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The Tragedy of Anne Boleyn

E. W. GALLUP

Riverbank Laboratories
Geneva, Illinois

SYNOPSIS

The Tragedy of
Anne Boleyn

Deciphered by

ELIZABETH WELLS GALLUP

From the *Novum Organum* of Sir Francis Bacon
by means of the Biliteral Cipher, described
in his *Advancement of Learning*

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RIVERBANK LABORATORIES

Geneva, Ill.

1916

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Five m. 1000

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY.
(deciphered from the bi-litral)

As may bee well knowne unto you, th' questio' of Elizabeth, her legitimacie, made her a Protestant, for the Pope had not recognis'd th' union, tho' it were royale, which her sire made with fayre Anne Boleyn. Still we may see that despite some restraining feare, it suited her to dallie with the question, to make a faint shew of settling the mater as her owne co'scie'ce dictated, if we take th' decisions of facts; but the will of th' remorse-tost king left no doubt in men's minds concerning th' former marriage, in fact, as th' crowne was giv'n first to Mary, his daughter of that marriage, before commi'g to Elizabeth.

In th' storie of my most infortunate grandmother, the sweet ladie who saw not th' headsman's axe when shee went forth proudly to her coronation, you shall read of a sadnesse that touches me neere; partlie because of neerensse in bloud, partlie from a firme believe and trust in her innocencie. Therefore every act and scene of this play of which I speake, is a tende' sacrifice, and an incense to her sweete memorie. It is a plea to the generations to come for a just judgement upon her life, whilst also giving the world one of the noblest o' my plays, hidden in Cy'hre in many other workes.

A short argument, and likewise th' keies, are giv'n to ayde th' decypherer when it is to be work'd out as I wish. This doth tell th' story with sufficient clearnes to guide you to our hidden storie.

This opeth at th' palace, when King Henry for the first time cometh truely under the spell of her beautie,—then in th' highest perfection of dainty grace, fresh, unspoiled,—and the charme of youthlie manners. It is

thought this was that inquisition which brought out feares regarding th' marriage contracted with Katharine of Arragon, so that none greatly wond' red whe' prolonged consultation of the secret voyce in his soule assur'd the questioner noe good could ever come from the union. Acti'g upon this conviction he doth confer money and titles upon his last choise to quiet objections on score of unmeetnes.

But tho' an irksome thing, truth shall be told. Tho' it be oftentimes a task,—if selfe-imposed, not by any meanes th' lesse, but more wearisome, since the work hath noe voyce of approvall or praise,—I intend its completion. For many simple causes th' historie of a man's life cometh from acts that we see through stayned glasse darkelie, and of th' other sexe, a man doth perceyve lesse, if possible, but th' picture that I shall heere give is limn'd most carefully. However m' pen hath greatly digress'd, and to returne.

Despite this mark of royall favour, a grave matter like the divorcement of a royall spouse to wed a maide, suited not with fayre Anne's notions of justice, and with a sweete grace she made answer when the King sued for favour:—"I am not high in birth as would befit a Queene, but I am too good to become your mistresse." So there was no waye to compasse his desires save to wring a decree out o' th' Pope and wed th' maide, not a jot regarding her answer unlesse to bee the more eager to have his waye.

Th' love Lord Percy shew'd my lady, although so frankly return'd, kept the wish turning, turning as a restless mill. Soone he resolv'd on proof of his owne spirit, doe th' Pope how he might, and securing a civill decree, privately wedded th' too youthfull Anne, and hid her for space of severall daies untill th' skies could somewhat cleare; but when th' earlie sumer came, in hope that there might soone bee borne to them an heyre of th' desir'd kinde,

order'd willinglie her coronation sparing noe coste to make it outvie anie other.

And when she was borne along, surrounded by soft white tissew, shielded by a canopie of white, whilst she is wafted onwards, you would say an added charme were to paint the lillie, or give the rose perfume.

This was onely th' beginning of a triumph, bright as briefe,—in a short space 'twas ore. Henry chose to consider th' infant princesse in the light of great anger of a just God brought upon him for his sinnes, but bearing this with his daring spirit, he compelleth the Actes of Supremacy and Succession, which placed him at the head of the Church of England, in th' one case, and made his heires by Queene Anne th' successours to th' throne. Untill that time, onely male heyres had succeeded to th' roiall power and the act occasioned much surprise amongst our nobilitie.

But Henry rested not the'. The lovelinesse of Anne and her natural opennesse of manner, so potent to winne th' weake heart o' th' King, awaken'd suspition and much cruell jealousie when hee saw th' gay courtiers yielding to th' spell of gracefull gentility,—heighten'd by usage forrayn, as also at th' English Court. But if truth be said, th' fancy had taken him to pay lovi'g court unto the faire Jane Seymour, who was more beautifull, and quite young,—but also most ordinary as doth regard personall manner, and th' qualitie that made th' Queene so pleasing,—Lady Jane permitting marks of gracious favour t' be freeilie offered.

And the Queene, unfortunately for her secret hope, surpris'd them in a tender scene. Sodaine griefe orewhelm- ing her so viole'tlie, she swound before them, and a little space thereafter the infant sonne so constantly desir'd, borne untimely, disappointed once more this selfish monarch. This threw him into great fury, so that he was cruellie harsh where [he] should give comfort and sup-

port, throwing so much blame upon the gentle Queene, that her heart dyed within her not long after soe sadde ending of a mother, her hopes.

Under pretexte of beleeving gentle Queene Anne to be guilty of unfaithfullnesse, Henry had her convey'd to London Tower, and subjected her to such ignominy as one can barelly beleeve, ev'n basely laying to her charge the gravest sins, and summoning a jury of peeres delivered the Queene for tryal and sentence. His act doth blacken pitch. Ev'n her father, sitting amidst the peeres before whom shee was tried, exciteth not so much astonishment since hee was forc'd thereto.

Henry's will was done, but hardly could hee restrain the impatience that sent him forth from his pallace at th' hour' of her execution to an eminence neare by, in order to catche th' detonation (ation) of th' field peece whose hollow tone tolde the moment at which th' cruell axe fell, and see the blacke flag, that signall which floated wide to tell the world she breath'd no more.

Th' hast with which hee then went forward with his marriage, proclaym'd the reall rigor or frigidity of his hart. It is by all men accompted strange, this subtile power by which soe many of the peeres could be forc'd to passe sentence upon this lady, when proofes of guilt were nowhere to bee produced. In justice to a memorie dear to myselfe, I must aver that it is far from cleare yet, upon what charge shee was found worthie of death. It must of neede have beene some quiddet of th' lawe, that chang'd some harmlesse words into anything one had in minde, for in noe other waye could speech of hers be made wrongfull. Having fayl'd to prove her untrue, nought could bring about such a resulte, had this not (have) beene accomplish'd.

Thus was her good fame made a reproache, and time hath not given backe that priceles treasure. If my plaie

shal shew this most clearly, I shall be co'tente. And as for my roiall grandsire, whatever honour hath beene lost by such a course, is re-gain'd by his descendants from the union, through this lovi'g justification of Anne Bulle', his murther'd Queene.

Before I go further with instructions, I make bold to say that th' benefits we who now live in our free England reape [are] from her faith and unfaying devotion to th' advancement, that she herselfe promoting, beheld well undertaken. It was her most earnest beliefe in this remarkable and widelie spread effecte on th' true prosperitie of the realme, and not a love o' dignity or power,—if the evidence of workes be taken,—that co'strain'd her to take upon her th' responsibility of roialtie. And I am fullie perswaded in mine owne minde that had shee lived to carry out all th' work, her honours, no doubt, had outvied those of her world-wide famed and honour'd daughter who continu'd that which had beene so well commenc'd.

I am aware many artes waned in the raignes of Edward and bloodie Mary, also that their recovery must have requir'd patient attention and the expenditure of money my mother had no desire so to imploy, having many other things at that time by which th' coffers were drayn'd subtly; but that it must require farre greater perseverance in order to begin so noble work, devising th' plannes and ayding in their execution, cannot be impugn'd. Many times these things do not shewe lightness or th' vanitie which some have laid to her charge.

However th' play doth reveale this better, farre, then I wish t' give it in this Cypher, therefore I begge that it shall bee written out and kept as a perpetual monument of my wrong'd, but innocent ancestresse.

My keies mentio'd in the beginning of this most helpfull work, will follow in this place:—

The King Henry Sevent, Kath'rine th' Infanta, Prince Arthur, Catholicke Spaine, Prince of Wales, King Henry th' Eight, Rome, nu'cio, Pope, Protestant, Anne Bullen, prelate, Wolsey, divorce, fury, excommunication, France, Francis First, marriage, ceremony, brother, pageant, barge, Richmond, Greenwich, Tower, procession, cloth, tissue, panoply, canopy, cloth o' gold, litter, bearing-staves, pageant, streets, coronation, crowne of Edward, purple robe, roiall ermine, mace, th' sword, wand, esses, French, Spanish ambassadours, advance-guards, mayor, dutchesse, Duke Suffolke, Norfolke, Marquesse Dorset, Bishop London, same Winchester, th' Knights of th' Garter, Lord Chancellour, judges, Surrey, Earle, quirrestres, lords, ladies, *et al.*, Westminster, Rochford, Wiltshire, manors, castles, land, vawew, titles, Marchionesse of Pembroke, ports, countesses, roiall scepter, stile, power, title, pompe, realme, artes, advancement, liberty, treasure, warre, treaty, study, benefit, trade, priest, monastery, restitution, acts, supremacy, succession, Elizabeth, daughter, sonne, heyres, unfaithfulnesse, treason, Norris, Weston, subtile triumph, hate, losse, evill, jealousie, love, beautie, Tower, tryall, prooffe, sentry, sentence, executed, burning, choyce, the axe, block, uncover'd face, report, black-flag, freedom, marriage-vow, Edward.

As hath most frequentlie bin said these will write th' play, but th' foregoing abridgeme't, or argument, wil ayde you. In good hope of saving th' same from olde Father Time's ravages, heere have I hidden this Cypher play. To you I entruste th' taske I, myselfe, shall never see complete, it is probable, but soe firme is my conviction that it must before long put up its leaves like th' plant in th' sunne, that I rest contente awaiting that time.

THE PLAY

The Tragedy of
Anne Boleyn

Deciphered by

ELIZABETH WELLS GALLUP

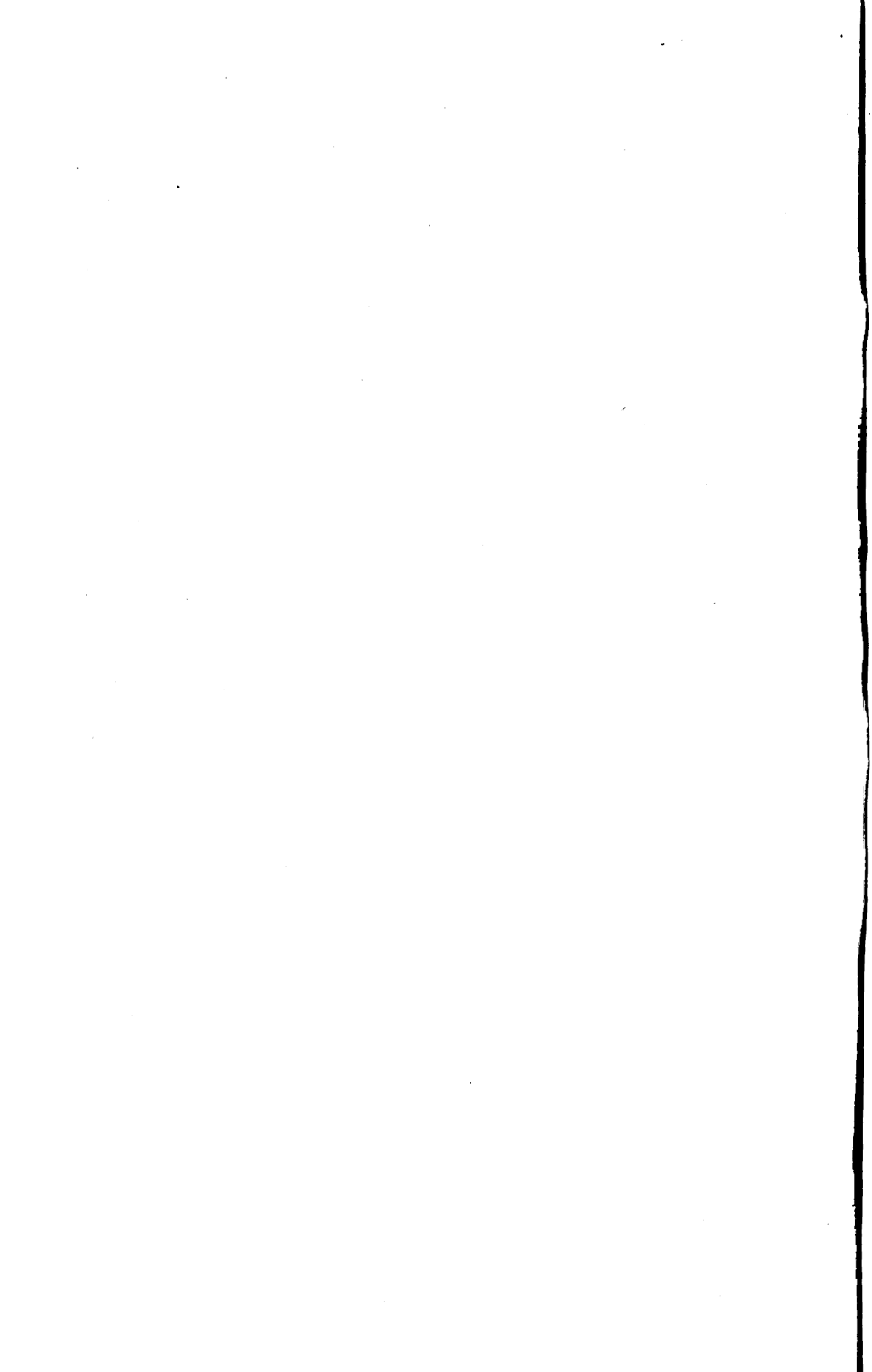
According to rules and instructions for the construction of
this play, given by Sir Francis Bacon by means of
his Biliteral Cipher in the *Novum Organum*.

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

<i>Anne Boleyn.</i>	<i>Sir Thomas Lovel.</i>
<i>King Henry the Eighth.</i>	<i>Sir John Russell.</i>
<i>Cardinal Wolsey.</i>	<i>Sir Francis Weston.</i>
<i>Nuncio of the Pope.</i>	<i>Attorney-General.</i>
<i>Imperial Ambassador.</i>	<i>Cromwell.</i>
<i>French Ambassador.</i>	
<i>Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.</i>	
<i>Duke of Norfolk.</i>	<i>Harry Percy.</i>
<i>Duke of Suffolk.</i>	<i>Thomas Wyat.</i>
<i>Earl of Surrey.</i>	<i>Henry Norris.</i>
<i>Earl of Derby.</i>	<i>Frith, a Lutheran.</i>
<i>Earl of Northumberland.</i>	<i>Garter, King at Arms.</i>
<i>Lord Chamberlain.</i>	<i>Sergeant at Arms.</i>
<i>Lord Chancellor.</i>	<i>Lord Mayor of London.</i>
<i>Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.</i>	<i>Friar.</i>
<i>Lord Dacres.</i>	<i>Countess of Oxford.</i>
<i>Lord Howard.</i>	<i>Countess of Worcester.</i>
<i>Lord Hussey.</i>	<i>Lady Rochford.</i>
<i>Lord Rochford.</i>	<i>Lady Kingston.</i>
<i>Lord Sands.</i>	<i>Jane Seymour.</i>
<i>Sir Nicholas Carew.</i>	<i>Elizabeth Barton, the Holy Maid</i>
<i>Sir Henry Guilford.</i>	<i>of Kent.</i>
<i>Sir William Kingston.</i>	<i>Emilia, Woman to the Queen.</i>

*Lords and other Attendants, Citizens, Aldermen, Warders,
Officers, Guard, Soldiers, Huntsmen, Forester,
Messenger, Page, Herald, Chorus, etc.*

The Tragedy of Anne Boleyn.

(descriphed from the word cypher)

THE PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh : things now
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe—
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow—
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too.

Ferdinand of Spain
Writes to King Henry Seventh in terms most plain,
Of his succession naught assurance gives
As long as Edward, Earl of Warwick, lives :
And he his daughter Katherine is loth
To send to troubles and to dangers both.
The treaty of the marriage's seal'd alone
In blood will make 'em one day for it groan.
A kind of malediction doth the King—
And an infausting—'pon the marriage bring,
An ill prognostic which events prove true,
As to Prince Arthur and sad Katherine, too.
More of this matter cannot I report ;
But this young Prince where he doth keep his court
And resiance—at Ludlow Castle—dies,

And Princess Katherine's unblest Fate now hies
To the palace of our king. O Harry's wife,
A queen crownèd with care, I give thy life
Into God's hand—the sad attending ear
Another woeful tragedy shall hear.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes,
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;
When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart.

The Tragedy of Anne Boleyn.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

*Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN, LORD SANDS and
SIR THOMAS LOVEL.*

L. Cham. Come, good Sir Thomas, to the Cardinal's.

Lov. Your lordship is a guest too.

L. Cham. O, 'tis true;

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

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

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

L. San. He may, my lord,
Ha's wherewithal; in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill-doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

L. Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. Come, Lord Sands,
We shall be late else, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford,
This night to be comptrollers.

L. San. I am your lordship's. *(Exeunt.)*

Scena Secunda.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the CARDINAL, a longer table for the guests. Enter ANNE BOLEYN and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen as guests at one door; at another door enter
SIR HENRY GUILFORD.

Sir H. Ladies,

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

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Lovel.

O my lord, you're tardy;
 The very thought of this fair company
 Clapt wings to me.

L. Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guilford.

L. San. Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste.
 An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
 A long time out of play—

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

L. San. No, my lord,
 Nor shall not while I have a stump. By my life,
 They are a sweet society of fair ones.

L. Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit?

Sir Harry,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
 His grace is entering.—Nay you must not freeze,
 Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather:
 My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;

Pray sit between these ladies.

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

Anne B. Was he mad, sir?

L. San. O very mad, exceeding mad, in love too,
The merry mad-cap lord. Not a word with him
But a jest.

Anne B. And every jest but a word.

L. Cham. It was
Well done of you to take him at his word.
So, now you're fairly seated.—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

L. San. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

La. Ros. Thou art an old love-monger
And speakest skillfully.

La. Ma. He's Cupid's grandsire,
And learns news of him.

Anne B. Then was Venus like
Her mother, for her father is but grim.

L. San. Cupid hath all his arrows shot at me;
With various desires I am deluded.
One love succeeds another, and so soon
Ere one is ended I begin a second;
She that is last's still fairest, she that's present
Pleaseth me most. What Telchin is my genius?

Anne B. Is it, my lord, a natural imperfection?
Or an hereditary passion?

L. San. Ay, madam, in a word:
*Canst count the leaves in May,
Or sands i' th' ocean sea?
Then count my loves I pray.*

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey and takes his state.

Card. Set me the stoups of wine upon the table.
 You're welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady
 Or gentleman that is not freely merry
 Is not my friend: this to confirm my welcome,
 And to you all, good health. (*He drinks.*)

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

Card. My Lord Sands,
 Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.
 I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbors.
 Ladies you are not merry.—Gentlemen,
 Whose fault is this?

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

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

L. San. Yes, if I make my play:
 Here's to your ladyship, and pledge it, madam.

Anne B. Drink thou, my lord.

L. San. Come, fill till the cup be hid.

Anne B. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

(Drum and trumpet. Chambers discharged.)

L. San. I told your grace they would talk anon.

Card. What's that?

L. Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

Card. What warlike voice?

And to what end is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;
 By all the laws of war you're privileg'd.

(Enter a Servant.)

L. Cham. How now? what is't?

Ser. 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.

Card. Good Lord Chamberlain,
 Thyself do grace to them and bring them in ;
 This heaven of beauty shall shine at full upon them ;
 If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
 That some plain man recount their purposes.
 Let some attend him.

(Exit L. Chamberlain, Servant, and others.)

Sir H. A hall, a hall, give room :
 More light, you knaves, and turn the tables up,
 And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
 Ah ladies, this unlookt for sport comes well.

(All rise and the tables are removed.)

Card. You have now a broken banquet, but we'll
 mend it.

A good digestion to you all : once more
 I shower a welcome on ye ;—welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter King and others as maskers, 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 ?

L. Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they
 pray'd

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

Card. Say, Lord Chamberlain,

They've done my poor house grace ; for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks and pray 'em take their pleasures.

L. Cham. Welcome, gentlemen.

La. Ros. What would they, say they ?

L. San. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

La. Ros. Why that they have, and bid them so be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles
To tread a measure with you.

L. San. Lady Rosaline,
They say they've measur'd many weary miles
To tread a measure with you.

La. Ros. 'Tis not so.

Ask them how many inches in one mile ?
If they have measur'd many, many miles,
The measure then of one is eas'y told.

L. San. If to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles, the lady bids you tell
How many inches doth fill up one mile ?

Lord. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

L. San. She hears herself.

La. Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile ?

Lord. We number nothing that we spend for you,
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.

(Music plays.)

La. Ros. The music plays, vouchsafe some motion
to it.

Lord. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word ?

La. Ros. Name it.

Lord. Fair lady,—

La. Ros. Say you so ? Fair lord,—
Take you that for your fair lady.

L. San. Ladies that have their toes

Unplagu'd with corns will walk about with you.
 Ah, my mistresses, which of you all
 Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
 She I'll swear hath corns: am I come near ye now?

La. Ma. Since you are strangers and come here by
 chance,

We'll not be nice; take hands, we will now dance.

(*They dance.*)

King. What lady is that doth enrich the hand
 Of yonder knight?

Ser. I know not, sir.

King. My lord,

I beseech you a word: what lady is that same?

L. San. A woman, if you saw her in the light.

King. She's a most sweet lady, I desire her name.

L. San. She hath but one for herself, it were a shame
 To desire that.

King. Pray you sir, whose daughter? Speak.

L. San. Her mother's, I have heard.

King. My Lord Chamberlain,

Prithee come hither, what fair lady's that?

L. Cham. An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas
 Boleyn's daughter—

The Viscount Rochford—one of her highness' women.

King. When tongues speak sweetly, then they name
 her name.

O she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of Night,

As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shews.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,

And touching hers, make blessèd my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now, forswear it sight,

For I never saw true beauty till this night.

(*Choose ladies. King and Anne Boleyn.*)

The fairest hand I ever touched! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee! (*Music. Dance.*)

Card. My lord.

L. Cham. Your grace?

Card. 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.

L. Cham. I will, my lord. (*They whisper.*)

Card. What say they?

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

Card. Let me see then.—

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. Ye have found him, Cardinal.

(*King unmask.*)

You hold a fair assembly; you do well lord:
You are a churchman, or I'll tell you Cardinal,
I should judge you now unhappily.

Card. I am glad

Your Grace's so pleasant. I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.
Sir Thomas Lovel, is the banquet ready
I' th' privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Card. Your Grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I fear, too much.

Card. 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
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favor.—Let the music knock it.
By heaven she is a dainty one.—(*Speaking to himself.*)
Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you.

Anne B. Nay, though several
My lips, they are not common.

King. Belonging to whom?

Anne B. To my fortunes and me.

King. God's blessing on you,
Lady, I will commend you to my heart.

L. San. He'd kiss you twenty with a breath, fair

Anne. (*Speaking to himself.*)

Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

Sir H. Ay, so I fear, the more is my unrest.

Card. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
More torches here. (*Exeunt with trumpets.*)

Scena Tertia.

*Banquet prepared. Enter KING, Lords, Ladies,
and Attendants.*

Card. You know your own degrees, sit down:
At first and last the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks.

King. Ourselves will mingle with society
And play the humble host; I'll sit i' th' midst.
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a measure
The table round.

Card. Thanks to your Majesty.

King. Eat, drink, and love; all other things are
nought. *(King sits in a muse.)*

L. San. If my observation—which seldom lies,
By th' heart's still rhetoric, disclos'd with eyes—
Deceive me not, his majesty's infected.

La. Ros. With what?

L. San. Forsooth, with love.

La. Ros. My little heart!

O none but gods have power their love to hide!

L. San. The light of hidden fire itself discovers.

La. Ros. Therefore, even as an index to a book,
So to his mind his look.

Anne B. My royal Lord,

You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with a welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

King. Sweet remembrancer! *(King rises.)*

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both! Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down:—give me some wine, fill full:—
I drink to the general joy o' th' whole table.

Card. And all to all.

Lords. Our duties and the pledge.

King. O sweet and pretty speaking eyes,
Where Venus, Love, and Pleasure lies.

Sir H. Most gracious Majesty, we've made a vow,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books;

For when would you, my Liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practicers,
Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learnèd in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immurèd in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye—
A lover's eye will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste;
For valor, is not Love a Hercules
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides,
Whose fruit none rightly can describe, but he
That pulls or shakes it from the golden tree?
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs.
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, th' academies, the ground,

That shew, contain, and nourish all the world.
 For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
 Have found the ground of study's excellence
 Without the beauty of a woman's face?
 Like as the sun in a diameter
 Fires and inflames objects removèd far,
 And heateth kindly shining literally;
 So beauty sweetly quickens when 'tis nigh,
 But being separated and remov'd,
 Burns where it cherish'd, murders where it lov'd.

King. Saint Cupid, then. *(They all drink.)*

Lords. O Cupid, prince of gods and men!

(Drink.)

Card. I never may believe

These antique fables nor these fairy toys.
 Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
 Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
 More than cool reason ever comprehends.
 The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
 Are of imagination all compact.
 One sees more divels than vast hell can hold—
 That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
 And as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing,
 A local habitation and a name.
 Such tricks has strong imagination,
 That if it would but apprehend some joy,
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy.

L. San. Come now, what masks, what dances shall
 we have?

Where is our usual manager of mirth?

What revels are in hand? Is there no play?

Sir H. A play there is, my lord, a comedy—
'Tis *Aulularia*.

L. San. For the law of writ
And liberty, Plautus cannot be too light.

Sir H. Nor Seneca too heavy. There are things
I' this comedy will never please the ladies.

L. San. I do not doubt but to hear them say, my lord,
'Tis a sweet comedy.

Sir H. Well no more words, away.
Players,—your honors, and you fairest ladies,—
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
So frame your minds to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

Hautboys. Enter Prologue.

For us and for our comedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently. (*Exit.*)

L. San. Is this a prologue, or the poesy of a ring?

La. Ros. 'Tis brief, my lord.

L. San. As woman's love.

Sir H. O ho!

Do you mark that?

La. Ros. My lord, you are merry.

Enter Euclio driving out Staphyla.

Eucl. Out, out thou wretch; away, get thee away.
Now thou art troublesome. Ha! get thee out.
Prithee avoid the house. 'Troth, hence, be gone;
And if thou jealous dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I'll beat this method in thy sconce.

Sta. Sconce call you it? So, so: but I pray, sir,
Why am I beaten? Ay me, ay me, most wretched!

Eucl. To make thee wretched. O terrible woe,

Fall ten times treble on that cursèd head!

Sta. What is the reason that you use me thus?
And wherefore keep me from the house I owe?

Euc. Give thee a reason on compulsion? No:
Demand me nothing: what thou know'st, thou know'st.
The harvest is thine own—ay, of keen whips—
Ha! get thee from the door.

Do you see this?

Look on her, look, look there, look there! she creeps:
Her motion and her station are as one.

Why then, how stands the matter with thee?

Come, recreant, come: I'll whip thee with the rod.

Come, forth I say, thou earth, thou: come, thou tortoise.

Sta. How may I be deliver'd of these woes?
O you good gods, teach me to hang myself,
Rather than be a slave within this house
Upon such terms. This is not well, not well.

Euc. How now thou hag? What! dost thou
grumble? Hark!

O for a stone-bow to hit thee in the eye.

I have an humor t' knock thee, lest thou watch me like
Argus.

Prithee get thee further, further I say, and further.

(Pushes her with his hands.)

Sta. How, so far?

Euc. Not an inch further, there now, stand still.
Thou shalt not budge, thou go'st not from this spot
A hair's breadth. Stand, and if thou but look back,
I will give up thy body to the murderer's gibbet.
Not one word more.

Blest to be most accurst, *(Speaking to himself.)*
Rich only to be wretched; thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. She's a gross hag
That will not stay her tongue. My heart hath fear
That by her cunning she hath cheated me.

See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows !
 Still prying on all sides—hath eyes behind—
 I will return again into the house.
 She will suspect where I have closely hid't :
 There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest.

(*He goes into the house.*)

Staphyla, solus.

Beshrew his hand ! I scarce can understand it,
 But sure he is stark mad. Ten times each day
 I'm driven out of doors. I' faith, insanity
 Doth take possession of him. Oft, in sooth,
 He sits all night to watch, like one that fears
 A thief—both day and night, as would a cobbler
 Whose feet were lame and could not bear themselves.
 And creep time ne'er so slow, yet will it come
 To Phædra. She is very near her hour.
 What shall be done with her ? Alas, alas !
 Ah ! better would it fit me much to make
 Myself an I, if m'cap would buy a halter.

Enter Euclio from his house.

Eucl. Then is all safe, I'll fear no other thing.
 Well Staphyla, go in : look to my house :
 Clap to the doors, and watch ;
 Fast bind, fast find.

Sta. Yea, watch : forsooth nothing, nothing at all.
 What should you fear ? That they'll carry it away ?
 Nothing can thieves steal else, 'tis all fill'd up
 With cobwebs and with hollow emptiness.

Eucl. 'Tis a wonder, by thy leave, that for thy sake
 Great Jupiter did not make me a King Philip,
 Or a Darius, thou hag, thou. Hark ! I choose
 To have my cobwebs watch'd. Ay, I am poor—
 The gentle gods give me but this I have—
 I ask no more. Hear thou me, Staphyla,

Lock up my doors, and let no creature enter.
 Perhaps I will return immediately.
 Do as I bid thee, shut doors after thee.

Sta. Why, one may ask for fire.

Euc. Let't be put out,

Lest anybody should make that an errand.
 Haste, Staphyla, now the wasted brands do glow,
 And through the house do give a glimm'ring light:
 Put't out, or be extinguish'd. If I quench thee
 I know not where is that Promethean heat
 That can thy light relume. If any ask
 For water, say 'tis all run out.

Sta. Knife, hatchet,

The pestle and the mortar—ev'ry utensil
 Our neighbors ask the loan.

Euc. So thou mayst say

We were beset with thieves: all's borne away.
 When I am absent, stop my house's ears—
 All this beforehand counsel comprehends
Dea Bona Fortuna; she shall not be admitted.

Sta. She does not greatly care to be admitted.

I' faith, although close by she'd ne'er come in.

Euc. Hold thy tongue: in, in, in, in.

Sta. I will hold my tongue,

And of my own accord, I'll off.

Euc. Shut the doors fast

With bolts, and presently I'll be with thee.

(Staphyla goes into the house.)

Woe's me! I am much troubled in my mind
 To leave my house. I am right loth to go,
 But yet I'll go; yea, lest I be misconstru'd.
 What know I how the world may deem of me?
 If I tarry at home and go not when the Curio
 To every several man a drachma gives—
 If that should be relinquish'd, never ask'd for—

All will suspect the gold. It is not likely
 An old, poor man, as unconsider'd trifles,
 Would leave a piece though light. Who knows not that
 Which it torments me to conceal? They look on me
 And they do seem to know't. They are civil:
 There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
 As if I were their well acquainted friend,
 And every one doth call me by my name:
 "How now Euclio?" "What, Euclio?" "Fellow!"
 "How now old lad?" "What, you?"—thus much for
 greeting—

"Give me your hand." "What is the business?"

Well I must go whither I had set out,

And afterwards betake me to my home. (Exit.)

King. Madam, how like you this play?

Anne B. Staphyla protests too much, methinks.

King. O, but she'll keep her word.

Anne B. Have you heard the argument? Is there no
 offence in it?

King. No offence i' th' world.

Anne B. What do you call the play?

King. 'Tis *Aulularia*—a wonder to see such men's proceedings. When Euclio washed his hands, he was loth to fling away the foul water; complaining that he was undone because the smoke got out of his roof. And as he went from home seeing a crow scrat upon the muck-hill, returned in all haste, taking it for *malum omen*, an ill sign his money was digged up; with many such.

Anne B. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

King. He that will but observe their actions, shall find these and many such passages not feigned for sport but really performed, verified, indeed, by such covetous and miserable wretches, and that it is

—*manifesta phrenesis*,

Ut locuples moriaris, egenti vivere fato,

A mere madness, to live like a wretch, and die rich.

Anne B. But this is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

King. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Anne B. Not worth my thinking—but when good will is shew'd though't come too short the actor may plead pardon.

King. The best in this kind are but shadows and the worst no worse, if imagination amend them.

Anne B. It must be your imagination, then, and not theirs.

King. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come the players.

Enter Players.

Play. Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

King. No more I pray you; your play needs no excuse. Never excuse. Marry, if he that writ it had played Euclio, and hung himself in Staphyla's sandal-lace, it would have been a fine tragedy. And so it is truly, and very notably discharg'd.

Anne B. This palpable, gross play hath well beguil'd the heavy gait of Night.

King. Now for new jollity.

Sweets and wine brought in.

Fair eyes! the mirror of my mazèd heart,
 What wondrous virtue is contain'd in you,
 The which both life and death forth from you dart
 Into the object of your mighty view?
 Through your bright beams, doth not the blinded guest
 Shoot out his darts to base affections wound;
 But angels come to lead frail minds to rest
 In chaste desires, on heavenly beauty bound:
 You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within;
 You stop my tongue, and teach my heart to speak;
 You calm the storm that passion did begin,

Strong through your cause, but by your virtue weak.
 Dark is the world, where your light shineth never :
 Well is he born, that may behold you ever.

Anne B. A thousand thanks.

King. The pretty and sweet manner of it !

(*Speaking to himself.*)

A lip sweet ruby red grac'd with delight ;
 A cheek wherein, for interchange of hue,
 A wrangling strife 'twixt lily and the rose ;
 Her eyes two twinkling stars in winter nights,
 When chilling frosts do clear the azure sky.
 Thine eyes and cheek proclaim thee, Lady Anne,
 As full of spirit as the month of May.
 Your spirits shine through you.

A virtuous maid. (*Speaking to himself.*)

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh thou art !

Anne B. Well, better wits have worn plain statute caps.

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Anne B. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that. (*They withdraw.*)

Lord. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with
 thee.

La. Ma. Honey, and milk, and sugar ; there is three.

Lord. Nay then, two treys,—and if you grow so nice,—
 Metheglin, wort, and malmsey—well run dice—
 There's half a dozen sweets.

La. Ma. Seventh sweet, adieu :

Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Lord. One word in secret.

La. Ma. Let it not be sweet.

Lord. Thou griev'st my gall.

La. Ma. Gall ? bitter.

Lord. Therefore meet.

L. San. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
 As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen ;
 Above the sense of sense ; so sensible
 Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings.

Lord. Tune on, my pipe, the praises of my love,
 And, 'midst thy oaten harmony, recount
 How fair she is that makes thy music mount,
 And every string of thy heart's harp to move.
 Shall I compare her form unto the sphere
 Whence sun-bright Venus vaunts her silver shine ?
 Ah, more than that, by just compare, is thine
 Whose crystal looks the cloudy heavens do clear.

L. Cham. What thing is love ? It is a power divine
 That reigns in us, or else a wreakful law
 That dooms our minds to beauty to incline :
 It is a star whose influence doth draw
 Our hearts to love, dissembling of his might
 Till he be master of our hearts and sight.

Card. Love's a desire, which, for to wait a time
 Doth lose an age of years and so doth pass,
 As doth the shadow, sever'd from his prime,
 Seeming as though it were, yet never was :
 Leaving behind naught but repentant thoughts,
 Of days ill-spent, for that which profits naught.

L. San. Sweet Lords, who sees the heavenly Rosaline
 That—like a rude and savage man of Ind,
 At the first opening of the gorgeous east—
 Bows not his vassal head, and strooken blind,
 Kisses the base ground with obedient breast ?
 What peremptory, eagle-sighted eye
 Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
 That is not blinded by her majesty ?

Sir H. Every man attach the hand of his fair mistress :
 We will with some strange pastime solace them—
 Such as the shortness of the time can shape—
 For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,

Forerun fair Love strewing her way with flowers.

L. Cham. Ladies,

To entertain your thoughts until the day,
 May we present you hourly with fresh objects—
 And delicate—pretty and pleasing fancies
 In you t' beget. May you on pure meats feed,
 Easy o' concoction, and drink that that will turn
 Quickly to blood, to make your dreams the clearer,
 And finer your imaginations.

Enter Genius, Flora, Venus and six attendant Nymphs.

Genius.

Fair Venus, lady-president of love,
 If any entertainment in this place
 That can afford but homely, rude, and base,
 It please your godhead to accept in gree,
 That gracious thought our happiness shall be.

Flora.

And we will wait, with all observance due,
 And do just honor to this heavenly crew.

(Strews the floor with flowers.)

Venus.

Yea, my delight is all in joyfulness,
 In beds, in bowers, in banquets, and in feasts.

*Enter Cupid in his chariot guarded with the maskers
 dressed in cloth of silver.*

SONG.

*O how came Love that is himself a fire
 To be so cold?*

*Yes, tyran Money quenches all desire,
 Or makes it old.*

*But here are beauties will revive
 Love's youth and keep his heart alive:
 As often as his torch here dies
 He needs but light it at fresh eyes.*

Cupid.

I have my spirits again and feel my limbs.
 Away with this cold cloud that dims
 My light. Lie there my furs and charms,
 Love feels the heat that inward warms
 And guards him naked, in these places
 As at his birth, or 'mongst the Graces.

Venus.

What myster wights are these, and whence deriv'd,
 That in such strange disguisement here do mask?
 And by what accident are they arriv'd?

Cupid.

Palmers are they, their feeble hearts wide lanc'd
 With cruel wounds of love.

Venus.

Choose where thou lov'st;
 Be she as fair as Love's sweet lady is,
 She shall be yours if that will be your bliss.

(All join hands and dance.)

1. *Mask.* If I profane with my unworhiest hand
 This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this:
 My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
 To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Lady. Good pilgrim,
 You do wrong your hand too much,
 Which mannerly devotion shews in this,
 For saints have hands that pilgrim hands do touch,
 And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.

1. *Mask.* Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Lady. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

1. *Mask.* O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do:
 They pray—grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Lady. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers'
 sake.

1. *Mask.* Then move not while my prayer's effect I
take;

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd.

Lady. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

1. *Mask.* Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd:
Give me my sin again.

Lady. You kiss by th' book.

Anne B. Such a palmer ne'er was seen
'Less Love himself had palmer been.
Yet for all he is so quaint,
Sorrow did his visage taint;
'Midst the riches of his face,
Grief decipher'd high disgrace.
Every step strain'd a tear;
Sudden sighs shew'd his fear;
And yet his fear by his sight
Ended in a strange delight;
That his passion did approve
Weeds and sorrow were for love.

Sir H. The gray-ey'd Morn smiles on the frowning
Night,

Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And darkness, fleckled, like a drunkard reels
From forth Day's pathway made by Titan's wheels.

King. Now ere the Sun advance his burning eye
The Day to cheer, your grace, I will withdraw.

Card. Is it e'en so? Why then I thank you all;
I thank you honest gentlemen, good night;
Good night, sweet Prince, good night; good night, sweet
ladies;

Good night, good night.

(*Exeunt.*)

Scena Quarta.

Enter SIR JOHN RUSSELL *and* THOMAS WYAT. *To them enter*
Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, *the* EARL OF
 SURREY *and the* LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Sir J. Young Thomas Wyat, you have at large receiv'd
 The danger of the task you undertake ?

Wyat. I have, Sir John, and with embolden'd soul
 Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Sir J. Now by the honor of my ancestry,
 I do applaud thy spirit, Thomas Wyat.

Wyat. I thank you, sir : the great desire I have
 To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
 Pisa and Florence, fruitful Lombardy—
 The pleasant garden of great Italy—
 Moves me, and by my father's love I'm arm'd
 With his good will and your good company.

Sir J. I am in all affected as yourself,
 Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
 That th' money and the matter both at once
 May be deliver'd.

Wyat. Open the matter to me.

Sir J. This Cardinal doth, as an argument
 Of the king's merit towards the Holy See,
 To the Pope's use, great sums of money levy
 Within this land—

Sur. Not for that neither, but
 To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
 He hath for dignities.

Norf. 'Tis the King-Cardinal !
 That blind priest, like the eldest son of Fortune,
 Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

Suff. Pray God he do.

Norf. How holily he works
In all his business! and with what zeal!

L. Cham. He will have all, I think.

Norf. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance,
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honors
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

L. Cham. It is most true. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Cardinal Wolsey.

Card. Here comes the holy legate of the Pope.

Enter the Nuncio.

Nun. Hail, you anointed deputy of Heaven!

Card. You're welcome, my most learnèd, reverend sir.

Nun. The king is full of grace and fair regard?
And a true lover of the Holy Church?

Card. His majesty doth seem indifferent,
Or rather, swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us.
The custom of request you have discharg'd,
Upon our spiritual convocation;
And in regard of causes now in hand—
And for these great affairs do ask some charge—
Toward our assistance he shall make assurance
Of greater sums than I have promisèd.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope
Of thirty thousand ducats English gold.

Nun. The peace of Heaven be thine. (*Exeunt.*)

Scena Quinta.

Enter KING and CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Card. My Liege,
It multiplies the courtesy
To do it with good words and speedily.

King. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear
lord,
Before I positively speak in this:
I will resolve you herein presently.

Card. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition.
If I should speak of dangerous consequence
Which want upon you might reverberate,
It might to you have shew of secret menace;
T' be silent is more safe and politic;
To speak, perhaps, more honest and more loving.
This I do hold work of great piety—
A work indeed of most great consequence—
That we be in our generation wise,
And that the watchful, silent night be us'd
As well for sowing of good seed as tares.

King. But the reproach will lie upon yourself,
If 'tis not rightly carried.

Card. I warrant you:
But this give leave to say, Russell and Wyat
Will undertake it.

King. And will they undertake
To do me good?

Card. This they have promis'd, sir:
They shall be ready at your Highness' will.

King. 'Tis a good round sum.

Card. I do expect return (*Speaking to himself.*)
Of thrice three times the value. (*Exeunt.*)

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY and EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Card. My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.

North. Your grace, I urg'd it: then his cheek look'd
pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling ev'n at the name of fair Anne Boleyn.

Card. She dotes as much on him, but yet his majesty,
By reason of many impediments,
Will not give his consent. What shall we do
In such a case?

North. Make him forsake her.

Card. 'Tis opposite to nature—ought not t' be so,
For her he loves and she is rich and fair.
It lies in you, my lord, to save your word,
For by his trumpets I know the king doth come.

Flourish. Enter King.

Be confident to speak, Northumberland,
We three are but thyself, and speaking so
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore be bold.

King. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;
Welcome, my lord, to this brave town. I joy
Your noble company.

North. My gracious Liege,
Of much less value is my company
Than your good words.

King. Marry, what think you, coz',
Of this young Percy's pride? He's mad in folly.

North. This I must say, my Liege, she is a lady
Whose beauty doth astonish the survey
Of richest eyes, whose words all ears take captive,
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn to serve
Humbly call mistress. *(The King frowns.)*

King. What says he? Have you spoke?

North. All that he is hath reference to your Highness,
But I have sent for him to answer this.

King. Then shall we have fair Anne.

(Speaking to himself.)

I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot. Well, call him hither:
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: let him not ask our pardon,
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incensing relics of it. But who comes here?

Enter H. Percy.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy, sir.

King. My Lord Northumberland, let him approach,
A stranger no offender, and inform him
So 'tis our will he should.

North. I shall, my Liege.

King. So stand thou forth.

Percy. My high repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All's well excus'd.

There is a fair behavior in thee, Percy,
And though that nature with a beauteous wall

Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
 I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
 With this thy fair and outward character.
 That thou didst love her strikes some scores away
 From the great 'compt: but love that comes too late,
 Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
 To the great sender turns a sour offence.
 As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go,
 Take him away, my lord.

North. Come on my son,
 In whom my house's name must be digested.

Card. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me
 sin,

In envy that my Lord Northumberland
 Should be the father of so blest a son—
 A son, who is the theme of Honor's tongue;
 Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
 Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride.

King. Apt, in good faith, very apt: well go thy way,
 And fare thee well, Northumberland; farewell.

(*Exeunt Northumberland and his son with the Cardinal.*)

Manet King.

I'll do my best to woo your lady, Percy.
 She is a pearl: but how may I avoid—
 Although my will distaste what it elected—
 The wife I chose? Ah, no: in terms of choice
 I was not solely led by nice discretion.
 I swear, the lottery of my destiny
 Barr'd me the right of voluntary choosing:
 But, if my father had not scanted me,
 And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself—
 Though not without some reluctance such
 As could be in those years, for I was not
 Twelve years of age—to be contracted thus

With Princess Katherine, my election
 Had been the Archduke's daughter—no evasion
 To blench from that, and to stand firm by honor.

Re-enter Wolsey.

Would I had never married with the queen.

Card. Ha! But I pray you, sir, are you fast married?

King. Be assur'd of this.

Card. The marriage is not lawful.

As marriage binds, blood breaks; and Katherine,
 The widow to Prince Arthur, could not, sir,
 According to our law—i' th' Word of God
 Immediately provided in that case—
 Become thy wife.

King. Nay, the main question is,
 The plentitude o' th' Pope's pow'r of dispensing.

Card. The Pope is dispensator, of a truth,
 But ne'ertheless sin lies at door, my Lord,
 And conscience to accuse us is alone
 A thousand witnesses; continual testor
 To give in evidence, a jury to impanel
 T' examine us, and to cry guilty, guilty;
 A persecutor with an hue and cry
 To follow; an apparitor to summon us;
 Bailiff to carry us; sergeant to arrest;
 Attorney ready still 'gainst us to plead;
 A jailor to torment and judge t' condemn.
 The five grand miseries in Aristotle—
 Need, ignominy, sickness, enmity,
 And death—may grind our souls; but this of conscience,
 Accusing still, denouncing and molesting,
 Is greatest torture. Ah, your Majesty,
 A gallèd conscience is another hell.

King. Ay, ay, at last this conscience doth arrest us,
 Respecting this our marriage with the queen,

The dowager, sometime our brother's wife.

Card. After many pleasant days and merry tides,
Most fortunate adventures, good my Liege,
A fearful visitation oft doth follow:
The devil that then told you 'twas no sin,
Or light, if sin at all, now aggravates
And telleth you that an offence it is
Most irremissible, as erst by Judas
And Cain he did to bring them to despair.
Your Majesty, there is a Nemesis,—
It cannot choose but grieve and trouble you.

King. No tongue can tell, no heart conceive my pain.
'Tis tedious, irksome, an epitome of hell,
An extract, a quintessence, a compound,
A mixture of all feral maladies,
Tyrannical tortures, plagues, perplexities.
There is no sickness almost but that physic
For it provideth straightway remedy;
To every sore, chirurgery will provide
A salve; friendship helps poverty; and hope
Of liberty easeth imprisonment;
Favor and suit do banishment revoke;
Authority and time wear out reproach:
But what known physic, what chirurgery,
What wealth, what favor, what authority,
Can e'er relieve, bear out, assuage, expel,
A troubled conscience?

Card. Resolution
Of a divorce, my Lord, is not unworthy
Your Majesty's consideration.
The sin must be corrected—counterpois'd.

King. I do desire the like.

Card. My chance is now *(Speaking to himself.)*
To use it for my time.
My Lord, a brother

Of gracious order's late come from the See
In special business for his Holiness.

King. What news abroad i' th' world ?

Card. Colonna's brought

A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
S' incapable of help ; and desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence
That Rome can make against him.
Through all estates I find that he hath pass'd
And wrought such spoil, such havoc, and such theft,
That endless were to tell ; into the cloisters
O' th' monasteres with might and main hath broken,
Through which the monks he here and there pursueth,
And searcheth all their cells, regarding naught
Religion nor their holy hest. From thence
Into the sacred Church he now hath broken,
Hath robb'd the chancel, and the altar foul'd,
And treadeth under foot her holy things.
Old monuments and books are burn'd like straw,
Relics and costly pictures are defac'd,
Rich hangings, carpets, trampled in the dirt ;
The holy saints of their rich vestiments
He hath disrob'd ; of their habiliments,
Despoil'd the priests ; and all that he could find—
By right or wrong—made spoil or cast to ground.
All is confounded and disorder'd there.

King. And where is Clement ?

Card. The Pope, your Majesty,
And divers cardinals at Saint Angelo
Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.

King. Upon thine honor is he prisoner ?

Card. Upon mine honor he is prisoner.

King. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan !

You will we circumvent and subjugate.

My good Lord Cardinal, this and what needful else

That call'st upon us by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place.

(*Cardinal about to withdraw.*)

Nay, go not from us thus.

Card. Here is Sir John.

Give him direction how he shall proceed,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight.

Enter Sir John Russell.

Sir J. Sir John stands to his word.

Card. Welcome, Sir John:

Thou bring'st me happiness and peace.

King. My lord,

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

(*Exit Cardinal.*)

By cold gradation and well-balance'd form,
We shall proceed with Clement.

Sir J. Give him gold;

And though authority be a stubborn bear,
Yet is he oft led by the nose with gold.

The question is concerning your own marriage?

King. Ay, there's the point; but this is not the
question

You may discuss, look you.

Sir J. Marry, is it,

The very point of it.

King. No; 'tis a secret

That must be lockt within the teeth and lips.

Exactly do all points of my command.

Sir J. To the syllable.

King. You shall first, Sir John, receive

The sum of money which I promisèd

Should be deliver'd to his Holiness.

He hath pluckt on France to give him annual tribute;

Take that, the Pope to strengthen and support.

Sir J. Ay, that I will.

King. And so to Naples say,
 "Stay thy revengeful hand and stand in awe:
 Live in subjection to the See of Rome."

Enter Cardinal.

Card. My gracious Lord,
 Here is the bag of gold.

King. Here is the money, good Sir John, in hand.

Sir J. And it is meet I presently set forth.

King. Farewell.

Sir J. Farewell, my Lord. (*Exit.*)

King. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
 Are stuck upon thee! Volumes of report
 Run with these false and most contrarious quests
 Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
 Make thee the father of their idle dream,
 And rack thee in their fancies.
 Come let's go.

Scena Secunda.

Enter PERCY, solus.

The sweet content of men that live in love,
 Breeds fretting humors in a restless mind;
 For lordly Love is such a tyrant fell
 That where he rules all power he doth expel;
 And Fancy, being check'd by Fortune's spite,
 Grows too impatient in her sweet desires;
 Sweet to those men whom Love leads on to bliss,

But sour to me whose hap is still amiss.
 Yet howsoe'er I love I must be wise.
 Canst thou brook any rivals in thy love?
 She hath another lover. She is gone.
 I am abus'd and my relief must be
 To loathe her. I had rather be a toad
 And live upon the vapors of a dungeon,
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love
 For others' uses. Ha! look where she comes.

Enter Anne Boleyn.

If she be false, Heaven mockt itself:
 I'll not believe it. My life upon her faith!
 Come Anne, I've but an hour to spend with thee:
 We must obey the time.

Anne B. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Percy. What will I do think'st thou? What should
 I do?

Anne B. Pine not away for that which cannot be.

Percy. I cannot joy in any earthly bliss,
 So long as I do want my fairest Anne.

Anne B. It gives me wonder great as my content
 To see you here before me.

Percy. O my soul's joy!

If after every tempest come such calms,
 May the winds blow till they have waken'd Death!
 I cannot speak enough of this content,
 It stops me here. If it were now to die,
 'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
 My soul hath her content so absolute,
 That not another comfort like to this
 Succeeds in unknown fate.

Anne B. The heavens forbid
 But that our loves and comforts should increase,
 Even as our days do grow.

Percy. Amen to that.

Sweet Powers, it is too much of joy ; and this,
And this, the greatest discords be, that e'er
Our hearts shall make. Have patience, gentle Anne.

Anne B. I must where is no remedy, Lord Percy.

Percy. When possibly I can, I will return.

Anne B. If you turn not, you will return the sooner :
Keep this remembrance for thy dear Anne's sake.

Percy. Why then we'll make exchange ; here take you
this.

Anne B. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Percy. Here is my hand, for my true constancy :
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,
Wherein, dear Anne, I sigh not for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour, some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness.
My father stays my coming—answer not—
The tide is now ; nay, not thy tide of tears,
That tide will stay me longer than I should.
My Anne, farewell : what, gone without a word ?

(Exit Anne Boleyn.)

Ay, so true love should do : it cannot speak.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir Harry, you are stay'd for.

Percy. Go : I come, I come : *(Exit Servant.)*

Alas, this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.
And will she bend her thoughts to change ? Unkind !
O Percy, what contrarious thoughts be these
That flock with doubtful motions to thy mind ?
Anne Boleyn—ah, that sweet and heavenly name,
Life to my life and essence to my joy !—
Yet shepherds in their songs of solace sing
Anne Boleyn now doth love none but the king. *(Exit.)*

Scena Tertia.

Enter LADY ROCHFORD *and* ANNE BOLEYN.

La. Roch. Fair Anne, if you might choose the greatest good,

Midst all the world in blessings that abound,
Wherein, my daughter, should your liking be ?

Anne B. Not in delights, nor pomp, nor majesty.

La. Roch. And why ?

Anne B. Since these are means to draw the mind
From perfect good, and make true judgment blind.

La. Roch. Might you have wealth and Fortune's richest store !

Anne B. Yet would I, might I choose, be honest poor ;
For she that sits at Fortune's feet a-low
Is sure she shall not taste a further woe,
But those that prank on top of Fortune's ball
Still fear a change, and fearing, catch a fall.
Poor and content is rich and rich enough,
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

La. Roch. But Anne, dear, you are fair, and beauty shines

And seemeth best where pomp her pride refines.
You've, too, a woman's heart which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty.

Anne B. Nay, by my troth, I would not be a queen,
No, not for all the riches under heaven.
I swear 'tis better to be lowly born
And range with humble livers in content.
I would not be a queen for all the world.

La. Roch. Tut, foolish maid, each one contemneth
need.

Anne B. Good reason why, they know not good
indeed.

La. Roch. Many marry, then, on whom distress doth
lour.

Anne B. Yes, they that virtue deem an honest dower.
Madam, by right this world I may compare
Unto my work, wherein with heedful care
The heavenly workman plants with curious hand,
As I with needle draw each thing on land,
Even as he list: some men like to the rose
Are fashion'd fresh; some in their stalks do close,
And, born, do sudden die; some are but weeds,
And yet from them a secret good proceeds:
I with my needle, if I please, may blot
The fairest rose within my cambric plot;
God with a beck can change each worldly thing,
The poor to rich, the beggar to the king.

La. Roch. Peace Anne, for here are strangers near at
hand.

Enter Messenger with letters.

Mes. Madam, God speed.

La. Roch. I thank you gentle squire.

(Anne offers to go out.)

Mes. Stay, courteous ladies; favor me so much
As to discourse a word or two apart.

La. Roch. Good sir, my daughter learns this rule of
me,

To shun resort and strangers' company;
For some are shifting mates that carry letters,
Some, such as you, too good because our betters.

Mes. Behold, fair lady, to assure your stay,
I here present the signet of the king,

Who now by me, O fairest Anne, salutes you :
 And since in secret I have certain things
 In his behalf, good madam, to impart,
 I crave your daughter to discourse apart.

La. Roch. She shall in humble duty be address
 To do his highness' will in what she may.

Anne B. Now, gentle sir, what would his grace with
 me ?

Mes. Fair, comely nymph, the beauty of your face,
 Sufficient to bewitch the Heavenly Powers,
 Hath wrought so much in him that now of late
 He finds himself made captive unto love ;
 For though his power and majesty require
 A straight command before an humble suit,
 Yet he his mightiness doth so abase
 As to entreat your favor, honest maid.

Anne B. Is he not married, sir, unto our queen ?

Mes. He is.

Anne B. And are not they by God accurst
 That sever them whom he hath knit in one ?

Mes. They be : what then ? we seek not to displace
 The princess from her seat ; but, since by love
 The king is made your own, he is resolv'd
 In private to accept your dalliance,
 In spite of war, or watch, or worldly eye.

Anne B. O, how he talks ! as if he should not die !
 As if that God in justice once could wink
 Upon that fault I am asham'd to think !

Mes. He shall erect your state and wed you well.

Anne B. But can his warrant keep my soul from hell ?

Mes. He will enforce if you resist his suit.

Anne B. 'Tis vain allurement that doth make him
 love ;

I shame to hear, be you asham'd to move.

Mes. Will you despise the king and scorn him so ?

Anne B. In all allegiance I would serve his grace,
But not in lust: O, how I blush to name it!
So counsel him, but soothe thou not his sin.

Mes. Will you not, madam, grant his highness this?

Anne B. As I have said, in duty I am his:
My mind will never grant what I perceive
His highness aims at. It doth ill beseem him.

Mes. I see this labor lost, my hope in vain;
(*Speaking to himself.*)

Yet will I try another drift again.
Say that King Henry take thee for his queen.

Anne B. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord.
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
Tell him, "I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine."

Mes. Answer no more, for thou shalt be his queen.
An endless work is this: how should I frame it?
(*Speaking to himself. Exeunt.*)

Scena Quarta.

*Enter the KING and BISHOP. The Gentlemen of the
Privy Council go out.*

King. When such grim sirs are gone, I see no let
To work my will.

Bish. What! like the eagle, then,
With often flight wilt thou thy feathers lose?

O King, canst thou endure to see thy court
 Of finest wits and judgments dispossesst,
 Whilst cloaking craft with soothing climbs so high
 As each bewails ambition is so bad ?
 Thy father left thee with estate and crown,
 And learnèd counsel to direct thy course :
 These carelessly, O King, thou castest off
 To entertain a train of sycophants.
 Thou well mayst see, although thou wilt not see,
 That every eye and ear both sees and hears—
 The certain signs of thine incontinence.
 Thou art allied unto the emperor
 By marriage ; a happy friend indeed,
 If usèd well, if not, a mighty foe.
 Thinketh your Grace, he can endure and brook
 To have a partner in Queen Katherine's love ?
 Thinketh your Grace, the grudge of privy wrongs
 Will not procure him change his smiles to threats ?
 O be not blind to good, call home your lords,
 Love, and with kindness take your wedlock wife ;
 Or else, which God forbid, I fear a change :
 Sin cannot thrive in courts without a plague.

King. Yea, but thou urgest me again, my lord,
 To persevere in sin, and to do worse,
 By my own weakness and my willfulness,
 Than e'er I did before, for Katherine,
 The dowager—how often shall I say it ?—

Bish. Thy sometime brother's wife
 With her companion, Grief, must end her life.

King. Ay ; both the seal of faith and marriage-bed
 Were sinful facts, and you may read at large
 The law requires obedience, my lord,
 Or punishment. I say 'tis God's just judgment
 In bringing these calamities upon us,
 This blindness and this obstinacy of ours

To punish, and chastise us for our sin.
 "If they will not obey the Lord," we read,
 "His ordinances and His commandments keep,
 Then all these curses shall upon them come:
 Cursèd in the town and in the field; cursèd
 I' th' fruit of the body." Note you: her male issue
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after
 The world had air'd them.

Bish. Yet for all these terrors
 Of conscience, and affrighting punishments,
 I see no reason why you should despair.
 For all offences there are dispensations,
 And plenary remission of all sins;
 So gentle and so parable a pardon,
 With so small cost and suit obtain'd—my Lord,
 I cannot see how he that hath such friends,
 And money in his purse, should be so troubled,
 So desperate, or any way miscarry.
 The Church's prayers shall make you prosperous.

King. The Church? where is it? had not churchmen
 pray'd,
 This scrupulous conscience had not tortur'd us.

Bish. You know that I am legate to the Pope,
 Then may I speak my conscience in the cause.
 On your allegiance to the See of Rome,
 Subscribe unto his judgment.

King. Nay, your grace,
 Sans scandal to the Holy See of Rome,
 Our scruple to the voice of Christendom
 'Tis fit we should commit.

Bish. Ay, it is fit
 For your Majesty only.

King. So I say: 'tis fit.

Bish. Is there no derogation in it?

King. None.

Bish. You cannot derogate, my Lord ?

King. I think,
Not easily.

Bish. What your good pleasure will,
My Lord, that follow : be it far from me
To take exceptions 'yond my privilege.

King. The truth by trial only may be found.

(*Exeunt.*)

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the EARL of
SURREY, and LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*

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

Sur. Has the king this ?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work ?

L. Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he
> coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder. This from the king's mouth :
" 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up : strange is it that our bloods

Of color, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
 Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
 In differences so mighty. If she be
 All that is virtuous—save what thou dislik'st,
 Poor Viscount Rochford's daughter—thou dislik'st
 Of virtue for the name: but do not so.
 From lowest place, whence virtuous things proceed,
 The place is dignified by th' doer's deed.
 Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
 It is a dropsied honor. Fair Anne Boleyn,
 I can create the rest: virtue and thee
 Are thine own dower: honor and wealth from me."

Sur. Who sail by her are sure of wind at will,
 Her face is dangerous and her sight is ill;
 But our fond king, not knowing sin in lust,
 Makes love by endless means and precious gifts:
 And men that see it, dare not say't, my friend,
 But we may wish that it were otherwise.
 And yet, in sooth, my lord, it may be said
 The king hath folly, there's virtue in the maid.

Suf. But tell me, my Lord Chamberlain, is the maid
 Evil-inclin'd, misled, or concubine
 Unto the king or any other lord?

L. Cham. Should I be brief and true, then thus, my
 lord:

All England's ground yields not a blither lass,
 Nor Europe can surpass her for her gifts
 Of virtue, honor, beauty and the rest.
 This may be left to some ears unrecounted,
 For 'tis but young, my lord; the king already
 Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had.

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

Sur. Now all my joy

Trace the conjunction.

Suf. My amen to 't.

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation :
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature. I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing on this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

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

Nor. Marry, amen.

Suf. No, no :
There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;
Has left the cause o' th' 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.

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

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer ?

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions, which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges,
Almost, in Christendom : shortly—I believe—
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katherine 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 pains
In the king's business.

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

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinal.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

L. Cham. Ay, all that dare look into these affairs
See this main end, the French king's sister.

All. Ha!

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

Crom. To his own hand in's bed-chamber.

Card. Look'd he o' th' inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

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

Card. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I think by this he is.

Card. Leave me awhile. *(Exit Cromwell.)*

It shall be to the Duchess of Alencon,
The French king's sister; he shall marry her.
Anne Boleyn? No; I'll no Anne Boleyns for him:
There's more in't 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. Maybe he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Card. The late queen's gentlewoman?
A knight's daughter

To be her mistress' mistress ? her 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' th' bosom of
 Our hard-rul'd king ! Again, there is sprung up
 An heretic, an arch one—Cranmer—one
 Hath crawl'd into the favor of the king,
 And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vext at something.

Suf. The king, the king.

Enter King reading a schedule.

King. How now, my lords, saw you
 The Cardinal ?

Nor. My Lord, we have stood here
 Observing him : some strange commotion
 Is in his brain.

King. It may well be there is
 A mutiny in his mind. Note you ; this morning
 Papers of state he sent me to peruse
 As I requir'd : and wot you what I found
 There—on my conscience put unwittingly ?
 Forsooth an inventory, thus importing
 The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
 Rich stuff and ornaments of household, which
 I find at such proud rate that it outspeaks
 Possession of a subject.

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

King. Take notice, lords,
 He has a loyal breast.

(Exit King frowning upon the Cardinal, to whom he hands the schedule.)

Card. 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 chafèd 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' accompt
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
 For mine own ends,—indeed to gain the Popedom,
 And fee my friends in Rome.—O negligence,
 Fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross divel
 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 in the evening,
 And no man see me more. \ A long farewell !
 This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hopes ; to-morrow, blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honors 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 ventur'd,
 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 forever hide me.
 Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
 I feel my heart new open'd : O how wretchèd
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors !

(*Exit.*)

Actus Tertius.

Enter Genius.

Rise Thamesis. Up thou tame River, wake,
 And from thy liquid limbs this slumber shake ;
 Thou drown'st thyself in inofficious sleep,
 And these thy sluggish waters seem to creep,
 Rather than flow. Up, rise and swell with pride
 Above thy banks. Now is not every tide.

(*Exit.*)

Enter Thamesis.

To what vain end should I contend to show
 My weaker powers, when seas of pomp o'erflow
 The City's face, and cover all the shore
 With sands more rich than Tagus' wealthy ore ;
 When in the flood of joy that comes with him
 He drowns the world, yet makes it live and swim
 And spring with gladness ?

(*Exit.*)

Enter Chorus.

Lo, lo, there is he,
Who brings with him a greater Anne than she
Whose strong and potent virtues have defac'd
Stern Mars, his statues, and upon them plac'd
His, and the world's best blessings: this hath brought
Sweet Peace to sit in that bright state she ought,
Unbloody or untroubled; hath forc'd hence
All tumults, fears, and other dark portents,
That might invade weak minds; hath made men see
Once more the face of welcome Liberty,
And doth—in all his present acts—restore
The first pure world, made of the better ore.
Men shall put off their iron minds, and hearts,
The Time forget his old malicious arts
With this new minute; and no print remain
Of what was thought the former ages' stain.
What all the minutes, hours, weeks, months and years,
That hang in file upon these silver hairs,
Could not produce beneath the Briton stroke,
The Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman yoke,
This point of Time hath done. Now, London, rear
Thy forehead high, and on it strive to wear
Thy choicest gems; teach thy steep towers to rise
Higher with people; set with sparkling eyes
Thy spacious windows; and in every street
Let thronging joy, love, and amazement meet.
Cleave all the air with shouts, and let the cry
Strike through as long, and universally,
As thunder; for thou now art blest to see
That sight for which thou didst begin to be.
And here she comes that is no less a part
In this day's greatness, than in my glad heart:
Glory of queens, and glory of your name,

Whose graces do as far outspeak your fame
As fame doth, silence.

(*A procession of boats seen on the river.*)

Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen meeting one another.

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. Being at Greenwich—
From whence set forth in pomp and royalty,
Guarded with Graces and with gracious trains,
She came adornèd hither like sweet May—
I eyed them to their boats. A royal train,
Believe me.

1. *Gent.* I know't too well.

2. *Gent.* The citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds,—
As let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward,—
In celebration of this day with shews,
Pageants, and sights of honor.

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

2. *Gent.* I have not wink'd once since I saw these
sights.

The press of boats, or pride—be it either which—
Made Thamesis to mount above the banks:
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,

Burnt on the water: silver shew'd the oars
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description: she did lie
 In her pavilion—cloth of gold, of tissue—
 (Her white attire semin'd with gold; her hair
 Long, loose and large, flowing down) as he had set her
 In a shower of gold and hail'd rich pearls upon her.
 Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel.
 Her gentlewomen, like so many nymphs,
 Attended her i' th' eyes. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hit the sense
 Of the adjacent wharves. The City cast
 Her people out upon her.

1. *Gent.* Royal wench!

Her bed is India, there she lies a pearl.

2. *Gent.* Our king's as rich in having such a jewel,
 As twenty seas if all their sands were pearl,
 The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
 I cannot blame his conscience: for a thought
 Of added grace would be to paint the lily,
 Or throw a perfume on the violet.

1. *Gent.* But I beseech you, what's become of
 Katherine,

The princess dowager? How goes her business?

2. *Gent.* That I can tell you too. She was divorc'd,
 And the late marriage made of none effect,
 Since which, she was remov'd to Kymbolton
 Where she remains now sick.

1. *Gent.* But is't not cruel
 That she should feel the smart of this?

2. *Gent.* Alas!

1. *Gent.* The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen
 is coming. (*Hautboys.*)

The Order of Coronation.

1. *A lively flourish of trumpets;*
 2. *Then two Judges.*
 3. *Lord Chancellor with purse and mace before him.*
 4. *Choristers singing. Music.*
 5. *Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head he wore a gilt copper crown.*
 6. *Marquis Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey bearing the rod of silver, with the dove; crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
 7. *Duke of Suffolk in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
 8. *A canopy, borne by four of the Cinque-Ports; under it the Queen in her robe; her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
 9. *The old Duchess of Norfolk in a coronal of gold wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
 10. *Certain Ladies and Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*
- Exeunt. First passing over the stage in order and state, and then a great flourish of trumpets.*

2. *Gent.* Who's that that bears the scepter ?

1. *Gent.* Marquis Dorset:

And that the Earl of Surrey with the rod.

2. *Gent.* A bold, brave gentleman. That should be The Duke of Suffolk.

1. *Gent.* 'Tis the same: high steward.

2. *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk ?

1. *Gent.* Yes.

2. *Gent.* Royal Queen,
 Possess with such a gentle sovereign grace,
 Of such enchanting presence! Heaven bless thee!
 Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.

1. *Gent.* She is a theme of honor and renown:
 A peerless queen, a royal princely dame.

2. *Gent.* Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I
 think,
 That e'er the sun shone bright on.

1. *Gent.* They that bear
 The cloth of honor 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. They are stars
 indeed,

And sometimes falling ones.

1. *Gent.* No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

2. *Gent.* God save you, sir. Where have you been
 broiling?

3. *Gent.* Among the crowd i' th' Abbey where a finger
 Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
 With the mere rankness of this general joy.

2. *Gent.* You saw the ceremony?

3. *Gent.* That I did.

1. *Gent.* How was it?

3. *Gent.* Well worth 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 prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
 A distance from her; while her grace sat down
 In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
 The beauty of her person to the people,
 Who thirst to drink the nectar of her sight.

2. *Gent.* That beauteous Cypria's peer!

3. *Gent.* Her angel face,

As the great eye of heaven, shinèd bright
 And made a sunshine in a shady place—
 Did never mortal eye behold such grace;
 Her ivory forehead; fair eyes wondrous bright,
 Clear as the sky without or blame or blot,
 Under the shadow of her even brows;
 The vermeil red did show in her fair cheeks,
 Like roses in a bed of lilies shed;
 Ambrosial odors from them flew, and fed
 The sense with double pleasure.

1. *Gent.* She is fair.

3. *Gent.* So fair, and thousand, thousand times more
 fair

She seem'd when she presented was to sight;
 Such noise arose as the shrouds make at sea
 In a stiff tempest—to as many tunes:
 Hats, cloaks—doublets I think—flew up. Such joy
 I never saw before.

2. *Gent.* But what follow'd?

3. *Gent.* 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.
 Then rose again and bowed her to the people:
 When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
 She had all the royal makings of a queen—
 As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
 The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems—

Laid nobly on her ; which perform'd, the choir,
 With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
 Together sung *Te Deum*. So she 'parted,
 And with the same full state pac'd back again
 To York Place, where the feast is held.

1. *Gent.* Sir,

You must no more call it York Place, that's past ;
 For since the Cardinal fell that title's lost.
 'Tis now the king's and call'd Whitehall.

3. *Gent.* I know it ;

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
 Is fresh about me.

2. *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.

3. *Gent.* Come gentlemen, ye shall go my way,
 Which is to th' Court, there ye shall be my guests :
 Something I can command. As I walk thither,
 I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us.

1. *Gent.* What more ?

3. *Gent.* The king in secrecy hath Lady Anne
 Long married. As I rode from Calais—

2. *Gent.* When ?

3. *Gent.* Some six months since—he told me so
 himself :

Marry, he said he car'd not, he, who knew it.

1. *Gent.* Alas, poor Harry of England !

3. *Gent.* Two truths are told

As happy prologue to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme: that she which late
 Was in my nobler thoughts most base, was made
 The Marchioness of Pembroke.

1. *Gent.* Marchioness ?

What great creation, and what dole of honor !

3. *Gent.* A thousand pounds a year—for pure respect,
 No other obligation—is her dower,

Who so ennobled is as 'twere born so.

1. *Gent.* Honor and wealth.

3. *Gent.* And virtue. Who knows yet

But from this lady may proceed a gem

To lighten all this isle?

(*Exeunt.*)

Scena Secunda.

Enter the QUEEN under her canopy, who washeth and sitteth down at the center of the table under her cloth of state. On the right side of her chair, stands the COUNTESS OF OXFORD; on her left, the COUNTESS OF WORCESTER. At the table's end sits the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY; the EARL OF OXFORD, bearing a white staff, stands between the ARCHBISHOP and the COUNTESS OF OXFORD. Enter the sergeant-at-arms. After him, enter on horseback the high steward and the earl marshal, followed by the sewer and the Knights of the Bath, bringing in the first course, with ships of wax gorgeous to behold. Trumpets playing in the window and at the lower end of the hall.

KING and foreign AMBASSADORS looking on through a latticed window.

King. Beshrew my soul,
But I do love the favor and the form
Of this most fair occasion.

Both. We do believe thee.

King. And Anne, my wife, in seat of majesty—
That chair where kings and queens are crown'd—hath sat
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
The diadem upon her head. Sweet Anne,
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach and compass of thy thought?

And thou deserv'st it. Fortunate and fair,
 One 'pon whose heart Wisdom hath laid her crown,
 And in whose hands Justice hath left her balance,
 I'll for your highness pray continually
 That God may pour upon you all His blessings,
 And that the hour-glass of your happy reign
 May run at full, and never be at wane.

1. *Ambas.* Honor attends her throne; in her bright
 eyes

Sits majesty; virtue and steadfastness
 Possess her heart; sweet mercy sways her sword.

King. Save her, I never any woman found
 That chastity did for itself embrace.
 With due observance long I wooed her thus,
 In hope unto my pleasure to have won,
 But was as far at last as when I first begun.

2. *Ambas.* Goddess, live long, whose honors we
 advance. (*Exeunt.*)

*Flourish of trumpets, then hautboys. Enter King and
 Attendants on the one side; the Queen, Bishops,
 Lord Chancellor, Norfolk, Suffolk and
 others, on the other.*

King. My peerless mistress, sovereign of my peace,
 Long may she joy with honor's great increase.

Bish. As by your high imperial Majesty,
 I had in charge our fair queen's coronation,
 I have perform'd my task, and here in presence
 I humbly now upon my bended knee,
 In sight of England, and her lordly peers,
 Deliver up to your most gracious hand,
 A glorious mirror of celestial grace,
 And majesty divine.

King. O heavenly goddess,
 I can express no kinder sign of love

Than this kind kiss : O Lord, that lends me life,
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness,
 For thou hast given me in this beauteous face
 A world of earthly blessings to my soul.
 Lords, with one cheerful voice, welcome my love.

All kneel. Long live Queen Anne, our England's
 happiness.

Queen. Thanks to the King of Kings for dignity,
 Thanks to my Lord and husband for this honor,
 And thanks to all that love their king and me.

(*Flourish.*)

L. Chan. Virtue shall witness of her worthiness,
 And fame shall register her princely deeds ;
 The world shall still pray for her happiness,
 From whom our peace and quietness proceeds.

(*Exeunt Lords.*)

Manent King and Queen.

King. Fall heavens, fleet stars, shine Phœbus' lamp
 no more !

This is the planet lends this world her light ;
 Star of my fortune this, that shineth bright ;
 Queen of my heart, loadstar of my delight.
 If any heavenly joy in woman be,
 Sweet of all sweets, sweet Anne, it is in thee.

Queen. Honor and Fortune wait upon the crown
 Of princely Henry, England's valiant king.

King. My life's light and the comfort of my soul,
 If wingèd Honor wait upon my throne,
 I'll make her spread her plumes upon the head
 Of thee, sweet Anne. Now England's lovely Queen,
 Bethink thee of the greatness of thy state—
 Great lady of the greatest isle, fair Queen—
 How great, how famous and how fortunate,
 And how to bear thyself with royalty
 Above the other queens of Christendom,

That Britain thy magnificence admire.
 Be all thy thoughts born perfect, and thy hopes
 In their events still crown'd beyond their scopes.
 Let not wide heaven that secret blessing know
 To give, which she on thee will not bestow.
 Blind Fortune be thy slave, and may her store—
 The less thou seek'st it—follow thee the more.

Queen. Our solemn coronation service past,
 My king, like Phœbus, bridegroom-like shall lead
 The proudest queen that ever England knew;
 My joys like waves each other overcome,
 And gladness drowns where it begins to flow.

(*Exeunt.*)

Scena Tertia.

Enter CHORUS.

When 'gins the gladsome, sunny day to shine,
 In armor bright and sheen, fair England's knights—
 In honor of their peerless sovereign,
 High mistress of their service, thoughts and lives—
 Make to the tilt amain; and trumpets sound,
 And princely coursers neigh and champ the bit;
 When all—address for deeds of high *devoir*—
 Press to the sacred presence of their prince,
 The field is all about enclos'd with lists
 The press of people far away to bar;
 And at the one side, judges are dispos'd
 To view and deem this day the deeds of arms;

And on the other side, Henry, the king,
Among them all a worthy man of mark,
Is set to see the fortune of the fray,
With warlike bands of earls, and lords, and knights,
That wear the garter sacred to Saint George.
At last forth comes the far renownèd queen,
With royal pomp and princely majesty.
Unto the palèd green fair Anne is brought,
And plac'd beneath the stately canopy
Upon a stage, to see and to be seen,
The whiles shrill trumpets and loud clarions play.
Lo, in this triumph that true subjects make,
Envied of none but enemies of the truth,
Her enemies, that serves the living Lord
And puts in him her confidence and trust,
Behold I come in place, now to describe—
That all may see how well she is belov'd—
What troop of loyal English knights in arms,
Right richly mounted and appointed all,
Hold jousts in honor of her holiday.
Among this stirring company of knights
That at the tilt in fair habiliments
'Gin show themselves, two gentlemen of name—
Lord William Howard and Sir Nicholas Carew—
Come mounted and appointed gallantly
Resolv'd to run, in honor of the day,
Contending rivals of each other's praise.
First, Howard, ramping lion-like, comes on,
Gracious in his beginnings at the tilt,
Pleasing to her to whom he doth present
His person and the service of this day—
And all the days and minutes of his life:
Bravely he bears him in his mistress' eye
And breaks his staves and lets the shivers fly.
Along the tilt Carew and Howard go

Swift as the swallow, or that Greekish nymph
 That seem'd to overfly the ears of corn :
 And break they do ; they miss not, as I ween,
 And all is done in honor of their queen.
 Long may they run in honor of the day,
 Long may she live to do them honor's right,
 To grace their sports and them as she hath done,
 England's Astræa, Albion's shining sun !
 And may she shine in beauty fresh and sheen
 Hundreds of years, our thrice renownèd queen.
 Write Clio, write ; write and record her story,
 Dear in Heaven's eye, her court and country's glory.

(Exit.)

*Enter the King, Queen, Lords and Ladies of the Court to
 witness the tournament.*

Queen. In the reproof of chance
 Lies the true proof of men.

Lady. The trumpets sound.

Queen. And yonder comes the troop.

Knight. Hail, all you state of England ! what shall be
 To him that victory commands ? or do you purpose
 A victor shall be known ? Will you the knights
 Shall to the edge of all extremity
 Pursue each other, or shall be divided
 By any voice or order of the field ?
 Howard bade ask.

King. Which way would Howard have it ?

Knight. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Queen. 'Tis done like Howard, but securely done ;
 A little proudly, and great deal disprising
 The knight oppos'd.

Lord. O fair Queen, weigh him well,
 And that which looks like pride, is courtesy.

Queen. Go gentle knight ; as you and Viscount
 Rochford

Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it—either to the uttermost
Or else a breach.

King. They are oppos'd already. (Alarum.)

Lord. They are in action.

Lady. A mighty man,
Valiant in arms, gentle and debonair,
Is Carew.

Queen. Ay.

King. Bravely ran Howard, ha!

Lady. A gallant lord, richly array'd is he,
He and his train.

King. Carew is well acquainted with the place,
And to the tilt proudly he made approach.

Lord. His steed's well taught.

King. Himself fitted in all.

Lady. His courser's neighs and plays are princely too.

King. Redoubted knights they.

Queen. Gallant cavaliers,
And such they show'd as were King Arthur's knights
He whilom us'd to feast at Camelot.

King. Or like in my conceit, King Priam's sons
Had left Elysium and the field of Mars
To celebrate thy holiday.

Queen. 'Tis hard
To say which did the best, so valiantly
They jousted.

King. Mighty strokes on either side
Were sent, that seemèd death in them to bear,
But they were both so watchful and well-ey'd
They were avoided. (Exeunt.)

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imperial **AMBASSADOR** *and a Lord of the Court.*

Im. Amb. These things are but toys to come amongst such serious observations; but yet, since princes will have such things, it is better they should be grac'd with elegancy, than daubed with cost.

Lord. Dancing to song is a thing of great state and pleasure.

Im. Amb. I understand it that the song be in choir, placed aloft, and accompanied with some broken music.

Lord. Ay, as he said, in some high place above you all.

Im. Amb. I am a mere spectator. Acting in song, especially in dialogue, hath an extreme good grace; I say acting,—not dancing, for that is a mean and vulgar thing.

Lord. It is true, the alterations of scenes, so it be quietly and without noise, are things of great beauty and pleasure: for they feed and relieve the eye before it be full of the same object. Turning dances into a figure is a childish curiosity, yet did but Venus tread a dainty step, lords of the South and princes of esteem would follow, even at the heels, in golden multitudes. She is the grace of all that are.

(Fays dance. A full song follows by all the voices.)

Song.

*The solemn rites are well begun;
And, though but lighted by the moon,
They show as rich as if the sun
Had made this night his noon.
But may none wonder that they are so bright,
The moon now borrows from a greater light*

*Than princely Oberon.
Go on,
This is not every night.
Nay, nay,
You must not stay,
Nor be weary yet;
This's no time to cast away,
Or for fays so to forget
The virtue of their feet.*

(They dance again.)

Enter King, Queen, and Court masked for the dance.

King. See, your guests approach.
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Queen. You are welcome, sirs.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue, these keep
Seeming, and savor all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance be to both, and welcome.

1. *Lord.* O fair one, well you fit our ages thus
With flowers of winter.

Queen. The fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyflowers—
Which some call nature's bastards—of that kind
I care not to get slips, for I have heard
There is an art, which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

2. *Lord.* Say there be:
Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean: so over that art—
Which you say adds to nature—is an art
That nature makes: you see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art

Which does 'mend nature: change it rather, but
The art itself is nature.

Queen. So it is.

Ah, welcome gentlemen. Here's flowers for you:
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram,
The marigold that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they're given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

3. *Lord.* 'Twere better give a thing a sign of love,
Unto a mighty person or a king.

Queen. Yea, doubtless, thou say'st truly. Fairest
friend,

I would I had some flowers o' th' spring that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maiden-heads growing: O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frightened thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon: daffodils that come
Before the swallow dares and take the winds
Of March with beauty: or pale primroses
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds—
The flower-de-luce being one. O, these I lack
To make you garlands of. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
At Whitsun-Pastorals: sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

King. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and for the ordering of your affairs,

To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
 A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that; move still, still so,
 And own no other function. Each your doing—
 So singular in each particular—
 Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
 That all your acts are queen's.

Queen. O, Doricles,
 Your praises are too large.

King. But come, our dance;
 I pray your hand, my Queen: so turtles pair
 That never mean to part.

Queen. I'll swear for 'em.

King. With measure heap'd in joy to the measures
 fall. (*A dance.*)

1. *Lord.* He tells her something makes her blood
 look on't.

3. *Lord.* She dances featly.

2. *Lord.* So she does anything.

Enter Colin with five or six other Maskers. Torchbearers.

Colin. What, shall this speech be spoke for our
 excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

1. *Mask.* The date is out of such prolixity.
 We'll have no Cupid, hoodwinkt with a scarf,
 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
 Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper.
 But let them measure us by what they will,
 We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Colin. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling;
 Being but heavy I will bear the light.

2. *Mask.* Nay, gentle Colin, we must have you dance.

Colin. Not I, believe me; you have dancing shoes
 With nimble soles; 'tis well, so to your pleasures,
 I am for other than for dancing measures.

3. *Mask.* Stay, Colin, stay.

Colin. To see no pastime, I:

What you would have, I'll stay to know.

All. Proceed.

(Colin advances and sings his passion of love.)

O gentle Love, ungentle for thy deed,

Thou mak'st my heart

A bloody mark,

With piercing shot to bleed!

Shoot soft, sweet Love, for fear thou shoot amiss,

For fear too keen

Thy arrows been,

And hit the heart where my beloved is.

Too fair that fortune were, nor never I

Shall be so blest,

Among the rest,

That Love shall seize on her by sympathy.

Then since with Love my prayers bear no boot,

This doth remain

To ease my pain,

I take the wound and die at Venus' foot.

3. *Lord.* And whither wends yon thriveless swain?

Seeks he *dictamnum*, like to stricken deer,

For's wound?

1. *Lord.* He wends to greet the Queen of Love,

Whose sweetness doth both gods and creatures move.

Enter Shepherdess.

Shep. Colin, my heart's contentment and my choice,

Use thou thy pipe and I will use my voice.

Colin. Well gentle nymph, although you do me

wrong

That can ne tune my pipe unto a song,

Me list this once, shepherdess, for thy sake

This idle task on me to undertake.

Begin some toy that I can play upon
This pipe of mine.

Shep. There is a pretty sonnet—
We call it Cupid's Curse: the note is fine
And quick withal.

Colin. No better thing, begin.

(*They sing, and whilst the Shepherdess sings he pipes.*)

Shep. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

Colin. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

Shep. My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse,—
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

Both. They that do change, etc.

Shep. Fair and fair, etc.

Colin. Fair and fair, etc.
Thy love is fair, etc.

Shep. My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry roundelays,
Amen to Cupid's curse,—

Colin. They that do change, etc.

Both. Fair and fair, etc.

Queen. It is enough : we tarry here too long.

King. Withdraw you from this presence for a space
Till we have throughly question'd of the case :
Dian shall be your guide ; nor shall you need
Yourself t'enquire how things do here succeed ;
We will, as we resolve, give you to know
How everything doth speed.

Queen. Thy will my wish. (*Exeunt Ladies.*)

King. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair. (*Exit.*)

Im. Amba. Alas, how should you govern any
kingdom

That know not how to use ambassadors ?
Nor how to be contented with one wife ?
Nor how to study for the people's welfare ?
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies ? (*Exit.*)

1. *Lord.* I fear me Colin shall but rue his deed.

2. *Lord.* A deed too far unworthy of this place.

3. *Lord.* Yet if they be unmovèd in their shames,

Be it a stain and blemish to their names.

1. *Lord.* If ever he have child abortive be it,

Whose ugly and unnatural aspect

May fright the hopeful mother at the view,

And that be heir to his unhappiness.

2. *Lord.* Let her be made more miserable by his death.

1. *Lord.* No, God forbid that I should wish them
sever'd

Whom God hath join'd together : and 'twere pity

To sunder them that yoke so well together:

3. *Lord.* She better would have fitted me, or Percy.

1. *Lord.* Alas, poor fellow : is it for a wife

That thou art malcontent ? I will provide thee.

3. *Lord.* In choosing for yourself you shew'd your
judgment,

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave

To be the broker in my own behalf.

1. *Lord.* I'll tell you what, I think it is our way
If we will keep in favor with the king,
To be her men and wear her livery.

2. *Lord.* Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.

1. *Lord.* My lords, forbear this talk, here comes the
king.

3. *Lord.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Enter King.

King. Yea, good my lord, are you offended too,
That you stand pensive as half malcontent?

1. *Lord.* Not I, my Liege.

King. Lords, how like you our choice?

2. *Lord.* She's fair and virtuous, but, pardon me—

King. Setting your scorns and your mislikes aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Anne
Should not become my wife, and England's queen?
Speak freely what you think.

3. *Lord.* She that is queen
Is now dishonorèd by this new marriage.

King. Ay, what of that? It was my will I say,
And for this once my will shall stand for law. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Queen, Archbishop, Lords, and Ladies.

Queen. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess,
That I was not ignoble of descent,
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honors me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

Enter King.

King. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee
So long as Henry is thy constant friend,

And their true sovereign whom they must obey ?
 Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
 Unless they seek for hatred at my hands,
 Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
 And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Arch. I hear, yet say not much but think the more.

(*Exeunt.*)

Scena Quinta.

*Enter several Lords making a noise with
 horns and hounds.*

1. *Lord.* The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gay,
 The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green.
 Uncouple here, and let us make a bay
 And wake King Henry and his lovely bride,
 And rouse the lords and ring a hunter's peal,
 That all the court may echo with the noise.
 Sons, let it be your charge as it is ours
 To attend King Henry's person carefully:
 I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

(*Wind horns.*)

Many good morrows to your Majesty:
 Madam, to you as many and as good.
 I promisèd your Grace a hunter's peal.

King. And you have rung it lustily, my lord,
 Somewhat too early for new married ladies.
 My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand,

Come on then to our sport. Farewell, fair Anne:
 I' faith, I had no mind to hunt this day,
 Yet gracious madam, bear it as you may.

(*Exit Queen and Ladies.*)

Not like a hound that hunts I follow here
 I' th' chase, but one that doth fill up the cry.

1. *Lord.* 'Tis policy and strategy must do
 That you affect, and so must you resolve
 That what you cannot as you would achieve,
 You must perforce accomplish as you may:
 The forest walks are wide and spacious,
 And many unfrequented plots there are;
 There let us presently go sit in council,
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
 And open perils surest answer'd.

King. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
 And bay'd about with many enemies.

2. *Lord.* The court is like the house of fame, my
 Liege,
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears;
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull:
 There speak.

King. Well guess'd, believe me. 'Twas my meaning.

1. *Lord.* Hold me your loyal servant.

King. Let's withdraw

And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
 What can from Italy annoy us, but
 We grieve at chances here. I'd spare my wife.

2. *Lord.* What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
 My Liege, we work by wit and not by witchcraft,
 And wit depends on dilatory time.

King. Does't not go well?

2. *Lord.* Ay, very well, my Liege.

King. I' th' progress of this business, I may perceive
 These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor

This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
 O learn'd and well belovèd servant, Cranmer,
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
 And kingly dignity, I will demand
 What earthly name to interrogatories
 Can taste the free breath of a sacred king?
 But as we, under Heaven, are supreme head,
 So under Him, that great supremacy
 Where we do reign we will alone uphold
 Without th' assistance of a mortal hand,
 For he that holds this kingdom, holds the law.

2. *Lord.* You'll stand then curs'd and excommunicate,
 And blessèd shall he be that doth revolt
 From his allegiance to an heretic;
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
 Canoniz'd and worshipt as a saint,
 That takes thy life by any secret course.

King. Things past redress are now with me past care.
 Though France and all the kings of Christendom,
 Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
 Dreading the curse that money can buy out,
 And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,—
 Who in that sale sells pardon from himself,—
 Though he, and all the rest so grossly led,
 This juggling witchcraft with revénue cherish,
 Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
 Against the Pòpe, and count his friends my foes.

2. *Lord.* Yet excommunication is the judgment
 Greatest on earth, and ratified in heaven.

King. I know it well, and I do not deny it.

(*Exeunt.*)

Scena Sexta.

Enter BISHOP OF WINCHESTER *and* SIR THOMAS LEVEL.

Bish. What news, Sir Thomas Level?

Level. 'Faith my lord, I hear of none but of the Reformation that fills the court with talk and quarrels, abusing better men than they can be; out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean the faith they have in the institutions of the Church of Rome for new opinions, divers and dangerous, which are heresies, and not reformed may prove pernicious.

Bish. Which reformation must be sudden, too. 'Tis time to give them physic, their diseases are grown so catching. If we suffer—out of our easiness and childish pity to one man's honor—this contagious sickness, farewell all physic. And what follows then? Commotions, uproars, and a general taint of the whole state; as of late days our neighbors, the upper Germany, can dearly witness.

Lov. Ay, marry: well advised though there be some good purged with the bad.

Bish. Whither were you going?

Lov. To the court.

Bish. My barge stays. Your lordship shall along. Now briefly, the course of the contention is to be stopped at the first, being else as the water's, which if it gain a breach, will hardly be recovered. There will be kept no unity in believing, except it be entertained in worshipping.

Lov. It is too late: his highness' blood is touched corruptibly.

Bish. O 'tis true. This goddess, this Semiramis, this queen, being of the nature not only to love extremities, but

also to fall to them without degrees, will see his shipwreck and his commonweal's. If he do not, on peril of a curse, let go the hand of that arch-heretic, 'twill come.

Lov. There is no tongue hath power to curse him right, but the king will raise the power of France upon his head, unless he do submit himself to Rome.

(Exeunt.)

Scena Septima.

Enter QUEEN, Lady, and FRITH.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, good Frith, that I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Lady. Good madam, do.

Frith. I thank you, madam.

Queen. Before this lady here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article. My lord shall never rest:
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience,
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle everything he does
With this your suit: therefore be merry, sir,
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter King.

Lady. Madam, here comes my liege.

Frith. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Queen. Why, stay and hear me speak.

Frith. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for my own purposes.

Queen. Well, do your discretion. (*Exit Frith.*)
Honor and health unto your Majesty.
I am an humble suitor to your virtues,
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases Time and Fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, a Lutheran,
And fair deserving.

King. Be it not thy care.

Queen. He is a youth, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues.

King. Go, I charge thee, Anne.

Queen. There's honor in him which buys out his
fault:

And with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe.

King. So? fitly. Go.

Queen. And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behoove his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

King. The law shall bruise 'em, Anne. You undergo
Too strict a paradox: your words have took
Such pains as if they labor'd to set quarreling
Upon the head of valor, which indeed
Is valor misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born.

Queen. My Lord—

King. 'Tis necessary he should die.

Lady. You breathe in vain.

Queen. In vain? His service done at Calais
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

King. What's that ?

Queen. He's done fair service.

King. He's been known

To cherish factions, 'tis inferr'd to us.

Queen. O my Lord—

King. He dies.

Queen. Hard fate.

King. We are for law ; he dies, urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure.

Queen. Must it be ?

I cannot think but you've forgot our love.

King. Ha ? ha ? what sayest thou ? Thy meaning,
Anne.

Queen. It could not else be I should prove so base
To sue and be denied such common grace.
I say it must not be so.

King. Do you dare our anger ?

'Tis in few words but spacious in effect :
He shall be executed.

Queen. I am sick of grief,
And now I understand how all things go. (*Exit.*)

King. The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactors with themselves destroy :
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament ;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye ; nor 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change ;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune, love.

(*Exeunt.*)

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter two OFFICERS.

1. *Off.* The king is proud and loves not the common people.

2. *Off.* 'Faith there hath been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better ground. Therefore, for the king neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition, and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see it.

1. *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waded indifferently, 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm.

2. *Off.* But he hath so planted his honors in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent and not to confess so much were a kind of ingrateful injury: to report otherwise were a malice, that giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it. He hath deserved worthily.

1. *Off.* So will the queen, who having been supple and courteous to the people, is, in their estimation and report, the *nonpareil* of this time; this dear nurse of arts and plenties, this sister of innocency and an upright mind, will in the perfectness of time turn the past evils to advantages, for she is gracious. She hath a tear for pity, and a hand open as day for charity: and she will prove a hoop of gold to bind the king, that the united vessel of their blood—mingled with venom of suggestion, as, force perforce, the

age will pour it in—shall never leak though it do work as strong as aconitum or rash gunpowder.

2. *Off.* I shall observe her with all care and love.

1. *Off.* Why art thou not at Windsor with the king?

2. *Off.* He is not there to-day, he dines in London.

1. *Off.* And how accompanied, canst thou tell that?

2. *Off.* With Cromwell, and other his continual followers.

1. *Off.* He hath all the pleasures of the world.

2. *Off.* And it troubles you, that you have not the like.

1. *Off.* There is a difference between lappolly and pheasants, to tumble in the straw and to lie in a down bed, betwixt wine and water, a cottage and a palace.

2. *Off.* His gold, guard, clattering of harness, and fortification against outward enemies, cannot free him from inward fears and cares.

1. *Off.* 'Tis true. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Queen and Lady; to them enter Frith.

Lady. There is no other way: 'tis she must do't.

Go and impórtune her.

Queen. How now, good sir?

Frith. Madam, my former suit.

Queen. Alas, alas,

My advocacy is not now in tune;

My lord is not my lord, nor should I know him,

Were he in favor as in humor alter'd.

So help me every spirit sanctified,

As I have spoken for you all my best,

And stood within the blank of his displeasure

For my free speech. You must awhile be patient;

What I can do, I will—and more I will

Than for myself I dare. Let that suffice you.

Frith. Is my liege angry?

Lady. He went hence but now

And certainly in strange unquietness.

Frith. Can he be angry? There's matter in't indeed,
If he be angry.

Queen. Something sure of state,
Either from Rome, or some unhatchèd practice
Made demonstrable here in England to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object.

Frith. 'Tis even so,
For let our little finger ache, and it endues
Our other healthful members to a sense
Of pain.

Queen. Nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal. But sir, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Frith. O give me pardon
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your sovereignty.

Queen. Indeed you're pardon'd, sir.

Frith. 'Tis as God pleaseth how, and when, and
whom;

'Tis he that doth exalt, and bringeth low.
That life is better, life past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort.

Queen. Peace be with thee; fare thee well. (*Weeps.*)

Frith. Fare thee well. (*Exit Frith.*)

Queen. What trumpet's that?

Lady. The king.

Queen. Beshrew me much,
I was—unhandsome warrior as I am—
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul:
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.

Lady. Práy Heaven it be

State matters as you think, and no conception,
Nor no jealous toy, concerning you.

Queen. Alas the day, I never gave him cause.

Lady. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so.

They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they're jealous. It is a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Queen. Heaven keep the monster from King Henry's
mind.

Lady. Amen, your Majesty.

Queen. I will go seek him. (*Exit.*)

Lady. Something from Rome, I warrant. There **is**
fallen

Between my lovely lady and the king
An unkind breach. O Lord, what shall betide?

(*Exit.*)

Enter King and Queen.

King. "Be as thou art; and as they are so let
Others be still."

Queen. "What is and may be covet."

The poor advanc'd make friends of enemies.

King. When our most learnèd doctors leave us,
And the congregated college have concluded
That laboring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate, I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our realm, or to dis sever
Our great self and our credit.

Queen. But my Liege,
Never came reformation in a flood,
For miracles are ceast, and therefore we
Must needs admit the means how things are perfected.
'Twas the opinion of grave Aristotle,
Till young men in religion have been season'd—
And in morality—for auditors

Of matters o' policy they are not fit,
 Because they're not with time attemperèd.
 That rich men might the poor men set a-work
 And them encourage several trades to learn
 To th' common good, saith Theodoret wisely,
 His gifts hath God distributed diversely:
 To one wealth, to another skill. As arras
 Of several parcels is compos'd—some wrought
 Of silk, of gold and silver some, and crewel
 Of divers colors, bright and gay or sad—
 For th' exornation of the whole to serve,
 As music's made of divers keys and discords,
 A total sum of many numbers small,
 So is a commonwealth of several
 Inequal trades and callings.

King. This is a base and rotten policy.

Queen. My Liege, my husband, think what now you
 speak.

King. But what we do determine oft we break:

Purpose is but the slave of Memory,
 Of violent birth but poor validity,
 Which now like fruit unripe sticks on the tree,
 But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
 What to ourselves in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

Queen. But this is mere digression from my purpose;
 And, on the cause and question now in hand,
 You've gloz'd but superficially.

King. My love—

Queen. And it proceeds from policy not love.
 I muse you make so slight a question.

King. But orderly to end where I begun,
 Our wills and fates do so contrary run
 That our devices still are overthrown.
 Our thoughts are ours, our ends none of our own.

Queen. Each opposite that blanks the face of joy
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy,
If I give o'er my suit.

King. 'Tis deeply sworn.
Sweet, leave me here awhile:
My spirits grow dull and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.

Queen. Sleep rock thy brain, (*Sleeps.*)
And never come mischance between us twain. (*Exit.*)

Scena Secunda.

Enter CROMWELL to BROTHER LAURENCE.

Crom. Brother, ho!

Enter Brother Laurence.

Lau. This same should be the voice of Cromwell.
Welcome from Greenwich, sir. What says the king?
Or if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

Crom. Sir, let me speak with you within your
chamber,
And you shall hear things go to your content.
Here is a letter'll say somewhat, I warrant.

Lau. Come up into my chamber, Master Cromwell—
From time to time I have acquainted you
With heavy matters; ay, but look you here:
Elizabeth Barton, th' Holy Maid of Kent,
Hath said that if the king did not again

Take Katherine, his wife, he of his crown
Should be depriv'd, and die the death of a dog.

Crom. 'Tis thought a dangerous thing 'ifs' to admit,
And 'ands', to qualify such words of treason,
For every man thereby might blench his danger.

Lau. And yet express his malice.

Crom. Which it seemeth
The judges take into consideration.
I warrant you she's like t' be apprehended
And set i' th' stocks, i' th' common stocks, for a witch.
(*Exeunt.*)

Scena Tertia.

Enter two of the Queen's LADIES.

1. *Lady.* She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

2. *Lady.* A boy?

1. *Lady.* A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in it.

2. *Lady.* Ay, I dare be sworn:
These dangerous, unsafe lunes i' th' king, beshrew them—
The terms of this estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe
I'll shew it to the king. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' th' child.

1. *Lady.* The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades where speaking fails.

2. *Lady.* This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear.

1. *Lady.* Most worthy madam,
Your honor and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand; please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer,
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design. *(Exeunt.)*

Enter King and Sir Thomas Lovel.

King. Now, Lovel, 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 th' greatest humbleness.

King. Leave me alone,
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.

Lov. I wish your Highness
A quiet night.

King. Sir Thomas, good night. *(Exit Lovel.)*

Enter old Lady.

Gent. (within) Come back: what mean you?

Lady. 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 blessèd wings.

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

Lady. 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.

King. What say'st thou ?

Lady. Most certain.

King. Mock not.

Lady. Sir, I tell you true.

King. What! girl? O God's blest Mother!

Lady. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger. 'Tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovel. (*Enter Lovel.*)

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks and come again
to me. (*Exit Lovel.*)

The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
(*Speaking to himself.*)

Left his to th' worthiest: so his successor
Was like to be the best. There is none worthy.
What? shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtile witted men—
Conjurers and sorcerers—contriv'd this end?
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit.
A maid?

Lady. A maid.

How much he wrongs his fame (*Speaking to herself.*)
To join with witches and the help of hell.
Well, let him practice and converse with spirits:
God is our fortress.

King. Go. (*Exit Lady.*)

Enter Lady bearing the child.

Lord, within. You must not enter.

Lady. Nay rather, good my lord, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life?

King. How?

Lady. Good my Liege, I come
From your good queen.

King. Good queen?

Lady. I say good queen,
For she is good. She's brought you forth a daughter—
Here 'tis—commends it to your blessing.

King. Out!

Lady. Look at your babe, my Lord, 'tis yours.
Behold

Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley
And pretty dimples of the chin and cheek, his smiles,
The very mould, and frame of hand, nail, finger.

King. Almost as like as eggs. Women say so
That will say anything.

Lady. 'Tis so like you.

King. What is its name?

Lady. Elizabeth, the gift of God.

King. The government of a woman at all times

(Speaking to himself.)

Hath been a rare thing, and felicity
In such a government is rarer still,
Felicity and long continuance
The rarest thing of all. Her opening prospects
Fortune hath chequer'd with uncertainty—
But be it as it may, Elizabeth,
Until that act of Parliament be repeal'd,

Is destin'd to th' succession. God protect thee.
With this kiss take my blessing.

(*Kisses the child. Exit Lady.*)

Enter Lovel.

I'll to th' queen.
Those things I bid you do, get them dispatcht.
Good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my Lord. (*Exeunt.*)

Scena Quarta.

Enter CROMWELL and Agents.

1. *Man.* Where's Master Cromwell? I have news for
him.

Crom. Thrice welcome to us.

1. *Man.* Wizards know their times.

Crom. What shall betide the king and commonweal?

1. *Man.* Th' holy maid hither with me I bring

Which by a vision sent to her from Heaven,

Shall answer make to all such questions.

Crom. It is enough: I'll think upon the questions.

1. *Man.* The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,

Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:

What's past and what's to come she can descry.

Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,

For they are certain and infallible.

Crom. Go call her in.

2. *Man.* Good Master Cromwell, hark ye:
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern,
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Enter Elizabeth Barton, the Holy Maid of Kent.

Crom. Fair maid, is't thou will do these wondrous
feats?

Maid. Cromwell, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art:
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's Mother deign'd to appear to me
And in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity.
Cromwell, but ask what you would have reform'd
That is not well, and well you shall perceive
How willingly I will both hear and grant.

Crom. First of the king: what shall become of him?

Maid. He must embrace the fate of death's dark hour:
Yet he shall lose his crown ere that day come.

2. *Man.* I' faith she sung in rude, harsh sounding
rhymes,
That ere the next Ascension Day at noon,
His highness should deliver up his crown.

Crom. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Maid. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so,
Except he call again Queen Katherine.

2. *Man.* But oh vain boast! who can control his fate?

Maid. Men at sometime are masters of their fate.

Crom. He shall spurn fate, shun death, and bear his
hopes

'Bove wisdom, grace, and fear.

Maid. Security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Crom. O speak,
If thou art privy to thy country's fate
Which happily foreknowing may avoid.

Maid. I'm like a prophet suddenly enrapt—

2. *Man.* This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Maid. O farewell, King Henry!

(Speaks in a trance.)

Look how thou diest: look how thy eye turns pale:
Look how thy wounds do bleed at many vents:
Hark how thy England roars; how Anne cries out;
How poor Elizabeth shrills her dolor forth;
Behold distraction, frenzy, and amazement
Like witless antics one another meet,
And all cry Henry, Henry's dead: O Henry!

Crom. Away, away:
Thou dost thyself deceive, and others,
Filling thy hearers with thy strange invention.

(Exit Maid, guarded.)

All. Now pray, let's see the writ.

Crom. What have we here?
Give me the letter, I will look on it.

(Reads, then exclaims.)

Oh! out upon the name of Salisbury—
Ay, and of Derby, both these countesses—
And all the rest of that consorted crew!
This letter doth make good the friar's words.

All. Why this is just, indeed. Well to the rest?

Crom. The Marchioness of Exeter and Sir Thomas
More,
Bishops of Rochester and Winchester,
Together with the Lord and Lady Hussey;

None else of name, and of all other men
But five and twenty.

All. 'Tis wonderful.

Crom. Didst thou not mark the king what words he
spake?

Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?

Was it not so?

1. *Man.* Those were his very words.

Crom. *Have I no friend,* quoth he; he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together, did he not?

1. *Man.* He did.

Crom. And speaking it he wistly look'd on me,
As who should say, *I would thou wert the man*
That would divorce this terror from my heart.
Well, fare you well, for this time will I leave you;
To-morrow if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you: or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

All. We will do so.

Crom. Till then think of the world.

(Exit Cromwell.)

1. *Man.* Good friends, go in and taste some wine with
me,

And we like friends will straightway go together.

(Exeunt.)

Scena Quinta.

Enter KING, solus.

The sweetest sun that e'er I saw to shine!
This lady—this fair face and heavenly hue!
Jane Seymour, lovelier than the love of Jove,

Brighter than is the silver Rhodope,
 Fairer than whitest snow on mountain tops,
 Thy person is more worth unto King Henry
 Than the possession of the English crown.
 If all the pens that ever poets held,
 Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
 And every sweetness that inspir'd their hearts,
 Their minds, and Muses on admirèd themes ;
 If all the heavenly quintessence 'still'd
 From their immortal flowers of poesy,
 Wherein as in a mirror we perceive
 The highest reaches of a human wit ;
 If these had made one poem's period,
 And all combin'd in beauty's worthiness,
 Yet should there hover in their restless heads
 One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
 Which into words no virtue can digest.

Ho messenger !

(*Enter Messenger.*)

Sir, I have entertain'd thee
 Partly that I have need of such a youth,
 That can with some discretion do my business—
 For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout—
 But chiefly, for thy face and thy behavior,
 Which—if my augury deceive me not—
 Witness good bringing up, fortune and truth.
 Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
 Go presently and take this letter with thee,
 Deliver it unto Madam Jane Seymour,
 And therewithal this purse of gold.

Mes. My Lord.

King. And let me buy thy friendly help thus far,
 Which I will overpay, and pay again.

(*Exit Messenger.*)

I stuek my choice upon her, ere my heart
 Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue :

Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
 Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
 Which warpt the line of every other favor,
 Scorn'd a fair color or exprest it stolen,
 Extended or contracted all proportions
 To ā most hideous object. Thence it came,
 That she whom all men prais'd,—and whom myself,
 Since I have lost, have lov'd,—was in mine eye
 The dust that did offend it. Praising what's lost
 Makes the remembrance dear. Well, all is whole;
 Not one word more of the consumèd time,
 For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees,
 Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
 Steals ere we can effect them. (Exit.)

Scena Sexta.

*Enter Gentlemen and Servants of the French AMBASSADOR in
 conversation with Lords of the Court.*

1. *Lord.* That daughter there of Spain, sirs, the
 Infanta,
 Is near to England. Look upon the years
 Of the young Dauphin and that lovely maid.
 If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
 Where should he find it fairer than in her?
 If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
 Where should he find it purer than in her?
 If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
 Whose veins bound richer blood than the Infanta's?

2. *Lord.* Such as she is in beauty, virtue, birth,
 Is the young Dauphin every way complete;
 If not complete of say he is not she,
 And she again wants nothing to name want,
 If want it be not that she is not he:
 He is the half part of a blessèd man,
 Left to be finishèd by such as she;
 And she a fair divided excellence,
 Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
 O two such silver currents when they join,
 Do glorify the banks that bound them in!

Fr. Gent. The Dauphin shall the daughter of the
 king,
 The Princess Mary, marry.

2. *Lord.* Yea, is't so?
 The Bishop of Bayon, th' Ambassador,
 Who had been hither sent on the debating
 And marriage, in the progress of this business,
 Ere a determinate resolution,
 A respite did require wherein he might
 The king, his lord, advértise whether Mary,
 Katherine's daughter, were legitimate.

1. *Gent.* My most honorable lord, think not on't.

2. *Gent.* Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

1. *Lord.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

3. *Gent.* I pray you upon what?

1. *Lord.* That's off, that's off, I would you had been
 silent.

2. *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon.

(*Scowling at the first Lord.*)

1. *Lord.* My caution was more pertinent, my lord,
 Than the rebuke you gave it.

3. *Lord.* I beseech you peace,
 Or if you'd ask, remember this before:
 Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,

Fears, and despairs, and all these for the marriage,
 That from the understanding of himself
 Have so much put his majesty, are not
 To be commanded. Something have you heard
 Of the king's transformation—so I call it,
 Since not th' exterior, nor the inward man,
 Resembles that it was—and now remains
 That we find out the cause of this effect.
 I hold my duty as I hold my soul,
 Both to my God, one to my gracious king,
 And I do think—or else this brain of mine
 Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
 As I have us'd to do—this business
 Is ended well.

1. *Gent.* More matter with less art.

3. *Lord.* I use no art at all. But let that go—
 Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know that,
 That I have positively said, 'tis so,
 When it prov'd otherwise?

All. Not that I know.

3. *Lord.* Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

1. *Gent.* I think thou art mad.

3. *Lord.* It may be very likely. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Jane Seymour; to her enter Messenger.

Mes. Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you be my mean
 To bring me where to speak to Madam Jane.

Jane. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Mes. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
 To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Jane. From whom?

Mes. Madam, his majesty—my master.

Jane. Oh! he sends?

Mes. Ay; please you peruse this letter.

(*Gives her a note of warning from her
 friends which she quickly reads.*)

Pardon me, madam, I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not ;
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Jane. I pray thee let me look on that again.

Mes. It may not be ; good madam, pardon me.

Jane. There, hold !

I will not look upon your master's lines :
I know they're stuff with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths which he will break
As easily as I do tear this paper.

Mes. Madam, he sends your ladyship this purse.

Jane. The more shame for him that he sends it me.

Mes. Shall I return this answer to the king ?

Jane. Not so, sir ; we'll withdraw. Go to the king,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes : and so farewell.

Mes. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Jane. And't may be so we shall.

Mes. Pray Heaven you do.

(Exit Jane Seymour.)

When Anne did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you.
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily tincture of her face.
'Tis pity love should be so contrary.

(Exit.)

Scena Septima.

Enter the EARL OF DERBY, LORD HUSSEY, LORD DACRES,
and others.

Hus. Lords, in the fields adjacent I will meet him:
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Der. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?

Hus. A noble lord of France, my lord of Derby,
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Der. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Dac. Or rather then set forwards for 'twill be
Two long hours' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Once more to-day, well met, distemper'd lords;
The king by me requests your presence straight.

Der. The king hath dispossess himself of us,
We will not line his thin bestainèd cloak
With our pure honors: nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return and tell him so: we know the worst.

Mes. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were
best.

Der. Our griefs and not our manners reason now.

Mes. But there is little reason in your grief,
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now. •

1. *Lord.* Sir, sir, impatience hath its privilege.

Mes. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man else.

(Derby draws.)

Your sword is bright, sir, put it up again.
 Stand back, my lord of Derby, back I say:
 By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours.
 I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
 Nor tempt the danger of my true defence,
 Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
 Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Der. Out dunghill: dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Mes. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
 My innocent life against an emperor.

Der. Ha! hence vile instrument. Thou shalt not
 damn my hand. (*Sheathing his sword.*)

Mes. Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
 That he thereby may have a likely guess
 (*Speaking as he goes out.*)

Th' ambassador hath wrote unto the emperor
 How it goes here. (*Exit Messenger.*)

Der. My lords, he goes hence frowning,
 But it honors us that we have given him cause.

1. *Lord.* 'Tis all the better. 'Tis not sleepy business,
 But must be lookt to speedily and strongly.

2. *Lord.* Our expectation that it would be thus
 Hath made us forward.

Der. Prithee now away.
 There's more to be consider'd but we'll even
 All that good time will give us. Th' event
 Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Hus. I'll see what I can do.

Der. But speedily.

Hus. I will about it straight.

(*Exit Lord Hussey.*)

2. *Lord.* My lord of Derby,
 Now send out heralds to defy the king,
 And make the people swear to put him down.

Der. I know not what the success will be, my lord,
But the attempt I vow. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter King, solus.

These stays and lets to pleasure plague my thoughts,
Forcing my grievous wounds again to bleed :
But care that hath transported me so far,
Fair Jane, is all dispers'd in thought of thee,
Whose answer yields me life, or breeds me death.
Yond comes the messenger of weal or woe.

Enter Messenger.

What news ?

Mes. She's coy as yet and doth repine ;
She's holy-wise, and too precise for me.

King. Are these thy fruits of wit, thy sight in art,
Thine eloquence, thy policy, thy drift
To mock thy prince ? then, caitiff, pack thee hence,
And let me die devourèd of my love.

Mes. Good Lord, how rage gainsayeth reason's
power.

My dear, my gracious, and belovèd Prince,
The essence of my soul, my god on earth,
Sit down and rest yourself ; appease your wrath,
Lest with a frown you wound me to the death.
O that I were enclosed in my grave
That either now, to save my prince's life,
Must counsel cruelty or lose my king !

King. Why sirrah, is there means to move her mind ?

Mes. O, should I not offend my royal liege ?

King. Tell all, spare naught, so I may gain my love.

Mes. Alas my soul, why am I torn in twain
For fear thou talk a thing that should displease ?

King. Tut, speak whatso thou wilt, I pardon thee.

Mes. How kind a word, how courtesous is his grace !
Who would not die to succor such a king ?

My Liege, this lovely maid of modest mind
 Could well incline to love, but that she fears
 The power of fair Queen Anne: your Grace doth know
 Your wedlock is a mighty let to love.
 Were sweet Jane sure to be your wedded wife,
 That then the twig would bend, you might command:
 Ladies love presents, pomp, and high estate.

King. She prizes not such trifles as these are.
 The gifts she looks from me are packt and lockt
 Up in my heart, which I have given already
 But not deliver'd. I have put you out,
 Ah, let me hear how to displace the let?

Mes. Tut, mighty Prince—O that I might be whist.

King. Why dalliest thou?

Mes. I will not move my prince:
 I will prefer his safety 'fore my life.
 Hear me, O King, it is the death of Anne
 Must do you good.

King. What, murder of my queen!
 Yet to enjoy my love, what is my queen?
 O, but my vow and promise to my queen!
 Ay, but my hope to gain a fairer queen:
 With how contrarious thoughts am I withdrawn!
 Why linger I 'twixt hope and doubtful fear?
 If Anne die will Jane love?

Mes. She will my Lord.

King. Then let her die: devise, advise the means.
 All likes me well that lends me hope in love.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter Imperial Ambassador and Lord Hussey.

Hus. What's more to do,
 As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
 That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
 That's soon perform'd. If Charles, the emperor,
 Swear us assistance, and perform it too,

The earls and barons of the realm with zeal
 To 'mend the king, and do our country good,
 Shall follow with a fresh supply—a head
 Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
 Lord Darcy promiseth ten thousand men.

Ambas. Ay, here from gracious England have I offer
 Of goodly thousands, but I fear withal
 That same mad fellow of the North, Percy.

Hus. I' faith, I'll send him packing.

Ambas. Prithee do.

Hus. Why my good lord, you need not fear the power
 Of Harry Percy; 'tis too weak to wage
 An instant trial. Nay, advance your standard;
 The kingly bird that bears Jove's thunderclap,
 The imperial eagle, shall make leopards tame.

Ambas. Yea, but not change his spots.

Hus. Spread, spread these flags
 That ten year's space have conquer'd—conquering eagles—
 They that now thwart the right, in wars will yield.
 The warlike soldiers and the gentlemen
 Begin in troops to threaten civil war,
 And openly exclaim against the king:
 Therefore to stay all sudden mutinies,
 We will invest his highness emperor.
 Neither spoil nor kingdom seek we by these arms,
 But home at thraldom's feet to rid from tyrants.

Ambas. I must obey thee.

Lord. Doubtless these Northern men,
 Whom death the greatest of all fears affrights not,
 When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
 Or wear it on my sword, will bring their powers.

Ambas. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
 Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
 To make strength stronger. But for all our loves
 First let them try themselves, and what I can,

As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
 What you have spoke—it may be so, perchance ;
 This tyrant whose foul name blisters our tongue
 Was once thought honest : you have lov'd him well,
 He hath not touch'd you yet.

Lord. For that he has,

As much as in him lies, from time to time
 Envied against the people, seeking means
 To pluck away their power ; as now at last
 Given hostile strokes—and that not in the presence
 Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
 That do distribute it—in the name o' the people
 And in the power of us the nobles, we
 Will not endure his yoke, but we create
 Imperial Charles England's great emperor,
 And say, "Long live our emperor, Charles."

Ambas. I've pass'd

My word and promise to the emperor
 I shall be counsel'd.

Lord. Good repose the while.

Ambas. Thanks, sir, the like to you.

(*Exit Lord.*)

Manet Ambassador.

So from the East unto the furthest West
 Shall Charles, the emperor, extend his arm.
 The plot is laid by English noblemen
 And captains of the border garrisons
 To crown him emperor of all the West.
 This should entreat your Highness to rejoice,
 Since Fortune gives you opportunity
 To gain the title of a conqueror—
 Renownèd Charles, greater than Charles the Great.

(*Exit.*)

Scena Octava.

Enter KING, solus.

Thy new vow'd love, in sight of God and men,
 Links thee unto Anne Boleyn during life;
 For who more fair and virtuous than thy wife?
 Deceitful murderer of a quiet mind,
 Fond love, vile lust, that thus misleads us men,
 To vow our faiths and fall to sin again!
 But kings stoop not to every common thought:
 Jane Seymour's fair and wise, fit for a king;
 And I, a king, for Jane will hazard life,
 Venture my kingdom, country, and my crown:
 Such fire hath love to burn a kingdom down.
 Say Anne dislikes that I estrange my love;
 Am I obedient to a woman's look?
 Nay, say her father frown when he shall hear
 That I do hold my fair Jane's love so dear;
 Let father frown and fret, and fret and die,
 Nor earth nor heaven shall part my love and I.
 Yea, they shall part us, but we first must meet
 And woo and win, and yet the world not see't.

Enter Jane Seymour and a page, Lord looking on in concealment.

Page. The music is come, sir.

King. Let them play. Play sirs.

(Exit Page. Music plays.)

Sit on my knee, Jane: kiss me. Dost thou love me?
 Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Jane. Nay, nay, truly;

I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

King. I'm old, I'm old.

Jane. I love thee better than I love
A young boy of them all.

King. Thou wilt forget me.

Jane. Thou wilt set me weeping if thou say'st so, Hal.
(*He kisses her.*)

Lord. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction!
What says the almanac to that?

Enter Queen.

Queen. Merciful Heaven! (*Swoons.*)

Lord. Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break.

(*Queen carried out. Exeunt.*)

Enter two of the Queen's women. Queen seen lying in a bed.

1. *Lady.* The night is long that never finds the day.
See, see Emilia if they breathe or no.

2. *Lady.* No breath, nor sense, nor motion, in them
both:

'Tis strange to think how much the king hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.

1. *Lady.* When he shall hear, even at that news he
dies.

2. *Lady.* Go with me to the king.

1. *Lady.* No, no, I will not.
I fear some outrage since this chanc'd to-night.

2. *Lady.* Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpressèd spirits. I have heard
Of an Egyptian had nine hours lain dead
By good appliance was recoverèd.

Enter Servant with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths,—
The vial once more: I pray you give her air.

(Silence for a space.)

The queen will live! nature awakes! a warmth
Breathes out of her; she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

1. *Lady.* She is alive;

Behold, her eyelids 'gin to part their fringes.

2. *Lady.* O live, and make us weep to hear your fate.

Queen. Where am I? where's my lord? what world is
this? *(Exeunt -)*

Enter King and Gentlewoman.

King. Conduct me to the queen.

Lady. I may not, sir,

To the contrary I have express commandment.

King. Here's ado—such ado—to make no stain a
stain

As passes coloring. How fares our lady?

Lady. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: on her frights and griefs—
Which never tender lady hath borne greater—

King. Heaven grant our hope's yet likely of fair birth.

Lady. Still born, my lord.

King. Alack, my child is dead!

And with my child my joys are buried.

O child, O child, my soul and not my child!

Dead art thou? Death's my son, Death is my heir.

This is a judgment on me that my kingdom,

Well worthy the best heir o' th' world should not

Be gladdened in't by me.

(Exeunt.)

Enter Imperial Ambassador, solus.

My emperor hath wrote I must from hence
No more of't entertain. I give bold way

To his authority, and by mine honor
 'Tis most convenient. Ha, I know the riddle,
 For these domestic and particular broils
 Are not the question here. Let's then determine
 On our proceeding, for these noblemen,
 Conspirant 'gainst this high, illustrious prince,
 Come hither, now, to see what I protest
 Intendment o' doing. Shall we wish for aught
 The world affords in greatest novelty,
 And rest attemptless, faint, and destitute?
 Methinks we should not. I am strongly mov'd,
 That if James should desire the English crown,
 He could attain it with a wondrous ease
 By marrying King Henry's daughter, Mary.

Enter Derby and another.

My Lords,
 I hope your honors make no question
 This hand of mine hath writ in your behalf
 To Charles, magnificent and mighty prince,
 That you in name of other Northern lords
 And commons of this mighty monarchy, —
 Intending his investion with the crown,
 And measuring the limits of his empery
 By east and west as Phœbus doth his course,—
 Did bid me say their honors and their lives
 Are to his highness vow'd and consecrate,
 But he replied it was a bare petition.

Der. Nay—

Ambas. Pray be patient.

Der. If you refuse your aid

In this so never-needed help, yet do not
 Upbraid's.

1. *Lord.* But how if he do not, my lord?

Der. Then may we with some color rise in arms,
 For, howsoever we have borne it out,

'Tis treason to be up against the king.

1. *Lord.* Ay, see the ambush of our friends be strong
If e'er the emperor means no good to us.

Ambas. His answer to me was: "A very little
I have yielded to. Fresh embassies and suits
Nor from the state, nor private friends hereafter
Will I lend ear to."

Der. Why so?

Ambas. He said 'twas folly.

1. *Lord.* Ha! do you hear, my lord?

Der. But sure, if you

Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might touch him to the quick.

1. *Lord.* No, I'll not meddle.

Ambas. Pray you go to him.

1. *Lord.* What should I do, pray?

Ambas. Only make trial what you can do.

1. *Lord.* Well,

And say that I return unheard, what then?

Ambas. But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness.

Der. Say't be so, my lord.

1. *Lord.* I'll undertake it. Ay, I think he'll hear me.
(*Exeunt.*)

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter KING and NORRIS.

King. This business will raise you all, I take it,
If the good truth were known.

Nor. My Lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis most dangerous.

King. Say it be so, 'tis true.

Nor. No, no, my Lord.

King. It is: you lie, you lie.

Nor. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer—
Yourself, your queen, your child. For her, my Lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you t' accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' th' eyes of Heaven, and to you—I mean
In this which you accuse her.

King. Cease, no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose; but I do see't, and feel't
As you feel doing thus: and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Nor. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty.
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

King. What? lack I credit?

Nor. I had rather you did lack, than I, my Lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honor true than your suspicion,
Be blam'd for it how you might. I wish, my Liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it
Without more overture.

King. How could that be?
The circumstances push on this proceeding.

(*Exit Norris.*)

Enter Emilia.

You have seen nothing then?

Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

King. Yes, you have seen Norris and th' queen together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm : and then I heard Each syllable that breath made up between them.

King. What ; did they never whisper ?

Emil. Never, my Lord.

King. Nor send you out o' th' way ?

Emil. Never.

King. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing ?

Emil. Never, my Lord.

King. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my Lord, to wager she is honest, Lay down my soul at stake. If you think other, Remove your thought. It doth abuse your bosom. If any wretch have put it in your head, Let Heaven requite it with the serpent's curse, For if she be not honest, chaste, and true, There's no man happy. The purest of their wives Is foul as slander.

King. Bid her come hither, go. (*Exit Emilia.* -)

Manet King.

Not any whom corrupting gold will tempt ?
Uncertain way of gain ; but I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin :
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Enter Queen and Emilia.

Queen. My Lord, what is your will ?

King. Pray you come hither.

Queen. How is't with you, my Lord ?

King. Well, my good lady. Oh hardness to
dissemble!

(*Speaking to himself.* -)

How do you, Anne ?

Queen. Well, gracious Majesty.

King. Give me your hand. This hand is moist,
my lady.

Queen. It hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

King. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart :
Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty : fasting and prayer
Much castigation, exercise devout,
For here's a young and sweating devil here
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Queen. You may, indeed, say so,
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

King. A liberal hand. The hearts of old gave hands,
But our new heraldry is hands not hearts.
Madam, 'tis you that rob me of my daughter.

Queen. Your Highness knows that lies not in my
power.
If I might in entreaties find success,
As sold I have the chance, here in the court,
Thy beauteous, princely daughter I would tender.

King. Alas, the heavy day.

Queen. Why do you weep ?
Am I the motive of these tears, my Lord ?

King. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me,
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Queen. Here, my Lord.

King. That which I gave you.

Queen. I have it not about me.

King. Not ?

Queen. No indeed, my Lord.

King. That's a fault : that handkerchief—
To lose't or give't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.

Queen. Is't possible ?

King. 'Tis true. There's magic in the web of it:
 A sibyl that had number'd in the world
 The sun to course two hundred compasses,
 In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:
 The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk,
 And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful
 Conserv'd of maiden's hearts.

Queen. Indeed? Is't true?

King. Most veritable, therefore look to't well.

Queen. Then would to Heaven that I had never
 seen't!

King. Ha? wherefore?

Queen. Why do you speak so startlingly and rash?

King. Is't lost? Is't gone? Speak, is't out o' th'
 way?

Queen. Bless us.

King. Say you?

Queen. It is not lost; but what and if it were?

King. Assure thyself thou com'st not in my sight
 Till it be found.

Queen. I say it is not lost.

King. Fetch't, let me see't.

Queen. Why so I can: but I will not now.

King. Fetch me the handkerchief.

My mind misgives— *(Speaking to himself.)*
 The handkerchief.

Queen. In sooth you are to blame.

King. Away! *(Exit King.)*

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Queen. I nev'r saw this before.

Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief,
 I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:
 They are all but stomachs, and we all but food,

They eat us hungrily, and when they're full
They belch us.

Queen. Leave to wound me with these words,
And speak of majesty as it deserves.
Where should I lose the handkerchief, Emilia ?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Queen. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse,
Full of gold pieces. (*Exeunt.*)

Scena Secunda.

Enter KING and DUKE OF NORFOLK.

King. I saw it in his hand :
It was a handkerchief, an antique token,
My father gave my mother.

Duke. Had stol'n it from her ?

King. No : but she let it drop by negligence,
And to th' advantage, Norris, being near
Took it too eagerly—whilst we were by—
And kiss'd it.

Duke. Monstrous ! Such a handkerchief—
I'm sure it was the queen's—did I to-day
See Norris wipe his beard with.

King. If it be that—

Duke. If it be that, or any, it was hers.
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

King. O that the slave had forty thousand lives !
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 'tis true. 'Tis not to make me jealous

To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays and dances :
Where virtue is these are more virtuous,
But this denoted a foregone conclusion,
'Tis a shrewd doubt.

Duke. And this may help to thicken
The other proofs that do demónstrate thinly.
He will have other means to cut you off :
I overheard him and his practices,
And will report, so please you.

King. Prithee, say.

Duke. First, Anne confest she never lov'd you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you—
Married your royalty, was wife to your place,
Abhorr'd your person.

King. She alone knew this. Proceed.

Duke. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to **love**
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight, whose life—
But that her flight prevented it—she had
Ta'en off by poison.

King. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? Is there more?

Duke. More, sir, and worse: she did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral, which being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you. Failing of her end
Grew shameless desperate, open'd—in despite
Of Heaven and men—her purposes and said,
"To have two means beseems a witty man."
"Now here in court I may aspire and climb
By subtlety," (he said) "for my master's death
I may have means, my love, and if that fail
Well fare another drift." And she replied,

“To you I give myself for I am yours,
I’ll have no husband if you be not he.”

King. Away at once with love or jealousy!
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven. ’Tis gone.
Arise black vengeance from the hollow hell,
Yield up, O Love, thy crown, and heartèd throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell bosom with thy fraught,
For ’tis of aspic’s tongues.

Duke. Yet be content.

King. O blood, blood, blood!

Duke. Patience I say: your mind may change.

King. Never. My bloody thoughts with violent pace
Shall ne’er look back, ne’er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. Now by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow,
I here engage my words.

Duke. Do not rise yet;
But let Heaven witness Norfolk doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong’d King Henry’s service. Let him command
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

King. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to’t.
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Norris’s not alive.

Duke. My friend is dead:
’Tis done at your request. But let her live.

King. Damn her, lewd minx! O damn her, damn
her.
Come, go with me apart. I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift means of death,
For the fair devil.

Duke. But of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly.

King. Art thou my lieutenant?

Duke. I am your own forever. (*Exeunt.*)

Scena Tertia.

Enter **QUEEN** *and* **EMILIA.**

Emil. Good madam,
What's the matter with my lord?

Queen. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Queen. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Queen. I have none: do not talk to me Emilia.
I cannot weep, nor answers have I none
But what should go by water.

Emil. May I presume
To know the cause of these unquiet fits,
That work such trouble to your wonted rest?
'Tis more than pity such a heavenly face
Should by heart's sorrow wax so wan and pale.

Queen. Methinks my favor here begins to warp.
What is the news i' th' court?

Emil. None rare, my lady.

Queen. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region

Lov'd as he loves himself. Why I should fear
I know not, since I know not guiltiness,
But yet I feel I fear.

Emil. Ay, this is strange:
Though first the king did seem to love you much,
Now, in his majesty, he leaves those looks
Those words of favor and those comfortings,
And gives no more than common courtesies;
He keeps you from the honors of a queen—
Being suppos'd his worthless concubine.

Queen. Thence rise the tears that so bestain my
cheeks,
Fearing his love through my unworthiness
Is counted lost forever.

Emil. You've made fault
I' th' boldness of your speech.

Queen. I am sorry for't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas, I have shew'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is toucht
To th' noble heart.

Emil. Do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you rather
Let me be punish'd that have 'minded you
Of what you should forget. Take patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Queen. Thou didst speak but well
When most the truth, which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee.

Enter King.

Emil. Good my Liege—

King. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—

(*Speaking to himself.*)

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars,—
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
 And smooth as monumental alabaster:
 Yet she must die.

Queen. Who's there? the king?

(Exit Emilia.)

King. Ay, Anne.

Queen. Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
 Some bloody passion shakes your very frame—
 These are portents, but yet I hope, I hope,
 They do not point on me.

King. Peace and be still.

Queen. I will so: what's the matter?

King. That handkerchief,
 Which I so lov'd and gave thee, thou gav'st Norris.

Queen. No, by my life and soul: send for the man
 And ask him.

King. Anne, take heed of perjury,
 Take heed: confess thee freely of thy sin,
 For to deny each article with oath,
 Cannot remove, nor choke the strong conception
 That I do groan withal.

Queen. I never did
 Offend you in my life: never lov'd Norris
 But with such general warranty of Heaven
 As I might love. I never gave him token.

King. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.
 O perjur'd woman thou dost stone my heart,
 I saw the handkerchief.

Queen. He found it then—
 I never gave it him—send for him hither:
 Let him confess a truth. He will not say so.

King. No, when his mouth is stopt.

Queen. My fear interprets!

King. The Duke of Norfolk hath ta'en order for it.

Queen. What! is he dead? Alas, he is betray'd,
And I undone! *(She weeps.)*

King. Weep'st thou for him to my face?
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, Anne. Your loving uncle—

Queen. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Norris.

King. Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle Norris.
No more I say; if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.

(King walks toward the door.)

Queen. Whither goes my lord?

King. Fawn not on me, be gone.

Queen. On whom but on my husband should I fawn?

King. On Norris, Weston, or your brother Rochford
With whom, ungentle Queen—I say no more.

Queen. In saying this, thou wrong'st me.

King. Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.

Queen. What horrible fancy's this?
Upon my knee what does your speech import?

(She kneels.)

I understand a fury in your words.

King. Why? what art thou?

Queen. Your wife, my Lord, your true and loyal wife.

King. Come swear it: damn thyself lest being like
one

Of heaven, the divels themselves should fear to seize thee.
Therefore be double damn'd, swear thou art honest.

Queen. Heaven doth truly know it.

King. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Queen. To whom, my Lord?
With whom? How am I false?

King. Ah, Anne, away, away, away! Ha, touch me not!

Queen. Wherein, my Lord, have I deserv'd these words?

Is it not enough I feel a grief that smites
My very heart at root, but thou must call
Mine honor thus in question?

King. Hear me, good madam.

Queen. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

King. You are too familiar with your brother
Rochford.

Could not my love, nay more, could not the law,
Nay further, could not nature thee allure
For to refrain from this incestuous sin?
Would thou hadst ne'er been born, Anne. What
committed?

Committed? O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed?
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks:
The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets,
Is husht within the hollow mine of earth
And will not hear't. What committed?

Queen. By heaven you do me wrong!

King. Is't possible?

Queen. Witness the tears I shed, witness this heart
That sighing for thee breaks.

King. And witness Heaven
How dear thou art to me! There, weep.
You, mistress,

Enter Emilia.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell—You, you; ay, you—
We have done our course; there's money for your pains;

I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel.
Speak not unto her: let her droop and pine.

(*Exit King.*)

Emil. What is your pleasure, madam?
How is't with you?

Queen. I cannot tell.

Emil. Here is a change indeed.

Queen. How have I been behav'd that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Emil. Madam?

Queen. O miserable and distressèd queen!
Would when I left sweet France and was embark'd,
That charming Circe, walking on the waves,
Had chang'd my shape! or at the marriage-day
The cup of Hymen had been full of poison!
Or with those arms that twin'd about my neck,
I had been stifled, and not liv'd to see
The king, my lord, thus to abandon me!
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in Fortune's womb,
Is coming toward me, and my inward soul
With nothing trembles; at something it grieves
More than with parting from my lord the king.

(*Exeunt.*)

Scena Quarta.

QUEEN seated at dinner. Her Gentlewomen are with her.
Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK and AUDLEY,
the Lord Chancellor.

Queen. I shall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his grace in person.—Noble uncle—

Norf. Tut, tut! Grace me no grace, nor uncle me.
I am no traitor's uncle, and that word grace
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.

Queen. Com'st thou because the king is hence?

Norf. I come
To minister correction to thy fault.

Queen. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

Norf. Even in condition of the worst degree,
In gross rebellion and detested treason.

Enter Kingston.

Queen. God for thy mercy!
What means this armed guard
That waits upon your grace?

Norf. It stands agreed—
I take it by all voices—that forthwith
You be convey'd to th' Tower, a prisoner,
There to remain till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Queen. Ah cruel chance, ah luckless lot!
What greater grief can grow to gripe the heart?
Not that great Tower?

Norf. Call my guard, I prithee.

Aud. What ho! the guard! Come, the Lord Norfolk
calls.

Enter the Guard.

Queen. The guard? how? O dispatch me!

Guard. What's the noise?

1. *Lady.* The star is fall'n!

2. *Lady.* And Time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

3. *Lady.* O what has come to pass?

Queen. I have a little yet to say, my lords;

With thoughts so qualified as your charities
 Shall best instruct you, measure me: and so
 The king's will be perform'd.

Kings. I tell thee, Audley,
 To think the deeds the king means to perform
 Doth make me sorry.

Aud. Stand and see the rest
 To change that humor. How falls out the tide
 For London?

Kings. Not till evening.

Queen. My lords, his majesty,
 Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
 This conduct to convey me to the Tower:
 Be the king's pleasure then, by me obey'd.

Norf. Tut, tut, there is some other matter in't.

(Exeunt Lords guarding the Queen.)

Manent Gentlewomen.

1. *Lady.* Hard is the heart that injures such a saint.

2. *Lady.* I know 'tis 'long of Norris that she weeps.

1. *Lady.* Why, he is gone.

3. *Lady.* Now breaks the king's hate forth.

1. *Lady.* Ah! he I fear, hath ill-intreated her.

2. *Lady.* Sit down by me awhile and I will tell thee.

1. *Lady.* Speak not for him, no speaking will prevail.

2. *Lady.* 'Tis for myself I speak, and not for him,

And I will tell thee reasons of such weight
 As thou wilt soon subscribe to't.

1. *Lady.* Speak your mind.

2. *Lady.* Then thus;—but none shall hear it but
 ourselves.

(Ladies talk apart.)

3. *Lady.* But see, in happy time his majesty
 Is new return'd; this news will glad him much.

(Exeunt.)

Enter King, Norfolk, Suffolk, and others.

King. Prepare you Lords;
 Summon a session that we may arraign
 Our most disloyal lady: for as she hath
 Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
 A just and open trial. While she lives,
 My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
 And think upon my bidding.

(Exeunt some of the Lords.)

This session—

To our great grief we do pronounce—even pushes
 Against our heart. The party tried, our wife
 And one too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd
 Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
 Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
 Even to the guilt, or the purgation.

(Exeunt.)

Scena Quinta.

Enter QUEEN and KINGSTON at the Traitor's Gate.

Queen. O lamentable! What? To hide me from
 the radiant sun, to solace in a dungeon by a snuff?

Kings. No, noble madam: may it please you to with-
 draw into your private chamber.

Queen. 'Tis meet I should be used so: very meet.) **He**
 doth but tempt his wife, he tries my love. *(To herself.)*
 Husband, I come: now to that name my courage prove **my**
 title.

Have mercy Jesu! My grieved spirit attends thy mercy-seat.

Kings. It is my duty to attend your Highness' pleasure.

Queen. Ay's me, from royal state I now am fallen! Ah, Henry, can I bear this shameful yoke? Trowest thou that e'er I'll look upon the world, or count them happy that enjoy the sun? No; dark shall be my light, and night my day. It shall be my hell to think upon my pomp, the which to leave is a thousand fold more bitter, than 'tis sweet at first to acquire. 'Tis a sufferance panging as soul and body's severing. Sometime I'll say that I am Henry's wife—I would thou shouldst know it, I am an honest wife—and he a prince and ruler of the land: yet he so ruled, and such a prince he was, as he stood by whilst I, his forlorn queen, was made a wonder and a pointing stock to every idle, rascal follower. But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame, nor stir at nothing till the axe of Death hang over me as sure it shortly will. I am in the extremity of human adversity. As a shadow leaves the body when the sun is gone, I now am left and lost and quite forsaken of the world.

Kings. All the suns are not yet set. A day may come to make amends for all.

Queen. Alack, I to this hard house—more harder than the stones whereof 'tis rais'd—return, and force a scanted courtesy. The art of our necessities is strange. My wits begin to turn.

Kings. Say it be hard, yet patience makes that lighter that cannot be amended, and he is wise that suits himself to the time.

Queen. Go with me to my chamber to take a note of what I stand in need of.

Kings. All that is mine I leave at thy dispose.

Queen. Beseech the king to let me have the sacrament. Let them bring it to my closet.

The spite of man prevaileth against me; O Lord, have mercy upon me!

Kings. Patience, good lady. What man is he you are accused of?

Queen. They know that do accuse me. I know none. If I know more of any man alive, than that I know yourself, may all my sins want mercy. My remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence.

Kings. So grace and mercy at your most need help you; and what so poor a man as Kingston is, may do to express his love and friending to you, God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together. *(Exeunt.)*

Scena Sexta.

ORDER OF THE TRIAL.

DUKE OF NORFOLK, as lord high steward, sitting under a cloth of estate with a white rod of justice in his hand. The LORD CHANCELLOR behind him, and his Majesty's ATTORNEY-GENERAL. On benches the PEERS: the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, MARQUIS OF EXETER, Earls of ARUNDEL, OXFORD, WORCESTER, NORTH-UMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, DERBY, RUTLAND, SUSSEX, HUNTINGDON; and the Lords AUDLEY, DE LA WARE, MORLEY, COBHAM, DACRES, SANDERS, WINDSOR, and others. The LORD MAYOR and Aldermen, Wardens, and members of the principal crafts of London in attendance, but those that pass upon her be none but Peers.

Nor. Produce the prisoner.

Att. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen appear in person here in court. *(Silence.)*

Enter SIR WILLIAM KINGSTON, and the Lieutenant of the Tower, conducting the QUEEN, who is attended by LADY KINGSTON and LADY BOLEYN. _____

Nor. Read the indictment.

Att. Lady Anne, Queen to the worthy Henry, King of England, thou art here accused and arraigned of High Treason, in committing adultery with Henry Norris, Sir Francis Weston, Lord Rochford, et al., and furthermore of conspiring with them, jointly and severally, to compass and imagine the death of our Sovereign Lord, the King thy royal husband; the pretence whereof, being by circumstances partly laid open, the grief of this hath most power to do most harm to the health of the King.

Queen. Not guilty.

Att. Your words and your performance are no kin.

Queen. Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble hearts: then would true nobleness
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
I do desire you do me right and justice,
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now you have no cause.

Nor. You have here, lady,
Men, the elect o' th' land, who are assembled
To judge your cause. It shall be therefore bootless
That longer you desire the court, as well
For your own quiet as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Att. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed,
And that—without delay—these arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.

Crom. It is true I could have wished some abler person had begun, but it is a kind of order sometimes to

begin with the meanest. Nevertheless, thus much I say with modesty: in confutation I will not bend myself to Mr. Attorney's order, but pursue my own course, removing all evasions and subterfuges, which have been, or can be used, on the adverse part. Suffice it, that no material thing is objected but it shall be answered, what is of weight shall be expressly refuted, the others of less importance I will shake off in the course of my argument.

The law hath many grounds and positive learnings which are not of the highest rules of reason—which are *legum leges*—yet are learnings received, which the law hath set down, and will not have called in question. Yet with such maxims will the law dispense, rather than crimes and wrongs should be unpunished. You, madam, have misdeemed yourself, toward the king first and then toward his laws: the deed was ill to spurn at your most royal husband and mock his workings. And touching this I will speak with modesty and under correction: First then, my lords, if any have conspired against the life of the king—which God have in His custody—or of the queen's majesty, or of the most noble princess, their daughter, the very compassing and inward imagination thereof is high treason, if it can be proved by any act that is overt: for in the case of so sudden, dark, pernicious, and peremptory attempts, it were too late for the law to take a blow before it gives, and this high treason of all other is most heinous, of which you shall inquire though I hope there be no cause.

There is another capital offence that hath an affinity with this, the violation of the honor of the king's wife, and thereof you shall inquire.

In treason there can be no prosecution but at the king's suit, and the king's pardon dischargeth.

In treason there can be no accessories but all are principals.

In treason no counsel is to be allowed the party.

In treason no witness shall be received upon oath for the party's justification.

These be the very words of the civil law which cannot be amended.

Queen. You know the law. Your exposition hath been most sound.

Att. Treason is a bar to the highest inheritance—the Kingdom of Heaven—yet the issue of this woman shall inherit the land.

Crom. I am of Mr. Attorney's mind, but in the meantime, without these far reaches, we should consider the perils imminent in the present estate, who see in this time the desperate humors of divers men in devising treason and conspiracies, who being such men that in the course of their ambition, or other furious apprehension, they make very small account of their proper lives.

Queen. Now for conspiracy, I know not how it tastes, though *t*. be dished for me to try how. All I know of it is that these are honest men, which here you come to accuse.

Crom. For this new married man, whose salt imagination yet hath wronged your well defended honor—your brother—being criminal in double violation of sacred chastity and of promise-breach, the very mercy of the law cries out, death: for the intent and purpose of the law hath full relation to the penalty. Then, Lady Anne, thy fault is thus manifested, which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage: and so upon the whole matter I pray report be made to his majesty. For the court's obedience, which is the relative to the mandate of the king, I said in the beginning, the judges have ever been the principal examples of obedience to the king.

Queen. Their obedience was more absolute than the commandment. 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. The king

hath thrown such despite and heavy terms upon me that true hearts cannot bear it. A beggar in his drink could not have laid such terms upon his callet. How comes this trick upon him? Heaven doth know if some eternal villain, some busy and insinuating rogue, some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office, have devised this slander.

Nor. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Queen. If any such there be, Heaven pardon him. Why should he call me that? Who keeps me company? what place? what time? what form? what likelihood? O fie upon them! Some such squire he was, some base, notorious knave and scurvy fellow, that turned the king's wit the seamy side without and made him to suspect me. O Heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold! Is there no pity sitting in the clouds, that sees into the bottom of my grief?

Att. Speak within door, and call to mind your sinful fact committed.

Queen. If to preserve this vessel for my lord from any other foul, unlawful touch, be not to be such as my lord did say, I am none.

Att. Why did he so?

Queen. I do not know, I am sure I am none such—O God defend me how am I beset—what kind of catechizing call you this?

Att. To make you answer truly to your name.

Queen. Who can blot that name with any just reproach?

Att. Queen Anne, herself, can blot out Queen Anne's virtue.

Crom. Fain would I deem that false I find too true. It fell out that Henry Norris was entered into an unlawful love towards this lady, which went so far that it was secretly projected to compass the death of the king, and so proceeded to a marriage with Norris. One of the lords, placed at her

chamber window saw afar off their amiable encounter—ay, did see her, hear her— (Reads.)

“Norris. Lady, farewell.

Queen. Farewell, sweet Norris, till we meet again. The heavens can witness I love none but you.

Nor. The king can not escape.

Queen. Ay, he shall die. Foreslow no time, sweet Norris.

Nor. Madam, stay.

Queen. No, Norris; I will to my lord the king. You know the king is so suspicious, as if he hear I have but talked with you, mine honor will be call'd in question, and therefore, gentle Norris, pray be gone.

Nor. Madam, I cannot stay to answer you, but think of Norris as he doth deserve. (Exit Norris.)

Queen. So well hast thou deserved, sweet Henry Norris, as Anne, the queen, could live with thee forever.”

Att. Confirmed, confirmed: O that is stronger made which was before barred up with ribs of iron!

Crom. Thus, pretty lady, I am sorry for thy much misgovernment. Behold how like a maid she blushes here. O what authority and show of truth can cunning sin cover itself withal! Comes not that blood as modest evidence to witness simple virtue? Would you not swear, all you that see her, that she were a maid by these exterior shows? Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty. Most foul, most fair, thou pure impiety and impious purity—

Kings. Why, how now, lady? Wherefore sink you down?

Crom. These things come thus to light smother her spirits up.

Att. Dost thou look up?

Kings. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Att. Wherefore? Why doth not every earthly thing cry shame upon her? Could she here deny the story that is

printed in her blood? O she is fallen into a pit of ink, that the wide sea hath drops too few to wash her clean again, and salt too little which may season give to her foul, tainted flesh. Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left, is, that she will not add to her damnation a sin of perjury: she not denies it.

My Lords, the offence, wherewith I shall charge the offender at the bar, is of a high nature, tending to the defacing and scandal of justice in a great cause capital. The king, amongst his many princely virtues, is known to excel in the proper virtue of the imperial throne, which is justice. It is a royal virtue, which doth employ the other cardinal virtues in her service; and for this his majesty's virtue of justice, God hath raised an occasion, and erected as it were a stage or theater much to his honor for him to show it, and act it, in the pursuit of the untimely death of Queen Katherine, and therein cleansing the land from blood. For, my lords, if blood spilt pure doth cry to heaven in God's ears, much more blood defiled with poison. Before I descend unto the charge of these offenders, which I will couple together because they receive one joint answer, I will set before your lordships the weight of that which they have sought to impeach; speaking somewhat of the general crime of imprisonment, and then of the particular circumstances of this fact upon Queen Katherine; and thirdly and chiefly of the king's great and worthy care and carriage in this business.

Queen. Impoisonment? It is an offence, thanks be to God, neither of our country, nor of our church: you may find it in Rome or Italy. There is a region, or, perhaps, a religion for it. May never good betide my life, my lord, if once I dreamed upon this damnèd deed.

Crom. My lords, he is not the hunter alone that lets slip the dog upon the deer, but he that lodges the deer, or raises him, or puts him out, or he that sets a toil that he cannot escape.

Att. Impoisonment is an offense, my lords, that hath two spurs of offending: it is easily committed, and easily concealed. It is the arrow that flies by night. It discerns not whom it hits: for many times the poison is laid for one, and the other takes it. Therefore it was most gravely, and judiciously, and properly provided by that statute that impoisonment should be high treason.

But to come to this present case; the great frame of justice, my lords, in this present action, hath a vault, and it hath a stage: a vault wherein these works of darkness were contrived, and a stage with steps by which they were brought to light. Queen Katherine was murdered by poison. This foul and cruel murder did, for a time, cry secretly in the ears of God; but God gave no answer to it, otherwise than by that voice which sometime he useth—the speech of the people. For there went a murmur that the Queen was poisoned, and yet this same submiss and soft voice of God, the speech of the vulgar people, was not without a counter-tenor or counter-blast of the devil. When it came to the arraignment of Sir Francis Weston, he had his lesson to stand mute. Then followed the proceeding of justice against the other offenders, but all these being but the organs and instruments of this fact, the actors and not the authors, justice could not have been crowned without this last act against these great persons.

Now I will come to that which is principal, that is, his majesty's princely, yea, as I may truly term it, sacred proceeding in this cause.

First, the charge that his majesty gave to the commissioners in this case, worthy certainly to be written in letters of gold, wherein his majesty did forerank and make it his prime instruction that it should be carried without touch to any that were innocent. I see plainly that at the first, till farther light did break forth, his majesty was little moved with the first tale, which he vouchsafeth not so

much as the name of a tale, but calleth it a rumor—which is an headless tale.

As for the strength or resolution of his majesty's justice, I must tell your lordships plainly, I do not marvel to see kings thunder out justice in cases of treason, when they are touched themselves; but that a king should, contrary to the tide of his own affections, take such care of a cause of justice, is rare and worthy to be celebrated far and near. The king hath to his great honor showed to the world, as if it were written in a sunbeam, that he is truly the lieutenant of Him with whom there is no respect of persons; that his affections royal are above his affections private.

Now for the evidence against this lady, I am sorry I must rip it up. I shall first show you the purveyance or provisions of the poisons; that they were seven in number brought to this lady, and by her billeted and laid up till they might be used; and this done with an oath or vow of secrecy, which is like the Egyptian darkness, a gross and palpable darkness, that may be felt.

Secondly, I shall prove and observe unto you the cautions of these poisons; that they might not be too swift, lest the world should startle at it by the suddenness of the dispatch, but they must abide long in the body and work by degrees. For the nature of the proofs, your lordship must consider, that impoisonment of all offences is most secret; so secret as that if in all cases of impoisonment you should require testimony, you were as good proclaim impunity. Who could have impeached Livia, by testimony, of the poisoned figs upon the tree which her husband was wont to gather with his own hands? The cases are infinite, and need not be spoken of, of the secrecy of impoisonments; but wise triers must take upon them, in these secret cases, Solomon's spirit, that where there could be no witnesses, collected the act by the affection. Madam, the first head or proof thereof, is: that there was a root of bitterness, a

mortal malice or hatred, mixed with deep and bottomless fears that you had toward Queen Katherine and the Princess Mary.

And lastly, my lords, I shall show you the rewards of this impoisonment first demanded by Sir Francis Weston and denied because the deed was not done, but after the deed was done and perpetrated—that the queen was dead—then performed. Her proceeding herein is not by degrees and by stealth, but absolute and at once. But these things were not done in a corner. I need not speak of them. And so without farther aggravation of that which in itself bears its own tragedy, I will conclude with the confessions of this lady herself.

Queen. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony, on my part, no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, Not guilty—mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus, if Powers Divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know—
Who least will seem to do so—my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy—which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a true and humble wife,
The mother of a hopeful princess, standing
To prate and talk for life and honor 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief—which I would spare: for honor,

'Tis a derivative from mè to mine,
 And only that I stand for. I appeal
 To the conscience of the king to do me right.
 Justice I do desire, but I have here
 No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
 Of equal friendship and proceeding. Sirs,
 Have I, with all my full affections,
 Still met the king? Lov'd him next Heav'n? obey'd him?
 Been—out of fondness—superstitious to him?
 Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
 At all times to his will conformable?
 Ever in fear to kindle his dislike,
 Yea, subject to his countenance—glad or sorry
 As I saw it inclin'd—and am I thus rewarded?
 My lords, this is not well. When was the hour
 I ever contradicted his desire?
 Or made it not mine too? Or which of his friends
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew
 He were mine enemy? What friend of mine
 That had to him deriv'd his anger, did I
 Continue in my liking? Nay, gave notice
 He was from thence discharg'd. For Henry Norris—
 With whom I am accus'd—I do confess
 I lov'd him as in honor he requir'd,
 With such a kind of love as might become
 A lady like me: with a love even such,
 So, and no other, as himself commanded,
 Which not to have done, I think had been in me
 Both disobedience and ingratitude
 To him and toward his friend; but if one jot
 Beyond the bound of honor, or in act or will
 That way inclining, hardened be the hearts.
 Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
 Cry fie upon my grave.

Att. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Queen. That's true enough,
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Att. You will not own it?

Queen. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. Here I kneel. *(She kneels.)*

My Lords,
The King's abus'd by some most villainous knave.
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense
Delighted them; or any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me. Unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say—
It does abhor me now to speak the word;
To do the act, that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.
Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give me judgment. If I be condemn'd
Upon surmises—all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake—I tell you
'Tis rigor and not law.

The Dukes of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Exeter consult together. Northumberland leaves the court. Norfolk asks the several voices of every one of the Peers, and the Queen is pronounced guilty.

Norf. Stand forth Anne,
 The Queen of England and our sovereign's wife.
 God quit you in His mercy—hear your sentence:
 Here on the Green you shall be burnt to ashes,
 Or beheaded publicly for your offence,
 Where and what time his majesty shall please.
 This is the end of the charge. You, constable,
 Take her from hence to prison back again,—
 From thence unto the place of execution.

Queen. O Father, O Creator, Thou who art
 The way, the truth, the life, Thou knowest all.
 Thou knowest I have not deserv'd this death.
 To Thee the book even of my secret soul
 Is all unclasp'd: naught can be hid from Thee,
 And Thou acknowledgest the upright in heart.

(*Silence.*)

My Lord,
 Thy tongue pronounc'd the sentence of my ruth.
 I will not cry against the rectorship
 Of judgment—nay, I will not so presume—
 I will not say withal that my opinions
 Should be preferr'd, and yet, this judgment
 Inferreth arguments of mighty strength.
 But my integrity ne'er knew the crimes
 That you do charge me with. I cannot pray,
 God pardon sin that I have ne'er committed.
 King Henry's faithful and anointed Queen am I,
 His faithful wife, and loyal to my vows.
 Disloyal? no: I'm punish'd for my truth:
 So come my soul to bliss as I speak true.
 But when I call to mind his gracious favors
 Done to me, undeserving as I am—
 How he did gild our bridal, make me rich
 In titles, honor, and promotions—
 Our crown and dignity, a Queen—

I must needs say I have a little fault :
 I have not at all times alike preserv'd
 A modest stillness and humility ;
 I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion ;
 Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
 That which I would discover I conceal'd
 Indifferent well.

O husband, God doth know—
 God is my witness—in no other way
 Have I fail'd toward thee. In the hour of death,
 I will confess no other. Life is grown
 Too cheap in these times, for, my lords, 'tis set
 At th' price of words, and every petty scorn
 Can have no other reparation. Nay,
 Think not I would prolong awhile my life,
 Or that I'm rapt in spirit, and lay not
 The honor of my chastity to heart :
 For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long—
 Sweet lords, I've stood upon my chastity,
 Upon my nuptial vow, my loyalty,
 And I shall carry this unto my grave ;
 My constancy shall conquer death and shame.
 My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven :
 What God hath won, that hath he fortified—
 My faith.—O God, Thou teachest how to die !
 O, what a happy title do I find,
 Happy to have Thy love, happy to die !

*(The Queen rises to her feet, and gathering up
 her robes, slowly leaves the Court.)*

Scena Septima.

Enter KING and Huntsmen to a breakfast under a greenwood tree rising on a high level overlooking the Thames. Horses ready for the chase close by, and dogs held by men in livery of green and white.

1. *Hunts.* But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt to-day,
I'd to the Tower with all the haste I could
To view the execution.
2. *Hunts.* So say I.
- King.* I may truly say it is a novelty
To th' world.
3. *Hunts.* Right, so I say.
2. *Hunts.* So 'tis.
- King.* The executioners well-laboring sword
Will soon dispatch't.
1. *Hunts.* The time is very short.
- King.* And I am nothing slow to slack his haste,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
By Him that made us all, I am resolv'd—
Now do you know the reason of this haste?
2. *Hunts.* I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
(Speaking to himself.)
- King.* It hastes our marriage with the Lady Jane,
That I must wed.
2. *Hunts.* I wonder at this haste.
Delay this marriage for a month, a week.
- King.* By my soul, bethink you: I'll not be forsworn.
Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.
2. *Hunts.* O God in heaven, how shall this be
prevented?

King. I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

2. *Hunts.* A poor knight's daughter is unequal odds.

3. *Hunts.* Not whom we will but whom his grace
affects

Must be companion of his nuptial bed :
Her peerless feature, joinèd with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king.
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit,
More than in women commonly is seen,
Will answer our hope in issue of a king :
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is Jane Seymour, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords, and here conclude with me,
Jane Seymour shall be queen and none but she.

King. I feel such sharp dissensions in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.

1. *Hunts.* They set black streamers in the firmament.
(*Looking out toward the Tower.*)

An end, sir, to your business.

King. Well, well, 'tis done.

2. *Hunts.* 'Tis past, and yet it is not.

King. Now the pledge, now, now !
Farewell, fair Anne, one eye yet looks on thee,
But with the heart the other eye doth see.
Give me the cup : come on. (*A trumpet sounds.*)
The trumpet speaks,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
(*Report of a cannon.*)

The cannon to the heavens, the heavens to earth.
Now the king drinks to th' heir unto the crown.
The peace of England and our person's safety
Enforc'd us to this execution.

1. *Hunts.* All's done my lord.

King. It is.

1. *Hunts.* Why stay we then ?

King. Go one of you, find out the forester,
For now our observation is perform'd,
And, since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley, let them go.
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.

(*Horns. Shout. All start up.*)

Scena Octava.

Enter ARUNDEL and two or three other Lords.

1. *Lord.* My lord, do you hear the news ?

2. *Lord.* What news, my lord ?

1. *Lord.* Why man, they say there is great execution
Done through the realm—my lord of Arundel,
You have the note, have you not ?

Arun. From the lieutenant of the Tower, my lord.

1. *Lord.* I pray, let us see it.

(*Takes the note from Arundel.*)

What have we here ?

(*Reads the names.*)

*Anne, Queen of England; George, Lord Rochford;
Sir Francis Weston, and Henry Norris, Gent.*

2. *Lord.* The Queen is dead. Ah Queen, sweet Queen,
So full of ruth and pity to the poor.

1. *Lord.* The scourge to England and to English
dames.

Now triumphs England's Henry with his friends.

2. *Lord.* And triumphs uncontroll'd, unhappy
chance!

All pomp in time must fade and grow to nothing:
Unconstant Fortune still will have her course.

My king, my king.

1. *Lord.* Yet grieve thou not her fall:

She was too base a spouse for such a prince.

Arun. What end hath treason but a sudden fall?

2. *Lord.* But yet methinks Anne's execution

Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

1. *Lord.* How ended she?

2. *Lord.* O rather muse than ask:

My heart doth rend to think upon the time.

Arun. She was as calm as virtue. She began:

"I come not friends to steal away your hearts,
For I have neither writ, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech
To stir men's blood. I only come to die.

I do beseech you all for charity,

If ever any malice in your hearts

Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

I forgive all. It is the law condemns me:

There's naught hath pass'd but even with the law.

Commend me to the king: and if he speak

Of Anne, his hapless queen, I pray you tell him,

You met me half in heav'n: my vows and prayers

Yet are the king's, and, till my soul forsake,

Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live

Longer than I have time to tell his years;

Ever, belov'd and loving, may his rule be:

And when old Time shall lead him to his end,

Goodness and he fill up one monument.

Tell him I have commended to his goodness

The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,—

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her,—
 Beeseeking him to give her virtuous breeding—
 I hope she will deserve well—and a little
 To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him
 Heaven knows how dearly. I thank you all: pray for
 me."

And there she kneels and prays in silent sort:
 Her very silence and her patience
 Speak to the people, and they pity her.

2. *Lord.* Immaculate devotion! Holy thoughts!

1. *Lord.* Heard you all this?

Arun. Mine ears were not at fault.

1. *Lord.* So? Have you done?

Arun. Her women with wet cheeks

Were present when she finish'd, and she spake:
 "Farewell kind Margaret; Elizabeth,
 A long farewell. Let not your sorrow die
 Though I am dead." Then, "Executioner
 Unsheathe thy sword."

1. *Lord.* What? Not the hangman's axe?

Arun. It was a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's
 temper:

He swung about his head and cut the winds,
 Who nothing hurt withal hiss'd him to scorn,
 Then with a downright blow her head was sever'd.

2. *Lord.* Peace to her soul if God's good pleasure be.
 How more unfortunate than all living women!
 'Tis clear that Henry with another woman
 Had fall'n in love, before he fell in anger
 With Anne. He is a man extremely prone
 To loves and to suspicions—violent
 In both e'en to blood shedding. And besides,
 The criminal charge in which she was involv'd
 Is quite improbable, and rests upon
 The slenderest conjecture.

Arun. Anne, herself,
Made protestation just before her death,
A time not fit to fashion monstrous lies:
"The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute."
Ay, in the very hour that for the scaffold
She was preparing, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear,
She call'd to her one of the privy chamber
And said to him: "Commend me to the king,
And tell him that he hath been ever constant
In my advancement: from a gentlewoman
Without a title, made me marchioness,
Then rais'd me to be partner of his throne,
And now at last—because of earthly honor
No higher step remaineth—he vouchsafeth
To crown mine innocence with martyrdom."
Which words the messenger, indeed, durst not
Bear to the king, who now is in the heat
Of a new love: but Fame, truth's vindicator,
Shall to posterity transmit the message.

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

LIST OF WORKS USED.

SHAKESPEARE.

Title.	(Abbreviation.)
All's Well that Ends Well.....	All's W.
Anthony and Cleopatra.....	A. & C.
As You Like It.....	A. Y. L. I.
Comedy of Errors.....	C. of E.
Coriolanus	Cor.
Cymbeline	Cym.
Hamlet	Ham.
Julius Cæsar.....	J. C.
King Henry IV. (I).....	1 H. IV.
King Henry IV. (II).....	2 H. IV.
King Henry V.....	H. V.
King Henry VI. (I).....	1 H. VI.
King Henry VI. (II).....	2 H. VI.
King Henry VI. (III).....	3 H. VI.
King Henry VIII.....	H. VIII.
King John.....	K. J.
King Lear.....	K. L.
King Richard II.....	R. II.
King Richard III.....	R. III.
Love's Labor's Lost.....	L. L. L.
Macbeth	Mac.
Measure for Measure.....	M. for M.
Merchant of Venice.....	M. of V.
Merry Wives of Windsor.....	M. W. of W.
Midsummer Night's Dream.....	M. N. D.
Much Ado about Nothing.....	M. Ado.
Othello	Oth.
Pericles	Per.
Romeo and Juliet.....	R. & J.
Sonnets	Son.
Taming of the Shrew.....	T. of S.
The Rape of Lucrece.....	Lucrece.
The Tempest.....	Tem.
Timon of Athens.....	T. of A.
Titus Andronicus.....	T. A.
Troilus and Cressida.....	T. & C.
Twelfth Night.....	T. N.
Two Gentlemen of Verona.....	T. G. of V.
Venus and Adonis.....	V. & A.
Winter's Tale.....	W. T.

GREENE.

James the Fourth.....	J. IV.
Menaphon	Men.
Morando	Mor.
Never too Late.....	N. too L.
Orlando Furioso.....	O. F.
The Pinner of Wakefield.....	P. of W.

PEELE.

Anglorum Feriæ.....	Ang. F.
Descensus Astrææ.....	De. Ast.
Device of the Pageant.....	D. of Pag.
Edward the First.....	Ed. I.
Merry Conceited Jests.....	Jests.
Polyhymnia	Pol.
Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes.....	Sir C. & Sir C.
Speeches to the Queen.....	Sp. to Q.
The Arraignment of Paris.....	A. of P.
The Battle of Alcazar.....	B. of A.
The Honor of the Garter.....	H. of G.

MARLOWE.

Edward the Second.....	Ed. II.
Hero and Leander.....	H. & L.
Tamburlaine the Great.....	T. the G.
The First Book of Lucan.....	Lucan.
The Jew of Malta.....	J. of M.

JONSON.

King's Entertainment.....	Ent.
The Masques.....	Masq.

BURTON.

The Anatomy of Melancholy, (I).....	1 A. of M.
The Anatomy of Melancholy, (II).....	2 A. of M.
The Anatomy of Melancholy, (III).....	3 A. of M.

SPENSER.

A View of the Present State of Ireland.....	S. of I.
Hymn	Hymn.
Sonnets	Son.
The Fairy Queen.....	F. Q.
The Ruins of Time.....	R. of T.
The Tears of the Muses.....	T. of M.
Visions of the World's Vanity.....	V. of W. V.

BACON.

Advancement of Learning.....	A. of L.
Advice to the King.....	Ad. to K.
Advice to Villiers.....	Ad. to V.
Apothegms	Ap.
Case de Rege.....	C. de R.
Case of Impeachment of Waste.....	C. of Imp.
Case of Post Nati.....	Post Nati.
Case of Revocation of Uses.....	C. of Rev.
Charge upon Commissioners for the Verge.....	Ch. for Ver.
Charge against Countess of Somerset.....	Ch. vs. C. S.
Charge against Earl of Somerset.....	Ch. vs. E. S.
Charge against Wentworth <i>et al.</i>	Ch. vs. Went.
Chudleigh's Case.....	Chud.
Church Controversies.....	Ch. Con.
Declarations of the Treasons of Essex.....	Dec. of T.
Essays	Ess.
Felicities of Elizabeth.....	Fel. of Eliz.
Gray's Inn Epistle.....	G. I. Ep.
History of King Henry the Seventh.....	H. VII.

Jurisdiction of the Marches.....	Juris. of M.
Laws of England.....	L. of Eng.
Maxims of the Laws.....	Max. of L.
Pacification of the Church.....	Pac. of C.
Praise of Elizabeth.....	Praise of E.
Prayers	Pray.
Speeches	Spee.
Union of the Laws.....	Union of L.

Editions to which references are given.

Shakespeare.....	First Folio (1623)
Shakespeare (not in folio).....	Harness' Mod. Ed.
Greene, Peele, and Marlowe.....	Alexander Dyce
Jonson (Masques and Entertainments).....	Folio (1616)
Burton	Shilleto
Spenser	R. Morris
Bacon	Spedding, Ellis, and Heath

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The abbreviations, of which a list is given elsewhere, refer to the works from which the parts of the play were taken. Each page of the Tragedy is annotated consecutively as to names of works. When more than one extract from a work appears on the same page of the Tragedy, the name of the work is not repeated, but the other page notations are placed after the first notation of the work.

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