

*Gard.* [*Aside to WOLSEY.*] But to be commanded  
For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd  
me. 120

*K. Hen.* 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 learned man?

*Wol.* Yes, surely. 124

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

*Wol.* How! of me?

*Cam.* They will not stick to say, you envied  
him,

And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,  
Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd  
him 129

That he ran mad and died.

*Wol.* Heaven's peace be with him!  
That's Christian care enough: for living mur-  
murers

There's places of rebuke. He was a fool, 132  
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fel-  
low,

If I command him, follows my appointment:  
I will have none so near else. Learn this, bro-  
ther, 135

We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

*K. Hen.* Deliver this with modesty to the  
queen. [*Exit GARDINER.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of  
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;

There ye shall meet about this weighty business.  
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O my lord! 141

Would it not grieve an able man to leave  
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, con-  
science!

O! 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. 144

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*An Antechamber in the QUEEN'S  
Apartments.*

*Enter ANNE BULLEN and an Old Lady.*

*Anne.* Not for that neither: here's the pang  
that pinches:

His highness having liv'd so long with her, and  
she

So good a lady that no tongue could ever  
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life, 4

She never knew harm-doing; O! now, after  
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,

Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which  
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than 8

'Tis sweet at first to acquire, after this process  
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity

Would move a monster.

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

*Anne.* O! God's will; much better 12  
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be tem-  
poral,

Yet, if that quarrel, Fortune, do divorce  
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging

As soul and body's severing.

*Old Lady.* Alas! poor lady, 16  
She's a stranger now again.

*Anne.* So much the more  
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,

I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content, 20

Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief  
And wear a golden sorrow.

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

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

*Old Lady.* Beshrew me, I would, 24  
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would  
you,

For all this spice of your hypocrisy.  
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,

Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet 28  
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty:

Which, to say sooth, are blessings, and which  
gifts—

Saving your mincing—the capacity  
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,  
If you might please to stretch it.

*Anne.* Nay, good troth. 33

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

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

*Old Lady.* 'Tis strange: a three-pence bow'd  
would hire me, 36

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 Lady.* Then you are weakly made. Pluck  
off a little: 40

I would not be a young count in your way,  
For more than blushing comes to: if your back

Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak  
Ever to get a boy.

*Anne.* How you do talk! 44

I swear again, I would not be a queen  
For all the world.

*Old Lady.* In faith, for little England  
You'd venture an emballing: I myself

Would for Carnarvonshire, although there  
'long'd 49

No more to the crown but that. Lo! who comes  
here?

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good morning, ladies. What were't  
worth to know

The secret of your conference?

*Anne.* My good lord,  
Not your demand; it values not your asking: 52

Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

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

All will be well.

*Anne.* Now, I pray God, amen! 56  
*Cham.* You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly  
blessings

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Black-Friars.*

*Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Ver-  
gers, with short silver wands; next them, two  
Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them,  
the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, alone; after  
him, the BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER,  
and SAINT ASAPH; next them, at 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, bear-  
ing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bear-  
ing two great silver pillars; after them, side  
by side, the two CARDINALS; 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;  
below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next  
the BISHOPS. The Crier and the rest of the  
Attendants stand in convenient order about  
the Stage.*

*Wol.* Whilst our commission from Rome is  
read,

Let silence be commanded.

*K. Hen.* What's the need?  
It hath already publicly been read,

And on all sides the authority allow'd; 4  
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, come into the  
court.

*K. Hen.* Here.

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

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

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

*Q. Kath.* Sir, I desire you do me right and  
justice;

And to bestow your pity on me; for 12  
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,

Born out of your dominions; having here  
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance

Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas! sir,  
In what have I offended you? what cause 17

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, 20

I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable;

Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry

As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour 25  
I ever contradicted your desire,

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,  
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's

Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty  
Commends his good opinion of you, and 61

Does purpose honour to you no less flowing  
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title

A thousand pound a year, annual support, 64  
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 68  
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers  
and wishes

Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,  
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obe-  
dience,

As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness,  
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

*Cham.* Lady, 73  
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit

The king hath of you. [*Aside.*] I have perus'd  
her well;

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled 76  
That they have caught the king; and who knows  
yet

But from this lady may proceed a gem  
To lighten all this isle? [*To her.*] I'll to the king,

And say, I spoke with you.

*Anne.* My honour'd lord. 80

[*Exit LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*]

*Old Lady.* 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; 84

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 it.

*Anne.* This is strange to me. 88

*Old Lady.* How tastes it? is it bitter? forty  
pence, no.

There was a lady once,—'tis an old story,—  
That would not be a queen, that would she not,

For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

*Anne.* Come, you are pleasant.

*Old Lady.* With your theme I could  
O'er mount the lark. The Marchioness of Pem-  
broke!

A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect!  
No other obligation! By my life, 96

That promises more thousands: honour's train  
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time

I know your back will bear a duchess: say,  
Are you not stronger than you were?

*Anne.* Good lady, 100  
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,

And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being,  
If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,

To think what follows. 104

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver

What here you've heard to her.

*Old Lady.* What do you think me? 108  
[*Exeunt.*]



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

Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine  
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice  
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to  
mind

That I have been your wife, in this obedience  
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest  
With many children by you: if, in the course  
And process of this time, you can report,  
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,  
Against your sacred person, in God's name  
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt  
Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,  
The king, your father, was reputed for  
A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
And unmatched 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 advis'd, whose coun-  
sel

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 boot-  
less

That longer you desire the court, as well  
For your own quiet, as to rectify  
What is unsettled in the king.

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

*Q. Kath.* Lord Cardinal,  
To you I speak.

*Wol.* Your pleasure, madam?

*Q. Kath.* Sir,  
I am about to weep; but, thinking that  
We are a queen,—or long have dream'd so,—  
certain

The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

*Wol.* Be patient yet.

*Q. Kath.* I will, when you are humble; nay,  
before.

Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that  
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge  
You shall not be my judge; for it is you  
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,

Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say  
again,

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

*Wol.* I do profess  
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet  
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects  
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do  
me wrong:

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice  
For you or any: how far I have proceeded, 88  
Or how far further shall, is warranted  
By a commission from the consistory,  
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge  
me

That I have blown this coal: I do deny it.  
The king is present: if it be known to him  
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
And worthily, my falsehood; yea, as much  
As you have done my truth. If he know  
That I am free of your report, he knows  
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him  
It lies to cure me; and the cure is, to  
Remove these thoughts from you: the which  
before

His highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,  
And to say so no more.

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

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,  
With meekness and humility; but your heart  
Is cramm'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride.  
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,  
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are  
mounted

Where powers are your retainers, and your  
words,

Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please  
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell  
you,

You tender more your person's honour than  
Your high profession spiritual; that again  
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,  
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,  
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness  
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the KING, and offers to depart.*]

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

*K. Hen.* Call her again.

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

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

*Q. Kath.* What need you note it? pray you,  
keep your way:

When you are call'd, return. Now, the Lord  
help!

They vex me past my patience. Pray you, pass  
on:  
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more  
Upon this business my appearance make  
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt QUEEN, and her Attendants.*]  
*K. Hen.* Go thy ways, Kate:  
That man i' the world who shall report he has  
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,  
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,—  
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,  
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts  
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,—  
The queen of earthly queens. She's noble born;  
And, like her true nobility, she has  
Carried herself towards me.

*Wol.* Most gracious sir,  
In humblest manner I require your highness,  
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing  
Of all these ears,—for where I am robb'd and  
bound

There must I be unloos'd, 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?

*K. Hen.* 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 excus'd:  
But will you be more justified? you ever  
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never  
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd,  
oft,

The passages made toward it. On my honour,  
I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this point,  
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me  
to't,

I will be bold with time and your attention:  
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came; give  
heed to't:

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,  
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd  
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French am-  
bassador,

Who had been hither sent on the debating  
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and  
Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this  
business,

Ere a determinate resolution, he—

I mean, the bishop—did require a respite;  
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise  
Whether our daughter were legitimate,

Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,  
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite  
shook

The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,

Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble  
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,  
That many maz'd considerations did throng,  
And press'd in with this caution. First, me-  
thought

I stood not in the smile of heaven, who had  
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,  
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should  
Do no more offices of life to't than  
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue  
Or died where they were made, or shortly after  
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a  
thought

This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,  
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should  
not

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 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 rev'rend 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 mov'd you.

*Lin.* Very well, my liege.  
*K. Hen.* I have spoke long: be pleas'd your-  
self 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 that I had to doubt;  
And did entreat your highness to this course  
Which you are running here.

*K. Hen.* Then I mov'd you,  
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave  
To make this present summons. Unsolicited  
I left no reverend person in this court;  
But by particular consent proceeded  
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;  
For no dislike i' the world against the person  
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny  
points

Of my alleged reasons drive this forward.  
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life  
And kingly dignity, we are contented  
To wear our mortal state to come with her,  
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature  
That's paragon'd o' the world.

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

[*They rise to depart.*]  
*K. Hen.* [Aside.] I may perceive  
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor  
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.



My learn'd and well-beloved servant Cranmer,  
Prithee, return: with thy approach, I know,  
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:  
I say, set on.

[*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*]

## ACT III

SCENE I.—*The Palace at Bridewell. A Room  
in the QUEEN'S Apartment.*

*The QUEEN and her Women at work.*

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

## SONG

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

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Q. Kath.* How now!

*Gent.* An't please your Grace, the two great  
cardinals

Wait in the presence.

*Q. Kath.* Would they speak with me?

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

*Q. Kath.* Pray their Graces  
To come near. [*Exit Gentleman.*] What can be  
their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?  
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.  
They should be good men, their affairs as right-  
eous;  
But all hoods make not monks.

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.*

*Wol.* Peace to your highness!

*Q. Kath.* Your Graces find me here part of  
a housewife;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.  
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

*Wol.* May it please you, noble madam, to  
withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you  
The full cause of our coming.

*Q. Kath.* Speak it here;  
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my con-  
science,

Deserves a corner: would all other women  
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!

My lords, I care not—so much I am happy  
Above a number—if my actions

Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,  
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,

I know my life so even. If your business  
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,

Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

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

*Q. Kath.* O, good my lord, no Latin;  
I am not such a truant since my coming

As not to know the language I have liv'd 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 absolv'd in English.

*Wol.* Noble lady,  
I am sorry my integrity should breed,—  
And service to his majesty and you,—

So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.  
We come not by the way of accusation,

To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,  
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,

You have too much, good lady; but to know  
How you stand minded in the weighty difference

Between the king and you; and to deliver,  
Like free and honest men, our just opinions

And comforts to your cause.

*Cam.* Most honour'd madam, 60  
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 sign of peace, 65  
His service and his counsel.

*Q. Kath.* [*Aside.*] To betray me.  
My lords, I thank you both for your good will;

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, look-  
ing

Either for such men or such business.

For her sake that I have been,—for I feel 76  
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: 80

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

*Q. Kath.* In England  
But little for my profit. Can you think, lords,

That any Englishman dare give me counsel?  
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' plea-  
sure,—

Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,—  
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,

They that must weigh out my afflictions, 87  
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:

They are, as all my other comforts, far hence  
In mine own country, lords.

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

*Q. Kath.* How, sir?

*Cam.* Put your main cause into the king's  
protection;

He's loving and most gracious: 'twill be much  
Both for your honour better and your cause;

For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,  
You'll part away disgrac'd.

*Wol.* He tells you rightly. 96

*Q. Kath.* Ye tell me what ye wish for both;  
my ruin.

Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!  
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge

That no king can corrupt.

*Cam.* Your rage mistakes us. 100

*Q. Kath.* The more shame for ye! holy men I  
thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;  
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye.

Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your  
comfort? 104

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, 107  
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;  
You turn the good we offer into envy. 112

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

And all such false professors! Would ye have  
me,—

If ye have any justice, any pity; 115  
If ye be anything but churchmen's habits,—

Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?  
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already,

His love, too long ago! I am old, my lords,  
And all the fellowship I hold now with him

Is only my obedience. What can happen 121  
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies

Make me a curse like this.

*Cam.* Your fears are worse.

*Q. Kath.* Have I liv'd thus long—let me speak  
myself, 124

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 128

Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven?  
obey'd him?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?  
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?

And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords. 132  
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,

One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his plea-  
sure,

And to that woman, when she has done most,  
Yet will I add an honour, a great patience. 136

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

*Q. Kath.* My lord, I dare not make myself so  
guilty,

To give up willingly that noble title 139  
Your master wed me to: nothing but death

Shall e'er divorce my dignities.  
*Wol.* Pray hear me.

*Q. Kath.* Would I had never trod this English  
earth,

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!  
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your  
hearts. 144

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? 147

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, 153

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: 156

We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.  
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;

How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly  
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this  
carriage. 160

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, 164

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 169

Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king  
loves you;

Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please  
To trust us in your business, we are ready

To use our utmost studies in your service.  
*Q. Kath.* Do what ye will, my lords: and,  
pray, forgive me

If I have us'd myself unmannerly.

You know I am a woman, lacking wit 176  
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, 180

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.—*Antechamber to the KING'S  
Apartment.*

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF  
SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the Lord  
Chamberlain.*

*Nor.* If you will now unite in your com-  
plaints,

And force them with a constancy, the cardinal  
Cannot stand under them: if you omit



The offer of this time, I cannot promise  
But that you shall sustain me new disgraces  
With these you bear already.

*Sur.* I am joyful  
To meet the least occasion that may give me  
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke, 8  
To be reveng'd on him.

*Suf.* Which of the peers  
Have unctem'd gone by him, or at least  
Strangely neglected? when did he regard  
The stamp of nobleness in any person, 12  
Out of himself?

*Cham.* My lords, you speak your pleasures:  
What he deserves of you and me, I know;  
What we can do to him,—though now the time  
Gives way to us,—I much fear. If you cannot  
Bar his access to the king, never attempt 17  
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 21  
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 24  
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 28  
His practices to light?

*Suf.* Most strangely.  
*Sur.* O! how? how?

*Suf.* The cardinal's letter to the pope mis-  
carried,  
And came to the eye o' the king; wherein was  
read,

That the cardinal did entreat his holiness 32  
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 35  
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'

*Sur.* Has the king this?

*Suf.* Believe it.  
*Sur.* Will this work?

*Cham.* The king in this perceives him, how  
he coasts

And hedges his own way. But in this point  
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic  
After his patient's death: the king already 41  
Hath married the fair lady.

*Sur.* Would he had!

*Suf.* May you be happy in your wish, my  
lord!

For I profess, you have it.

*Sur.* Now all my joy 44  
Trace the conjunction!

*Suf.* My amen to't!

*Nor.* All men's.

*Suf.* There's order given for her coronation:  
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left  
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,  
She is a gallant creature, and complete 49  
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her

Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall  
In it be memoriz'd.

*Sur.* But will the king 52  
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?

*The Lord forbid!*

*Nor.* Marry, amen!

*Suf.* No, no;  
There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose  
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Cam-  
peius 56

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 60  
The king cried Ha! at this.

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

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

*Suf.* He is return'd in his opinions, which  
Have satisfied the king for his divorce, 65  
Together with all famous colleges  
Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe,  
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and  
Her coronation. Katherine no more 69  
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, 76  
Gave't you the king?

*Crom.* To his own hand, in his bedchamber.  
*Wol.* Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

*Crom.* Presently  
He did unseal them; and the first he view'd,  
He did it with a serious mind; a heed 81  
Was in his countenance. You he bade  
Attend him here this morning.

*Wol.* Is he ready  
To come abroad?

*Crom.* I think, by this he is. 84  
*Wol.* Leave me awhile. [Exit CROMWELL.]

[Aside.] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,  
The French King's sister; he shall marry her.  
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:  
There's more in't than fair visage. Bullen! 89  
No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish  
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pem-  
broke!

*Nor.* He's discontented.

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

*Sur.* Sharp enough, 93  
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 99  
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to  
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of  
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up  
A heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one  
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king, 104  
And is his oracle.

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

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

*Enter the KING, reading a schedule; and  
LOVELL.*

*Suf.* The king, the king!

*K. Hen.* What piles of wealth hath he ac-  
cumulated 108  
To his own portion! and what expense by the  
hour  
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of  
thrif,

Does he rake this together? Now, my lords,  
Saw you the cardinal?

*Nor.* My lord, we have 112  
Stood here observing him; some strange com-  
motion

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 116  
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,  
Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts  
His eye against the moon: in most strange  
postures

We have seen him set himself.

*K. Hen.* It may well be: 120  
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning  
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,  
As I requir'd; and wot you what I found  
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly? 124  
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing;  
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,  
Rich stuffs and ornaments of household, which  
I find at such a proud rate that it out-speaks  
Possession of a subject.

*Nor.* It's heaven's will: 129  
Some spirit put this paper in the packet  
To bless your eye withal.

*K. Hen.* If we did think  
His contemplation were above the earth, 132  
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still  
Dwell in his musings; but I am afraid  
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth  
His serious considering.

[He takes his seat, and whispers  
LOVELL, who goes to WOLSEY.]

*Wol.* Heaven forgive me! 136  
Ever God bless your highness!

*K. Hen.* Good my lord,  
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the in-  
ventory

Of your best graces in your mind, the which  
You were now running o'er: you have scarce 140  
time

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span  
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that  
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad  
To have you therein my companion.

*Wol.* Sir, 144  
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 148  
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,  
Must give my tendance to.

*K. Hen.* You have said well.

*Wol.* And ever may your highness yoke to-  
gether.

As I will lend you cause, my doing well 152  
With my well saying!

*K. Hen.* 'Tis well said again;  
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:  
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd  
you: 155

He said he did; and with his deed did crown  
His word upon you. Since I had my office,  
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone  
Employ'd you where high profits might come  
home,

But par'd my present havings, to bestow 160  
My bounties upon you.

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

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

*K. Hen.* 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, 165  
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

*Wol.* Mysovereign, I confess your royal graces,  
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than  
could 168

My studied purposes requite; which went  
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours  
Have ever come too short of my desires, 171  
Yet fil'd with my abilities. Mine own ends  
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed  
To the good of your most sacred person and  
The profit of the state. For your great graces  
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I 176  
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.

*K. Hen.* Fairly answer'd; 180  
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 187

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

*Wol.* I do profess, 191  
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd  
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.



Though all the world should crack their duty to you,  
And throw it from their soul; though perils did  
Abound as thick as thought could make 'em, and  
Appear in forms more horrid, yet my duty, 197  
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,  
Should the approach of this wild river break,  
And stand unshaken yours.

*K. Hen.* 'Tis nobly spoken. 200  
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,  
For you have seen him open 't. Read o'er this;

*[Giving him papers.]*  
And after, this: and then to breakfast with  
What appetite you have.

*[Exit KING, frowning upon CARDINAL WOLSEY; the Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.]*

*Wol.* What should this mean? 204  
What sudden anger's this? how have I reaped 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; 209

I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so;  
This paper has undone me! 'Tis the account  
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together  
Formine 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 215  
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 220  
Will bring me off again. What's this?—'To the  
Pope!'

The letter, as I live, with all the business  
I write to's holiness. Nay then, farewell!  
I have touch'd the highest point of all my great-  
ness; 224  
And from that full meridian of my glory,  
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more. 228

*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, my Lord of Winchester's, 232  
Till you hear further from his highness.

*Wol.* Stay,  
Where's your commission, lord? 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, 237

I mean your malice, know, officious lords,  
I dare and must deny it. Now I feel  
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy:

How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, 241  
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton  
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin  
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;  
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no  
doubt, 245

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; 248

Bade me enjoy it with the place and honours  
During my life; and to confirm his goodness,  
Tied it by letters-patents: now who'll take it?

*Sur.* The king, that gave it.  
*Wol.* It must be himself then. 252  
*Sur.* Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

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

*Sur.* Thy ambition,  
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bemoaning land  
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law: 257  
The heads of all thy brother cardinals—  
With thee and all thy best parts bound to-  
gether—

Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your  
policy! 260

You sent me deputy for Ireland,  
Far from his succour, from the king, from all  
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st  
him; 263

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,  
Absolv'd him with an axe.

*Wol.* This and all else  
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,  
I answer is most false. The duke by law  
Found his deserts: how innocent I was 268  
From any private malice in his end,  
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.

If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,  
You have as little honesty as honour, 272  
That in the way of loyalty and truth  
Toward the king, my ever royal master,  
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,  
And all that love his follies. 276

*Sur.* By my soul,  
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou  
shouldst feel

My sword! the life-blood of thee else. My lords,  
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?  
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,  
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet, 281  
Farewell nobility; let his Grace go forward,  
And dare us with his cap like larks.

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

*Sur.* Yes, that goodness 284  
Of gleaming all the land's wealth into one,  
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;  
The goodness of your intercepted packets,  
You write to the pope against the king; your  
goodness, 288

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.  
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,  
As you respect the common good, the state  
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues, 292

Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,  
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles  
Collected from his life; I'll startle you  
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown  
wench 296

Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.  
*Wol.* How much, methinks, I could despise  
this man,

But that I am bound in charity against it!  
*Nor.* Those articles, my lord, are in the king's  
hand; 300

But, thus much, they are foul ones.  
*Wol.* So much fairer  
And spotless shall mine innocence arise  
When the king knows my truth.

*Sur.* This cannot save you:  
I thank my memory, I yet remember 304  
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, 308  
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 know-  
ledge, 311  
You wrought to be a legate; by which power  
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

*Nor.* Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else  
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus* 314  
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the  
king

To be your servant.  
*Suf.* Then, that without the knowledge  
Either of king or council, when you went  
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold  
To carry into Flanders the great seal. 320

*Sur.* Item, you sent a large commission  
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,  
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,  
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

*Suf.* That, out of mere ambition, you have  
caus'd 325  
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

*Sur.* Then, that you have sent innumerable  
substance,—  
By what means got I leave to your own con-  
science,— 328

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways  
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing  
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;  
Which, since they are of you, and odious, 332  
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 336

So little of his great self.  
*Sur.* I forgive him.

*Suf.* Lord Cardinal, the king's further plea-  
sure is,  
Because all those things you have done of late,  
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,  
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*, 341

That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;  
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,  
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be 344  
Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.

*Nor.* And so we'll leave you to your medita-  
tions

How to live better. For your stubborn answer  
About the giving back the great seal to us,  
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall  
thank you. 349

So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.  
*[Exeunt all except WOLSEY.]*

*Wol.* So farewell to the little good you bear  
me. 351

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;

And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root, 358  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory, 361  
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 364  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:  
I feel my heart new open'd. O! how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer, 372  
Never to hope again.

*Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed.*  
Why, how now, Cromwell!

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, sir.  
*Wol.* What! amaz'd  
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder  
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,  
I am fall'n indeed.

*Crom.* How does your Grace?  
*Wol.* Why, well; 377  
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
I know myself now; and I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities, 380  
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd  
me,

I humbly thank his Grace; and from these  
shoulders,  
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken 383  
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:  
O! 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden  
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

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

*Wol.* I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,—  
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,— 389  
To endure more miseries and greater far  
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.

What news abroad?  
*Crom.* The heaviest and the worst,  
Is your displeasure with the king.



*Wol.* God bless him! 393  
*Crom.* The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen  
 Lord Chancellor in your place.  
*Wol.* That's somewhat sudden:  
 But he's a learned man. May he continue 396  
 Long in his highness' favour, and do justice  
 For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,  
 When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,  
 May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!  
 What more? 401  
*Crom.* That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,  
 Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.  
*Wol.* That's news indeed.  
*Crom.* Last, that the Lady Anne,  
 Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,  
 This day was view'd in open, as his queen, 405  
 Going to chapel; and the voice is now  
 Only about her coronation.  
*Wol.* There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell! 408  
 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 412  
 Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;  
 I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now  
 To be thy lord and master: seek the king;—  
 That sun, I pray, may never set!—I have told him 416  
 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 419  
 Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,  
 Neglect him not; make use now, and provide  
 For thine own future safety.  
*Crom.* O my lord!  
 Must I then, leave you? must I needs forego  
 So good, so noble, and so true a master? 424  
 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. 428  
*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,  
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
 Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell; 432  
 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, 437  
 Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in;  
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it,  
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me. 440

*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; 444  
 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! 449  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;  
 And,—prithee, lead me in:  
 There take an inventory of all I have, 452  
 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! 455  
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.  
*Crom.* Good sir, have patience.  
*Wol.* So I have. Farewell  
 The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell. [Exeunt.]

## ACT IV

## SCENE I.—A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

*First Gen.* You're well met once again.  
*Sec. Gen.* So are you.  
*First Gen.* You come to take your stand here, and behold  
 The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?  
*Sec. Gen.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter 4  
 The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.  
*First Gen.* 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;  
 This, general joy.  
*Sec. Gen.* 'Tis well: the citizens,  
 I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds,  
 As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward, 9  
 In celebration of this day with shows,  
 Pageants, and sights of honour.  
*First Gen.* Never greater;  
 Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir. 12  
*Sec. Gen.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,  
 That paper in your hand?  
*First Gen.* Yes; 'tis the list  
 Of those that claim their offices this day  
 By custom of the coronation. 16  
 The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims  
 To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,  
 He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.  
*Sec. Gen.* I thank you, sir: had I not known  
 those customs, 20  
 I should have been beholding to your paper.  
 But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,  
 The princess dowager? how goes her business?  
*First Gen.* That I can tell you too. The Archbishop 24  
 Of Canterbury, accompanied with other

Learned and reverend fathers of his order,  
 Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off  
 From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which 28  
 She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:  
 And, to be short, for not appearance and  
 The king's late scruple, by the main assent  
 Of all these learned men she was divorc'd, 32  
 And the late marriage made of none effect:  
 Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton,  
 Where she remains now sick.  
*Sec. Gen.* Alas! good lady!  
 [Trumpets.  
 The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming. [Hautboys.]

## THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

A lively flourish of trumpets.

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, and on his head a gilt copper crown.
  5. MARQUESS DORSET, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the EARL OF SURREY, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.
  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 SS.
  7. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the QUEEN in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side 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.
- They pass over the stage in order and state.  
*Sec. Gen.* A royal train, believe me. These I know; 37  
 Who's that that bears the sceptre?  
*First Gen.* Marquess Dorset:  
 And that the Earl of Surrey with the rod.  
*Sec. Gen.* A bold brave gentleman. That should be 40  
 The Duke of Suffolk?  
*First Gen.* 'Tis the same; high-steward.  
*Sec. Gen.* And that my Lord of Norfolk?  
*First Gen.* Yes.  
*Sec. Gen.* [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; 44  
 Our king has all the Indies in his arms,  
 And more and richer, when he strains that lady:  
 I cannot blame his conscience.  
*First Gen.* They that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons  
 Of the Cinque-ports.  
*Sec. Gen.* 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. 52  
*First Gen.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.  
*Sec. Gen.* Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed;  
 And sometimes falling ones.  
*First Gen.* No more of that.  
 [Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.]

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir: Where have you been broiling?  
*Third Gen.* Among the crowd i' the Abbey; where a finger  
 Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled  
 With the mere rankness of their joy.  
*Sec. Gen.* You saw  
 The ceremony?  
*Third Gen.* That I did.  
*First Gen.* How was it? 60  
*Third Gen.* Well worth the seeing.  
*Sec. Gen.* Good sir, speak it to us.  
*Third Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich stream  
 Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen  
 To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off 64  
 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. 68  
 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, 72  
 As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,—  
 Doublets, I think,—flew up; and had their faces  
 Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy  
 I never saw before. Great-bellied women, 76  
 That had not half a week to go, like rams  
 In the old time of war, would shake the press,  
 And make 'em reel before them. No man living  
 Could say, "This is my wife," there; all were woven 80  
 So strangely in one piece.  
*Sec. Gen.* But, what follow'd?  
*Third Gen.* At length her Grace rose, and with modest paces  
 Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,  
 Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly. 84  
 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, 88  
 The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems  
 Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,