.

As a man sorely tainted<sup>3</sup>—to his answer,  
 He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill ✓  
 He could not sit his mule.<sup>4</sup>

*Cath.*

Alas, poor man !

*Grif.* At last, with easy roads,<sup>5</sup> he came to Leicester,  
 Lodged in the abbey ; where the reverend Abbot,  
 With all his convent, honourably received him ;  
 To whom he gave these words, *O father Abbot,*  
*An old man, broken with the storms of State,*  
*Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;*  
*Give him a little earth for charity !*

So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness  
 Pursued him still : and, three nights after this,  
 About the hour of eight, —which he himself  
 Foretold should be his last, —full of repentance,  
 Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  
 He gave his honours to the world again,  
 His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

*Cath.* So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !  
 Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,  
 And yet with charity. He was a man  
 Of an unbounded stomach,<sup>6</sup> ever ranking

<sup>3</sup> I am not quite clear in what sense *tainted* is used here. Sometimes the word means *touched*; as in *3 Henry VI.*, iii. 1: "And Nero will be *tainted* with remorse"; that is, *touched* with *compassion*. Sometimes it means *attainted* or *under an attainder*; that is, an *impeachment*.

<sup>4</sup> Cardinals generally rode on mules, as a mark perhaps of humility. Cavendish says that Wolsey "rode like a cardinal sumptuously upon his mule, trapped altogether in crimson velvet and gilt stirrups."

<sup>5</sup> *Roads*, or *rodes*, here, is the same as *courses*, *stages*, or *journeys*.

<sup>6</sup> *Stomach* was often used for *pride* or *haughtiness*. The *Chronicles* abound in passages showing up this trait in Wolsey's character. Thus: "It fortuned that the archbishop of Canterbury wrote to the cardinall anon after that he had received his power legantine, the which letter after his old

Himself with princes ; one that by suggestion  
 Tithed all the kingdom : simony was fair-play ;  
 His own opinion was his law ; i' the presence  
 He would say untruths ; and be ever double  
 Both in his words and meaning : he was never,  
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :  
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;  
 But his performance, as he now is, nothing :  
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
 The clergy ill example.<sup>7</sup>

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

*Cath.* Yes, good Griffith ;  
 I were malicious else.

*Grif.* This Cardinal,  
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
 Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.  
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;

familiar maner he subscribed, Your brother William of Canterburie. With which subscription he was so much offended, that he could not temper his mood, but in high displeasure said that he would so worke within a while, that he should well understand how he was his superiour, and not his brother." — "*Tithed* all the kingdom " means took a tenth part, or, as we should say, ten per cent., of all the income of the nation. Hall relates that he once claimed from the citizens of London a *tithe* of their substance.

<sup>7</sup> This speech was evidently founded upon the following, copied by Holinshed from Hall : " This cardinall was of a great *stomach*, for he compted himselfe equall with princes, and by craftie *suggestion* got into his hands innumerable treasure : he forced little on simonie, and was not pittifull, and stood affectionate in his own opinion : in open presence he would lie and seie untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning : he would promise much and perform little : he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie evill example."

Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading :  
 Lofty and sour to them that loved him not ;  
 But to those men that sought him sweet as Summer,  
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting, —  
 Which was a sin, — yet in bestowing, madam,  
 He was most princely : ever witness for him  
 Those twins of learning that he raised in you,  
 Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,  
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;<sup>8</sup>  
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;  
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
 And found the blessedness of being little :  
 And, to add greater honours to his age  
 Than man could give him, he died fearing God.<sup>9</sup>

*Cath.* After my death I wish no other herald,  
 No other speaker of my living actions,  
 To keep mine honour from corruption,

<sup>8</sup> This is commonly, perhaps rightly, explained to mean "the *goodness* that *founded* it." See Critical Notes.

<sup>9</sup> This speech is formed on the following passage in Holinshed : "This cardinall was a man undoubtedly born to honour ; exceeding wise, faire-spoken, high-minded, full of revenge, vitious of his bodie ; loftie to his enemies, were they never so big, to those that accepted and sought his friendship wonderful courteous ; a ripe schooleman ; thrall to affections, brought a-bed with flatterie ; insatiable to get, and more princelie in bestowing ; as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrown with his fall, the other unfinished, and yet, as it lyeth, for an house of studentes incomparable throughout Christendome. A great preferer of his servants, an advauncer of learning, stoute in every quarrel, never happy till this his overthrow ; wherein he shewed such moderation, and ended so perfectlie, that the houre of his death did him more honour than all the pomp of his life passed."

But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.  
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
 With thy religious truth and modesty,  
 Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him!—  
 Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:  
 I have not long to trouble thee.— Good Griffith,  
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note  
 I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating  
 On that celestial harmony I go to. [*Sad and solemn music.*]

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

*The Vision.* Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden visards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent curtsies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order; at which (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

*Cath.* Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,  
 And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

*Grif.* Madam, we're here.

*Cath.*

It is not you I call for:

Saw ye none enter since I slept?

*Grif.* None, madam.

*Cath.* No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop  
 Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces  
 Cast thousand beams upon me, like the Sun?  
 They promised me eternal happiness;  
 And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel  
 I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,  
 Assuredly.

*Grif.* I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams  
 Possess your fancy.

*Cath.* Bid the music leave;  
 They're harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*]

*Pat.* [*Aside to GRIF.*] Do you note  
 How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?  
 How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,  
 And of an earthy colour? Mark her eyes!

*Grif.* [*Aside to PAT.*] She's going, wench: pray, pray.

*Pat.* [*Aside to GRIF.*] Heaven comfort her!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* An't like your Grace, —

*Cath.* You are a saucy fellow:  
 Deserve we no more reverence?

*Grif.* You're to blame,  
 Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,  
 To use so rude behaviour:<sup>10</sup> go to, kneel.

*Mess.* I humbly do entreat your Highness' pardon;

<sup>10</sup> Queen Catharine's servants, after the divorce at Dunstable, were directed to be sworn to serve her not as *queen* but as *princess dowager*. Some refused to take the oath, and so were forced to leave her service; and as for those who took it and stayed, she would not be served by them, by which means she was almost destitute of attendants.

My haste made me unmannerly. There's staying  
A gentleman, sent from the King, to see you.

*Cath.* Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow  
Let me ne'er see again. — [*Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.*]

*Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.*

If my sight fail not,  
You should be lord ambassador from th' Emperor,  
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

*Cap.* Madam, the same; your servant.

*Cath.* O my lord,  
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely  
With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,  
What is your pleasure with me?

*Cap.* Noble lady,  
First, mine own service to your Grace; the next,  
The King's request that I would visit you;  
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me  
Sends you his princely commendations,  
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

*Cath.* O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;  
'Tis like a pardon after execution:  
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me;  
But now I'm past all comforts here, but prayers.  
How does his Highness?

*Cap.* Madam, in good health.

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

*Pat.*

No, madam.

[*Giving it to CATHARINE.*]

*Cath.* Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver  
This to my lord the King ;—

*Cap.* Most willing, madam.

*Cath.* — In which I have commended to his goodness  
The model<sup>11</sup> of our chaste loves, his young daughter, —  
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her ! —  
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding ; —  
She's young, and of a noble modest nature ;  
I hope she will deserve well ; — and a little  
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,  
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition  
Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity  
Upon my wretched women, that so long  
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :  
Of which there is not one, I dare avow, —  
And now I should not lie, — but will deserve,  
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,  
For honesty and decent carriage,  
A right good husband, let him be a noble ;<sup>12</sup>  
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.  
The last is, for my men ; — they are o' the poorest,  
But poverty could never draw 'em from me ; —  
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,  
And something over to remember me by :  
If Heaven had pleased t' have given me longer life  
And abler means, we had not parted thus.  
These are the whole contents.<sup>13</sup> And, good my lord,

<sup>11</sup> *Model* here means *image* or *representation*. An old usage.

<sup>12</sup> Even though he be a nobleman.

<sup>13</sup> Here is the letter, as given by Lord Herbert : " My most dear lord, king, and husband : The hour of my death now approaching, I cannot choose but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health,



By that you love the dearest in this world,  
 As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,  
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the King  
 To do me this last right.

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

*Cath.* I thank you, honest lord. Remember me  
 In all humility unto his Highness :  
 Say to him his long trouble now is passing  
 Out of this world ; tell him, in death I bless'd him,  
 For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,  
 My lord. — Griffith, farewell. — Nay, Patience,  
 You must not leave me yet : I must to bed ;  
 Call in more women. When I'm dead, good wench,  
 Let me be used with honour : strew me over  
 With maiden flowers,<sup>14</sup> that all the world may know  
 I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me,  
 Then lay me forth ; although unqueen'd, yet like  
 A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.  
 I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading CATHARINE.*

which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever, for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles. But I forgive you all, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have hitherto desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage (which is not much, they being but three), and to my other servants a year's pay besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell."

<sup>14</sup> At the burial of maidens, it was the custom to scatter flowers in the grave. So at the burial of Ophelia, in *Hamlet*, v. 1: "She is allow'd her virgin crants, her *maiden strewments*"; and the Queen strews flowers, with the words, "I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid, and not have strew'd thy grave."

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ACT V.

SCENE I. — *London. A Gallery in the Palace.*

*Enter GARDINER; Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him.*

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

*Boy.* It hath struck.

*Gard.* These should be hours for necessities,  
Not for delights; <sup>1</sup> times to repair our nature  
With comforting repose, and not for us  
To waste these times. —

*Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.*

Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!

Whither so late?

*Lov.* Came you from the King, my lord?

*Gard.* I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero<sup>2</sup>  
With the Duke of Suffolk.

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

*Gard.* Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?  
It seems you are in haste: an if there be  
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend

<sup>1</sup> Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delights at which he hints seem to be the King's diversions, which keep him in attendance.

<sup>2</sup> Primero, or prime, supposed to be the most ancient game of cards in England, was very fashionable in Shakespeare's time.

Some touch of your late business :<sup>3</sup> affairs that walk —  
 As they say spirits do — at midnight have  
 In them a wilder nature than the business  
 That seeks dispatch by day.

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

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

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

*Gard.* But, sir, sir, —  
 Hear me, Sir Thomas : you're a gentleman  
 Of mine own way ;<sup>4</sup> I know you wise, religious ;  
 And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well, —  
 'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me, —  
 Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,  
 Sleep in their graves.

*Lov.* Now, sir, you speak of two  
 The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,  
 Besides that of the jewel-house, he's made Master  
 O' the Rolls,<sup>5</sup> and the King's secretary ; further, sir,

<sup>3</sup> "Some touch of your *late* business" is explained by Johnson, "Some *hint* of the business that *keeps you awake so late*."

<sup>4</sup> My own way of thinking in religion.

<sup>5</sup> The Master of the Rolls is the officer who has charge of the patents and

Stands in the gap and trade<sup>6</sup> of more preferments,  
 With which the time will load him. Th' Archbishop  
 Is the King's hand and tongue; and who dare speak  
 One syllable against him?

*Gard.* Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,  
 There are that dare; and I myself have ventured  
 To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day —  
 Sir, I may tell it you, I think — I have  
 Incensed<sup>7</sup> the lords o' the Council that he is —  
 For so I know he is, they know he is —  
 A most arch heretic, a pestilence  
 That does infect the land: with which they moved  
 Have broken with the King;<sup>8</sup> who hath so far  
 Given ear to our complaint, — of his great grace  
 And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs  
 Our reasons laid before him, — 'hath commanded  
 To-morrow morning to the Council-board  
 He be convented.<sup>9</sup> He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,

other instruments that have passed the great seal, and of the records of the chancery; while, again, the chancery is the court of the Lord Chancellor, to decide cases of equity, the highest court of judicature in England next to Parliament. — "Besides that of the jewel-house" is besides the mastership of the jewels and other ornaments belonging to the crown.

<sup>6</sup> *Trade* is, in general, a *road* or *way*; that which is *trodden*. So in Udal's *Apothegms*: "Although it repent them of the *trade* or *way* that they have chosen." So that *the gap and trade* means simply the *open road*, or *free course*.

<sup>7</sup> *Incensed* or *insensed* in this instance, and in some others, only means *instructed*, *informed*; still used in Staffordshire. It properly signifies 'to infuse into the mind, to prompt or instigate.' "Invidiæ stimulo mentes Patrum fodit Saturnia: Juno *incenseth* the senators' minds with secret envy against." — COOPER.

<sup>8</sup> Have broken or opened the subject *to* him. Often so.

<sup>9</sup> *Convented* is *summoned* or *cited* to meet his accusers. The word was much used in reference to trials under charges of heresy.

And we must root him out. From your affairs  
I hinder you too long : good night, Sir Thomas.

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

*[Exeunt GARDINER and Page.]*

*As LOVELL is going out, enter the King and the Duke of  
SUFFOLK.*

*King.* Charles, I will play no more to-night ;  
My mind's not on't ; you are too hard for me.

*Suf.* Sir, I did never win of you before.

*King.* But little, Charles ;  
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play. —  
Now, Lovell, from the Queen what is the news ?

*Lov.* I could not personally deliver to her  
What you commanded me, but by her woman  
I sent your message ; who return'd her thanks  
In the great'st humbleness, and desired your Highness  
Most heartily to pray for her.

*King.* What say'st thou, ha ?  
To pray for her ? what, is she crying out ?

*Lov.* So said her woman ; and that her sufferance made  
Almost each pang a death.

*King.* Alas, good lady !

*Suf.* God safely quit<sup>10</sup> her of her burden, and  
With gentle travail, to the gladding of  
Your Highness with an heir !

*King.* 'Tis midnight, Charles ;  
Pr'ythee, to bed ; and in thy prayers remember  
Th' estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone ;

<sup>10</sup> A rather peculiar use of *quit*, but meaning *release* or *set free*; *grant her ease, rest, or quiet*; like the Latin *quietus*.

For I must think of that which company  
Would not be friendly to.

*Suf.* I wish your Highness  
A quiet night; and my good mistress will  
Remember in my prayers.

*King.* Charles, good night. —  
[*Exit* SUFFOLK.]

*Enter* Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

*Den.* Sir, I have brought my lord the Archbishop,  
As you commanded me.

*King.* Ha! Canterbury?

*Den.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

*Den.* He attends your Highness' pleasure.

*King.* Bring him to us.  
[*Exit* DENNY.]

*Lov.* [*Aside.*] This is about that which the bishop spake:  
I'm happily<sup>11</sup> come hither.

*Re-enter* DENNY, with CRANMER.

*King.* Avoid the gallery. [*LOVELL seems to stay.*] Ha! I  
have said. Be gone.

What! [*Exeunt* LOVELL and DENNY.]

*Cran.* [*Aside.*] I am fearful: wherefore frowns he  
thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

*King.* How now, my lord! you do desire to know  
Wherefore I sent for you.

<sup>11</sup> *Happily* here means *luckily*, or *opportunistly*; as in page 140, note 2.

*Cran.* [*Kneeling.*] It is my duty  
T' attend your Highness' pleasure.

*King.* [www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn) Pray you, arise,  
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury. [*He rises.*]

Come, you and I must walk a turn together ;  
I've news to tell you : come, come, give me your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,  
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.

I have, and most unwillingly, of late  
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,  
Grievous complaints of you ; which, being consider'd,

Have moved us and our Council, that you shall  
This morning come before us ; where, I know,

You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,  
But that, till further trial in those charges

Which will require your answer, you must take  
Your patience to you, and be well contented

To make your house our Tower : you a brother of us,<sup>12</sup>  
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness

Would come against you.

*Cran.* [*Kneeling.*] I humbly thank your Highness ;

And am right glad to catch this good occasion

Most thoroughly to be winnow'd,<sup>13</sup> where my chaff

And corn shall fly asunder : for, I know,

There's none stands under more calumnious tongues

<sup>12</sup> " You being one of the Council, it is necessary to imprison you, that the witnesses against you may not be deterred."

<sup>13</sup> *Thoroughly* and *thoroughly*, as also *through* and *thorough*, are used interchangeably by our old writers : in fact, the two are but different forms of the same word ; as to be *thorough* in a thing is to go *through* it. — Cranmer has in mind St. Matthew, iii. 12 : " Whose fan is in his hand, and he will *thoroughly* purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner ; but he will burn up the chaff."

Than I myself, poor man.

*King.* . . . Stand up, good Canterbury :  
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted  
In us, thy friend : give me thy hand, stand up :  
Pr'ythee, let's walk. [*He rises.*] Now, by my halidom,<sup>14</sup>  
What manner of man are you ! My lord, I look'd  
You would have given me your petition, that  
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together  
Yourself and your accusers ; and t' have heard you,  
Without indurance,<sup>15</sup> further.

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

*King.* . . . Know you not  
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world ?  
Your enemies are many, and not small ; their practices  
Must bear the same proportion ; and not ever<sup>16</sup>  
The justice and the truth o' the question carries  
The due o' the verdict with it : at what ease  
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt

<sup>14</sup> *Halidom*, says Minsheu, 1617, is "an old word used by old country-women, by manner of swearing." According to Nares, it is composed of *holy* and *dom*, like *kingdom*. So that the oath is much the same as "by my faith."

<sup>15</sup> *Indurance* is here used for *imprisonment*, or being put or held in *durance*. The word is often used thus in the book whence the materials of this scene are drawn. So, likewise, in Montagu's *Appeal to Cæsar* : "If they are not beneficed, their *indurance* is the longer ; the punishment allotted is one whole yeares imprisonment."

<sup>16</sup> *Not ever* is uncommon, and means *not always*. See *Much Ado*, page 53, note 31.



To swear against you ! such things have been done.  
 You're potently opposed ; and with a malice  
 Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,  
 I mean, in perjured witness', than your Master,  
 Whose minister you are, whiles here He lived  
 Upon this naughty Earth? Go to, go to ;  
 You take a precipice for no leap of danger,  
 And woo your own destruction.

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

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

*Enter old Lady*

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

*Old L.* I'll not come back ; the tidings that I bring  
 Will make my boldness manners. — Now, good angels

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person  
Under their blessed wings !

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

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

*King.* Lovell !

*Re-enter LOVELL.*

*Lov.* Sir ?

*King.* Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the Queen.

[*Exit.*

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

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Lobby before the Council-Chamber.*

*Enter CRANMER ; Servants, Door-keeper, &c., attending.*

*Cran.* I hope I'm not too late ; and yet the gentleman,  
That was sent to me from the Council, pray'd me  
To make great haste. — All fast ? what means this ? — Ho !

Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

*D. Keep.*

Yes, my lord ;

But yet I cannot help you.

*Cran.* Why?

*D. Keep.* Your Grace must wait till you be call'd for.

*Enter Doctor BUTTS.*

*Cran.*

So.

*Butts.* [*Aside.*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad I came this way so happily : the King shall understand it presently.

*Cran.* [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts, The King's physician : as he pass'd along, How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me ! Pray Heaven, he sound<sup>1</sup> not my disgrace ! For certain, This is of purpose laid by some that hate me — God turn their hearts ! I never sought their malice — To quench mine honour : they would shame to make me Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor, Among boys, grooms, and lacqueys. But their pleasures Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*The King and BUTTS appear at a window above.*<sup>2</sup>

*Butts.* I'll show your Grace the strangest sight, —

<sup>1</sup> To *sound*, as the word is here used, is to *report*, or *noise abroad*.

<sup>2</sup> The suspicious vigilance of our ancestors contrived windows which overlooked the insides of chapels, halls, kitchens, passages, &c. Some of these convenient peepholes may still be seen in colleges, and such ancient houses as have not suffered from the reformations of modern architecture. In a letter from Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1573, printed in Seward's *Anecdotes* : " And if it please her majestie, she may come in through my gallerie, and see the disposition of the hall in dynner time, at a window opening thereinto."

*King.* What's that, Butts?

*Butts.* — I think, your Highness saw this many a day.

*King.* Body o' me, where is it?

*Butts.* There, my lord :

The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury ;  
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,  
Pages, and footboys.

*King.* Ha ! 'tis he, indeed :

Is this the honour they do one another ?

'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought

They had parted<sup>3</sup> so much honesty among 'em —

At least, good manners — as not thus to suffer

A man of his place, and so near our favour,

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,

And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery :

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close ;<sup>4</sup>

We shall hear more anon.

[ *Curtain drawn.* ]

#### THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.<sup>5</sup>

*Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of SUFFOLK, the Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand ; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. The*

<sup>3</sup> *Parted*, here, is *shared*.

<sup>4</sup> The curtain of the balcony or upper stage, where the King now is.

<sup>5</sup> Here the audience had to *suppose* or *imagine* a change of scene, namely, from the Lobby before the Council-chamber to the interior of the same. In the Poet's time, people were contented to be *told* that the same spot, with, perhaps, some slight changes of furniture, or the drawing of a curtain, was at once the outside and the inside of the Council-chamber.

*rest seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as Secretary.*

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

*Crom.* Please your honours,  
The chief cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.

*Gard.* Has he had knowledge of it ?

*Crom.* Yes.

*Nor.* Who waits there ?

*D. Keep.* Without; my noble lords ?

*Gard.* Yes.

*D. Keep.* My lord Archbishop ;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

*Chan.* Let him come in.

*D. Keep.* Your Grace may enter now.

[CRANMER *approaches the Council-table.*]

*Chan.* My good lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry  
To sit here at this present, and behold  
That chair stand empty : but we all are men,  
In our own natures frail, and capable  
Of our flesh ;<sup>6</sup> few are angels : out of which frailty  
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,  
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,  
Toward the King first, then his laws, in filling

<sup>6</sup> A very troublesome passage. Steevens explains it, "While they are capable of being invested with flesh"; Staunton, "*Susceptible* of fleshly temptations"; Singer, "*Susceptible* of the failings inherent in humanity." In *Hamlet*, iv. 4, Ophelia is said to be "as one *incapable* of her own distress." Here *incapable* plainly means *unconscious*. See, also, *Richard III.*, p. 95, n. 3. So, in the text, I suspect *capable* has the sense of *conscious*. So that the meaning would seem to be, "In our own natures frail, and *conscious* of our *frailty*," or of our carnal will and tendency. Cranmer is charged with *heresy*, and heresy was regarded as a work of the flesh. See Critical Notes.

The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains, —  
For so we are inform'd, — with new opinions,  
Divers and dangerous, which are heresies,  
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

*Gard.* Which reformation must be sudden too,  
My noble lords ; for those that tame wild horses  
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,  
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,  
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer —  
Out of our easiness, and childish pity  
To one man's honour — this contagious sickness,  
Farewell all physic : and what follows then?  
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint  
Of the whole State ; as, of late days, our neighbours,  
The upper Germany,<sup>7</sup> can dearly witness,  
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

*Cran.* My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress  
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,  
And with no little study, that my teaching  
And the strong course of my authority  
Might go one way, and safely ; and the end  
Was ever, to do well : nor is there living —  
I speak it with a single heart, my lords —  
A man that more detests, more stirs against,  
Both in his private conscience and his place,

<sup>7</sup> Alluding to the monstrous fanaticisms that ran wild in Thuringia, under the leading of Thomas Muncer, in 1521. Hooker, in his *Preface*, says of them, "When they and their Bibles were alone together, what strange fantastical opinion soever at any time entered into their heads, their use was to think the Spirit taught it them." At length they got so bewitched or be-devilled with special licentious revelations, that the Elector of Saxony had to take them in hand with a military force.

Defacers of the public peace, than I do.  
 Pray Heaven, the King may never find a heart  
 With less allegiance in it. Men that make  
 Envy and crookèd malice nourishment  
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships  
 That, in this case of justice, my accusers,  
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
 And freely urge against me.

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

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

*Cran.* Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you ;  
 You're always my good friend : if your will pass,  
 I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,  
 You are so merciful. I see your end ;  
 'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,  
 Become a churchman better than ambition :  
 Win straying souls with modesty<sup>8</sup> again ;  
 Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,  
 Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,  
 I make as little doubt, as you do conscience  
 In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,  
 But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

<sup>8</sup> *Modesty* in its old sense of *moderation* ; that is, *mildness* or *gentleness*.

*Gard.* My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,  
That's the plain truth : your painted gloss discovers,  
To men that understand you, words and weakness.<sup>9</sup>

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

*Gard.* Good master secretary,  
I cry your Honour mercy ; you may, worst  
Of all this table, say so.

*Crom.* Why, my lord ?

*Gard.* Do 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 half so honest !  
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

*Gard.* I shall remember this bold language.

*Crom.* Do.

Remember your bold life too.

*Chan.* This is too much :

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

*Gard.* I've done.

*Crom.* And I.

*Chan.* Then thus for you, my lord : It stands agreed,  
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith  
You be convey'd to th' Tower a prisoner ;

<sup>9</sup> "Those that understand you discover, beneath this *painted gloss* or *fair outside*, nothing but empty talk and false reasoning." To *gloss* or to *gloze* was often used in the sense of to *explain away*, or to dress up in plausibilities. See *King Henry the Fifth*, page 46, note 7.



There to remain till the King's further pleasure  
Be known unto us : — are you all agreed, lords?

*All.* We are.

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

*Gard.* What other  
Would you expect? you're strangely troublesome. —  
Let some o' the guard be ready there !

*Enter Guard.*

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

*Gard.* Receive him,  
And see him safe i' the Tower.

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

*Chan.* This is the King's ring.<sup>10</sup>

*Sur.* 'Tis no counterfeit.

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

*Nor.* Do you think, my lords,

<sup>10</sup> It seems to have been a custom, begun probably before the regal power came under legal limitations, for every monarch to have a ring, the temporary possession of which invested the holder with the same authority as the owner himself could exercise. The production of it was sufficient to suspend the execution of the law; it procured indemnity for offences committed, and imposed acquiescence and submission to whatever was done under its authority. The traditional story of the Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth, and the Countess of Nottingham, long considered as an incident of a romance, is generally known, and now as generally credited.

The King will suffer but the little finger  
Of this man to be vex'd?

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

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

*Enter the King, frowning on them ; he takes his seat.*

*Gard.* Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to  
Heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince !  
Not only good and wise, but most religious ;  
One that, in all obedience, makes the Church  
The chief aim of his honour ; and, to strengthen  
That holy duty, out of dear respect,  
His royal self in judgment comes to hear  
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

*King.* You were ever good at sudden commendations,  
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not  
To hear such flatteries now ; and in my presence  
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.  
To me, you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,<sup>11</sup>  
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me ;  
But, whatsoever thou takest me for, I'm sure  
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody. —

[*To CRAMNER.*] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the  
proudest,

<sup>11</sup> "To me, *whom* you cannot reach, you play the spaniel."

He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :  
 By all that's holy, he had better starve  
 Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

*Sur.* May't please your Grace,—

*King.* No, sir, it does not please me.

I had thought I had men of some understanding  
 And wisdom of my Council ; but I find none.  
 Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,  
 This good man, — few of you deserve that title,—  
 This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy  
 At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?  
 Why, what a shame was this ! Did my commission  
 Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye  
 Power as he was a counsellor to try him,  
 Not as a groom : there's some of ye, I see,  
 More out of malice than integrity,  
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye means ;  
 Which ye shall ne'er have while I live.

*Chan.*

Thus far,

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

*King.*

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

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

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

*King.* Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons :<sup>12</sup>  
 you shall have two noble partners with you ; the old Duchess  
 of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess Dorset : will these please  
 you ?—

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

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

*Cran.* And let Heaven  
 Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

*King.* Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart :  
 The common voice, I see, is verified  
 Of thee, which says thus, *Do my Lord of Canterbury*  
*A shrewd turn,*<sup>13</sup> *and he is your friend for ever.*—  
 Come, lords, we trifle time away ; I long

<sup>12</sup> It was an ancient custom for the sponsors at christenings to offer silver or silver-gilt spoons as a present to the child. The ancient offerings upon such occasions were called *Apostle-spoons*, because the extremity of the handle was formed into the figure of one or other of the Apostles. Such as were opulent and generous gave the whole *twelve* ; those who were more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expense of the four Evangelists ; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint in honour of whom the child received its name.

<sup>13</sup> "A *shrewd turn*" is an *unkind* turn, or a *sharp* one ; such being the proper sense of *shrewd*. The King has in mind the injunction, "love your enemies," and means a delicate compliment to Cranmer as acting in accordance with that divine precept.

To have this young one made a Christian.  
 As I have made ye one, lords, one remain ;  
 So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The Palace-Yard.*

*Noise and tumult within. Enter a Porter and his Man.*

*Port.* You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals : do you take the Court for Paris-garden ?<sup>1</sup> ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.<sup>2</sup>

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

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

*Man.* Pray, sir, be patient : 'tis as much impossible — Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons — To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep On May-day morning ;<sup>3</sup> which will never be : We may as well push against Paul's as stir 'em.

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

*Man.* Alas, I know not ; how gets the tide in ?

<sup>1</sup> This celebrated bear-garden, on the Bankside, was so called from Robert de Paris, who had a house and garden there in the time of King Richard II. In Shakespeare's time it was noted for tumult and disorder, and was often alluded to by the writers of that day, as a place where bears, bulls, and horses were baited.

<sup>2</sup> That is, *shouting* or *roaring* ; a sense the word has now lost. Littleton, in his *Dictionary*, has " To gape or bawl : vociferor."

<sup>3</sup> Anciently the first of May was observed by all classes of Englishmen as a holiday. See *A Midsummer*, page 30, note 22.

As much as one sound cudgel of four foot —  
 You see the poor remainder — could distribute,  
 I made no spare, sir.

*Port.* You did nothing, sir.

*Man.* I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,<sup>4</sup>  
 To mow 'em down before me : but if I spared any  
 That had a head to hit, either young or old,  
 • Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again ;  
 And that I would not for my cow, God save her !<sup>5</sup>

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master porter ?

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

*Man.* What would you have me do ?

*Port.* What should you do, but knock 'em down by the  
 dozens ? Is this Moorfields to muster in ?<sup>6</sup> or have we some  
 strange Indian come to Court, the women so besiege us ?  
 Bless me, what a fry is at door !

*Man.* There is a fellow somewhat near the door ; he should

<sup>4</sup> Sir Guy of Warwick and Colbrand the Danish giant were famous characters in some of the old romances. The story was that Sir Guy subdued the giant at Winchester.

<sup>5</sup> That is, "I would not *miss seeing* a chine again." A chine of beef is the article meant, which seems to have been held in special honour among the riches of an English table. So in Peele's play, *The Old Wives' Tale*: "A chine of English Beef, *meat for a king.*" Staunton observes that "the expression, 'my cow, God save her!' or 'my mare, God save her!' or 'my sow, God bless her!' seems to have been proverbial; thus, in Greene and Lodge's *Looking-Glass for London*, 1598: 'My blind mare, God bless her!'" He also shows that the expression "God save her!" applied to any beast, was regarded as a charm against witchcraft. So in Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*: "You shall hear a butcher or horse-courser cheapen a bullock or a jade, but, if he buy him not, he saith *God save* him; if he do forget it, and the horse or bullock chance to die, the fault is imputed to the chapman." — See Critical Notes.

<sup>6</sup> The trained bands of the city were exercised in Moorfields.

be a brazier<sup>7</sup> by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose : all that stand about him are under the line ;<sup>8</sup> they need no other penance. That fire-drake<sup>9</sup> did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me : he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me till her pink'd porringer<sup>10</sup> fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the State. I miss'd the meteor<sup>11</sup> once, and hit that woman, who cried out Clubs!<sup>12</sup> when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on ; I made good my place : at length they came to the broomstaff with me : I defied 'em still ; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot,<sup>13</sup> deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I

<sup>7</sup> A *brazier* signifies a man that manufactures brass, and also a reservoir for charcoal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are understood.

<sup>8</sup> Under the *equator*, where the heat is somewhat.

<sup>9</sup> "*Fire-drake*; a *fire* sometimes seen flying in the night like a *dragon*. Common people think it a spirit that keepeth some treasure hid ; but philosophers affirme it to be a great unequal *exhalation* inflamed betweene two clouds, the one hot the other cold, which is the reason that it also smoketh ; the middle part whereof, according to the proportion of the hot cloud, being greater than the rest, maketh it seeme like a bellie, and both ends like unto a head and taile."—BULLOKAR'S *Expositor*, 1616. A *fire-drake* appears to have been also an artificial *firework*.

<sup>10</sup> Her pink'd *cap*, which looked as if it had been moulded on a porringer. So in the *The Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 4 :

*Hab.* Here is the *cap* your Worship did bespeak.

*Pet.* Why, this was moulded on a *porringer*.

<sup>11</sup> The *meteor* is the brazier aforesaid.

<sup>12</sup> Among the London apprentices, "clubs! clubs!" was a common cry to the rescue. See *As You Like It*, page 126, note 4.

<sup>13</sup> That is, loose or random *shooters*.

was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work :<sup>14</sup> the Devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

*Port.* These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples ; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure.<sup>15</sup> I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*,<sup>16</sup> and there they are like to dance these three days ; besides the running banquet<sup>17</sup> of two beadles that is to come.

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

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

<sup>14</sup> The *work* is the *fortress*, the place they are besieging or assaulting.

<sup>15</sup> The object-matter of these allusions has been variously disputed, and much learned rubbish has been gathered about them. The best explanation, it seems to me, is that of Dyce, who regards it as a "fling at the affected meekness of the Puritans." He adds, "'The Tribulation of Tower-hill' evidently means some particular set or meeting of Puritans, and the 'Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers,' another set." *Limbs* of course means *members*. In Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*, one of the characters is "*Tribulation Wholesome*, a Pastor of Amsterdam." It is well known how cordially the Puritans hated plays and theatres. Knight asks, "Is it not that the Puritans, hating playhouses, approved of the uproar of those who 'fight for bitten apples,' because it disturbed those that came to hear ?"

<sup>16</sup> That is, in confinement. *In limbo* continues to be a cant phrase in the same sense to this day. The *Limbus Patrum* is, properly, the place where the old fathers and patriarchs are supposed to be waiting for the resurrection.

<sup>17</sup> A public whipping. A *banquet* here is used for a *dessert*. To the confinement of these rioters a whipping was to be the *dessert*.



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

*Cham.* As I live,  
If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all  
By th' heels,<sup>18</sup> and suddenly ; and on your heads  
Clap round fines for neglect : ye're lazy knaves ;  
And here ye lie baiting of bombardars,<sup>19</sup> when  
Ye should do service. Hark ! the trumpets sound ;  
They're come already from the christening.  
Go, break among the press, and find a way out  
To let the troop pass fairly ; or I'll find  
A Marshalsea<sup>20</sup> shall hold ye play these two months.

*Port.* Make way there for the Princess !

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

*Port.* You i' the camlet, get up off the rail ; I'll pick<sup>21</sup> you  
o'er the pales else !

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*The Palace.*

*Enter trumpets, sounding ; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor,  
Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK with his Marshal's  
staff, Duke of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great*

<sup>18</sup> Lord Campbell tells us that "to lay by the heels was the technical expression for committing to prison." See *2 Henry IV.*, page 70, note 18.

<sup>19</sup> A bombard or bumbar was a large leathern jack for holding liquor.

<sup>20</sup> Marshalsea was the name of one of the prisons in London.

<sup>21</sup> Pick and Peck appear to have been both of them old forms of *pitch*. Thus Baret: "To *picke* or *cast*." And Stubbes in his *Anatomy of Abuses*: "To catch him on the hip, and *picke* him on his necke."

*standing-bowls*<sup>1</sup> for the christening-gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the Child richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a Lady; then follows the Marchioness of DORSET, the other Godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

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

*Flourish. Enter the King and Train.*

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

*King.* Thank you, good Lord Archbishop:  
What is her name?

*Cran.* Elizabeth.

*King.* Stand up, lord. —

[*CRANMER rises.* — *The King kisses the Child.*  
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!  
Into whose hand I give thy life.

*Cran.* Amen.

*King.* My noble gossips,<sup>2</sup> ye have been too prodigal:  
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,  
When she has so much English.

<sup>1</sup> *Standing-bowls* were bowls elevated on feet or pedestals.

<sup>2</sup> *Gossip* is an old term for *sponsor* or *god-parent*. See *The Winter's Tale*, page 76, note 5.

*Cran.*

Let me speak, sir,

For Heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter  
 Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.  
 This royal infant — Heaven still move about her !—  
 Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
 Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
 Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be—  
 But few now living can behold that goodness—  
 A pattern to all princes living with her,  
 And all that shall succeed : Saba<sup>3</sup> was never  
 More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue '  
 Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,  
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
 With all the virtues that attend the good,  
 Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her,  
 Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :  
 She shall be loved and fear'd : her own shall bless her ;  
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
 And hang their heads with sorrow : good grows with her.  
 In her days every man shall eat in safety,  
 Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing  
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :  
 God shall be truly known ; and those about her  
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,  
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.  
 Nor shall this peace sleep with her : but, as when  
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,  
 Her ashes new create another heir,  
 As great in admiration as herself ;

<sup>3</sup> So the name of Solomon's queen-pupil is spelt both in the Septuagint and the vulgate ; such too is the old English form of it ; though some have changed it here to *Sheba*, as it is in our authorized version.

So shall she leave her blessedness to one,  
 When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,  
 Who from the sacred ashes of her honour  
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
 And so stand fix'd : peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,  
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him :  
 Wherever the bright Sun of heaven shall shine,  
 His honour and the greatness of his name  
 Shall be, and make new nations : <sup>4</sup> he shall flourish,  
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
 To all the plains about him.<sup>5</sup> Our children's children  
 Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

*King.*

Thou speakest wonders.

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

*King.* O Lord Archbishop,

Thou hast made me now a man ! never before  
 This happy child did I get any thing.

<sup>4</sup> On a picture of King James, which formerly belonged to Bacon, and is now in the possession of Lord Grimston, he is styled *Imperii Atlantici Conditor*. In 1612 there was a lottery for the plantation of Virginia. The lines probably allude to the settlement of that colony.

<sup>5</sup> Alluding, most likely, to the marriage of the King's daughter Elizabeth with the Elector Palatine, which took place in February, 1613. The marriage was a theme of intense joy and high anticipations to the English people, as it seemed to knit them up with the Protestant interest of Germany. The present royal family of England comes from that marriage.

This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,  
 That when I am in Heaven I shall desire  
 To see what this child does, and praise my Maker. —  
 I thank ye all. — To you, my good Lord Mayor,  
 And your good brethren, I am much beholding :  
 I have received much honour by your presence,  
 And ye shall find me thankful. — Lead the way, lords :  
 Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye ;  
 She will be sick else. This day no man think  
 'Has business at his house ; for all shall stay :  
 This little one shall make it holiday.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### EPILOGUE.

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

## CRITICAL NOTES.

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### PROLOGUE.

Page 41. *Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe.* — Staunton prints “*Sad and high-working*”; and so I suspect we ought to read.

P. 42. *To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
As Fool and fight is, besides forfeiting  
Our own brains, and th' opinion that we bring  
Or make, — that only truth we now intend, —  
Will leave us ne'er an understanding friend.* — So Johnson.

The original has the fourth line thus: “*To make that only true we now intend.*” Out of this reading it is exceedingly difficult to get any fitting sense, or indeed any sense at all. — “This is not the only passage,” says Johnson, “in which Shakespeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men, with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army; and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all opinion of truth, and leave him never an understanding friend.” The *Prologue*, partly on the strength of this passage, has been by some ascribed to Ben Jonson. It certainly accords well with what he says in the prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*:

To make a child, now swaddled, to proceed  
Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,  
Past threescore years; or, with three rusty swords,  
And help of some few foot and half-foot words,  
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,  
And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars.

P. 42. *Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see  
The very persons of our history  
As they were living; &c.* — The original reads “persons of our noble story.” Upon this Heath comments as follows: “The failure in

the rhyme evidently shows that the text is corrupt. I think that Shakespeare probably wrote 'the very persons of our *history*.' The epithet *noble* is one of those the Italians call epithets to let. It is perfectly unnecessary, and may be rejected without the least detriment either to the sense or to the elegance of the passage." The reading thus proposed by Heath was adopted by Capell.

P. 43. *Think you see them great,  
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat  
Of thousand friends.* — Mr. P. A. Daniel suggests that we ought to read "the general throng and *suite*."

## ACT I., SCENE I.

P. 44. *Each following day  
Became the last day's master, till the next  
Made former wonders its.* — The original transposes the words *last* and *next*. The speaker evidently means that each later day seemed to surpass the preceding; but this meaning cannot be got out of the old order, except by taking *the next* as equivalent to *the next before*, — a sense which it can hardly bear. The reading in the text was conjectured by Theobald, approved by Heath, and adopted by Capell.

P. 46. *The tract of every thing  
Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
Which action's self was tongue to.* *All was royal; &c.* — In the original the words *All was royal*, and the three following lines of Norfolk's speech, are printed as a part of the next speech. This is palpably wrong, as it makes Buckingham break in, and complete the description of things which he avowedly had not seen. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 46. *I mean, who set the body and the limbs  
Of this great sport together, as you guess?  
Nor. One, certes, that promises no element  
In such a business.* — So Theobald. The original makes the words *as you guess* the beginning of Norfolk's speech.

- P. 47. *But, spider-like,  
Out of's self-drawing web, he gives us note  
The force of his own merit makes his way;  
A gift that Heaven gives; which buys for him*

*A place next to the King.* — In the second of these lines, the original has “*O gives us note.*” Shakespeare probably wrote “*a gives us note,*” and so I suspect we ought to print; as *a* or *'a* was a common colloquialism for *he*. But perhaps the matter is not of moment enough to warrant a variation from the reading generally received. — In the fourth line, also, the original reads “*A gift that heaven gives for him, which buyes,*” &c. The correction is Warburton's, and has the unqualified approval of Walker.

P. 50. *This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd.* — The original has “*venom'd-mouth'd.*” An instance, no doubt, of final *d* and final *e* confounded, the Poet having written *venome*. Such instances are very frequent.

P. 52. *That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass  
Did break i' the rinsing.* — The original has *wrenching* instead of *rinsing*. It appears that various words now beginning with *r* were formerly written with *wr*; and *wrinsing* might easily have been misprinted *wrenching*.

P. 53. *But our Court-Cardinal  
Has done this, and 'tis well.* — So Pope and Lettsom. The original has “*Count-Cardinal.*” Wolsey is indeed afterwards spoken of as “*King-Cardinal,*” but that I think does nothing towards approving the use of *Count* here, which is far from being strong enough for the occasion.

P. 53. *For from this league  
Peep'd harms that menaced him: he privily  
Deals with our Cardinal.* — So the second folio. The first omits *he*; doubtless by accident, as both sense and metre require it.

P. 53. *But, when the way was made,  
And paved with gold, the Emperor then desired  
That he would please to alter the King's course, &c.* — The old text has “*the Emperor thus desir'd.*” The correction is Walker's.



P. 55. And *Gilbert Peck*, his chancellor. — The original has “*One Gilbert Pecke*, his *Councillour*.” *Chancellor* is Theobald’s correction, the same person being afterwards designated by that title. The other change, of *One* to *And*, was also proposed by Theobald, and adopted by Pope. As final *d* was formerly written, it was very apt to be confounded with *e*. The confusion of *A* and *O* was also frequent.

P. 55. *O*, Nicholas *Hopkins*? — Here the original has “*Michaell Hopkins*.” In the next scene, however, the same person is rightly called *Nicholas*. This, also, was corrected by Theobald.

P. 55. *I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,*  
*Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out,*  
*By darkening my clear sun.* — *My lord, farewell.* — The original reads “*This instant Clowd puts on*.” We have repeated instances of *on* and *out* misprinted for each other. The substitution of *out* for *on* in this place was proposed by Theobald; and I fail to appreciate the difficulty which some editors find in that reading. — In the last line, also, the original has *Lords* instead of *lord*. But Buckingham is there speaking to Norfolk only, as Abergavenny is going with him to the Tower. Corrected by Rowe.

## ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 57. *There have been commissions*  
*Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart*  
*Of all their loyalties.* — The old text reads “*which hath flaw'd*.” As *which* clearly refers to *commissions*, the propriety of the change is evident. Corrected in the fourth folio.

P. 57. *Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks*  
*The sides of loyalty.* — Collier’s second folio reads, plausibly, “*The ties of loyalty*.” But the meaning is the same here as a little before, “*which have flaw'd the heart*.” So in *King Lear*, ii. 4: “*O sides, you are too tough! will you yet hold?*”

P. 58. *Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freene*  
*Allegiance in them; that their curses now*  
*Live where their prayers did: and it's come to pass*

That *tractable obedience is a slave*, &c.—In the second of these lines, *that* is wanting in the original, and is inserted by Walker as needful alike to sense and to metre. Of course it is equivalent to *so that*, or *insomuch that*.—In the last line, also, the original has *This* instead of *That*. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 59. *There is no primer business*.—The original has *basenesse* instead of *business*; a misprint so glaring as to be hardly worth noting.

P. 59. *What we oft do best,  
By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is  
Not ours, or not allow'd*.—The original reads "*once* weak ones." The correction is Pope's. I cannot reconcile my mind to the use of *once* here; an alternative sense being, it seems to me, clearly intended and required. The forms of *once* and *ones* are so much alike, both to the eye and to the ear, that I suspect the error originated in that circumstance.

P. 59. *For our best action. If we shall stand still*, &c.—Instead of *action*, the old text has *Act*. Corrected by Capell.

P. 60. *A trembling contribution!*—Collier's second folio substitutes *trebling* for *trembling*. The latter goes rather hard indeed, but *trebling* seems quite too tame and flat. See foot-note 8.

P. 61. *And when we,  
Almost with listening ravish'd, could not find  
His hour of speech a minute*.—So Staunton. The old text has "*Almost with ravish'd listening*."

P. 61. *Please your Highness, note  
His dangerous conception in this point*.—The original has *This* instead of *His*. The two were often misprinted for each other. Corrected by Pope.

P. 62. *He was brought to this  
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins*.—Here, and also in the next speech, the original has *Henton* instead of *Hopkins*. But the

same man has before been called *Hopkins*, and it is not easy to see why the name should be thus varied. *Henton*, however, was the name of the convent to which he belonged. The correction is Theobald's.

P. 63. *Whom after, under the confession's seal,  
He solemnly had sworn, &c.* — The original has "under the *Commissions* seale." Corrected by Theobald from Holinshed.

P. 63. *Bid him strive*  
*To gain the love o' the commonalty.* — The word *gain* is wanting in the old editions till the fourth folio. Some verb of equivalent meaning is evidently required.

P. 63. *The monk might be deceived; and that 'twas dangerous*  
*For him to ruminate on this so far, until*  
*It forged him some design, &c.* — The original has "For *this* to ruminate on this," a palpable error, which Rowe corrected. — As we have here two Alexandrines together, Lettsom proposed to read "For him to ruminate this so far," and thus reduce one of them to a pentameter.

P. 64. *I remember*  
*Of such time: being my servant sworn,*  
*The duke retain'd him his.* — The old text reads "being my *sworn servant*"; which seems a needless untuning of the rhythm. Corrected by Steevens.

P. 64. *If, quoth he, I for this had been committed*  
*To th' Tower, as I thought, I would have play'd, &c.* — So Hanmer. The original reads "As to the Tower, I thought"; &c. Here we have a very awkward inversion, which serves no purpose but to obscure the sense.

#### ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 65. *They've all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it,*  
*That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin*  
*Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.* — So Verplanck and Collier's

second folio. The old text has "the Spaven *A* Springhalt." As the spavin and the springhalt, or stringhalt, are two very different diseases of horses, it appears nowise likely that the author of this scene would have confounded them, either name or thing. Pope reads "*And* springhalt."

P. 67. *They may, cum privilegio, wee away*

*The lag end of their lewdness.*—So the original. The second folio substitutes *wee* for *wee*, and is followed, I believe, by all modern editions. But *wee* was probably meant as expressing in English the sound of the French *oui*, and as a sort of representative word. This puts *wee* in good keeping with the rest of the speech; meaning, of course, that "our travell'd gallants" were carrying their foreign affectation into their speech, as well as into their dress and manners.—This reading and explanation were suggested to me by Mr. Joseph Crosby.

## ACT I., SCENE 4.

P. 69. *He would have all as merry*

*As feast, good company, good wine, good welcome,*

*Can make good people.*—The original reads "As *first*, good company, &c. Theobald reads "As *first-good*," Dyce, "As *far* as good," both of which are to me quite unsatisfactory. The correction in the text is Staunton's, and fits so well, that I can but wonder it was not hit upon before.

P. 71. Anne. *You're a merry gamester,*

*My Lord Sands.*

Sands. *Yes, if I may make my play.*—The old text reads "if I make my play," omitting *may*, and thus defeating the verse. Hanmer inserted it.

P. 72. *Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd me*

*To tell your Grace, &c.*—So Walker, and Collier's second folio. The original omits *me*.

## ACT II., SCENE I.

P. 75. *Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired  
To have brought, vivâ voce, to his face.*—The original prints  
“To him brought.” Not worth noting, perhaps.

P. 78. *If ever any malice in your heart  
Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.*—The original  
has “now to forgive me.” Pope’s correction.

P. 78. *There cannot be those numberless offences  
'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with: no black envy  
Shall mark my grave.*—In the last of these lines, the original  
has *make* instead of *mark*; an easy misprint, which Warburton cor-  
rected.

P. 79. *My vows and prayers  
Yet are the King’s; and, till my soul forsake me,  
Shall cry for blessings on him.*—Here, again, *me* is wanting in  
the original. Added in the fourth folio.

## ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 84. *All that dare  
Look into these affairs see his main end,—  
The French King’s sister.*—So the fourth folio. The earlier  
editions have “see *this* main end.” The speaker is evidently referring  
to Wolsey.

## ACT II., SCENE 3.

P. 89. *Still growing in majesty and pomp, the which  
To leave’s a thousand-fold more bitter than  
'Tis sweet at first t’ acquire.*—In the first of these lines, the  
original has “growing in a majesty,”—one of the many instances,  
which Walker points out, of a interpolated. Also, in the second line,  
the original prints “To *leave*, a thousand-fold,” &c.

P. 89. *Yet, if that fortune's quarrel do divorce*

*It from the bearer, &c.* — I here adopt the reading proposed by Lettson. The original reads "if that quarrell. Fortune, do divorce," &c.; which has been a standing puzzle to the editors, from Warburton down to the present time. Many changes have been proposed, and divers explanations offered, none of which comes near being generally acceptable. Dyce follows Warburton's reading, "if that quarrel, fortune, do," &c.; upon the supposal that *quarrel* may be used for *arrow*. The word was indeed sometimes used in that sense: but, if we should substitute *arrow*, I cannot see how the passage would be any the clearer, or the sense any more apt. As here given the meaning is both clear and apt enough; and we have but to take *if that* as an instance of the old English idiom which occurs so often in these plays, such as *since that, when that, though that, &c.*, in all which *that*, according to the modern idiom, is simply redundant. Collier's second folio changes *quarrel* to *cruel*; which relieves the passage of difficulty indeed, but makes it quite too tame. On the other hand, the old editions of Shakespeare abound in instances of words unquestionably transposed.

P. 92. *The King's Majesty*

*Commends his good opinion to you, and*

*Does purpose honour to you no less flowing, &c.* — So Pope.

The original reads "Commends his good opinion of you to you," &c.

P. 93. *And you, O fate!*

*A very fresh-fish here, — fie, fie upon*

*This compell'd fortune! — have your mouth fill'd up*

*Before you open't.* — The original has "fye, fye, fye upon," &c.

The third *fie* obviously serves no purpose but to defeat the metre.

ACT II., SCENE 4.

P. 96. *When was the hour*

*I ever contradicted your desire,*

*Or made it not mine too? Which of your friends*

*Have I not strove to love, although I knew*

*He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,*

*That had to him derived your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking? nay, gave not notice*

*He was from thence discharged?* — In the third of these lines the original repeats *Or before* *Which*; doubtless by accident. Also, in the seventh line, the original omits *not*. The same letters occurring again in *notice* probably caused the omission: at all events, *not* seems fairly required both for sense and metre. Hanmer inserted it.

P. 97. *It shall be therefore bootless*

*That longer you defer the court.* — So the fourth folio. The earlier editions have “*desire the Court*”; doubtless a misprint for *deferre*.

P. 98. *I was about to weep; but, thinking that*

*We are a queen, — or long have dream'd so, — certain*

*The daughter of a king, my drops of tears*

*I'll turn to sparks of fire.* — The original has “*I am about to weep.*” It occurred to me long ago that we ought to read *was*; and the same has lately been proposed by Mr. P. A. Daniel.

P. 99. *Yea, as much*

*As you have done my truth. But, if he know*

*That I am free of your report, &c.* — So Pope. The original omits *But*, which is needful alike for metre and for sense.

P. 99. *You have, by fortune, and his Highness' favours,*

*Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted*

*Where powers are your retainers; and your words,*

*Domestics to you, serve your will as't please*

*Yourself pronounce their office.* — In the first and second of these lines, I find it not easy to refrain from adopting the changes, suggested by Walker, of *favours* to *favour*, and of *slightly* to *lightly*. In the third line, Tyrwhitt and Singer think we ought to read *wards* instead of *words*. With that reading, the sense would be, “that the *great and powerful* were among Wolsey's retainers, and that his *wards*, generally young nobility, were placed in *domestic* offices about his person,

to swell his state and retinue ; which was the fact, and was made one of the principal charges against him." Possibly this may be right, and, if so, must be owned to be a rather happy instance of turning a fine poetic image into a sort of hard literality. But the Queen dwells much upon Wolsey's recklessness of truth ; she does not at all credit his disclaimer of being at the bottom of this movement : and would it not accord better with her settled distrust of his word, to understand her as intimating here, that in his high-seated arrogance his thought and speech have outgrown the wholesome restraints of fear ? See foot-note 9.

P. 100. *When you are call'd, return. — Now, the Lord help me ;  
They vex me past my patience !* — So Walker. The original lacks *me* in the first line, just as in two cases before.

P. 102. *Who had been hither sent on the debating  
A marriage, &c.* — The original has "*And marriage.*"

P. 102. *This respite shook  
The bottom of my conscience, enter'd me,  
Yea, with a splitting power, &c.* — Instead of *bottom* and *splitting*, the original has *bosome* and *spitting*. The former was corrected by Thirlby from the corresponding passage of Holinshed ; the latter, in the second folio.

## ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 107. *If your business  
Do seek me out, and that way I am wife in,  
Out with it boldly : truth loves open dealing.* — The original lacks *Do*, which was inserted by Pope. — Rowe changed *wife* to *wise*, and has been followed by various editors, Dyce among others, who also gives Mason's explanation, — "relates to me, or to any thing of which I have any knowledge." I was myself once betrayed into a reluctant adoption of that reading ; but it now seems to me quite incompatible with the next line, which shows that Catharine is referring to the question of her divorce. See foot-note 7.



P. 107. *I'm sorry my integrity should breed  
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant,  
And service to his Majesty and you.* — In the original the second and third of these lines are transposed. This misplacement, for such I deem it, was rectified by Edwards.

P. 108. *And to deliver,  
Like free and honest men, our just opinions  
And comforts to your cause.* — So the second folio. The first has *our* instead of *your*, — doubtless an accidental repetition from the line above.

P. 112. *The King loves you ;  
Beware you lose it not : for us, if please you  
To trust us in your business, &c.* — The original reads “if you please,” — an accidental misplacement, which Walker and prosody correct.

## ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 114. *The Cardinal's letter to the Pope miscarried.* — The original has *Letters* instead of *letter*. But Surrey asks, a little after, “will the King digest this *letter* of the Cardinal's ?”

P. 114. *Now, all joy  
Trace the conjunction !* — So Pope and Walker. The original has “Now all *my* joy.” Both White and Dyce retain the old reading, and in confirmation of it quote from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*, iv. 4: “Now *all my* blessing on thee ! thou hast made me younger by twenty years.” But can the two cases be fairly regarded as parallel ? I doubt it. For blessing is an act passing over upon an object ; joy is a feeling. In other words, we speak of conferring our blessing on another, but not of conferring our joy. Collier's second folio reads “Now *may* all joy.” But I prefer Walker's reading ; who justly supposes that *my* crept in here by accident from the next line.

P. 116. *Look'd he o' the inside of the papers ?  
Crom. Presently  
He did unseal them : and the first he view'd,*

*He did it with a serious mind ; a heed  
Was in his countenance. And you he bade*

*Attend him here this morning.* — In the first of these lines, the original has “inside of the Paper.” But the next line shows that it should be *papers*. Also, in the fourth line, the original lacks *And*, which was inserted by Hanmer.

P. 117. *There is more in it than fair visage. Boleyn !*

*No, we'll no Boleyns.* — The original reads “*There's more in't then faire Visage.*” Walker would complete the verse by repeating *Boleyn* ; and Hanmer printed “*There's more in it than a fair visage.*” But the printing of *is* and *it* in full appears to be the simplest way.

P. 118. *Strikes his breast hard ; and then anon he casts*

*His eye against the Moon.* — The original lacks *then*, which was inserted by Rowe.

P. 119. *If we did think*

*His contemplation were above the Earth,*

*And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still, &c.* — The old editions till the fourth folio have *object* instead of *objects*. Walker says, “*Objects*, surely ; unless, indeed, *object* had then some meaning with which we are not now acquainted.”

P. 120. *My endeavours*

*Have ever come too short of my desires,*

*Yet filed with my abilities.* — The original has *fill'd* instead of *filed*. Dyce says, “The misprint of *fill'd* for *fil'd* is a common one.” See foot-note 14.

P. 121. *I do profess*

*That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd*

*More than mine own ; that I am true, and will be,*

*Though all the world should crack their duty to you, &c.* — The original here presents a piece of obscurity that long baffled the ingenuity of the commentators, thus :

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, &c.

The critics have generally agreed that there must be some corruption here. The happy emendation in the text is from Singer. Walker thinks a line may have been lost, somewhat to the following effect:

that I am, have, and will be,  
*In heart and act, tied to your service; yea,*  
 Though all the world should, &c.

A very note-worthy specimen of conjectural emendation. And Shakespeare has many instances of language thus incomplete; "that I am, have, and will be," for *have been*. Of course, however, it would not do to use such freedom with the Poet's text, nor would Walker himself approve the doing so.

P. 123. *How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,*  
*As if it fed ye!* — The original has *disgraces*, — a misprint which *it* in the next clause readily corrects.

P. 125. *That in the way of loyalty and truth*  
*Toward the King, my ever royal master, I*  
*Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be, &c.* — The original is without the pronoun *I* at the end of the second line, and thus leaves the clause without a subject. Theobald inserted the pronoun in the first line, — "That *I* in the way," &c. But this mars, not to say defeats, the rhythm of that line. And Shakespeare intersperses Alexandrines so freely, that we need not scruple to make the second line a verse of that length.

P. 128. *That, out of mere ambition, you have caused*  
*Your holy hat be stamp'd on the King's coin.* — So Pope. The original reads "Your holy-Hat to be stamp't." Here *to* is doubtless an interpolation, as the Poet often omits it in like cases, where it would disorder his rhythm.

P. 128. *Because all those things you have done of late,*  
*By your power legatine, &c.* — The original has *legative* instead of *legatine*.

P. 128. *To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,*  
*Chattels, and whatsoever, &c.* — The original misprints *Castles* for *Chattels*. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 129. *This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope.* — The old text has *hopes* instead of *hope*. The instances of plurals and singulars misprinted for each other are almost numberless.

P. 129. *O, how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin, &c.* — It has been proposed to change *their* to *our*, thus making it refer to *we*, in the preceding line; also, to change *we* to *he*, and *their* to *his*, both referring to *that poor man*. But such changes are hardly admissible, as we have many instances of like usage. See foot-note 32.

P. 131. *May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!* — The original has *him* instead of *'em*, — a frequent misprint. As the pronoun must refer to *bones*, *him* cannot be right. Corrected by Capell.

## ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 134. *The citizens,  
I'm sure, have shown at full their loyal minds.* — So Pope. The old text has "their royal minds." The word *royal* may, indeed, possibly be explained to a fitting sense, as the Poet several times uses it, not in the sense of *kingly*, but to denote that which has a king for its *object*; but that sense comes so hard in this case, and the misprint of *royal* for *loyal* is so easy, that I see not why the slight change should be scrupled.

P. 135. *She was oft cited by them, but appear'd not.* — The original has *often* instead of *oft*; a needless breach of metre, and doubtless accidental. Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 135. *Since which she was removed to Kimbolton.* — The original has *Kymmaltton*, — an error which the history readily corrects.

P. 136. *A bold brave gentleman. That lord should be  
The Duke of Suffolk.* — So Walker. The old text omits *lord*.

P. 137. 1 Gent. *And sometimes falling ones.*

2 Gent.

*No more of that.* — In

the original, the first of these speeches is printed as a part of the second Gentleman's preceding speech. As the next speech is also there assigned to the second Gentleman, this makes him reply to his own remark. The correction is Walker's.

P. 139. *To York-place, where the feast is held.*

1 Gent.

Sir, you

*Must no more call it York-place, that is past.* — The old text sets *you* at the beginning of the next line, and then, to give that line a semblance of regularity, prints "*that's past.*" I say semblance, for the *ictus* falls on the wrong syllables throughout the line.

P. 140. *Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which*

*Is to the Court, and there shall be my guests.* — The original reads "and there *ye* shall be." Doubtless an accidental repetition of *ye* from the line above. Pope's correction.

#### ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 140. *Yes, madam ; but I thought your Grace,*

*Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to it.* — So Lettsom. Instead of *thought*, the original has *thanke*, which the second folio changes to *think*.

P. 142.

*One that by suggestion*

*Tithed all the kingdom.* — So Hanmer. The original has *Ty'de* instead of *Tithed*. Some editors print *Tied*, and suppose the meaning to be, that Wolsey had suggested the nation into *bondage*, — *hinted* away the *liberties* of England. His general course and history make rather for the sense of *tithed*; for he was not specially tyrannical, save as tyranny would purvey to his rapacity. See foot-note 6.

P. 142. *But his performance, as he now is, nothing.* — The original transposes *now* and *is*, thus making an ugly hitch in the metre. Rowe's correction.

P. 145. *How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,  
And of an earthy colour?*—So Dyce and Walker. Instead of *colour*, the original has *cold*, which Collier's second folio changes to *coldness*.

P. 147. *The last is, for my men;—they are o' the poorest, &c.*—So Walker. The old text reads "they are *the* poorest."

P. 147. *If Heaven had pleased I have given me longer life  
And abler means, we had not parted thus.*—The original has "And *able* means." Corrected by Walker.

P. 148. *Say to him his long trouble now is passing  
Out of this world.*—The words *to him* are wanting in the original, thus leaving the verse badly mutilated. Pope repaired the breach thus: "And *tell him*, his long trouble now is passing." Capell, thus: "Say, his long trouble now is passing *from him*." The reading in the text is Keightley's.

## ACT V., SCENE I.

P. 155. *And I have heard you,*  
Without indurance, *further.*—Upon this passage Mr. P. A. Daniel notes as follows: "Read, in last line, '*While out of durance, further.*' The object of the Council being to imprison Cranmer before calling witnesses against him, the King naturally supposes that the Archbishop would desire to be heard while enjoying the advantages of liberty—*while out of durance.*"

P. 156. *You take a precipice for no leap of danger,  
And woo your own destruction.*—So the second folio. The first has *Precepit* and *woe* instead of *precipice* and *woo*.

## ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 160. *Please your Honours,*  
*The chief cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.*—An unmetrical line, where such a line ought not to be, and one not easy to be set right. Lettsom would read *'cerns*. I suspect we should rather

strike out *chief*; for, though Gardiner says "we've business of more moment," it appears in fact, that they have no other business in hand as a Council.

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P. 160. *In our own natures frail, and capable*

*Of our flesh; few are angels:* &c.—Several changes have been made or proposed in this difficult passage. Theobald proposed *culpable*, which is also found in Collier's second folio. Malone printed thus: "In our own natures frail, *incapable*; Of our flesh, few are angels." But neither of these changes has met with much favour. I do not think the text is corrupt. See foot-note 6.

P. 162. *Defacers of the public peace.*—So Rowe and Collier's second folio. The original has "Defacers of a publique peace."

P. 165. *But know, I come not*

*To hear such flatteries now; and in my presence*

*They are too thin and bare to hide offences.*—The original has *flattery* and *bare* instead of *flatteries* and *bare*. The first was corrected by Rowe, the second by Malone. *They* points out the error of *flattery*.

P. 166. *I had thought I had men of some understanding*

*And wisdom of my Council; but I find none.*—The original

has the first of these lines rather overloaded with *hads*, thus: "I had thought I had *had* men," &c. This needless repetition damages both sense and metre. Probably it were better to strike out another *had*, and read "I thought I had." So in the corresponding passage of Fox: "Ah my lords, I thought I had wiser men of my counsell than now I find you."

P. 167. *I have a suit which you must not deny me:*

*There is a fair young maid that yet wants baptism.*—The

original has *That* instead of *There*. Corrected by Rowe.

#### ACT V., SCENE 3.

P. 168. *Do you take the Court for Paris-garden?*—The original has "*Parish* Garden." There was no such place as *Parish* Garden, but *Paris-garden* was a well-known arena for bear-baitings. White, and

Dyce in his last edition, print "*Parish-garden*," on the ground of its being "a vulgar corruption," used "by people of the Porter's class." *Parish* seems to me much more likely to have been an accidental error. Corrected in the fourth folio.

P. 169. *Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;*

*And that I would not for my cow, God save her.* — The original has "for a cow." The substitution of *my* for *a* was proposed by Staunton, and sets the language in accordance with an old custom of speech. See foot-note 5. — Few passages in Shakespeare have puzzled the commentators more than this. Collier's second folio substitutes *queen* for *chine*, and *crown* for *cow*. These changes are plausible; but they labour under the mistake of supposing that the speaker is expecting to see the Queen pass to the christening; which could hardly be, as the custom then was to baptize babies at three days old; which custom was in fact followed at the baptism of Elizabeth. So Singer, Staunton, White, and Dyce all keep the original text, in spite of Collier's discovery. And a writer in *The Literary Gazette* for January 25, 1862, remarks as follows: "A phrase evidently identical with that used by Shakespeare (or Fletcher) is in use to this day in the South of England. 'Oh! I would not do that for a cow, save her tail,' may still be heard in the mouths of the vulgar in Devonshire. This coincidence of expression leaves no doubt that the genuine reading is *cow*, not *crown*; and that the Porter's man was thinking of a chine of beef, an object much dearer in his eyes than a queen."

P. 170. *At length they came to the broomstaff with me.* — So Pope and Collier's second folio. The original has "the broome staffe to me." Doubtless an accidental repetition of *to*.

P. 172. *You i' the camlet, get up off the rail; I'll pick you o'er the pales else.* — So Mason. The original has "get up o' the raile." Collier's second folio changes *pales* to *poll*. This would give a different sense, *poll* being an old word for *head*. See foot-note 21.

#### ACT V., SCENE 4.

P. 173. *And for your royal Grace and the good Queen,  
My noble partners and myself thus pray.* — The old text reads



"And to your Royall Grace." As the prayer is addressed to Heaven, to obviously cannot be right, according to any known usage.

P. 174. *From her shall read the perfect ways of honour.* — So the fourth folio. The original has *way* instead of *ways*.

P. 176. *To you, my good Lord Mayor,*  
*And your good brethren, &c.* — The original has "And you good brethren." Corrected by Thirlby.

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