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THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

(7)

$\frac{7}{89}$

K

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest :
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son ; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me : that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred ; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen !

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate :—and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [*Flourish.*]

Fr. Queen. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one !
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms⁹,
To make divorce of their incorporate league ;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other !—God speak this Amen !

All. Amen !

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage¹ :—on which
day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers' for surety of our leagues.—
Then shall I swear to Kate,—and you to me ;
And may our oaths well kept and prosp'rous be ! [*Exeunt.*]

⁹ — the paction of these kingdoms,] The old copy has—the pation—
Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

¹ Prepare we, &c.] The quartos 1600 and 1608 conclude with the
following speech :

Hen. Why then fair Catharine,
Come, give me thy hand :
Our marriage will we present solemnize,
And end our hatred by a bond of love.
Then will I swear to Kate, and Kate to me,
And may our vows once made, unbroken be. STEEVENS.

Enter CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen,
 Our bending author² hath pursu'd the story;
 In little room confining mighty men,
 Mangling by starts³ the full course of their glory.
 Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd
 This star of England: fortune made his sword;
 By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
 And of it left his son imperial lord.
 Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
 Of France and England, did this king succeed;
 Whose state so many had the managing,
 That they lost France, and made his England bleed;
 Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
 In your fair minds let this acceptance take. *[Exit.]*

² *Our bending author—*] By *bending*, our author meant *unequal to the weight of his subject, and bending beneath it*; or he may mean, as in *Hamlet*, "Here *stooping to your clemency*." STEEVENS.

³ *Mangling by starts—*] By touching only on select parts. JOHNSON.

⁴ This play has many scenes of high dignity, and many of easy merriment. The character of the king is well supported, except in his courtship, where he has neither the vivacity of Hal, nor the grandeur of Henry. The humour of Pistol is very happily continued: his character has perhaps been the model of all the bullies that have yet appeared on the English stage.

The lines given to the Chorus have many admirers; but the truth is, that in them a little may be praised, and much must be forgiven; nor can it be easily discovered why the intelligence given by the Chorus is more necessary in this play than in many others where it is omitted. The great defect of this play is the emptiness and narrowness of the last act, which a very little diligence might have easily avoided. JOHNSON.

THE END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.



106.C.7
SUPPLIED THE
FOR THE
PIELIA SERVICE
HOME DEP
OF THE GOVERNMENT OF
PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

CONTAINING

KING HENRY VIII.

CORIOLANUS.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

LONDON: PRINTED BY H. BALDWIN,

For J. Rivington and Sons, L. Davis, B. White and Son, T. Longman,
B. Law, H. S. Woodfall, C. Dilly, J. Robson, J. Johnson, T. Vernor,
G. G. J. and J. Robinson, T. Cadell, J. Murray, R. Baldwin,
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M DCC XC.



KING HENRY VIII.

Vol. VII.

B

Persons Represented.

King Henry the Eighth.

Cardinal Wolsey. Cardinal Campeius.

Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor, Charles V.

Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Duke of Norfolk. Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Suffolk. Earl of Surrey.

Lord Chamberlain. Lord Chancellor.

Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.

Bishop of Lincoln. Lord Abergavenny. Lord Sands.

Sir Henry Guildford. Sir Thomas Lovell.

Sir Anthony Denny. Sir Nicholas Vaux.

Secretaries to Wolsey.

Cromwell, Servant to Wolsey.

Griffith, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Catharine.

Three other Gentlemen.

Doctor Butts, Physician to the King.

Garner, King at Arms.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

Brandon, and a Serjeant at arms.

Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber. Porter, and his Man.

Page to Gardiner. A Cryer.

Queen Catharine, wife to King Henry; afterwards divorced:

Anne Bullen, her maid of honour; afterwards Queen.

An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

Patience, Woman to Queen Catharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE, chiefly in London, and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.

P R O L O G U E.

I come no more to make you laugh; things now,
 That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
 Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
 Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
 We now present. Those, that can pity, here
 May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
 The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
 Their money out of hope they may believe,
 May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
 Only a show or two, and so agree,
 The play may pass; if they be still, and willing,
 I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
 Richly in two short hours. Only they,
 That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
 A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
 In a long motley coat¹, guarded with yellow,
 Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show
 As fool and fight is², beside forfeiting
 Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,

¹ — or to see a fellow

[In a long motley coat,] Alluding to the *fools* and *buffoons*, introduced for the generality in the plays a little before our author's time; and of whom he has left us a small taste in his own: *THEOBALD*.

So, Nash, in his Epistle Dedicatory to *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is Up*, 1596: "—fooles, ye know, alwaies for the most part (especiallie if they bee naturall *fooles*) are suted in long coats." *STEEVENS*.

² — such a show

[As fool and fight is,—] This is not the only passage in which Shakspere has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army, and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all opinion of truth, and leave him never an understanding friend. *Magnis ingeniis et multa nihilominus habituris simplex convenis erroris confessio*. Yet I know not whether the coronation shewn in this play may not be liable to all that can be objected against a battle. *JOHNSON*.

4 PROLOGUE.

(To make that only true we now intend³.)
Will leave us never an understanding friend.

Therefore

³ — the opinion that we bring,

(To make that only true we now intend,)] These lines I do not understand, and suspect them of corruption. I believe we may better read thus:

—th' opinion, that we bring

Or make; that only truth we now intend. JOHNSON.

To intend in our author, has sometimes the same meaning as to present. So, in the preceding play—

“Intend some deep suspicion.” STEEVENS.

If any alteration were necessary, I should be for only changing the order of the words and reading—

That only true to make we now intend:

i. e. that now we intend to exhibit only what is true.

This passage, and others of this Prologue in which great stress is laid upon the truth of the ensuing representation, would lead one to suspect, that this play of Henry the VIIIth, is the very play mentioned by Sir H. Wotton, [in his letter of 2 July, 1613, *Reliq. Wotton*, p. 425.] under the description of a “a new play, [acted by the king's players at the Bank's Side] called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the VIIIth.” The extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, with which, sir Henry says, that play was set forth, and the particular incident of certain cannons shot off at the king's entry to a masque at the cardinal Wolsey's house, (by which the theatre was set on fire and burnt to the ground,) are strictly applicable to the play before us. Mr. Chamberlaine, in *Winwood's Memorials*, Vol. III. p. 469, mentions, “the burning of the Globe or playhouse, on the Bank-side, on St. Peter's-day [1613], which, (says he) fell out by a peale of chambers, that I know not on what occasion were to be used in the play.” B. Jonson, in his *Execration upon Vulcan*, says, they were two poor chambers. [See the stage-direction in this play, a little before the king's entrance. *Drum and trumpet, chambers discharged.*] The continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, relating the same accident, p. 1003, says expressly, that it happened at the play of Henry the VIIIth.

In a MS. letter of Thomas Lorkin to sir Thomas Puckering, dated London, this last of June, 1613, the same fact is thus related. “No longer since than yesterday, while Bourbage his companie were acting at the Globe the play of Henry VIII. and there shooting of certayne chambers in way of triumph, the fire catch'd &c. MS. Harl. 17002.

TYRWHITT.

I have followed a regulation recommended by an anonymous correspondent, and only included the contested line in a parenthesis, which in some editions was placed before the word *beside*. *Opinion*, I believe, means here, as in one of the parts of *King Henry IV. character*.—To realize and fulfil the expectations formed of our play, is now our object. This sentiment (to say nothing of the general style of this prologue,) could

never

P R O L O G U E.

5

Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
 The first and happiest hearers of the town,
 Be sad, as we could make ye: Think, ye see
 The very persons of our noble story,
 As they were living; think, you see them great,
 And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat,
 Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
 How soon this mightiness meets misery!
 And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
 A man may weep upon his wedding day.

never have fallen from the modest Shakspeare. I have no doubt that the whole prologue was written by Ben Jonson, at the revival of the play. in 1613. MALONE.

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *The Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, at one door; at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.

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

Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer²
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory³, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

¹ This historical drama comprizes a period of twelve years, commencing in the twelfth year of King Henry's reign, (1521,) and ending with the christening of Elizabeth in 1533. Shakspeare has deviated from history in placing the death of Queen Catharine before the birth of Elizabeth, for in fact Catharine did not die till 1536.

King Henry VIII. was written, I believe, in 1601. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I.

Dr. Farmer in a note on the epilogue observes from Stowe, that "Robert Greene had written something on this story"; but this, I apprehend, was not a play, but some historical account of Henry's reign, written not by Robert Greene, the dramatick poet, but by some other person. In the list of "authors out of whom Stowe's *Annals* were compiled," prefixed to the last edition printed in his life time, quarto, 1605, Robert Greene is enumerated with Robert de Brun, Robert Fabian, &c. and he is often quoted as an authority for facts in the margin of the history of that reign. MALONE.

² — *a fresh admirer*] An admirer untired; an admirer still feeling the impression as if it were hourly renewed. JOHNSON.

³ *Those suns of glory*,] That is, those glorious suns. The editor of the third folio plausibly enough reads—*Those sons* of glory; and indeed as in old English books the two words are used indiscriminately, the luminary being often spelt *son*, it is sometimes difficult to determine which is meant; *sun*, or *son*. However, the subsequent part of the line, and the recurrence of the same expression afterwards, are in favour of the reading of the original copy. MALONE.

8 KING HENRY VIII.

Nor. ³Twixt Guines and Arde:

I was then present, saw them salute on horse-back;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together⁴;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have
weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost

The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single; but now marry'd
To one above itself⁵. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's⁶: To-day, the French,
All clinquant⁷, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man, that stood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable; and the ensuing night

⁴ — as they grow together;] That is, as if they grew together. See Vol. IV. p. 358, n. * We have the same image in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ ——— a sweet embrace;

“ Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.” MALONE.

⁵ Till this time, pomp was single; but now marry'd

To one above itself.] The author only meant to say in a noisy periphrase, that *pomp was increased on this occasion to more than twice as much as it had ever been before*. Pomp is married to pomp, but the new pomp is greater than the old. JOHNSON.

⁶ — Each following day

Became the next day's master, &c.] *Dies diem docet*. Every day learned something from the preceding, till the concluding day collected all the splendour of all the former shews. JOHNSON.

⁷ All clinquant,] All glittering, all shining. Clarendon uses this word in his description of the Spanish *Juego de Toros*. JOHNSON.

It is likewise used in *A Memorable Masque*, &c. performed before king James at Whitehall in 1613, at the marriage of the Palgrave and princess Elizabeth:

“ — his buskins clinquant as his other attire.” STEEVENS.

Made

KING HENRY VIII.

Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise^s: and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discerners
Durst wag his tongue in censure⁹. When these suns
(For so they phrase them) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit;
That Bevis was believ'd¹.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing²
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal³;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function⁴.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs

^s — *him in eye,*

Still him in praise:] So, Dryden:

" — *Two chiefs*

" *So match'd, as each seem'd worthiest when alone.*" JOHNSON.

⁹ *Durst wag his tongue in censure.]* Censure for determination, of which had the noblest appearance. WARBURTON.

See Vol. I. p. 113, n. 8. MALONE.

¹ *That Bevis was believ'd.]* The old romantick legend of Bevis of Southampton. This Bevis, (or Beavois) a Saxon, was for his prowess created by William the Conqueror earl of Southampton: of whom Camden in his *Britannia*. THEOBALD.

² — *the tract of every thing, &c.]* The course of these triumphs and pleasures, however well related, must lose in the description part of that spirit and energy which were expressed in the real action. JOHNSON.

³ — *All was royal; &c.]* This speech was given in all the editions to Buckingham; but improperly. For he wanted information, having kept his chamber during the solemnity. I have therefore given it to Norfolk. WARBURTON.

The regulation had already been made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁴ — *the office did*

Distinctly his full function.] The commission for regulating this festivity was well executed, and gave exactly to every particular person and action the proper place. JOHNSON.

Of this great sport together, as you gueſs?

Nor. One, certes, that promiſes no element⁵
In ſuch a buſineſs.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

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

Buck. The devil ſpeed him! no man's pye is free'd
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in theſe fierce vanities⁶? I wonder,
That ſuch a keech⁷ can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial ſun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, fir,
There's in him ſtuff that puts him to theſe ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, (whoſe grace
Chalks ſucceſſors their way,) nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither ally'd
To eminent aſſiſtants, but, ſpider-like,
Out of his ſelf-drawing web⁸, he gives us note⁹,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys

⁵ — *element*—] No initiation, no previous practices. *Elements* are the firſt principles of things, or rudiments of knowledge. The word is here applied, not without a *catachreſis*, to a perſon. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *fierce vanities*?] *Fierce* is here, I think, uſed like the French *fier*, for *pruſe*, unleſs we ſuppoſe an alluſion to the mimical ferocity of the combatants in the tilt. JOHNSON.

It is certainly uſed as the French word *fier*. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair*, the puritan ſays, the hobby horſe “is a *fierce* and rank idol.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *the Rape of Lucrece*:

“Thy violent vanities can never laſt.”

In *Timon of Athens* we have—

“O the *fierce* wretchedneſs that glory brings!” MALONE.

⁷ *That ſuch a keech*—] A *keech* is a ſolid lump or maſs. A cake of wax or tallow formed in a mould is called yet in ſome places a *keech*. JOHNSON.

There may, perhaps, be a ſingular propriety in this term of contempt. *Wolfey* was the ſon of a *butcher*, and in the ſecond part of *King Henry IV.* a butcher's wife is called—*Goody Keech*. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Out of his ſelf-drawing web*,—] Thus it ſtands in the firſt edition. The later editors, by injudicious correction, have printed:

Out of his ſelf-drawn web. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *he gives us note*,] Old Copy—*O gives us*, &c. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

A place next to the king¹.

Aber. I cannot tell

What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye

Pierce into that; but I can see his pride

Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;

Or has given all before, and he begins

A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,

Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,

Without the privy o' the king, to appoint

Who should attend on him? He makes up the file²

Of all the gentry; for the most part such

Too, whom as great a charge as little honour

He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,

The honourable board of council out³,

Must fetch him in he papers⁴.

Aber. I do know

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have

¹ *A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys*

A place next to the king.] It is evident a word or two in the sentence is misplaced, and that we should read:

A gift that heaven gives; which buys for him

A place next to the king. WARBURTON.

It is full as likely that Shakspeare wrote—*gives to him*, which will save any greater alteration. JOHNSON.

I am too dull to perceive the necessity of any change. What he is unable to give himself, heaven gives or deposits for him, and that gift, or deposit, buys a place, &c. STEEVENS.

² — *the file*] That is, *the list*. JOHNSON.

³ — *council out*,] It appears from Holinshed, that this expression is rightly explained by Mr. Pope in the next note: *without the concurrence of the council*. "The peers of the realme receiving letters to prepare themselves to attend the king in this journey, and no apparent necessary cause expressed, why or wherefore, seemed to grudge that such a costly journey should be taken in hand—*without consent of the whole boarde of the Counsaile*." MALONE.

⁴ *Must fetch him in he papers*.] *He papers*,—a verb; his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch in him whom he papers down.—I don't understand it, unless this be the meaning. POPE.

Wolsey published a list of the several persons whom he had appointed to attend on the king at this interview. See Hall's *Chronicle*, Rymer's *Fœdera*, tom. 13, &c. STEEVENS.

By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey⁵. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue⁶?

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

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was⁷

A thing

⁵ *Have broke their backs with laying manors on them*
For this great journey.] In the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l.
no date, but apparently printed in the reign of king Henry VIII. there
seems to have been a similar stroke aimed at this expensive expedition:

"Pryde. I am unhappy, I se it well,—

"For theapeace of myne apparell

"Towardys this wyage,

"What in horses and other aray,

"Hath compelled me for to lay

"All my land to mortgage." STEEVENS.

So, in *King John*:

"Rash inconsiderate firy voluntaries,

"Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,

"Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,

"To make a hazard of new fortunes here."

We meet with a similar expression in Marlowe's *King Edward II.* 1598:

"While soldiers mutiny for want of pay,

"He wears a lord's revenue on his back."

Again, in Camden's *Remains*, 1605: "There was a nobleman merri-
ly conceited, and riotously given, that having lately sold a mannor of an
hundred tenements, came rustling into the court, saying, am not I a
mighty man that beare an hundred houses on my backe.?" MALONE.

See also Doddsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, edit. 1780, Vol. V. p. 26;
Vol. XII. p. 395. REED.

⁶ — *What did this vanity —*

But minister ? &c.] What effect had this pompous shew but the
production of a wretched conclusion. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Every man,*

After the hideous storm that follow'd, &c.] From Holinshed:
"Monday the xviii. of June was such an *hideous storme* of wind and
weather, that many conjectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred
shortly

A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
 Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
 Dashing the garment of this peace, aboaded
 The sudden breach on't.

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

Aber. Is it therefore
 The ambassador is silenc'd⁸?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace⁹; and purchas'd
 At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
 Our reverend cardinal carry'd.

Nor. Like it your grace,
 The state takes notice of the private difference
 Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
 (And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
 Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
 The cardinal's malice and his potency
 Together; to consider further, that
 What his high hatred would effect, wants not
 A minister in his power: You know his nature,
 That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
 Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,
 It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
 Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
 You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock¹⁰,
 That I advise your shunning.

shortly after to follow between princes."—Dr. Warburton has quoted a similar passage from *Hall*, whom he calls Shakspeare's author; but *Holinshed*, and not *Hall*, was his author; as is proved here by the words which I have printed in Italicks, which are not found so combined in *Hall's Chronicle*. This fact is indeed proved by various circumstances. See Vol. V. p. 459, n. 3. MALONE.

⁸ *The ambassador is silenc'd?*] The French ambassador residing in England, by being refused an audience, may be said to be *silenc'd*.

⁹ *A proper title of a peace;*] A fine name of a peace. Ironically. JOHNSON.

¹⁰ — *comes that rock,*] To make the rock come is not very just. JOHNSON.

Enter

KING HENRY VIII.

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

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha? Where's his examination?

1 Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 Secr. Ay, please your grace.

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

Buck. This butcher's cur² is venom-mouth'd, and I Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book Out-worths a noble's blood³.

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

Buck. I read in his looks Matter against me; and his eye revil'd Me, as his abject object: at this instant He bores me with some trick⁴: He's gone to the king; I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord, And let your reason with your choler question

² — *butcher's cur* —] Wolsey is said to have been the son of a butcher [of Ipswich]. JOHNSON.

Dr. Grey observes, that when the death of the duke of Buckingham was reported to the emperor Charles V. he said, "The first buck of England was worried to death by a *butcher's dog*." Skelton, whose satire is of the grossest kind, in *Why come you not to Court*, has the same reflection on the meanness of cardinal Wolsey's birth:

"For drede of the *baucher's dog*,

"Wold wirry them like an hog." STEEVENS.

³ — *A beggar's book*

Out-worths a noble blood.] That is, the literary qualifications of a bookish beggar are more prized than the high descent of hereditary greatness. This is a contemptuous exclamation very naturally put into the mouth of one of the antient, unletter'd, martial nobility. JOHNSON.

⁴ *He bores me with some trick*:] He stabs or wounds me by some artifice or fiction. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Life and Death of the Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

"One that hath gull'd you, that hath *ber'd* you, sir." STEEVENS.
What

KING HENRY VIII.

13

What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full-hot horse⁵, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king;

And from a mouth of honour⁶ quite cry down
'This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot⁷
That it do finge yourself: We may out-run,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd;
I say again, ~~there~~ is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,

I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription:—but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions⁸,) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when

⁵ — *Anger is like*

A full hot horse, &c.] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*.

"Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire." MALONE.

So, Massinger, in the *Unnatural Combat*:

"Let passion work, and, like a hot-rein'd horse,

"Twill quickly tire itself." STEEVENS.

⁶ — *from a mouth of honour*—] I will crush this baseborn fellow, by the due influence of my rank, or say that all distinctions of persons is at an end. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Heat not a furnace, &c.*] Might not Shakspeare allude to Dan. iii. 22? "Therefore because the king's commandment was urgent, and the furnace exceeding hot, the flame of fire slew those men that took up Shadrach, Meshac, and Abednego." STEEVENS.

⁸ — *sincere motions*,] Honest indignation; warmth of integrity. Perhaps name not, should be blame not. JOHNSON.

We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous⁹,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform it: his mind and place
Infecting one another¹, yea, reciprocally,)
Only to shew his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master²
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd,
As he cry'd, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-cardinal³
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
England and France, might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league

⁹ — *for he is equal ravenous,*] *Equal for equally.* Shakspeare frequently uses adjectives adverbially. See *K. John*, Vol. IV. p. 565, n. 6.

MALONE.

¹ — *his mind and place*

Infecting one another,—] This is very satirical. His mind he represents as highly corrupt; and yet he supposes the contagion of the place of first minister as adding an infection to it. WAREBURN.

² — *suggests the king our master*—] *suggests*, for *excites*. WARB.

³ — *our count-cardinal*—] Wolsey is afterwards called *king-cardinal*. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*court-cardinal*.

MALONE.

Peep'd

Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily³
 Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
 Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
 Pay'd ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted,
 Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,
 And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—
 That he would please to alter the king's course,
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
 (As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
 And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
 To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
 Something mistaken in't⁴.

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

Enter BRANDON; a Serjeant at arms before him, and two
 or three of the guard.

Bran. Your office, serjeant; execute it.

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

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

Bran. I am sorry⁵
 To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
 The business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure,

³ — he *privily*—] *He*, which is not in the original copy, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁴ — *he were*
Something mistaken in't.] That is, that he were something different from what he is *taken* or *supposed* by you to be. MALONE.

⁵ *I am sorry*
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present:] I am sorry that I am obliged to be present and an eye-witness of your loss of liberty. JOHNSON.

You shall to the Tower.

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

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company:—The king
[to Aber,

Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

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

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Mon⁶; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court⁶,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor⁷.

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: No more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins⁸?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold: my life is spann'd already⁹:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;

Whose

⁶ *John de la Court*,] The name of this monk of the Chartreux was *John de la Car*, alias *de la Court*. See Holinshed, p. 863. STEEVENS.

⁷ *One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor*,] Old Copy—*counsellor*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. I believe the author wrote—*And Gilbert, &c.* MALONE.

Our poet himself, in the beginning of the second act, vouches for this correction:

At which, appear'd against him his surveyor,

Sir Gilbert Peck, his chancellor. THEOBALD.

Holinshed calls this person, "Gilbert Perke priest, the duke's chancellor." STEEVENS.

⁸ — *Nicholas Hopkins* ?] The old copy has *Michael Hopkins*. Mr. Theobald made the emendation, conformably to the chronicle; "Nicholas Hopkins, a monk of an house of the Chartreux order, before Britton, called Henton." In the Ms. *Nich.* only was probably set down, and mistaken for *Mich.* MALONE.

⁹ — *my life is spann'd already* :] To *span* is to gripe, or inclose in the bend; to *span* is also to measure by the palm and fingers. The meaning

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

ing, therefore, may either be, that *bold* is taken of *my life*, *my life* is in the gripe of my enemies; or, that *my time* is measured, the length of *my life* is now determined. JOHNSON.

*I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,*

By dark'ning my clear sun.] These lines have passed all the editors. Does the reader understand them? By me they are inexplicable, and must be left, I fear, to some happier sagacity. If the usage of our author's time could allow *figure* to be taken, as now, for *dignity* or *importance*, we might read:

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out.

But I cannot please myself with any conjecture.

Another explanation may be given, somewhat harsh, but the best that occurs to me:

*I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,*

whose port and dignity, assumed by this cardinal, that overclouds and oppresses me, and who gains my place,

By dark'ning my clear sun. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare has expressed the same idea more clearly in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *King John*:

How this spring of love resembleth

"The uncertain glory of an April day,

"Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,

"And, by and by, a cloud takes all away."

Antony remarking on the various appearances assumed by the flying vapours, adds:

"— now thy captain is

"Even such a body: here I am Antony,

"But cannot hold this visible shape, my knave."

Or yet more appositely in *King John*:

"— being but the shadow of your son,

"Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow."

Such another thought appears in *The famous Hist. of Tbo. Stukely*, 1605:

"He is the substance of my shadowed love."

We might, however, read—*pouts* on; i. e. look gloomily upon. So, in *Coriolanus*, Act V. sc. i.

"— then,

"We pout upon the morning, are unapt

"To give, or to forgive."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. sc. iii.

"Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love." STEEVENS.

The following passage in Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia*, 1588, (a book which Shakspeare certainly had read,) adds support to Dr. Johnson's conjecture: "Fortune, envious of such happy success, — turned her

SCENE II.

The Council-Chamber.

Enter King HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY, the Lords of the Council, Sir Thomas Lovell, Officers, and Attendants. The King enters leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it²,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy³, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treason of his master
He shall again relate.

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

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the

wheele, and darkened their bright sunne of prosperitie with the
cloudes of mishap and misery."

Mr. Mason has observed that Dr. Johnson did not do justice to his own emendation, referring the words *whose figure* to Buckingham, when in fact they relate to *shadow*. Sir W. Blackstone had already explained the passage in this manner. MALONE.

By adopting Dr. Johnson's first conjecture, "puts out," for "puts on," a tolerable sense may be given to these obscure lines. "I am but the shadow of poor Buckingham: and even the figure or outline of this shadow begins now to fade away, being extinguished by this impending cloud, which darkens (or interposes between me and) my clear sun; that is, the favour of my sovereign." BLACKSTONE.

² — and the best heart of it,] *Heart* is not here taken for the great organ of circulation and life, but, in a common and popular sense, for the most valuable or precious part. Our author, in *Hamlet*, mentions the *heart of heart*. Exhausted and effete ground is said by the farmer to be *out of heart*. The hard and inner part of the oak is called *heart of oak*. JOHNSON.

³ — stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy,] To stand in the level of a gun is to stand in a line with its mouth, so as to be hit by the shot. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's 117th Sonnet:

"Bring me within the level of your frown,

"But shoot not at me," &c.

See also Vol. IV. p. 160, n. 4; and p. 175, n. 7. MALONE.

Queen,

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Queen, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: *she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

2. Cath. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

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

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

King. Lady mine, proceed.

2. Cath. I am forsighted, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions⁴, yet the king our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The fides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing⁵, have put off

The

⁴ — as putter-on

Of these exactions,] The instigator of these exactions; the person who suggested to the king the taxes complained of, and incited him to exact them from his subjects. So, in *Macbeth*:

"—The powers above

"Put on their instruments."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause." MALONE.

⁵ *The many to them 'longing,*—] The many is the meiny, the train, the people. Dryden is, perhaps, the last that used this word:

The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them⁶.

King. Taxation!

Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

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

Q. Cath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: ^{Can you frame}
Things, that are known alike; which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. The ^{Counsellors} ~~reactions~~,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to hear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you; or else you suit w. ^{Too}

"*The kings before their many rode.*" JOHNSON.
I believe the *many* is only the *multitude*. Thus *Coriolanus*, speaking of
the rabble, calls them:

"—the mutable rank-scented *many*." STEEVENS.

⁶ *And Danger serves among them.*] *Danger* is personalized as serving
in the rebel army, and shaking the established government. WARR.

Chaucer, Gower, Skelton, and Spenser, have personified *Danger*.
The first, in his *Romaunt of the Rose*; the second, in his fifth book *De*
Confessione Amantis; the third in his *Bouge of Court*:

"With that, anon out start *danger*,"
and the fourth, in the 10th Canto of the fourth book of his *Faery*
Queen, and again in the fifth book and the ninth Canto. STEEVENS.
"—front but in that file—] I am but *primus inter pares*. I am the
first in the row of counsellors. JOHNSON.

This was the very idea that Wolsey wished to disclaim. It was not
his intention to acknowledge that he was the first in the row of coun-
sellors, but that he was merely on a level with the rest, and slept in
the same line with them. MASON.

⁸ *You know no more than others: &c.*] That is, you know no more
than other counsellors, but you are the person who frame those things
which are afterwards proposed, and known equally by all. MASON.

Too hard an exaction.

King. Still exaction!

The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Cath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold mouths;
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did, and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incens'd will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business¹.

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

Card. And for me,

⁹ *That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incens'd will.*] The meaning, I think, is, Things are
now in such a situation, that resentment and indignation predominate
in every man's breast over duty and allegiance. MALONE.

¹ *There is no primer business.*] In the old edition? *

There is no primer business.

The queen is here complaining of the suffering of the commons; which,
she suspects, arose from the abuse of power in some great men. But
she is very reserved in speaking her thoughts concerning the quality of
it. We may be assured then, that she did not, in conclusion, call it
the highest *baseness*; but rather made use of a word that could not offend
the cardinal, and yet would incline the king to give it a speedy hearing.
I read therefore:

There is no primer business.

i. e. no matter of state that more earnestly presses a dispatch. WARR.

Dr. Warburton (for reasons which he has given in his note) would
read:

—no primer business:

but I think the meaning of the original word is sufficiently clear. No
primer baseness is no mischief more ripe or ready for redress. So, in
Othello:

“Were they as *prime* as goats, as hot as monkies. STEEVENS.

I have no further gone in this, than by
 A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but
 By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
 Traduc'd by ignorant tongues,—which neither know
 My faculties, nor person, yet will be
 The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
 That virtue must go through. We must not stint²
 Our necessary actions, in the the fear
 To cope³ malicious censurers; which ever,
 As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
 That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
 By sick interpreters, once weak⁴, is
 Not ours, or not allow'd⁵; what worst, as oft,
 Hitting a grosser quality⁶, is cry'd
 For our best act. If we shall stand in Court
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or scurr'd at,
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit
 State statues only.

King. Things done well,
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear⁷
 Things done without example, in their issue
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent

² *We must not stint*.—] To *stint* is to stop, to retard. Many instances of this sense of the word are given in a note on the first act of *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

³ *To cope*.—] To engage with; to encounter. The word is still used in some counties. JOHNSON.

⁴ — once weak ones,] *Once* is not unfrequently used for *sometime*, or *at one time or other*, among our ancient writers. So, in the 13th *Idea* of Drayton:

“This diamond shall once consume to dust.”

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—“I pray thee once to-night give my sweet Nan this ring.” Again in *Leicester's Commonwealth*:—“if God should take from us her most excellent majesty, (as once he will,) and so leave us destitute.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — or not allow'd;] Not approved. See Vol. I. p. 239, n. 3. MALONE.

⁶ — what worst, as oft,

Hitting a grosser quality.—] The worst actions of great men are commended by the vulgar, as more accommodated to the grossness of their notions. JOHNSON.

Of this commission? I believe, not any.
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
 A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
 From every tree, lop, bark⁷, and part o' the timber;
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
 The air will drink the sap. To every county,
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
 Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
 The force of this commission: Pray, look to't;
 I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you.

[*To the Secretary.*

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
 Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
 Hardly conceive of me⁸; let it be nois'd,
 That, through our intercession, this revokement⁸
 And pardon ~~common~~ shall anon advise you
 Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Cath. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
 Is ~~not~~ in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many:

The gentleman is learn'd⁹, and a most rare speaker,
 To nature none more bound; his training such,
 That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
 And never seek for aid out of himself¹. Yet see,
 When these so noble benefits shall prove

7 — lop, bark, —] *Lop* is a substantive, and signifies the *branchlet*.

WARBURTON.

⁸ *That, through our intercession, &c.*] So, in Holinshed, p. 392: "The cardinal, to deliver himself from the evil will of the commons, purchased by procuring and advancing of this demand, affirmed, and caused it to be bruted abroad, that *through his intercession* the king had pardoned and released all things." STEEVENS.

⁹ *The gentleman is learn'd, &c.*] It appears from "The Prologue of the translation," that the *Knyght of the Swanne*, a French romance, was translated at the request of this unfortunate nobleman. *Copland*, the printer, adds, "this present history compyled, named *Helias the Knyght of the Swanne*, of whom finally is descended my said lord." The duke was executed on Friday the 17th of May, 1521. The book has no date. STEEVENS.

¹ — out of himself, —] Beyond the treasures of his own mind. JOHNS.

Not well dispos'd², the mind growing once corrupt,
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
 Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
 Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
 His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
 That once were his, and is become as black
 As if besmear'd in hell³. Sit by us; you shall hear
 (This was his gentleman in trust) of him
 Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
 The fore-recited practices; whereof
 We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

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

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
 It would infect his speech, That if the king
 Should without issue die, he'd carry it⁴ so
 To make the scepter his: These very words
 I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
 Lord Abergarny; to whom by oath he menac'd
 Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
 This dangerous conception in this point⁴.
 Not friended by his wish, to your high person
 His will is most malignant; and it stretches
 Beyond you, to your friends.

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

² — noble benefits—

Not well dispos'd,— Great gifts of nature and education, not
 joined with good dispositions. JOHNSON.

³ — is become as black

As if besmear'd in hell. So, in *Othello*:

“— Her name, that was as fresh

“ As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black

“ As mine own face.” STEEVENS.

⁴ —he'd carry it—] Old Copy—*beV*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

⁴ *This dangerous conception in this point.*] Note this particular part of
 this dangerous design. JOHNSON.

King.

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

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins⁵.

King. What was that Hopkins?

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

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose⁶, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I reply'd,
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'T would prove the verity of certain words
Spoken by a holy monk; *that oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice bour
To bear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal⁶
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but*

⁵ — *Nicholas Hopkins.*—] The old copy has here and in the next line—*Nicholas Henton*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. The mistake was probably Shakspeare's own, and he might have been led into it by inadvertently referring the words, "called Henton," in the passage already quoted from Holinshed, (p. 18, n. 8.) not to the monastery, but to the monk. MALONE.

⁶ — *at the Rose, &c.*] This house was purchased about the year 1561, by Richard Hill, sometime master of the Merchant Taylors' company, and is now the Merchant Taylors' school in Suffolk lane. WHALLEY.

⁶ — *under the confession's seal*—] The old copy reads—the *commifion's* seal. Mr. Theobald made the emendation, and supports it by the following passage in Holinshed's *Chronicle*: "The duke in talk told the monk, that he had done very well to bind his chaplain, John de la Court, under the seal of *confession*, to keep secret such matter." *Holinshed*, p. 863. MALONE.

*To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd;—Neither the king nor his heirs,
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love of the commonalty⁷; the duke
Shall govern England.*

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

King. Let him on:
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dang'rous
for him *

To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answer'd *Tush!*
It can do me no damage: adding further
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovel's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank⁸? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man:—Canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke

⁷ *To gain the love of the commonalty;*] For the insertion of the word *gain*, I am answerable. From the corresponding passage in Holinshed, it appears evidently to have been omitted through the carelessness of the compositor: "The said monke told to De la Court, neither the king nor his heirs should prosper, and that I should endeavour to purchase the good wills of the commonalty of England."

Since I wrote the above, I find this correction had been made by the editor of the fourth folio. MALONE.

* —for him—] Old Copy—for *this*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁸ —so rank?—] Rank weeds, are weeds that are grown up to great height and strength. *What, says the king, was he advanced to this pitch?* JOHNSON.

About fir William Blomer,—

King. I remember
Of such a time:—Being my sworn servant⁹,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; What hence?

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

King. A giant traitor!

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

Queen. God mend!

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

Surv. After—*the Duke his father*,—with the knife,—
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain¹, and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men

⁹ — *Being my sworn servant, &c.*] Sir William Blomer (Holinshed calls him *Bulmer*) was reprimanded by the king in the star-chamber, for that, being his sworn servant, he had left the king's service for the duke of Buckingham's. *Edwards's MSS.* STREVEVS.

¹ — *Lord Chamberlain,*] Shakspeare has placed this scene in 1521. Charles Earl of Worcester was then Lord Chamberlain; but when the king,

Men into such strange mysteries²?

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

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o'the face³; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold them, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one
would take it,

That never saw them⁴ pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt reign'd among them⁵.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their cloaths are after such a pattern cut too⁶,
That, sure, they have worn out civility. How now?
What news, sir Thomas Lovel?

king in fact went in masquerade to Cardinal Wolsey's house, Lord Sands, who is here introduced as going thither with the Chamberlain, himself possessed that office. MALONE.

² *Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle*

Men into such strange mysteries?] *Mysteries* were allegorical shews, which the *mummers* of those times exhibited in odd and fantastic habits. *Mysteries* are used, by an easy figure, for those that exhibited *mysteries*; and the sense is only, that the travelled Englishman were metamorphosed, by foreign fashions, into such an uncouth appearance, that they looked like *mummers* in a mystery. JOHNSON.

³ *A fit or two o' the face;*—] A fit of the face seems to be what we now term a *grimace*, an artificial cast of the countenance. JOHNSON.

Fletcher has more plainly expressed the same thought in *The Elder Brother*:

“—learnt new tongues—

“To *vary his face* as seamen to their compass.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *That never saw them*—] Old Copy—see 'em. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁵ *A springhalt reign'd among them.*] The *stringhalt*, or *springhalt*, (as the old copy reads) is a disease incident to horses, which gives them a convulsive motion in their paces. So, in *Muleasses the Turk*, 1610: “—by reason of a general *spring-halt* and debility in their hams.” Again, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew-Fair*:

“Poor scul, she has had a *springhalt*.” STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors, without any necessity, I think, for *A springhalt*, read—*And springhalt*. MALONE.

⁶ *—cut too,*] Old Copy—cut to't. Corrected in the fourth folio.

MALONE.

Enter

Enter Sir Thomas Lovel.

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

Cham. What is't for?

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

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our
monseurs.

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never for the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave these remnants
Of fool, and feather⁷, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fire-works;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches⁸, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old play-fellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away⁹
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

⁷ — leave those remnants

[Of fool and feather,] This does not allude to the *feathers* anciently worn in the hats and caps of our countrymen, (a circumstance to which no ridicule could justly belong,) but to an effeminate fashion recorded in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617; from whence it appears that even young gentlemen carried *fans of feathers* in their hands: "—we strive to becounted womanish, by keeping of beauty, by curling the hair, by wearing plumes of feathers in our hands, which in wars, our ancestors wore on their heads." Again, in his *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, 1620: "Then our young courtiers strove to exceed one another in vertue, not in bravery; they rode not with *fannes* to ward their faces from the wind, &c." Again, in *Lingua*, &c. 1607, Phantastes, who is a male character, is equipped with a *fan*. STEEVENS.

⁸ — blister'd breeches,] Thus the old copy, i. e. breeches puff'd, swell'd out like *blisters*. The modern editors read—*bolster'd breeches*, which has the same meaning. STEEVENS.

⁹ — wear away—] Old copy—*wice* away. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them phyfick, their difeafes
Are grown fo catching.

Cham. What a lofs our ladies
Will have of thefe trim vanities !

Low. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords ; the fly whorefons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies ;
A French fong, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them ! I am glad, they're going ;
(For, fure, there's no converting of them ;) now
An honeft country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain fong,
And have an hour of hearing ; and, by'r-lady,
Held current mufick too.

Cham. Well faid, lord Sands ;
Your colt's tooth is not caft yet.

Sands. No, my lord ;
Nor fhall not, while I have a ftump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going ?

Low. To the cardinal's ;
Your lordfhip is a gueft too.

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

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

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

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal ; in him,
Sparing would fhew a worfe fin than ill doctrine :
Men of his way fhould be moft liberal,
They are fet here for examples.

Cham. True, they are fo ;
But few now give fo great ones. My barge ftays ;

¹ *My barge ftays ;—*] The fpeaker is now in the king's palace at
Bridewell, from which he is proceeding by water to York place,
(Cardinal Wolfey's houfe,) now *Whitehall*. MALONE.

You.

Your lordship shall along:—Come, good fir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with fir Henry Guilford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.

Hautboys. *A small table under a state for the Cardinal,
a longer table for the guests. Enter at one door, Anne
Bullen, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen,
as guests. At another door, enter Sir Henry GUILFORD.*

Guil. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes you all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy², has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As first-good company³, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are tardy;

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

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

Cham. You are young, fir Harry Guilford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet⁴ ere they rested,

² — *noble bevy*—] Milton has copied this word:

"*A bevy of fair dames.*" JOHNSON.

³ *As first-good company*,—] In the old copy there is a comma after the word *first*, for which Mr. Theobald substituted a hyphen.

MALONE.

⁴ — *a running banquet*—] seems to have meant a *hasty* banquet.
"Queen Margaret and Prince Edward, (says Habington in his *History of K. Edward IV.*) though by the Earle recalled, found their fate and the winds so adverse, that they could not land in England, to taste this *running banquet* to which fortune had invited them." The *hasty banquet*, that was in Lord Sands's thoughts, is too obvious to require explanation. MALONE.

I think, would better please them: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

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

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

Low. Faith, how easy?

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

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep them warming;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

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

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

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

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

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

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

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

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

Wol. My lord Sands,

KING HENRY VIII.

I am beholding to you : cheer your neighbour.

Ladies, you are not merry ;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this ?

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

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

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

Anne. I cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpet within : chambers discharged*⁶.

Wol. What's that ?

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

Wol. What was like voice ?

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

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now ? what is't ?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers ;
For so they seem : they have left their barge⁷, and landed ;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

⁵ — if I make my play.] i. e. if I make my party. STEEVENS.

⁶ — chambers discharged.] A chamber is a gun which stands erect on its breech. Such are used only on occasions of rejoicing, and are so contrived as to carry great charges, and thereby to make a noise more than proportioned to their bulk. They are called chambers because they are mere chambers to lodge powder ; a chamber being the technical term for that cavity in a piece of ordnance which contains the combustibles. Some of them are still fired in the Park, and at the places opposite to the parliament-house, when the king goes thither. Camden enumerates them among other guns, as follows :—"cannons, demi-cannons, chambers, arquebusque, musquet." Again, in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636 :

" — I still think o' the Tower-ordnance,

" Or of the peal of chambers, that's still fir'd

" When my lord mayor takes his barge." STEEVENS.

They have left their barge,] See p. 32, n. 1. MALONE.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,

Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French tongue;
And pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise, and tables removed.*]

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

Hautboys. Enter the King, and twelve others, in Maskers' habits like Shepherds, with sixteen torches; usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! What are their pleasures?

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

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which pray them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.
[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses Anne Bullen.*]

⁸ *Enter the king, and twelve others, as maskers,]* For an account of this masque see Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 921. STEEVENS.

The account of this masque was first given by Cavendish, in his *Life of Wolsey*, which was written in the time of Queen Mary; from which Stowe and Holinshed copied it. Cavendish was himself present. Before the king &c. began to dance, they requested leave (says Cavendish,) to accompany the ladies at *mumchance*. Leave being granted, "then went the maskers, and first saluted all the dames, and then returned to the most worthiest, and then opened the great cup of gold filled with crownes, and other pieces to cast at.—Thus perusing all the gentlewomen, of some they wonne, and to some they lost. And having viewed all the ladies they returned to the Cardinal with great reverence, pouring downe all their gold, which was above two hundred crownes. At all, quoth the Cardinal, and casting the die, he wonne it; whereat was made great joy." *Life of Wolsey*, p. 22. edit. 1641. MALONE.

King.

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

Wol. My lord,—

Cham. Your grace?

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

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Cham. goes to the company, and returns.*]

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it⁹.

Wol. Let me see then.— [*comes from his state.*]
By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. You have found him, cardinal¹: [*unmasking.*]
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily².

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

King. My lord chamberlain,
Pry'thee, come hither: What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's
daughter,

The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet heart,

⁹ — take it.] That is, take the chief place. JOHNSON.

¹ You have found him, cardinal:] Holinshed says the cardinal mistook, and pitched upon sir Edward Neville; upon which the king only laughed, and pulled off both his own mask and sir Edward's. *Edward's MSS.* STEEVENS.

² — unhappily.] That is, unluckily, mischievously. JOHNSON.
So, in *A merye Jest of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date:

“—in such manner colde he cloke and hyde his unbappinesse and falsesse.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 234, n. 2. MALONE.

I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you³.—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovel, is the banquet ready
I^t the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated⁴.

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,

In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies, every one.—*Sound the mufick.*

I must not yet forsake you.—Let's be merry;
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the musick knock it⁵.

[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*]

³ *I were unmannerly, to take you out, And not to kiss you.*] A kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner. So, in *A Dialogue between Cusum and Veritie, concerning the Use and Abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie*, bl. l. no date. "Imprinted at London, at the long shop adjoining unto saint Mildred's church in the Pultrie, by John Allde."

"But some reply, what foole would daunce,

"If that when daunce is doon,

"He may not have at ladyes lips

"That which in daunce he wooon?" STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 26, n. 1. MALONE.

⁴ — *a little heated.*] The king on being discovered and desired by Wolsey to take his place, said that he would "first go and shift him; and, thereupon went into the Cardinal's bedchamber, where was a great fire prepared for him, and there he new appareled himselfe with rich and princely garments. And in the king's absence the dishes of the banquet were cleane taken away, and the tables covered with new and perfumed clothes.—Then the king took his seat under the cloath of estate, commanding every person to sit still as before; and then came in a new banquet before his majestie of two hundred dishes, and so they passed the night in banqueting and dancing untill morning." *Cavendish's Life of Wolsey.* MALONE.

⁵ *Let the musick knock it.*] So, in *Antonio and Mellida*, P. I. 1602;

"*Flo.* Faith, the song will seem to come off hardly.

"*Catz.* Troth, not a whit, if you seem to come off quickly.

"*Flo.* Pert Catzo, knock it then." STEEVENS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Street.**Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*1. *Gen.* Whither away so fast?2. *Gen.* O,—God save you!Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.1. *Gen.* I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.2. *Gen.* Were you there?1. *Gen.* Yes, indeed, was I.2. *Gen.* Pray, speak, what has happen'd?1. *Gen.* You may guess quickly what.2. *Gen.* Is he found guilty?1. *Gen.* Yes, truly, is he, and condemn'd upon it.2. *Gen.* I am sorry for't.1. *Gen.* So are a number more.2. *Gen.* But, pray, how pass'd it?1. *Gen.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alledg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To him brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.2. *Gen.* That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?1. *Gen.* The same,
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have slung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much

He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten⁵.

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

1. *Gen.* When he was brought again to the bar,—to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely⁶,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.

2. *Gen.* I do not think, he fears death.

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

2. *Gen.* Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.

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

2. *Gen.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

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

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

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

⁵ *Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.*] Either produced no effect, or produced only ineffectual pity. MALONE.

⁶ — *he sweat extremely,*] This circumstance is taken from Holinshed:—"After he was found guilty, the duke was brought to the bar, sore-chafing, and sweat marvelously." STEEVENS.

Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; Tipstaves before him, the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side: with him, Sir Thomas LOVEL, Sir Nicholas VAUX, Sir William SANDS⁷, and common people.

2. *Gen.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,

You that thus far have come to pity me,
 Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
 I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
 And by that name must die; Yet, heaven bear witness,
 And, if I have a conscience, let it seek me,
 Even as the starvalls, if I be not faithful!
 The law I bear no malice for my death,
 It has done, upon the premises, but justice;
 But those, that sought it, I could with more christians:
 Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:
 Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
 Nor build their evils⁸ on the graves of great men;
 For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
 For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
 Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
 More than I dare make faults. You saw that lov'd me⁹,
 And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
 His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
 Is only *leave* to him, only dying,
 Go with me, like good angels, to my end;

⁷ *Sir William Sands,*] The old copy reads—*Sir Walter*. STEEV.

The correction is justified by Holinshed's Chronicle, in which it is said, that Sir Nicholas Vaux, and Sir William Sands received Buckingham at the Temple, and accompanied him to the Tower. Sir W. Sands was at this time, (May 1521,) only a baronet, not being created Lord Sands till April 27, 1527. Shakspeare probably did not know that he was the same person whom he has already introduced with that title. He fell into the error by placing the king's visit to Wolsey, (at which time Sir William was Lord Sands,) and Buckingham's condemnation in the same year; whereas that visit was made some years afterwards. MALONE.

⁸ *Nor build their evils* —] The word *evil* appears to have been sometimes used in our author's time in the sense of *forica*. See Vol. II. p. 44, n. 1. MALONE.

⁹ — *You saw that lov'd me, &c.*] These lines are remarkably tender and pathetick. JOHNSON.

And

And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

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

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovel, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
Gainst me, that I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave*.—Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me*,
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!

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

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;

* — no black envy

Shall make my grave.—] Shakspeare, by this expression, meant no more than to make the duke say, *No action expressive of malice shall conclude my life.* Envy by our author is used for malice and hatred in other places, and, perhaps, in this. Again, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Bevis of Hampton*, bl. l. no date:

“ They drewe theyr swordes hastily,

“ And smot together with great envy.”

And Barrett, in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, thus interprets it. STEEVENS.

Envy is frequently used in this sense by our author and his contemporaries. See Vol. III. p. 73, n. 2; and p. 116, l. 9. I have therefore no doubt that Mr. Steevens's exposition is right. Dr. Warburton reads *mark my grave*; and in support of the emendation it may be observed that the same error has happened in *K. Henry V.*; or at least that all the editors have supposed so, having there adopted a similar correction. See Vol. V. p. 487, n. 6. MALONE.

*—*for sake me,*] The latter word was added by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,

Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun²;
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it³;
And with that blood, will make them one day groan for't,
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for refuge to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:

² — [*For Edward Bohun:*] The duke of Buckingham's name was Stafford: such a peer was led into the mistake by Holinshed. STEVENS.

This is not an expression thrown out at random, or by mistake, but one strongly marked with historical propriety. The name of the duke of Buckingham most generally known, was *Stafford*; but the *Hist. of Remarkable Trials*, 8vo. 1715, p. 170, says: "it seems he affected that surname [of *Bohun*] before that of *Stafford*, he being descended from the *Bobuns*, earls of Hereford." His reason for this might be, because he was lord high constable of England by inheritance of tenure from the *Bobuns*; and as the poet has taken particular notice of his great office, does it not seem probable that he had fully considered of the duke's foundation for assuming the name of *Bobun*? In truth, the duke's name was *BAGOT*; for a gentleman of that very ancient family married the heiress of the barony of Stafford, and their son relinquishing his paternal surname, assumed that of his mother, which continued in his posterity. TOLLET.

Of all this probably Shakspeare knew nothing. MALONE.

³ — [*I now seal it; &c.*] I now seal my truth, my loyalty, with blood, which blood shall one day make them groan. JOHNSON.

Yet

Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;
 A most unnatural and faithless service!
 Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain:
 Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
 Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
 Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the full hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.
 Farewel:

And when you would say something that is sad⁴,
 Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!
 [Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train,

1. Gen. O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads,
 'That were the authors.

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

1. Gen. Good angels keep it from us!
 What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, fir?

2. Gen. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
 A strong faith⁵ to conceal it.

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

1. Gen. I am confident;
 You shall, fir: Did you not of late days hear
 A buzzing, of a separation
 Between the king and Catharine?

1. Gen. Yes, but it held not:

* And when you would say something that is sad, &c.] So, in *K. Richard II.*

" Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,

" And send the hearers weeping to their beds. STEEVENS.

5 Strong faith—] is great fidelity. JOHNSON.

For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

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

1 Gen. 'Tis the cardinal;
And meerly to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

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

I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have them;
He will have all, I think,

Enter

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK, and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

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

Nor. What's the cause?

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

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

Nor. 'Tis so;
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists⁶. The king will know him one day.

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

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

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most
true,
These news are every where; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare

⁶ — *lists*.—] Old Copy—*list*. Corrected by Sir Thomas Hanmer.

MALONE.

⁷ *That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years, &c.*] See Vol. IV. p. 240,
n. 7. MALONE.

KING HENRY VIII.

47

Look into these affairs, see this main end⁸,—
The French king's sister⁹. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,

And heartily, for our deliverance;

Or this imperious man will work us all

From princes into pages¹: all men's honours

Shall like one lump before him, to be fashion'd

Into what pitch he please².

Suf. For me, my lords,

I love him not; nor fear him; there's my creed:

As I am made without him, so I'll stand,

If the king please; his curses and his blessings

Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.

I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him

To him, that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in;

And, with some other business, put the king

From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:—

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Sham. Excuse me;

The king hath sent me other-where: besides,

⁸ — *see bid. main end,*] Thus the old copy. All, &c. perceive this main end of these counsels, namely, the French king's sister. The editor of the fourth folio and all the subsequent editors read—*his*; but *y^t* or *this* were not likely to be confounded with *his*. Besides, the king, not Wolsey, is the person last mentioned; and it was the main end or object of Wolsey to bring about a marriage between Henry and the French king's sister. *End* has already been used for *cause*, and may be so here. See p. 40: "The cardinal is the end of this." MALONE.

⁹ *The French king's sister.*] i. e. the duchess of Alençon. STEEV.

¹ *From princes into pages:*] This may allude to the retinue of the cardinal, who had several of the nobility among his menial servants. JOHNS.

² *Into what pitch he please.*] The mass must be fashioned into *pitch* or height, as well as into particular form. The meaning is, that the cardinal can, as he pleases, make high or low. JOHNSON.

The allusion seems to be to the 21st verse of the 9th chapter of the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans: "Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same lump, to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?" COLLINS.

You'll

You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

Norfolk opens a folding-door. The king is discovered sitting,
and reading pensively³.

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

King. Who's there? ha?

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust your-
selves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

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

King. You are too bold;

Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?—

Enter WOLSEY, and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my Wolsey,

³ The stage-direction in the old copy is a singular one. *Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King draws the curtain, and sits reading pensively.*

STEVENS.

This stage-direction was calculated for, and ascertains precisely the state of, the theatre in Shakspeare's time. When a person was to be discovered in a different apartment from that in which the original speakers in the scene are exhibited, the artless mode of our author's time, was to place such person in the back part of the stage behind the curtains, which were occasionally suspended across it. These the person, who was to be discovered, (as Henry, in the present case,) drew back just at the proper time. Mr. Rowe, who seems to have looked no further than the modern stage, changed the direction thus: "The scene opens, and discovers the king," &c. but, besides the impropriety of introducing scenes, when there were none, such an exhibition would not be proper here, for Norfolk has just said—"Let's in,"—and therefore should himself do some act, in order to visit the king. This indeed, in the simple state of the old stage, was not attended to; the king very civilly discovering himself. See *An Account of our old Theatres*, Vol. I. MALONE.

The

The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,
[To Campeius.

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker⁴. [To Wolsey.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. We are busy; go. [To Norf. and Suf.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick⁵ though, for his place;

But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,

I'll venture one have at him.

Suf. I another. [Exeunt Nor. and Suf.]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices⁶; Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

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

⁴ — have great care

[I be not found a talker.] I take the meaning to be, Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk. JOHNSON.

⁵ — so sick — That is, so sick as he is proud. JOHNSON.

⁶ Have their free voices; The construction is, have sent their free voices; the word sent, which occurs in the next line, being understood here. MALONE.

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

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

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

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

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me. [Exit.]

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

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

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

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

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still⁶: which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and dy'd.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's christian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;

⁶ *Kept him a foreign man still:*] Kept him out of the king's presence, employed in foreign embassies. JOHNSON.

KING HENRY VIII.

51

For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit GARDINER.*]

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

SCENE III.

An Antechamber in the Queen's Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here's the pang that
pinches:

His highness having liv'd so long with her; and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;—O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave is * a thousand-fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt⁷! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

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

Anne. O, God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce⁸

It

* —To leave is—] The latter word was added by Mr. Theobald.

MALONE.

⁷ To give her the avaunt!—] To send her away contemptuously; to pronounce against her a sentence of ejection. JOHNSON.

⁸ Yet, if that quarrel, fortune,—] She calls Fortune a quarrel or arrow,
E 2

It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As foul and body's fevering.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again⁹.

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

Old L. Our content
Is our best having¹.

Anne.

arrow, from her striking so deep and suddenly. *Quarrel* was a large arrow so called. Thus *Fairfax*:

"—*swang'd the string, out flew the quarrel long.* WARE.

Such is Dr. Warburton's interpretation. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:
—*that quarreller, fortune,*—

I think the poet may be easily supposed to use *quarrel* for *quarrel*, as murder for murderer, the act for the agent. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson may be right. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—but that your royalty

"Holds idleness your subject, I should take you

"For *Idleness itself*."

Like Martial's—"Non vitiosus homo es, Zoile, sed Vitium." We might, however, read—

Yet if that quarrel fortune to divorce

It from the bearer,"—

i. e. if any quarrel happen or chance to divorce it from the bearer. To fortune is a verb used by Shakspeare:

"—I'll tell you, as we pass along,

"That you will wonder what hath *fortuned*."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. ii:

"It *fortuned* (high heaven did so ordaine)." &c. STEEVENS.

9 — *stranger now again*.] Again an alien; not only no longer queen, but no longer an Englishwoman. JOHNSON.

It rather means, she is alienated from the king's affection, is a stranger to his bed; for she still retained the rights of an English woman, and was princess dowager of Wales. So, in the second scene of the third act:

"—Catharine no more

"Shall be call'd queen; but princess dowager,

"And widow to prince Arthur." TOLLET.

Dr. Johnson's interpretation appears to me to be the true one.

MALONE.

¹ — *our best having*.] That is, our best possession. So, in *Macbeth*:

of

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

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:

You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts
(Savouring your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril² conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not be a queen?

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

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

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a little³;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

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

*"Of noble having and of royal hope.
In Spanish, bazienda. JOHNSON.*

² —*cheveril*—] is kid-skin, soft leather. JOHNSON.
So, in *Histrionasix*, 1610:

*"The cheveril conscience of corrupted law." STEEVENS.
3 — Pluck off a little;]* The old lady first questions Anne Bullen
about being a queen, which she declares her aversion to; she then pro-
poses the title of a dutchess, and asks her if she thinks herself equal to
the task of sustaining it; but as she still declines the offer of greatness;

Pluck off a little,
says she, i. e. let us descend still lower, and more upon a level with your
own quality; and then adds:

I would not be a young count in your way.
which is still an inferior degree of honour to any yet spoken of. STEEV.

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

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

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

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

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

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings

* *In faith, for little England*

You'd venture an emballing: I myself

Would for Carnarvonshire,—] *Little England* seems very properly
 opposed to *all the world*; but what has *Carnarvonshire* to do here?
 Does it refer to the birth of Edward II. at Carnarvon? or may not this
 be the allusion? By *little England* is meant, perhaps, that territory in
 Pembrokehire, where the Flemings settled in Henry I's time, who
 speaking a language very different from the Welsh, and bearing some
 affinity to English, this fertile spot was called by the Britons, as we
 are told by Camden, *Little England beyond Wales*; and, as it is a very
 fruitful country, may be justly opposed to the mountainous and barren
 country of *Carnarvon*. WHALLEY.

You'd venture an emballing:] You would venture to be distinguished
 by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty. JOHNSON.

This explanation cannot be right, because a *queen-consort*, such as
Anne Bullen was, is not distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty,
 nor has the poet expressed that she was so distinguished. TOLLET.

Shakspeare did not probably consider so curiously this distinction be-
 tween a queen-consort and a queen-regent. MASON.

Might we read—*You'd venture an empalling*; i. e. being invested
 with the *pal* or robes of state? The word occurs in the old tragedy of
King Edward III. 1596:

“As with this armour I *impall* thy breast—”
 and, in *Macbeth*, the verb *to pall* is used in the sense of *to enrobe*:

“And *pall* thee in the dunnest smoke of hell.” MALONE.

Might we not read—“*an embalming*”? A queen consort is anointed
 at her coronation, and in *K. Richard II.* the word is used in that sense:

“With my own tears I wash away my *balm*.”

Dr. Johnson properly explains it *the oil of consecration*. WHALLEY.
 Follow

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

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing⁵: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd⁶, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers, and wishes,
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit⁷,

Commends his good opinion of you, —] The words *to you* in the next line, may in construction be understood here. — The old copy, indeed, reads:

— Commends his good opinion of you *to you*, and
But the metre shews that cannot be right. The words *to you* were probably accidentally omitted by the compositor in the second line, and being marked by the corrector as *out* (to speak technically,) were inserted in the wrong place. The old error being again marked, the words that were wanting were properly inserted in the second line where they now stand, and the *new* error in the first was overlooked. In the printing-house this frequently happens. MALONE.

⁵ *More than my all is nothing:*] Not only my *all* is nothing, but if my *all* were more than it is, it were still nothing. JOHNSON.

⁶ — nor my prayers

Are not words duly hallow'd,] The double negative, it has been already observed, was commonly used in our author's time.

For my prayers, a reading introduced by Mr. Pope, even if such arbitrary changes were allowable, ought not to be admitted here; this being a distinct proposition, not an illation from what has gone before. I know not; (says Anne,) what *external* acts of duty and obeisance, I ought to return for such unmerited favour. All I can do of that kind, and even more, if more were possible, would be insufficient: *nor* are any prayers that I can offer up for my benefactor sufficiently sanctified, nor any wishes that I can breathe for his happiness, of more value than the most worthless and empty vanities. MALONE.

⁷ *I shall not fail, &c.*] I shall not omit to strengthen by my commendation, the opinion which the king has formed. JOHNSON.

The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well⁸; [*Aside*,
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle⁹?—I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain*.]

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

I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt two early and too late,
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!)
A very fresh fish here, (fye, fye upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no?¹
There was a lady once, ('tis an old story,)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,

⁸ — *I have perus'd her well; &c.*] From the many artful strokes of address the poet has thrown in upon queen Elizabeth and her mother, it should seem, that this play was written and performed in his royal mistress's time: if so, some lines were added by him in the last scene, after the accession of her successor, king James. THEOBALD.

⁹ — *a gem*

To lighten all this isle?] Perhaps alluding to the *carbuncle*, a gem supposed to have intrinsic light, and to shine in the dark: any other gem may reflect light, but cannot give it. JOHNSON.

So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

“A precious ring that *lightens* all the hole.” STEEVENS.

¹ — *is it bitter? forty pence, no.*] Mr. Roderick, in his appendix to Mr. Edwards's book, proposes to read:

— *for two pence.*

The old reading may, however, stand. *Forty pence* was in those days the proverbial expression of a small wager, or a small sum. Money was then reckoned by pounds, marks, and nobles. *Forty pence* is half a noble, or the sixth part of a pound. Forty pence, or three and four pence, still remains in many offices the legal and established fee.

So, in *K. Richard II.* Act V. sc. v:

“The cheapest of us is *ten groats* too dear.”

Again, in *All's well that Ends Well*, Act II. the clown says, *As fit as ten groats for the band of an attorney*. Again, in Green's *Groundwork*

KING HENRY VIII.

57

For all the mud in Egypt²:—Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er-mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a dutchess;—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Black-Fryars.

*Trumpets, fennet³, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with
short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the
habits*

of Coneycatching: "—wagers laying, &c. forty pence gaged against a match of wrestling." Again, in *The longer thou livest, the more Fool thou art*, 1570: "I dare wage with any man forty pence." Again, in the *Storye of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude:

"Nay, that I will not for forty pence." STEEVENS.

² For all the mud in Egypt:] The fertility of Egypt is derived from the mud and slime of the Nile. STEEVENS.

³—fennet,] Dr. Burney (whose *General History of Music* has been so highly and deservedly applauded) undertook to trace the etymology, and discover the certain meaning of this term, but without success. The following conjecture of his, should not, however, be withheld from the publick.

Senné or *fennir*, de l'Allemand *sen*, qui signifie assemblée. Dict. de vieux Language:

"*Senne* assemblée a son de cloche." Menage.

Perhaps, therefore, says he, *fennet* may mean a flourish for the purpose of assembling chiefs, or apprizing the people of their approach. I have like-

habits of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Serjeant at arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars⁴; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and their trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him, as judges. The Queen takes place, at some distance from the King. The bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

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

King. What's the need?

likewise been informed, (as is elsewhere noted) that *seneste* is the name of an antiquated French tune. See *Julius Cæsar*. Act I. sc. ii. STEEV.
In the second part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*:

"Cornets sound a *cynet*." FARMER.

A *Senet* appears to have signified a short flourish on cornets. In *K. Henry VI.* P. III. after the king and the duke of York have entered into a compact in the parliament-house, we find this marginal direction: "Senet. *Here they* [the lords] *come down* [from their seats]." In that place a flourish must have been meant. The direction which has occasioned this note, should be, I believe, *fennet on cornets*. MALONE.
4 — *pillars*;) Pillars were some of the ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals. Sir Thomas More, when he was speaker to the commons, advised them to admit Wolsey into the house with his maces and his pillars. *More's Life of Sir T. More*. JOHNSON.

Skelton, in his *Satire* against cardinal Wolsey, has these lines:

"With worldly pompe incredible,
"Before him rydeth two prestes stronge;
"And they bear two crosses right longe,
"Gapyng in every man's face;
"After them folowe two laye men secular,
"And eache of theym holdyn a pillar,
"In their hondes steade of a mace." STEEVENS.

It hath already publickly been read.
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so:—Proceed.

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

Crier. Henry king of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Catharine queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Catharine queen of England, &c.

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

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

At the end of Fiddes's *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, is a curious letter of Mr. Antis's on the subject of the *two silver pillars* usually borne before Cardinal Wolsey. This remarkable piece of pageantry did not escape the notice of Shakspeare. PERCY.

Wolsey had "two great crosses of silver, the one of his archbishoprick, the other of his legacy, borne before him whithersoever he went or rode, by two of the tallest priests that he could get within the realm." This is from Vol. III. p. 920 of Holinshed, and it seems from p. 837, that one of the pillars was a token of a cardinal, and perhaps he bore the other pillar as an archbishop. TOLLET.

* — goes about the court—] "Because (says Cavendish,) she could not come to the king directlie, for the distance severed between them."

MALONE.

5 Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice; &c.] This speech of the queen, and the king's reply, are taken from Holinshed with the most trifling variations. STEEVENS.

Ever

Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
 Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
 As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
 I ever contradicted your desire;
 Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew
 He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
 That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
 Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice⁶
 He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
 With many children by you: If, in the course
 And process of this time, you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
 Against your sacred person⁷, in God's name,
 Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
 A year before: It is not to be question'd
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly

⁶ — *nay, gave notice* —] In propriety Catharine should have said—*nay, gave not notice*, and so Sir T. Hanmer reads; but our author is so licentious in his construction that I suspect no corruption. MALONE.

⁷ Against your sacred person,] In the old copy there is not a comma in the preceding line after *duty*. Mr. Mason has justly observed that with such a punctuation the sense requires—*Towards your sacred person*. A comma being placed at *duty*, the construction is—If you can report and prove aught against mine honour, my love and duty, or aught against your sacred person, &c. but I doubt whether this was our author's intention; for such an arrangement seems to make a breach of her honour and matrimonial bond to be something distinct from an offence against the king's person, which is not the case. Perhaps, however, by the latter words Shakspeare meant, *against your life*. MALONE.

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore: if not; i'the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

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

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

Q. Cath. Lord cardinal,—
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

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

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Cath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,

^a *That longer you desire the court;*] That you desire to *protract* the business of the court; that you solicit a more distant session and trial. To pray for a *longer* day, i. e. a more distant one, when the trial or execution of criminals is agitated, is yet the language of the bar.—In the fourth folio, and all the modern editions, *desire* is substituted for *desire*.

MALONE.

^b *I am about to weep;* &c.] Shakespeare has given almost a similar sentiment to *Hermione* in the *Winter's Tale*, on an almost similar occasion:

"I am not prone to weeping, as our sex

"Commonly are, &c.—but I have

"That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns

"Worse than tears down;" &c. STEVENS.

You

You shall not be my judge¹: for it is you
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
 Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,
 I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
 Refuse you for my judge²; whom, yet once more,
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
 At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,
 You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
 Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
 O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong;
 I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
 For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
 Or how far further shall, is warranted
 By a commission from the consistory,
 Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
 That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
 The king is present: If it be known to him,
 That I gainsay³ my deed, how may he wound,
 And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
 As you have done my truth. If he know
 That I am free of your report, he knows,
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
 It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to
 Remove these thoughts from you: The which before
 His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
 And to say so no more.

¹ —and make my challenge,

You shall not be my judge:] *Challenge* is here a *verbum juris*, a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a juryman, says, *I challenge him.* JOHNSON.

² *I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul*

Refuse you for my judge;] These are not mere words of passion, but technical terms in the canon law.

Detester and *Recuso*. The former in the language of canonists, signifies no more, than *I protest* against. BLACKSTONE.

The words are Holinshed's:—"and therefore openly protested that she did utterly abhor, refuse, and forsake such a judge." MALONE.

³ —*gainsay*] i. e. deny. So, in lord Surrey's translation of the fourth book of the *Æneid*:

"I hold thee not, nor yet *gainsay* thy words." STEEVENS.

2. Cath.

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

You sign your place and calling⁴, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted.
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
Domesticks to you, serve your will⁵, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual: That again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

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

⁴ You sign your place and calling, &c.] I think, to *sign*, must here be to *show*, to *denote*. By your outward meekness and humility, you *show* that you are of an holy order, but, &c. JOHNSON.

⁵ Where powers are your retainers; and your words,

Domesticks to you, serve your will,—] You have now got *power* at your beck, following in your retinue: and *words* therefore are degraded to the servile state of performing any office which you shall give them. In humbler and more common terms; *Having now got power, you do not regard your word.* JOHNSON.

The word *power*, when used in the plural and applied to one person only, will not bear the meaning that Dr. Johnson wishes to give it.—By *powers* are meant the emperor and the king of France, in the pay of one or the other of whom Wolsey was constantly retained. MASON.

Whoever were pointed at by the word *powers*, Shakspeare, surely, does not mean to say that Wolsey was retained by them, but that they were retainers, or subservient, to Wolsey. MALONE.

I believe we should read:

“Where powers are your retainers, and your *wards*,

“Domesticks to you, &c.”

The Queen rises naturally in her description. She paints the powers of government depending upon Wolsey under three images; as his *retainers*, his *wards*, his *domestick servants*. TYRWHITT.

So, in *Storer's Life and Death of Tho. Wolsey, Cardinal*, a poem, 1599:

“I must have notice where their *wards* must dwell;

“I car'd not for the gentry, for I had

“Yong nobles of the land, &c.” STEEVENS.

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

King. Call her again.

Crier. Catharine, queen of England, come into the
court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

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

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

[*Exeunt Queen, GRIFFITH, and her other Attendants.*]

King. Go thy ways, Kate:

That man i'the world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness faint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out⁶,)
The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,

In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once and fully satisfy'd⁷,) whether ever I

⁶ — could speak thee out)] If thy several qualities had tongues to speak
thy praise. JOHNSON.

⁷ — although not there

[*At once, and fully satisfied,*)] The sense, which is encumbered
with words, is no more than this. I must be *loosed*, though when so
loosed, I shall not be *satisfied* fully and at *once*; that is, I shall not be
immediately satisfied. JOHNSON.

Did broach this business to your highness; or
 Lay'd any scruple in your way, which might
 Induce you to the question on't? or ever
 Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
 A royal lady,—spake one the least word, that might
 Be to the prejudice of her present state,
 Or touch of her good person?

King. My lord cardinal,

I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
 I see you from't. You are not to be taught
 That you have many enemies, that know not
 Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
 Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
 The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
 But will you be more justify'd? you ever
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
 Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
 The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
 I speak my good lord cardinal to this point⁸,
 And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,—
 I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
 Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give heed
 to't:—

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
 Scruple, and prick⁹, on certain speeches utter'd
 By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
 Who had been hither sent on the debating
 A marriage¹, twixt the duke of Orleans and

⁸ — on my honour,

I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,] The king, having first addressed to Wolsey, breaks off; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the cardinal's sentiments upon the point in question; and clears him from any attempt, or wish, to stir that business. THEOBALD.

⁹ *Scruple and prick,—]* Prick of conscience was the term in confession. JOHNSON.

The expression is from Holinshed, where the king says: "The special cause that moved me unto this matter was a certaine scrupulositie that pricked my conscience," &c. See *Holinshed*, p. 907. STEEVENS.

¹ *A marriage,]* Old Copy—*And marriage.* Corrected by Mr. Pope.

MALONE.

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

King. Call her again.

Crier. Catharine, queen of England, come into the
court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

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

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

[*Exeunt Queen, GRIFFITH, and her other Attendants.*]

King. Go thy ways, Kate:

That man i'the world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wise-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out⁶.)
The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,

In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once and fully satisfy'd⁷,) whether ever I

⁶ — could speak thee out⁶)] If thy several qualities had tongues to speak
thy praise. JOHNSON.

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At once, and fully satisfied,)] The sense, which is encumbered
with words, is no more than this. I must be loosed, though when so
loosed, I shall not be satisfied fully and at once; that is, I shall not be
immediately satisfied. JOHNSON.

Did broach this business to your highness; or
 Lay'd any scruple in your way, which might
 Induce you to the question on't? or ever
 Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
 A royal lady,—spake one the least word, that might
 Be to the prejudice of her present state,
 Or touch of her good person?

King. My lord cardinal,

I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
 I free you from't. You are not to be taught
 That you have many enemies, that know not
 Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
 Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
 The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
 But will you be more justify'd? you ever
 Have with'd the sleeping of this business; never
 Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
 The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
 I speak my good lord cardinal to this point⁸,
 And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,—
 I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
 Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give heed
 to't:—

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
 Scruple, and prick⁹, on certain speeches utter'd
 By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
 Who had been hither sent on the debating
 A marriage¹⁰, twixt the duke of Orleans and

⁸ — on my honour,

[*I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,*] The king, having first addressed to Wolsey, breaks off; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the cardinal's sentiments upon the point in question; and clears him from any attempt, or wish, to stir that business. THEOBALD.

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¹⁰ *A marriage,*] Old Copy—*And marriage.* Corrected by Mr. Pope.

MALONE.

Our daughter Mary : P'the progress of this business,
 Ere a determinate resolution, he
 (I mean, the bishop) did require a respite ;
 Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
 Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
 The bosom of my conscience², enter'd me,
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
 The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
 That many maz'd considerations did throng,
 And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
 I stood not in the smile of heaven ; who had
 Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
 If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
 Do no more offices of life to't, than
 The grave does to the dead : for her male issue
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after
 This world had air'd them : Hence I took a thought,
 This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,
 Well worthy the best heir o'the world, should not
 Be gladdened in't by me : Then follows, that
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
 By this my issue's fall ; and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
 The wild sea³ of my conscience, I did steer

Toward

² — *This respite shook*

The bosom of my conscience,—] Though this reading be sense, yet, I verily believe, the poet wrote, *The bottom of my conscience,*—

Shakspeare, in all his historical plays, was a most diligent observer of Holinshed's *Chronicle*. Now Holinshed, in the speech which he has given to king Henry upon this subject, makes him deliver himself thus : " Which words, once conceived within the secret *bottom* of my conscience, ingendred such a scrupulous doubt, that my conscience was incontinently accombred, vexed, and disquieted." *Vid.* *Life of Henry VIII.* p. 907. THEOBALD.

³ — *hulling in*

The wild sea—] That is, floating without guidance ; to's'd here and there. JOHNSON.

The phrase belongs to navigation. A ship is said to *bull*, when she

Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
 Now present here together; that's to say,
 I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
 By all the reverend fathers of the land,
 And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in private
 With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
 Now under my oppression I did reek,
 When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long, be pleas'd yourself to say
 How far you satisfy'd me.

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

King. I then mov'd you⁴,
 My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
 To make this present summons:—Unsolicited
 I left no reverend person in this court;
 But by particular consent proceeded,
 Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on:
 For no dislike i'the world against the person
 Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
 Of my alledged reasons, drive this forward:
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
 And kingly dignity, we are contented
 To wear our mortal state to come, with her,

is dismasted, and only her *hull* or *bulk*, is left at the direction and mercy of the waves. So, in the *Alarum for London*, 1602:

"And they lye *bulling up* and *down* the stream." STEEVENS.

⁴ *I then mov'd you,*] "I moved it in confession to you, my lord of Lincoln, then my ghostly father. And so far as then yourself were in some doubt, you moved me to ask the counsel of all these my lords. Whereupon I moved you, my lord of Canterbury, first to have your licence, in as much as you were metropolitan, to put this matter in question; and so I did all of you, my lords." Holinshed's *Life of Henry VIII.* p. 908. THEOBALD.

Catharine our queen, before the primeſt creature
That's paragon'd o'the world⁵.

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

[*They riſe to depart*]

[*Aſide*]

King. I may perceive,
Theſe cardinals triſtle with me : I abhor
This dilatory ſloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well beloved ſervant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee, return ! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court :
I ſay, ſet on.

[*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*]

⁵ *That's paragon'd o'the world.*] Hanmer reads, I think, better :
— the primeſt creature

That's paragon o'the world. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

No ; but ſhe is an earthly paragon.

To paragon, however, is a verb uſed by Shakspeare both in *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Othello* :

“ If thou with Cæſar paragon again

“ My man of men.

“ — a maid

“ That paragon's deſcription and wild fame.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *They riſe to depart.*] Here the modern editors add : [*the king ſpeaks to Cranmer.*] This marginal direction is not found in the old folio, and was wrongly introduced by ſome ſubſequent editor. Cranmer was now abſent from court on an embaffy, as appears from the laſt ſcene of this act, where Cromwell informs Wolſey, that he is return'd and install'd archbiſhop of Canterbury :

My learn'd and well-beloved ſervant, Cranmer,

Pr'ythee return !—

is no more than an apoſtrophe to the abſent biſhop of that name.

RIDLEY.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Room in the Queen's Apartment.**The Queen, and some of her Women, at work¹.*

Q. Cath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad
with troubles;

Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst: leave working.

S O N G.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his musick, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had made a lasting spring.*

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

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Cath. How now?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence².

Q. Cath. Would they speak with me?

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

Q. Cath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.

¹ — *at work.*] Her majesty (says Cavendish,) on being informed that the cardinals were coming to visit her, "rose up, having a *skirt of red silke about her neck*, being at work with her maidens." Cavendish attended Wolsley in this visit; and the queen's answer in p. 72, is exactly conformable to that which he has recorded, and which he appears to have heard her pronounce. MALONE.

² *Wait in the presence.*] i. e. in the presence-chamber. STEEVENS.

They should be good men; their affairs as righteous³;
But all hoods make not monks⁴.

Enter WOLSEY, and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

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

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Cath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done, O my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number,) if my actions
Were try'd by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them⁵,
I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out⁶, and that way I am wise in⁷,
Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.

³ *They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:* Being chaste men, they should be virtuous, and every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office: but all hoods, &c.—The ignorant editor of the second folio, not understanding the line, substituted *are for as*; and this capricious alteration (with many others introduced by the same hand,) has been adopted by all the modern editors. MALONE.

⁴ *All hoods make not monks.* Cucullus non facit monachum. STEEV.

⁵ *Envy and base opinion set against them,* I would be glad that my conduct were in some public trial confronted with mine enemies, that envy and corrupt judgment might try their utmost power against me. JOHNSON.

Envy in Shakspeare's age, often signified, *malice*. So afterwards:

"Ye turn the good we offer into *envy*." MALONE.

⁶ *Seek me out,* I believe that a word has dropped out here, and that we should read—*if your business seek me, speak out, and that way I am wise in.* i. e. in the way that I can understand. TYRWHITT.

Sir W. Blackstone would read—*If 'tis your business to seek me, &c.*

MALONE.

⁷ — *and that way I am wise in,* That is, if you come to examine the title by which I am the king's wife; or, if you come to know how I have behaved as a wife. The meaning, whatever it be, is so coarsely and unskillfully expressed, that the latter editors have liked none the better, and contrarily to the ancient and only copy, have published:

And that way I am wise in. JOHNSON.

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

Q. Cath. O, good my lord, no Latin^s;

I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

Wel. Noble lady,

I am sorry, my integrity should breed,
(And service to his majesty and you)⁹
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We came not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause*.

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

Q. Cath. To betray me.

[*Aside.*

^s O, good my lord, no Latin;] So, Holinshed, p. 908:

"Then began the cardinal to speake to her in Latine. Naie, good my lord, (quoth she) speake to me in English." STEEVENS.

⁹ And service to his majesty and you] This line stands so very awkwardly, that I am inclined to think it out of its place. The author perhaps wrote, as Mr. Edwards has suggested:

"I am sorry my integrity should breed

"So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant,

"And service to his majesty and you." MALONE.

— to your cause.] Old Copy—our cause. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
 Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)
 But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
 In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
 (More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
 And to such men of gravity and learning,
 In truth, I know not. I was set at work
 Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
 Either for such men, or such business.
 For her sake that I have been¹, (for I feel
 The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
 Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
 Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

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

Q. Cath. In England,
 But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
 That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
 Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
 (Though he be grown so desperate to be honest²,)
 And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
 They that must weigh out my afflictions³,
 They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
 They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
 In mine own country, lords.

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

Q. Cath. How, sir?

¹ For her sake that I have been,] For the sake of that royalty which I have heretofore possessed, MALONE.

² (Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)] Do you think that any Englishman dare advise me; or, if any man should venture to advise with honesty, that he could live? JOHNSON.

³ — weigh out my afflictions,] This phrase is obscure. To weigh out, is, in modern language, to deliver by weight; but this sense cannot be here admitted. To weigh is likewise to deliberate upon, to consider with due attention. This may, perhaps, be meant. Or the phrase, to weigh out, may signify to counterbalance, to counteract with equal force. JOHNSON.

To weigh out is the same as to outweigh. In *Macbeth*, Shakspeare has overcome for come over. STEEVENS.

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

Wol. He tells you rightly.

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

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

2. Cath. The more shame is ye⁴; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

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

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

Cam. Your fears are worse.

2. Cath. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak myself,

⁴ *The more shame for ye;*] If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine; for I thought you good. The distress of Catharine might have kept her from the quibble to which she is irresistibly tempted by the word *cardinal*. JOHNSON.

Since virtue finds no friends,)—a wife, a true one?
 A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory,)
 Never yet branded with suspicion?
 Have I with all my full affections
 Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
 Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?⁵
 Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
 And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
 Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
 One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
 And to that woman, when she has done ~~much~~,
 Yet will I add an honour, and great patience.

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

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

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Cath. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
 Ye have angels' faces⁶, but heaven knows your hearts,
 What will become of me now, wretched lady?
 I am the most unhappy woman living.—

⁵ — *superstitious to him?*] That is, served him with superstitious attention; done more than was required. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Ye have angels' faces,*—] She may perhaps allude to the old jingle of *Angli* and *Angeli*. JOHNSON.

I find this jingle in the *Arraygment of Paris*, 1584. The scenes refer the dispute about the golden apple to the decision of *Diana*, who setting aside their respective claims, awards it to queen *Elizabeth*; and adds:

“ Her people are cyleped *angeli*,

“ Or if I miss a letter, is the most.”

In this pastoral, as it is called, the queen herself may be almost said to have been a performer, for at the conclusion of it, *Diana* gives the golden apple into her hands, and the Fates deposit their insignia at her feet. It was presented before her majesty by the children of her chapel.

It appears from the following passage in *The Spanish Masquerado*, by Greene, 1585, that this quibble was originally the quibble of a saint.—*England*, a little island, where, as *saint Augustin* saith, there be people with *angel faces*, so the inhabitants have the courage and hearts of *lyons*.” STEEVENS.

Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[To her women.]

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

Wol. If your grace

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

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

2. Cath. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray, forgive me,

If I have us'd myself unmannerly;
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[Exeunt.
SCENE

SCENE II.

Antechamber to the King's Apartment.

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

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them⁷ with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more ~~new~~ disgraces,
With these you bear already.

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

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontain'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected⁸? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself⁹?

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

Nor. O, fear him not;

⁷ — *And force them—*] Force is enforce, urge. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *or at least*

Strangely neglected?] Which of the peers has not gone by him contain'd or neglected? JOHNSON.

Uncontain'd, as I have observ'd in a note on *As you like it*, must be understood, as if the author had written *not contain'd*. See Vol. III. p. 138, n. 2. MALONE.

⁹ — *when did he regard*

The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?] When did he, however careful to carry his own dignity to the utmost height, regard any dignity of another? JOHNSON.

His

His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,

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

Nor. Believe it, this is true.

In the divorce, his contrary proceedings^a
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would with mine enemy.

Sur. How came

His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

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

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way^b. But in this point
An ass-wicks founder, and he brings his physick
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had!

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

Sur. Now all my joy

^a — *contrary proceedings*—] Private practices opposite to his publick procedure. JOHNSON.

^b *And hedges, his own way.*] To hedge, is to creep along by the hedge: not to take the direct and open path, but to steal covertly through circumvolutions. JOHNSON.

Trace the conjunction³!

Suf. My amen to't!

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd⁴

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

Nor. Marry, Amen!

Suf. No, no;

There be more wafps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cry'd, ha! at this.

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

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns^{*} Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom⁵: shortly, I believe,

His

³ *Trace the conjunction!*] To trace, is to follow. JOHNSON.
So, in *Macbeth*:

“—all unfortunate souls

“That trace him in his line.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *In it be memoriz'd.*] To memorize is to make memorable. The
word has been already used in *Macbeth*, Act I. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

⁵ *He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges*

Almost in Christendom:] Thus the old play. The meaning is
this:

His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Catharine no more
Shall be call'd, queen; but princess dowager
And widow to prince Arthur.

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

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For't, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.
The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

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

Crom. To his own hand, in his bed-chamber.

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

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

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.— [*Exit CROMWELL.*]
It shall be to the dutchess of Alençon,

this: *Cranmer, says Suffolk, is returned in his opinions, i. e. with the same sentiments, which he entertained before he went abroad, which (sentiments) have satisfy'd the king, together with all the famous colleges referred to on the occasion.*—Or, perhaps, the passage (as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes,) may mean—*He is return'd in effect, having sent his opinions, i. e. the opinions of divines, &c. collected by him.* Mr. Rowe altered these lines as follows, and all succeeding editors have silently adopted his unnecessary change:

*He is return'd with his opinions, which
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,
Gather'd from all the famous colleges
Almost in Christendom. STEEVENS.*

'The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—
 Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him!
 There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen!
 No, we'll no Bullens!—Speedily I wish
 To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!

Nor. He's discontented.

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

Sur. Sharp enough,
 Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's
 daughter,

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

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Sur. I would, 'twere something that would fret the string,
 The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the King, reading a schedule⁶; and LOVEL.

Suf. The king, the king.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated

To

⁶ *Enter the King, reading a schedule;*] That the cardinal gave the king an inventory of his own private wealth, by mistake, and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation from the truth of history. Shakspeare, however, has not injudiciously represented the fall of that great man, as owing to an incident which he had once improved to the destruction of another. See *Holinshead*, Vol. II. p. 796 and 797.

" Thomas Ruthall, bishop of Durham, was, after the death of king Henry VII. one of the privy council to Henry VIII. to whom the king gave in charge to write a book of the whole estate of the kingdom, &c. Afterwards, the king commanded cardinal Wolsey to go to this bishop, and to bring the book away with him.—This bishop having written two books (the one to answer the king's command, and the other intreating

To his own portion ! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together !—Now, my lords ;
Saw you the cardinal ?

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

King. It may well be ;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd ; And, wot you, what I found
There ; on my conscience, put unwittingly ?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,

of his own private affairs) did bind them both after one sort in vellum, &c. Now, when the cardinal came to demand the book due to the king, the bishop unadvisedly commanded his servant to bring him the book bound in white vellum, lying in his study, in such a place. The servant accordingly brought forth one of the books so bound, being the book intreating of the state of the bishop, &c. The cardinal having the book, went from the bishop, and after, (in his study by himself) undisturbed the contents thereof, he greatly rejoiced, having now occasion (which he long sought for) offered unto him, to bring the bishop into the king's disgrace.

"Wherefore he went forthwith to the king, delivered the book into his hands, and briefly informed him of the contents thereof ; putting further into the king's head, that at any time he were destitute of a mass of money, he should not need to seek further therefore than to the coffers of the bishop. Of all which when the bishop had intelligence, &c. he was stricken with such grief of the same, that he shortly, through extreme sorrow, ended his life at London, in the year of Christ 1523. After which, the cardinal, who had long before gaped after his bishoprick, in singular hope to attain thereunto, had now his wish in effect." &c. STEEVENS.

7 — *then, stops again,*] Sallust describing the disturbed state of Catiline's mind, takes notice of the same circumstance,—"*citus modo, modo tardus incessus.*" STEEVENS.

Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

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

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

[*He takes his seat; and whispers Lovel, who goes to Wolsey.*

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

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

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

King. You have said well.

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

King. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone

Employ'd

Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

Sur. The Lord increase this business!

[*Aside.*

King. Have I not made you

The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours⁸:—my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fil'd with my abilities⁹: Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

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

⁸ *Beyond all man's endeavours:—*] The sense, is, my purposes went beyond all human endeavour. I purposed for your honour more than it falls within the compass of man's nature to attempt. JOHNSON.

I am rather inclined to think, that *which* refers to "royal graces"; which, says Wolsey, no human endeavour could requite. MALONE.

⁹ *Yet, fil'd with my abilities:—*] My endeavours, though less than my desires, have fil'd, that is, have gone an equal pace with my abilities.

JOHNSON.

So, in a preceding scene:

"—front but in that file

"Where others tell steps with me." STEEVENS.

On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty¹,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be².
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood³,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken:—
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this;
[Giving him papers.]

And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey: the
Nobles throng after him, whispering and smiling.]

¹ — notwithstanding that your bond of duty,] Besides the general bond of duty, by which you are obliged to be a loyal and obedient subject, you owe a particular devotion of yourself to me, as your particular benefactor. JOHNSON.

² — that am, have, and will be.] I suppose, the meaning is, *that such a man, I am, have been, and will ever be.* Our author has many hard and forced expressions in his plays; but many of the hardiesses in the piece before us appear to me of a different colour from those of Shakspeare. Perhaps, however, a line following this has been lost; for in the old copy there is no stop at the end of this line; and indeed I have some doubt whether a comma ought not to be placed at it, rather than a full point. MALONE.

³ As doth a rock against the chiding flood,] So, in our author's 116th Sonnet:

“ — it is an ever-fixed mark,

“ That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.”

The *chiding* flood is the *resounding* flood. So, in the verses in commendation of our author, by J. M. S. prefixed to the folio, 1632:

“ — there plays a fair

“ But *chiding* fountain.”

See also Vol. V. p. 502, n. 7. MALONE.

“ Ille, velut pelagi rupes immota, resistit.” *Æn.* VII. 586. S. W.
Wol.

Wol. What should this mean?

What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
 He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
 Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
 Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
 Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
 I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so;
 This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
 For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
 And see my friends in Rome. O negligence,
 Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet
 I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
 No new device to beat this from his brains?
 I know, 'twill stir him strongly; Yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
 Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
 The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

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

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who com-
 mands you

To render up the great seal presently
 Into our hands; and to confine yourself
 To *Asher house*⁴, my lord of Winchester's⁵,
 Till you hear further from his highness.

⁴ *To Asher house,*] This, as Mr. Warner has observed, was the ancient name of *Esher*; as appears from *Holinshed*: "—and everie man took their horses and rode strait to *Asher*." *Holinshed*, Vol. II. p. 909. MALONE.

⁵ — *my lord of Winchester's,*] Shakspeare forgot that Wolsey was himself bishop of Winchester: unless he meant to say, you must confine yourself to that house which you possess as bishop of Winchester. *Asher*, near Hampton Court, was one of the houses belonging to that bishoprick. MALONE.

Wol. Stay,

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

Suf. Who dare cross them?

Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it⁶. Now I feel

Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.

How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,

As if it fed ye? and how sleek and wanton

Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin?

Follow your envious courses, men of malice;

You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,

You ask with such a violence, the king,

(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me;

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,

During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,

Ty'd it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better

Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land

Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:

The heads of all thy brother cardinals,

* — so weighty.] The editor of the third folio changed *weighty* to *mightry*, and all the subsequent editors adopted his capricious alteration.

MALONE.

⁶ Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,

(I mean, your malice,) know, &c.] Wolsey had said:

— words cannot carry

Authority so mightry.

To which they reply: *Who dare cross them?* &c.

Wolsey, answering them, continues his own speech: *Till I find more than will or words, (I mean more than your malicious will and words,) to do it; that is, to carry authority so mightry; I will deny to return what the king has given me.* JOHNSON.

(With

(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,) Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy ! You sent me deputy for Ireland ; Far from his succour, from the king, from all That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him ; Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity, Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else

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

Sur. By my soul,

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

Wol. All goodness

Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness

Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,

* *To be thus jaded*—] To be abused and ill treated, like a worthless horse : or perhaps to be ridden by a priest ;—to have him mounted above us. MALONE.

† *And dare us with his cap, like larks.*] It is well known that the hat of a cardinal is scarlet ; and the method of *daring* larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them.

The same thought occurs in Skelton's *Why come ye not to Court?* l. 6. a satire on Wolsey :

“ The red hat with his lure

“ Bringeth all things under cure.” STEEVENS.

Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
 The goodness of your intercepted packets,
 You writ to the pope against the king: your goodness,
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
 My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
 As you respect the common good, the state
 Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
 Who *, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
 Collected from his life:—I'll startle you
 Worse than the sacring bell †, when the brown wench
 Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else

* *Who*,—] Old Copy—*Whom*. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

† *Worse than the sacring bell*,—] The little bell, which is rung to give notice of the *Hoft* approaching when it is carried in procession, as also in other offices of the Romish church, is called the *sacring* or *consecration* bell; from the French word, *sacrer*. THEOBALD.

So, in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584: "He heard a little *sacring* bell ring to the elevation of a to-morrow mass." The now obsolete verb to *sacre*, is used by P. Holland in his translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* B. X. ch. vi. STEEVENS.

To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

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

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

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

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing⁹
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

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

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*¹,—
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever², and to be

Out

* 9 — to the mere undoing—] *Mere* is absolute. So, in the *Honest Man's Fortune*, by B. and Fletcher:

“ — I am as happy

“ In my friend's good, as if 'twere *merely* mine.” STEEV.

See Vol. I. p. 7, n. 3. MALONE.

† — of a *præmunire*,] It is almost unnecessary to observe that *præmunire* is a barbarous word used instead of *præmonere*. STEEVENS.

² Chattels, and whatsoever,] The old copy has *Cassles*. The emendation

Out of the king's protection:—This is my charge.

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

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope³, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root⁴,
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;

commendation was made by Mr. Theobald, and is, I think, fully justified by the passage in Holinshed's Chronicle on which this is founded; in which it is observable that the word *chattels* is spelt *cattels*, which might have been easily confounded with *castles*: "After this, in the kings bench his matter for the *præmunire* being called upon, two attorneys which he had authorized by his warrant signed with his own hand, confessed the action, and so had judgement to forfeit all his landes, tenements, goods, and *cattels*, and to be put out of the king's protection." CHRON. Vol. II. p. 909. MALONE.

³ *This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth*

The tender leaves of hope, &c. So, in our author's 25th Sonnet:

"Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,

"But as the marigold in the sun's eye;

"And in themselves their pride lies buried,

"For at a frown they in their glory die."

⁴ — *nips his root.* "As spring-frosts are not injurious to the roots of fruit-trees," Dr. Warburton reads—*shoot*. Such capricious alterations I am sometimes obliged to mention, merely to introduce the notes of those, who, while they have shewn them to be unnecessary, have illustrated our author. MALONE.

Vernal frosts indeed do not kill the *root*, but then to *nip* the *shoots* does not kill the tree or make it fall. The metaphor will not in either reading correspond exactly with nature. JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading, which is countenanced by the following passage in *A. W.'s Commendation of Gascoigne and his Poësies*:

"And frosts to *nip* the *rootes* of vertuous-meaning minds."

See *Gascoigne's Works*; 1587. STEEVENS.

But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
 I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,⁵
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,⁶
 Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wel. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
 A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
 I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wel. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now; and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
 I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour:

⁵ — and their ruin,] That is, their displeasure, producing the downfall and ruin of him on whom it lights. So before:

"He parted frowning from me, as if ruin

"Leap'd from his eyes." MALONE.

⁶ And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,] So, in Churchyard's *Legend of Cardinal Wolsey*, MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES, 1587:

"Your fault not half so great as was my pride,

"For which offence fell Lucifer from the skies." MALONE.

In the *Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey*, &c. a poem, by Tho. Storer, student of Christ-church, in Oxford, 1599, the cardinal expresses himself in a manner somewhat similar:

"If once we fall, we fall Colossus-like,

"We fall at once like pillars of the sunne," &c. STEEVENS.

O, 'tis

O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

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

Wol. I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)

To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

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

Wol. God bless him!

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

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:

But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em?⁷
What more?

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

Wol. That's news indeed.

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

7 — a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !] The chancellor is the general guardian of orphans. A tomb of tears is very harsh. JOHNSON.

This idea will appear not altogether indefensible to those who recollect the following epigram of Martial:

*Flentibus Heliadum ramis dum vipera serpit,
Fluxit in obstantem succina gutta feram:
Quæ dum miratur pingui se rore teneri,
Concreto riguit vincta repente gelu.
Ne tibi regali placeas, Cleopatra, sepulchro,
Vipera si tumulo nobiliore jacet.*

The Heliades certainly wept a tomb of tears over the viper. STEEV.
The old copy has—on him. The error, which probably arose from similitude of sounds, was corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O
Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No fun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles^s. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That thus I pray, may never set! I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,

^s *Or gild again the noble troops that waited*

Upon my smiles,] The number of persons who composed Cardinal
Wolsey's household, according to the *printed* account, was eight hun-
dred. "When (says Cavendish,) in his *Life of Wolsey*, shall we see
any more such subjects, that shall keepe such a noble house?—Here is
an end of his household. The number of persons in the cheyne-roll
[check-roll] were *eight hundred* persons."

But Cavendish's work, though written in the time of Queen Mary,
was not published till 1641; and it was then printed most unfaithfully,
some passages being interpolated, near half of the *Mss.* being omitted, and
the phraseology being modernised throughout, to make it more read-
able at that time; the covert object of the publication probably having
been, to render Laud odious, by shewing how far church-power had been
extended by Wolsey, and how dangerous that prelate was, who, in the
opinion of many, followed his example.—The persons who procured
this publication, seem to have been little solicitous about the means
they employed, if they could but obtain their end; and therefore
among other unwarrantable sophistications, they took care that the
number "of troops who waited on Wolsey's smiles," should be suf-
ficiently magnified; and instead of *one hundred and eighty*, which was
the real number of his household, they printed *eight hundred*. This
appears from two *Mss.* of this work in the Museum; *Mss.* Harl.
N^o. 428, and *Mss.* Birch, 4233. MALONE.

With

With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell.
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee
Say, Wolley,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And founded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master mis'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal¹

I serv'd

¹ — *fling away ambition*;] Wolley does not mean to condemn every kind of ambition; for in a preceding line he says he will instruct Cromwell how to rise, and in the subsequent lines he evidently considers him as a man in office: "—then if thou fall'st," &c. *Ambition* here means a criminal and inordinate ambition, that endeavours to obtain honours by dishonest means. MALONE.

² *Had I but serv'd my God, &c.*] This sentence was really uttered by Wolley. JOHNSON.

When Samrah, the deputy governor of Basorah, was deposed by Moawiyah the sixth caliph, he is reported to have express'd himself in the

I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

When
She h
As hol

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1. *Gen.* You are well met once again².

2. *Gen.* So are you.

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

2. *Gen.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

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

2. *Gen.* 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shewn at full their royal minds³;
As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward

In

the same manner:—"If I had served God so well as I have served him,
he would never have condemned me to all eternity." STEEVENS.

Antonio Perez, the favourite of Philip the Second of Spain, made
the same pathetick complaint: "Mon zele étoit si grand vers ces be-
nignes puissances [la cour de Turin], que si j'en eusse eu autant pour
Dieu, je ne doute point qu'il ne m'eut déjà recompensé de son paradis."

MALONE.

This was a strange sentence for Wolfey to utter, who was disgraced
for the basest treachery to his king, in the affair of the divorce: but
it shews how naturally men endeavour to palliate their crimes even to
themselves. MASON.

² —once again.] Alluding to their former meeting in the second act.

JOHNSON.

³ —their royal minds;] i. e. their minds well affected to their king. Mr.
Pope unnecessarily changed this word to *loyal*. In *K. Henry IV.* P. II. we
have "royal faith," that is faith due to kings; which Sir T. Hanmer
changed to *loyal*, and I too hastily followed Dr. Johnson and the late
editions, in adopting the emendation. The recurrence of the same
expression,

In celebration of this day* with shews,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1. *Gen.* Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, fir.

2. *Gen.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1. *Gen.* Yes; 'tis the list
Of those, that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.

The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

2. *Gen.* I thank you, fir; had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Catharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

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

2. *Gen.* Alas, good lady!— [Trumpets.
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of trumpets; then, enter

1. *Two judges.*

2. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*

expression, though it is not such a one as we should now use, convinces me that there is no error in the text in either place. MALONE.

* — *this day* —] Hanmer reads — *these days*; but Shakspeare meant *such a day as this*, a coronation-day. And such is the English idiom, which our author commonly prefers to grammatical nicety. JOHNSON.

KING HENRY VIII.

97

3. *Choristers singing.* [Musick.
 4. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
 5. *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, crown'd with earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
 When
 She h
 As hol
 .. b him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.
 7. *A canopy borne by four of the cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the bishops of London and Winchester.*
 8. *The old Dutchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
 9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

2. *Gen.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know;—
 Who's that, that bears the scepter?

1. *Gen.* Marquis Dorset:

And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2. *Gen.* A bold brave gentleman. That should be
 The duke of Suffolk.

1. *Gen.* 'Tis the same; high-steward.

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

1. *Gen.* Yes.

2. *Gen.* Heaven blefs thee! [Looking on the queen.

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains that lady;

I cannot blame his conscience.

1. *Gen.* They, that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons

Of the Cinque-ports.

2. *Gen.* Those men are happy; and so are all, are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,

Is that old noble lady, dutchess of Norfolk.

1. *Gen.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2. *Gen.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed; And, sometimes, falling ones.

1. *Gen.* No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*]

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broilin

3. *Gen.* Among the croud i' the abbey; where
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2. *Gen.* You saw the ceremony?

3. *Gen.* That I did.

1. *Gen.* How was it?

3. *Gen.* Well worth the seeing.

2. *Gen.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3. *Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich stream⁵
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
To rest awhile, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think,) flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams⁶
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven

⁵ *The rich stream &c.]*

—ingentem foribus domus alta superbis

“Mane salutantur totis vomit sedibus undam.”

VIRG. GEOR. II. 461. MALONE

⁶ —like rams—] That is, like battering rams. JOHNSON.

So strangely in one piece.

2. *Gen.* But, what follow'd?

3. *Gen.* At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.

Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:

When by the archbishop of Canterbury

She had all the royal makings of a queen;

As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,

The robe, and bird of peace, and all such emblems

Lay'd nobly on her: which perform'd; the choir,

With all the choicest musick 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. *Gen.* 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. *Gen.* I know it;

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name

Is fresh about me.

2. *Gen.* What two reverend bishops

Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3. *Gen.* Stokesly, and Gardiner; the one, of Winchester,
(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,)

The other, London.

2. *Gen.* He of Winchester

Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,

The virtuous Cranmer.

3. *Gen.* All the land knows that:

However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,

Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2. *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3. *Gen.* Thomas Cromwell; a man in much esteem

With the king, and truly a worthy friend.

The king has made him master o' the jewel-house,

And one, already, of the privy-council.

2. *Gen.* He will deserve more.

3. *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.

H 2

Come,

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Boib. You may command us, sir.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

Kimbolton.

Enter CATHARINE, Dowager, sick; *led' between* GRIFFITH and Patience.

Grif. How does your grace?

Cath. O, Griffith, sick to death:

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,

Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair;—

So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,

That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,

Was dead?

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

Cath. Pry'thee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd:

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,

For my example^o.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:

[*SCENE II.*] This scene is above any other part of Shakspeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender and pathetick, without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices, without the help of romantick circumstances, without improbable fables of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery.

⁸ — *I think* —] Old Copy — *I thank*. Corrected in the second folio.

JOHNSON.

MALONE.

⁹ — *be stepp'd before me, happily,*

For my example.] *Happily* seems to mean on this occasion — *peradventure, haply*. I have been more than once of this opinion, when I have met with the same word thus spelt in other passages. STEEVENS.

Mr. Malon is of opinion that *happily* here means *fortunately*. Mr. Steevens's interpretation is, I think, right. So, in *K. Henry V.* P. H.

“Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,

“Might *happily* have prov'd far worse than his.” MALONE.

For

For after the stout earl Northumberland¹
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule².

Cath. Alas, poor man!

Cris. At last, with easy roads³, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,—*O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!"

So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold, should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Cath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity,—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach⁴, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom⁵: simony was fair play;

His

¹ — the stout earl Northumberland—] So, in *Cherry Chase*;

"The stout earl of Northumberland

"A vow to God did make—." STEEVENS.

² *He could not sit his mule.*] In Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, 1641, it is said that Wolsey *poisoned* himself; but the words—"at which time it was apparent that he had poisoned himself," which appear in p. 102 of that work, were an interpolation, inserted by the publisher for some sinister purpose; not being found in the two manuscripts now preserved in the Museum. See a former note, p. 93. MALONE.

³ — *with easy roads,*] i. e. by short stages. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Of an unbounded stomach,*] i. e. of unbounded pride, or haughtiness. So, Holinshed, speaking of king Richard III: "Such a great audacity and such a stomach reigned in his bodie." STEEVENS.

⁵ — *one, that by suggestion*

Ty'd all the kingdom:] The word *suggestion*, says the critic, [Dr. Warburton,]

His own opinion was his law: I' the presence
He would lay untruths; and be ever double,

Both

Warburton,] is here used with great propriety, and *seeming* knowledge of the Latin tongue: and he proceeds to settle the sense of it from the late Roman writers and their glosses. But Shakspeare's knowledge was from Holinshed, whom he follows *verbatim*:

"This cardinal was of a great stomach, for he compted himself equal with princes, and by craftie suggestion got into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced little on simonie, and was not pitifull, and stood affectionate in his owne opinion: in open presence he would lie and seie untruth, and was double both in speach and meaning: he would promise much and performe little: he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie euil example." Edit. 1587, p. 922.

Perhaps after this quotation, you may not think, that sir Thomas Hamner, who reads *tyth'd*—instead of *ty'd* all the kingdom, deserves quite so much of Dr. Warburton's severity.—Indisputably the passage, like every other in the speech, is intended to express the meaning of the parallel one in the chronicle; it cannot therefore be credited, that any man, when the *original* was produced, should still chuse to defend a *cont* acceptance, and inform us, perhaps, *seriously*, that in *gaming* language, from I know not what practice, to *tye* is to *equal*! A sense of the word, as far as I have yet found, *unknown* to our old writers; and, if *known*, would not surely have been used in *this* place by our author.

But let us turn from conjecture to Shakspeare's authorities. Hall, from whom the above description is copied by Holinshed, is very explicit in the demands of the cardinal: who having insolently told the lord-mayor and aldermen, "For sothe I thinke, that *halfe* your assistance were too little," assures them by way of comfort at the end of his harangue, that *upon an average*, the *tythe* should be sufficient: "Sirr, speake not to breake that thyng that is concluded, for *some* shall not paie the *tenth* parte, and *some* more."—And again; "Thei saied, the cardinall by visitacions, makynge of Abbottes, probates of testaments, graunting of faculties, licences, and other pollyngs in his courtes legantines, had made his *treasure egall* with the *lynge*." Edit. 1548, p. 138, and 143. FARMER.

In Storer's *Life and Death of The Wolsey*, a poem, 1599, the cardinal says:

"I car'd not for the gentric, for I had

"*Tithe* gentlemen, yong nobles of the land," &c. STEEVENS.

Ty'd all the kingdom:] i. e. He was a man of an unbounded stomach, or pride, ranking himself with princes, and by suggestion to the king and the pope, he *ty'd*, i. e. limited, circumscribed, and set bounds to the liberties and properties of all persons in the kingdom. That he did so, appears from various passages in the play. Act II. sc. ii. "free us from his slavery," "or this imperious man will work us all from princes into

Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing⁶.

into pages: all men's honours," &c. Act III. sc. ii. "You wrought to be a legate, by which power you *maim'd* the jurisdiction of all bishops." See also Act I. sc. i. and Act III. sc. ii. This construction of the passage may be supported from D'Ewes's *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments*, p. 644: "Far be it from me that the state and prerogative of the prince should be *tyed* by me, or by the act of any other subject."

Dr. Farmer has displayed such eminent knowledge of Shakspeare, that it is with the utmost diffidence I dissent from the alteration which he would establish here: He would read *tyth'd*, and refers to the authorities of Hall and Holinshed about a tax of the *tenth*, or *tythe*, of each man's substance, which is not taken notice of in the play. Let it be remarked that it is queen Katharine speaks here, who, in Act I. sc. ii. told the king it was a demand of the *sixth* part of each subject's substance, that caused the rebellion. Would she afterwards say that he, *i. e.* Wolsey, had *tythed* all the kingdom, when he knew he had almost *double-tythed* it? Still Dr. Farmer insists that "the passage, like every other in the speech, is intended to express the meaning of the parallel one in the *Chronicle*:" *i. e.* The cardinal "by craftie suggestion got into his hands innumerable treasure." This passage does not relate to a publick tax of the *tenths*, but to the cardinal's own private acquisitions. If in this sense I admitted the alteration, *tyth'd*, I would suppose that, as the queen is descanting on the cardinal's own acquirements, she borrows her term from the principal emolument or payment due to priests; and means to intimate that the cardinal was not content with the *tythes* legally accruing to him from his own various parishes, but that he extorted something equivalent to them throughout all the kingdom. So Buckingham says, Act I. sc. i. "No man's pye is freed from his ambitious finger." So, again, Surrey says, Act III. sc. ult. "Yes, that goodness of gleaning all the land's wealth into one, into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion:" and *ibidem*. "You have sent innumerable substance (by what means got, I leave to your own conscience)—to the mere undoing of all the kingdom." This extortion is so frequently spoken of, that perhaps our author purposely avoided a repetition of it in the passage under consideration, and therefore gave a different sentiment declarative of the consequence of his unbounded pride, that must humble all others. TOLLET.

⁶—*as he is now, nothing.*] So, in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence*:

"—Great men

"Till they have gain'd their ends, are giants in

"Their promises; but those obtain'd, weak pygmies

"In their performance." STEEVENS.

Of his own body he was ill⁷, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water⁸. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

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

Grif. This cardinal⁹,

Though

⁷ *Of his own body he was ill*] A criminal connection with women was anciently called *the vice of the body*. So, in *Holinshed*, p. 1258: "— he laboured by all means to cleare mistresse Sanders of committing *evill of hir bodie* with him." STEEVENS.

So, the Protector says of Jane Shore, Hall's *Chronicle*, Edw. VI. p. 16: "— that she was *naught of her bodye*." MALONE.

⁸ — *their virtues*

We write in water.] Beaumont and Fletcher have the same thought in their *Philaster*:

" — all your better deeds

" Shall be in *water* writ, but this in marble." STEEVENS.

This reflection bears a great resemblance to a passage in sir Tho. More's *Hist. of Richard III.* whence Shakspeare undoubtedly formed his play on that subject. Speaking of the ungrateful turns which Jane Shore experienced from those whom she had served in her prosperity; More adds, "men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble, and who so doth us a good turne, we write it in duste." *More's Works*, bl. l. i. 557, p. 57. PERCY.

So, (as an anonymous writer has observed,) in Harrington's *Aristot.*, 1591:

" Men say it, and we see it come to passe,

" Good turns in sand, shrewd turns *are writ in brass*." MALONE.

⁹ *This cardinal, &c.*] This speech is formed on the following passage in *Holinshed*: "This cardinal, (as Edmond Campion in his *Historie of Ireland* described him,) was a man undoubtedly born to honour; I think, (saith he) some princes bastard, no butchers sonne; exceeding wise, faire-spoken, high-minded, full of revenge, virtuous of his bodie, loffie to his enemies, were they never so bigge, to those that accepted and sought his friendship wonderful courteous; a ripe schooleman, thrall to affections, brought a bed with flatterie; insatiable to get, and more princelie in bestowing, as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrowen with his fall, the other unfinished, and yet as it lyeth, for an house of studentes, (considering all the appurtenances,) incomparable throughout Christendome. — He held and injoyed at once the bishopricks of Yorke, Daresme, and Winchester, the dignities of

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,
 He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
 Lofty, and four, to them that lov'd him not;
 But, to those men that fought him, sweet as summer.
 And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
 (Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely: Ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
 Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to out live the good that did it¹;

The

of Lord Cardinall, Legat, and Chancellor, the abbaie of St. Albons, diverse priories, fundrie fat benefices in commendam; a great preferer of his servants, an advauncer of learning, stout in every quarrel, never happy till this his overthrow: wherein he shewed such moderation, and ended so perfectly, that the houre of his death did him more honour than all the pomp of his life passed."

When Shakspeare says that Wolsey was "a scholar from his cradle," he had probably in his thoughts the account given by Cavendish, which Stowe has copied:—"Cardinal Wolsey was an honest poor man's sonne—who, being but a child, was very apt to learne; wherefore by means of his parents and other his good friends he was maintained at the university of Oxford, where in a short time he prospered so well, that in a small time, (as he told me with his owne mouth,) he was made batchelor of arts, when he was but fifteen years of age, and was most commonly called the boy batchelour." See also Wolsey's legend, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587.

I have here followed the punctuation of the old copy, where there is a full point at *honour*, and *From his cradle* begins a new sentence. This punctuation has likewise been adopted in the late editions. Mr. Theobald, however, contends that we ought to point thus:

"Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle,"

And it must be owned that the words of Holinshed, here thrown into verse, "This cardinal was a man undoubtedly born to honour," strongly support his regulation. The reader has before him the arguments on each side. I am by no means confident that I have decided rightly.

MALONE.

¹ Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;] Unwilling to survive that virtue which was the cause of its foundation: or perhaps "the good" is licentiously used for the good man; the virtuous prelate who founded it. So, in the *Winter's Tale*:—"a piece many years in doing."

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—the good he did it; which appears to me unintelligible. "The good he did it," was, laying the

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

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

Sad and solemn musick.

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

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another², six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which,

the foundation of the building and endowing it: if therefore we suppose the college unwilling to outlive the good he did it, we suppose it to expire instantly after its birth.

“The college unwilling to live longer than its founder, or the goodness that gave rise to it,” though certainly a conceit, is sufficiently intelligible. MALONE.

² — solemnly tripping one after another,] This whimsical stage-direction is exactly taken from the old copy. STEEVENS.

Of this stage-direction I do not believe our author wrote one word. Catharine's next speech probably suggested this tripping dumb-show to the too busy reviver of this play. MALONE.

the other four make reverend court'sies; then the two, that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.

Cath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Cath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Cath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Cath. Bid the musick leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me.

[*Musick ceases.*]

Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes.

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. An't like your grace,—

Cath. You are a sawcy fellow;
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,

Know.

Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Mef. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Cath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exeunt GRIFFITH, and Messen.*]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Cath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Cath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physick, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

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

Pat. No, madam.

[*giving it to CATH.*]

Cath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king³.

Cap.

³ *This to my lord the king.*] So, *Holinshed*, p. 939: "—perceiving
hir selfe to wax verie weake and feeble, and to feele death approaching
at hand, caused one of hir gentlewomen to write a letter to the king,

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Cath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves⁴, his young daughter:—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long;
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lye,) but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband; let him be a noble⁵;

And,

commending to him his daughter and his, beseeching him to stand good father unto her; and further desired him to have some consideration of his gentlewomen that had served him, and to see them bestowed in marriage. Further, that it would please him to appoint that his servants might have their due wages, and a yeeres wages beside." STEEV.

This letter probably fell into the hands of Polydore Virgil, who was then in England, and has preserved it in the twenty seventh book of his history. The following is Lord Herbert's translation of it:

"My most dear lord, king, and husband,

The hour of my death now approaching. I cannot choose but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever: for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles.—But I forgive you all, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have heretofore desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage, (which is not much, they being but three,) and to all my other servants a years pay besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell." MALONE.

⁴ *The model of our chaste loves—*] *Model* is *image* or *representative*. See Vol. III. p. 433, n. 6.; and Vol. IV. p. 568, n. 5. MALONE.

⁵ *A right good husband; let him be a noble;*] "Let him be," I suppose, signifies, even though he should be; or, admit that he be. She means to observe

And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them;
 The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest,
 But poverty could never draw them from me;—
 That they may have their wages duly paid them,
 And something over to remember me by;
 If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
 And able means, we had not parted thus.
 These are the whole contents:—And, good my lord,
 By that you love the dearest in this world,
 As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
 To do me this last right.

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

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

[*Exeunt, leading CATHARINE.*]

observe that, *nobility superadded to virtue is not more than each of her women deserves to meet with in a husband.* STEEVENS.

This is, I think, the true interpretation of the line; but I do not see why the words *let him be a noble*, may not, consistently with this meaning, be understood in their obvious and ordinary sense. We are *not* to consider Catharine's *women* like the attendants on other ladies. One of them had already been married to more than a noble husband; having unfortunately captivated a worthless king. MALONE.

KING HENRY VIII.

111

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Gallery in the Palace.

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

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

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights⁶; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for as
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas!
Whither so late?

Low. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero⁷
With the duke of Suffolk.

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

Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovel. What's the matter?
It seems, you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: Affairs, that walk⁸
(As, they say, spirits do,) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

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

Gar. The fruit, she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time; and live: but for the stock, sir Thomas,

⁶ *Not for delights;*] Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delight at which he hints, seems to be the king's diversion, which keeps him in attendance. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *at primero*—] A game at cards. See Vol. I. p. 289, n. 8.

MALONE.

⁸ *Some touch of your late business;*] Some hint of the business that keeps you awake so late. JOHNSON.

I wish

I wish it grubb'd up now.

Low. Methinks, I could

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

Gar. But, fir, fir,—

Hear me, fir Thomas: You are a gentleman
Of mine own way⁹; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, fir Thomas Lovel, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Low. Now, fir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made¹ master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, fir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments²,
With which the time will load him: The archbishop
Is the king's hand, and tongue; And who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, fir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think, I have
Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is,)
A most arch heretick³, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved,

⁹ — mine own way;] Mine own opinion in religion. JOHNSON.

¹ he's made—] The pronoun, which was omitted in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Theobald.

² Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,] Trade is the praised method, the general course. JOHNSON.

Trade has been already used by Shakspeare with this meaning in *Richard II*:

"Some way of common trade." STEEVENS.

³ — I have

Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is, &c.

A most arch heretick,—] I have roused the lords of the council by suggesting to them that he is a most arch heretick:—I have thus incited them against him. MALONE.

Have broken with the king⁴; who hath so far
 Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
 And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
 Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded⁵,
 To-morrow morning to the council-board
 He be convented⁵. He's a rank weed, fir Thomas,
 And we must root him out. From your affairs
 I hinder you too long: good night, fir Thomas.

Low. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your servant.

[*Exeunt GARDINER, and Page.*]

*As LOVELL is going out, enter the King, and the Duke of
 SUFFOLK.*

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
 My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles;
 Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
 Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Low. I could not personally deliver to her
 What you commanded me, but by her woman
 I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
 In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
 Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou? ha!

To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Low. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
 Almost each pang a death⁶.

King. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
 With gentle travail, to the gladdening of

⁴ — broken with the king;] They have broken silence; told their minds to the king. JOHNSON.

⁵ — he hath commanded;] *He*, which is not in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Pope. *He hath* was often written contractedly *h'ath*. Hence probably the error. MALONE.

⁵ *He be convented.*] *Convented* is *summoned*, *convened*. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *her sufferance made Almost each pang a death.*] We have had nearly the same sentiment before, in Act II. sc. iii.

“ — it is a sufferance panging

“ As soul and body's severing.” MALONE.

Your highness with an heir!

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, good night.— [*Exit Sir FOLK.*]

Enter Sir Anthony DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

King.

7 Enter Sir Anthony Denny.] The substance of this and the two following scenes is taken from Fox's *Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs*, &c. 1563.

"When night came, the king sent sir Anthonic Denie about midnight to Lambeth to the archbishop, willing him forthwith to resort unto him at the court. The message done, the archbishop speedily addressed himselfe to the court, and comming into the gallerie where the king walked and taried for him, his highnesse saide, Ah, my lorde of Canterbury, I can tell you newes. For diuers weighty considerations it is determined by me and the counsaile, that you to-morrowe at nine of the clocke shall be committed to the Tower, for that you and your chaplaines (as information is given us) have taught and preached, and thereby sown within the realme such a number of execrable heresies, that it is feared the whole realme being infected with them, no small contention and commotions will rise thereby amongst my subjects, as of late daies the like was in diuers parts of Germanie, and therefore the counsell have requested me for the triall of the matter, to suffer them to commit you to the Tower, or else no man dare come forth, as witnesse in those matters, you being a counsellor.

When the king had said his mind, the archbishop kneeled down, and said, I am content, if it please your grace, with al my hart to go thither at your highness commandment; and I most humbly thank your majesty that I may come to my triall, for there be that have many waies slandered me, and now this way I hope to trie myselfe not worthy of such reporte.

The king perceiving the mans uprightnesse, joyned with such simplicitie, said; Oh Lorde, what maner o' man be you? What simplicitie is in you? I had thought that you would rather have sued to us to have taken the paines to have heard you and your accusers together for your triall,

King. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

King.

without any such indurance. Do not you know what state you be in with the whole world, and how many great enemies you have? Do you not confider what an easie thing it is to procure three or foure false knowes to witness against you? Thinke you to have better lucke that waie than your master Christ had? I see by it you will run headlong to your undoing, if I would suffer you. Your enemies shall not so prevaile against you; for I have otherwise devised with my selfe to keep you out of their handes. Yet notwithstanding to-morrow when the counsaile shall sit, and send for you, resort unto them, and if in charging you with this matter, they do commit you to the Tower, require of them, because you are one of them, a counsailler, that you may have your accusers brought before them without any further indurance, and use for your selfe as good persuasions that way as you may devise; and if so intreatie or reasonable request will serve, then deliver unto them this my ring (which then the king delivered unto the archbishop,) and saie unto them, if there be no remedie, my lords, but that I must needs go the Tower, then I revoke my cause from you, and appeal to the kinges owne person by this token unto you all, for (saide the king then unto the archbishop) so soone as they shall see this my ring, they knowe it so well, that they shall understande that I have reserved the whole cause into mine owne handes and determination, and that I have discharged them thereof.

The archbishop perceiving the kinges benignity so much to him wards, had much ado to forbear teares. Well, said the king, go your waies, my lord, and do as I have bidden you. My lord, humbling himselfe with thanks, tooke his leave of the kinges highnesse for that night.

On the morrow, about nine of the clocke before noone, the counsaile sent a gentleman usher for the archbishop, who, when hee came to the counsaile-chamber doore, could not be let in, but of purpose (as it seemed) was compelled there to waite among the pages, lackies, and serving men all alone. D. Buts the king's physician resorting that way, and espying how my lord of Canterbury was handled, went to the king's highnesse, and said; My lord of Canterbury, if it please your grace, is well promoted; for now he is become a lackey or a serving man, for yonder hee standeth this halfe hower at the counsaile-chamber doore amongst them. It is not so, (quoth the king) I trowe, nor the counsaile hath not so little discretion as to use the metropolitan of the realme in that sort, specially being one of their own number. But let them alone (saide the king) and we shall heare more soone.

Anone the archbishop was called into the counsaile-chamber, to whom was alladged as before is rehearsed. The archbishop answered in like sort, as the king had advised him; and in the end when he perceived that no manner of persuasion or intreatie could serve, he delivered them

King. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us. [Exit DENNY.]

Low. This is about that which the bishop spake;
I am happily come hither. [Aside.]

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

King. Avoid the gallery. [Lovel seemeth to stay.
Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What!— [Exeunt LOVEL, and DENNY.]

Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?

the king's ring, revoking his cause into the king's hand. The whole counsaile being thereat somewhat amazed, the earle of Bedford with a loud voice confirming his words with a solemn othe, said; When you first began the matter, my lordes, I told you what would come of it. Do you thinke that the king would suffer this man's anger to ake? Much more (I warrant you) will hee defend his life against brabbling varlets. You doe but cumber yourselves to hear tales and fables against him. And incontinently upon the receipt of the king's token, they all rose, and carried to the king his ring, surrendring that matter as the order and use was, into his own hands.

When they were all come to the kings presence, his highness, with a severe countenance, said unto them; ah, my lordes, I thought I had had wiser men of my counsaile than now I find you. What discretion was this in you thus to make the primate of the realme, and one of you in office, to wait at the counsaile-chamber doore amongst serving men? You might have considered that he was a counsailler as well as you, and you had no such commission of me so to handle him. I was content that you should trie him as a counsellor, and not as a meane subject. But now I well perceive that things be done against him maliciouslie, and if some of you might have had your mindes, you would have tried him to the uttermost. But I doe you all to wit, and protest, that if a prince may bee beholding unto his subject (and so solemnlie laying his hand upon his brest, said,) by the faith I owe to God I take this man here, my lord of Canterburie, to bee of all other a most faithfull subject unto us, and one to whome we are much beholding, giving him great commendations otherwise. And, with that, one or two of the chiefe of the counsaile, making their excuse, declared, that in requesting his indurance, it was rather meant for his triall and his purgation against the common fame and slander of the worlde, than for any malice conceived against him. Well, well, my lordes, (quoth the king) take him, and well use him, as hee is worthy to bee, and make no more ado. And with that, every man caught him by the hand, and made faire weather of altogether, which might easilie be done with that man." STEEVENS.

'Tis

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty,
To attend your highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: You a brother of us⁸,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man⁹.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that

⁸ — *You a brother of us,*] You being one of the council, it is necessary to imprison you, that the witnesses against you may not be deterred. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Than I myself, poor man.*] *Poor man* belongs probably to the king's reply. GREY.

I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers ; and to have heard you
Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on¹ is my truth, and honesty ;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies²,
Will triumph o'er my person ; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world ?
Your enemies are many, and not small ; their practices
Must bear the same proportion : and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carry
The due o' the verdict with it : At what ease³
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you ? such things have been done,
You are potentially oppos'd ; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck³,
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth ? Go to, go to ;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

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

King. Be of good cheer ;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to ;
Keep comfort to you ; and this morning see
You do appear before them : if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,

¹ *The good I stand on—*] Though *good* may be taken for *advantage* or *superiority*, or any thing which may help or support, yet it would, I think, be more natural to say, *The ground I stand on—* JOHNSTON.

² *I, with mine enemies,*] Cranmer, I suppose, means, that whenever his honesty fails, he shall rejoice as heartily as his enemies at his destruction. MALONE.

³ *Ween you of better luck,*] *To ween* is to *think*, to *imagine*. Though now obsolete, the word was common to all our ancient writers. STEEV.

The best persuasions to the contrary
 Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
 The occasion shall instruct you : if entreaties
 Will render you no remedy, this ring
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us
 They make before them.—Look, the good man weeps !
 He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother !
 I swear, he is true-hearted ; and a soul
 None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
 And do as I have bid you.—He has strangled
 His language in his tears. [Exit CRANMER.]

Enter an old Lady.

Gen. [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 blessed 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 blest her* !—'tis a girl,
 Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
 Desires your visitation, and to be
 Acquainted with this stranger ; 'tis as like you,
 As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovel^s,—

Enter LOVEL.

Lov. Sir.

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

* — blest her !] It is doubtful whether *her* is referred to the queen
 or the girl. JOHNSON.

As I believe this play was calculated for the ear of Elizabeth, I imagine,
her relates to the girl. MALONE.

^s Lovel, —] Lovel has been just sent out of the presence, and no notice
 is given of his return : I have placed it here at the instant when the
 king calls for him. STEEVENS.

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

S C E N E II.

Before the Council-Chamber.

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper, &c. attending.

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,

That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
 To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—Hoa!
 Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
 But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for,

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
 I came this way so happily: The king
 Shall understand it presently. [Exit BUTTS.]

Cran. [Aside.] 'Tis Butts,
 The king's physician; As he past along,
 How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
 Pray heaven, he found not my disgrace! For certain,
 This is of purpose lay'd, by some that hate me,
 (God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,)
 To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
 Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
 Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
 Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter, above, the King and BUTTS.

Butts. I'll shew your grace the strangest sight,—

King. What's that, Butts?

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

King.

King. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and foot-boys.

King. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had thought,
They had parted so much honesty among them,
(At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let them alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon.—

Enter the Lord Chancellor⁶, the Duke of Suffolk, Earl of Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, and Cromwell. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as secretary.

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

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

⁶ *Enter the Lord Chancellor,—* In the preceding scene we have heard of the birth of Elizabeth, and from the conclusion of the present it appears that she is not yet christened. She was born September 7, 1533, and baptized on the 11th of the same month. Cardinal Wolfsey was Chancellor of England from September 7, 1516, to the 25th of October 1530, on which day the seals were given to Sir Thomas More. He held them till the 20th of May, 1533, when Sir Thomas Audley was appointed Lord Keeper. He therefore is the person here introduced; but Shakspeare has made a mistake in calling him Lord Chancellor, for he did not obtain that title till the January after the birth of Elizabeth. MALONE.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now⁷.

[Cranmer approaches the council table.]

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: But we are all men,
In our own natures frail, incapable⁸;

Of

⁷ *Your grace may enter now.*] It is not easy to ascertain the mode of exhibition here. The inside and the outside of the council-chamber seem to be exhibited at once. Norfolk *within* calls to the keeper *without*, who yet is *on the stage*, and supposed to be with Cranmer, &c. at the *outside* of the door of the chamber.—The Chancellor and counsellors probably were placed behind a curtain at the back part of the stage, and spoke, but were not seen, till Cranmer was called in. The stage-direction in the old copy, which is, "*Cranmer approaches the council-table*", not, "*Cranmer enters the council-chamber*," seems to countenance such an idea.

With all the "appliances and aids" that modern scenery furnishes, it is impossible to produce any exhibition that shall precisely correspond with what our author has here written. Our less scrupulous ancestors were contented to be *told*, that the same spot, without any change of its appearance, (except perhaps the drawing back of a curtain,) was at once the outside and the inside of the council-chamber. See the *Account of the old theatres*. Vol. I. MALONE.

⁸ — *But we are all men,*

In our own natures frail, incapable;—] The old copy reads—*and capable*. For the emendation now made, I am answerable. It is one of those concerning which, I conceive, there cannot be any difference of opinion. The word *capable* almost every where in Shakspeare means *intelligent*, of *capacity* to understand, or quick of apprehension. So, in *K. Richard III.*

— "O, 'tis a pious boy,

" Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, *capable*!

Again, in *Hamlet*:

" His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

" Would make them *capable*."

In the same play Shakspeare has used *incapable* nearly in the sense required here:

" As one *incapable* [*i. e.* unintelligent] of her own distress."

So,

Of our flesh, few are angels: out of which frailty,
 And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
 Have misdeem'd yourself, and not a little,
 Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
 The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains,
 (For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
 Divis, and dangerous; which are heresies,
 And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gale. Which reformation must be sudden too,
 My noble lords: for those, that tame wild horses,
 Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle;
 But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,
 Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
 (Out of our easiness, and childish pity
 To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
 Farewel all physick: And what follows then?
 Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
 Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
 The upper Germany^o, can dearly witness,

So, Marston, in his *Scourge of Villanie*, 1599:

"To be perus'd by all the dung-scum rabble

"Of thin-brain'd ideots, dull, *uncapable*."

Minshew in his *Dictionary*, 1617, renders the word by *indocilis*.

The transcriber's ear, I suppose, deceived him, in the passage before us, as in many others; and the chancellor, I conceive, means to say, the condition of humanity is such, that we are all born frail in disposition, and *weak in our understandings*. The subsequent words appear to me to add such support to this emendation, that I have ventured, contrary to my general rule, to give it a place in the text; which, however, I should not have done, had the original reading afforded a glimmering of sense:

—we are all men,

In our own natures *frail, incapable*;

Of our flesh, few are angels: out of which *frailty*,

And *want of wisdom*, you, &c.

Mr. Pope in his licentious method printed the passage thus, and the three subsequent editors adopted his supposed reformation:

—we are all men,

In our own natures frail, and capable

Of *frailty*, few are angels; *from* which frailty, &c. MALONE.

^o *The upper Germany*, &c.] Alluding to the heresy of Thomas Muntzer, which sprung up in Saxony in the years 1521 and 1522.

GREY.

Yet

Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart¹, my lords,)
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a publick peace, than I do.
'Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

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

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

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

¹ — a single heart—] A heart void of duplicity or guile. MALONE.
In

In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers²,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man³.

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

Crom. Why, my lord?

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

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

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

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

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

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord⁴,—It stands agreed,
I take

² — *your painted gloss discovers, &c.*] Those that understand you, under this painted gloss, this fair outside, discover your empty talk and your false reasoning. JOHNSON.

³ — *'tis a cruelty,*

To load a falling man.] This sentiment had occurred before. The lord chamberlain checking the earl of Surrey for his reproaches to Wolsey, says:

"— O my lord,

"*Press not a falling man too far.*" STREVS.

⁴ Chan. *Then thus for you, &c.*] This and the little speech above—
"This is too much," &c. are in the old copy given to the Lord Chamberlain. The difference between *Chan* and *Chan*, is so slight, that I have not hesitated to give them both to the Chancellor, who on Cranmer's entrance

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
 You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
 There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
 Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

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

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

Enter Guard.

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

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

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

Cham. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

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

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

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

Crom. My mind gave me,
 In seeking tales, and informations,
 Against this man, (whose honesty the devil

entrance first arraigns him, and therefore, (without any consideration of his high station in the council,) is the person to whom Shakespeare would naturally assign the order for his being committed to the Tower. The Chancellor's apologizing to the king for the committal in a subsequent passage, likewise supports the emendation now made, which was suggested by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

And

KING HENRY VIII.

427

And his disciples only envy at,)

Ye blew the fire that burns ye : Now have at ye.

Enter King, frowning on them ; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;

Not only good and wise, but most religious :

One that, in all obedience, makes the church

The chief aim of his honour ; and, to strengthen

That holy duty, out of dear respect

His royal self in judgment comes to hear

The cause betwixt her and this great Offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not

To hear such flattery now, and in my presence ;

They are too thin and base⁵ to hide offences.

To me you cannot reach : You play the spaniel⁶,

And think with wagging of your tongue to win me ;

But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,

Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—

Good man, [*to Cranmer*] sit down. Now let me see the
proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :

By, all that's holy, he had better starve,

Than but once think his place becomes thee not⁷.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

King. No, sir, it does not please me.

I had thought, I had men of some understanding.

⁵ *They are too thin, &c.] i. e. the commendations above mentioned.* Mr. Pope in the former line changed *flattery* to *flatteries*, and this unnecessary emendation has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. I believe our author wrote—*They are too thin and bare*; and that the editor of the first folio, not understanding the word, changed it to *base*, as he did in *K. Henry IV.* P. 1. See Vol. V. p. 136, n. 4. MALONE.

⁶ *To me you cannot reach : you play, &c.]* Mr. Whalley would read :
To one you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
“the relative *whom* being understood.” I think the old copy is right.
MALONE.

⁷ *Than but once think his place becomes thee not.]* Who dares to suppose that the place or situation in which he is, is not suitable to thee also: who supposes that thou art not as fit for the office of a privy counsellor as he is.

Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read—*this* place, MALONE.

And

And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
 Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
 This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
 This honest man, wait like a lowly foot-boy
 At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
 Why, what a shame was this? Did my commission
 Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
 Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
 Not as a groom: There's some of ye, I see,
 More out of malice than integrity,
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
 Which ye shall never have, while I live.

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

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
 Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
 I will say thus much for him, If a prince
 May be beholding to a subject, I
 Am, for his love and service, so to him.
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
 Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Canterbury,
 I have a suit which you must not deny me;
 That is*, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
 You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Gran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory

* That is, &c.] My suit is, that you would be godfather to a fair young maid, who is not yet christened. Mr. Rowe reads—*There is*, &c. and all the subsequent editors have adopted this unnecessary alteration. The final word *her*, we should now consider as superfluous; but we have many instances of a similar phraseology in these plays:—or, the construction may be—A fair young maid, &c. you must be godfather [to], and answer for her. So, before in this play:

“—whoever the king favours,

“The cardinal instantly will find employment [for],

“And far enough from court too.”

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

“How true a gentleman you send relief [to].”

See also Vol. IV. p. 505, n. 5, MALONE.

In such an honour; How may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, mylord, you'd spare your spoons⁹;
you shall have

Two

9 — you'd spare your spoons:] It appears by this and another passage in the next scene, that the gossips gave spoons. JOHNSON.

It was the custom, long before the time of Shakspeare, for the sponsors at christenings, to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called *apostle spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous, gave the whole twelve; those who were either more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expence of the four evangelists; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name.

Ben Jonson, in his *Bartholomew Fair*, mentions spoons of this kind: "—and all this for the hope of a couple of *apostle spoons*, and a cup to eat caudle in." So, in *Achaste Maid in Cheapside*, by Middleton, 1620: "2. Gos. What has he given her? what is it, gossip? 3. Gos. A faire high standing-cup, and two great *'apostle spoons*, one of them gilt. 1. Par. Sure that was Judas then with the red beard."

Mr. Pegge, in his preface to *A Ferme of Cury, a Roll of ancient English Cookery, compiled about A. D. 1390, &c.* observes that "the general mode of eating must either have been with the spoon or the fingers; and this, perhaps, may have been the reason that spoons became the usual present from gossips to their god-children, at christenings."

STEEVENS.

As the following story, which is found in a collection of anecdotes, entitled *Merry Passages and Jests*, Mss. Harl. 6395, contains an allusion to this custom, and has not, I believe, been published, it may not be an improper supplement to this account of *apostle spoons*. It shews that our author and Ben Jonson were once on terms of familiarity and friendship, however cold and jealous the latter might have been at a subsequent period:

"Shakspeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christening, being in deepe study, Jonson came to cheer him up, and ask'd him why he was so melancholy: No 'saith, Ben, says he, not I; but I have beene considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolv'd at last. I pr'ythee, what? says he.—I' saith, Ben, I'll give him a dozen good *latten* [Latin] *spoons*, and thou shalt translate them."

The collector of these anecdotes appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger L'Estrange. He names *Donne* as the relater of this story.

The practice of sponsors giving spoons at christenings continued to the latter end of the last century, as appears from a pamphlet written against Dryden, entitled *The Reasons of Mr. Bayes's Conversion*, &c. p. 14.

VOL. VII.

K

A

Two noble partners with you; the old dutcheffs of Norfolk,
And lady marquiss Dorset; Will these please you?
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

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

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

King. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true heart.
The common voice, I see, is verify'd

Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.*—

Come lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a christian.

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Palace Yard.

Noise and tumult within: Enter Porter, and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: Do

At one period it was the mode to present gifts of a different kind. "At this time," [the first year of Queen Elizabeth,] says the continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, "and for many yeeres before, it was not the use and custome, as now it is, [1631,] for godfathers and godmothers generally to give plate at the baptism of children, (as spoones, cups, and such like,) but only to give christening shirts, with little hands and cuffs wrought either with silke or blew thread; the best of them for chief persons weare edged with a small lace of black silke and golde; the highest price of which for great men's children were seldome above a noble, and the common sort, two, three, or four and five shillings a piece."

Whether our author, when he speaks of apostle-spoons, has, as usual, attributed the practice of his own time to the reign of Henry VIII. I have not been able to ascertain. Probably however he is here accurate; for we know that certain pieces of plate were on some occasions then bestowed; Hall, who has written a minute account of the christening of Elizabeth, informing us, that the gifts presented by her sponsors were a standing cup of gold, and six gilt bowls, with covers. *Chron.* Henry VIII. fol. 218. MALONE.

—thy true heart.] Old Copy—*hearts*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio MALONE.

you

you take the court for Paris-garden?² ye rude slaves leave your gaping.

Within. Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, you rogue, Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree ~~slaves~~, and strong ones; these are but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads: You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible (Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons,) To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep

On May-day morning⁴; which will never be: We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

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

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

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand⁵,
to

²—*Paris-garden?*] The bear-garden of that time. JOHNSON.

This celebrated bear-garden on the Bank-side was so called from Robert de *Paris*, who had a house and garden there in the time of King Richard II. *Rot. Claus.* 16. R. II. *dors.* ii. Blount's *Glossogra.*

MALONE.

The *Globe* theatre, in which Shakspeare was a performer, stood on the southern side of the river Thames, and was contiguous to this noted place of tumult and disorder. See a south view of London, (as it appeared in 1599) published by T. Wood, in Bishop's Court, in Chancery-Lane in 1771. STEEVENS.

⁴ *On May-day morning;*] It was anciently the custom for all ranks of people to go out a *maying* on the first of May. It is on record that king Henry VIII. and queen Katharine partook of this diversion. STEEV.

Stow says, that "in the month of May, namely on May-day in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and favour of sweet flowers, and with the noise [*i. e.* concert] of birds, praising God in their kind." See also Brand's *Observations on Popular Antiquities*, 8vo. 1777, p. 255. REED.

⁵ —*sir Guy, nor Colbrand,*] Of Guy of Warwick every one has heard. Colbrand was the Danish giant, whom Guy subdued at Winchester.

to mow them down before me: but, if I spar'd any, that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

Within. Do you hear, master Porter?

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

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down by the dozens? Is this Morefield⁶ muster⁷ in⁸ or have we some strange Indian⁹ with the great tool come to court, the women to besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face¹⁰, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake¹¹ did I hit three times on the head, and three times

was

chester. Their combat is very elaborately described by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *Morefields to muster in* —] The train-bands of the city were exercised in Morefields. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *some strange Indian* —] To what circumstance this refers, perhaps, cannot be exactly known. A similar one occurs in *Rum-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"You shall see the strange nature of an outlandish beast

"Lately brought from the land of *Catania*."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher, and Shakspeare, 1614:

"The Bavian with long tail and eke long TOOL." COLLINS.

Fig. 1. in the print of Morris-dancers, at the end of *King Henry IV.* has a bib which extends below the doublet; and its length might be calculated for the concealment of the phallic obscenity mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher, of which perhaps the *Bavian fool* exhibited an occasional view for the diversion of our indelicate ancestors. TOLLET.

¹⁰ — *he should be a brazier by his face*,] A *brazier* signifies a man that manufactures brass, and a reservoir for charcoal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are here understood. JOHNSON.

¹¹ — *That fire-drake* —] A *fire-drake* is thus described by Bullokar in his *Expositor*, 8vo. 1616: "*Firedraks.* A *fire* sometimes seen flying in the night, like a *dragon*. Common people think it a spirit that keepeth

some

was his nose discharg'd against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit⁹ near him, that rail'd upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head¹, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor² once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, *clubs*³! when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the strand⁴, where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place: at length they came to the broomstaff with me⁵, I defy'd them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot⁶, deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win the work: The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples⁶; that no audience, but

some treasure hid; but philosophers ascribe it to be a great unequal exhalation, inflamed betwene two clouds, the one hot, the other cold, which is the reason that it also smoketh; the middle part whereof, according to the proportion of the hot cloud, being greater than the rest, maketh it seeme like a bellie, and both ends like unto a head and taile."

MALONE.

⁹ *There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit*—] Ben Jonion, whose name Dr. Farmer thinks may be traced in different parts of this play, uses this expression in his induction to the *Magnetic Lady*: "—and all haberdashers of small wit, I presume." MALONE.

¹ — *till her pink'd porringer fell off her head*.] Her pink'd porringer is her pink'd cap, which looked as if it had been moulded on a porringer. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"*Hab.* Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

"*Pet.* Why this was moulded on a porringer." MALONE.

² — *the meteor*] The fire-drake, the braier. JOHNSON.

³ — *who cried out, clubs*.] This was the usual cry, when an affray happened in the street. By *clubs*, persons armed with clubs or staves were meant. See Vol. III. p. 219, n. 6, and Vol. VI. p. 22, n. 1. MALONE.

⁴ — *the hope of the strand*.] Hammer reads, *the forlorn hope*. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *to the broomstaff with me*.] The old copy has — *to me*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁶ — *loose shot* —] i. e. loose or random shooters. See Vol. V. p. 364, n. 7. MALONE.

⁶ — *that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples*] The prices of seats for the vulgar in our ancient theatres were so very low, that we cannot wonder if they were filled with the tumultuous com-

but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Lime-house⁷, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some

pany described by Shakspeare in this scene. So, in the *Gul's Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609: "Your groundling and gallery-commoner buys his sport by the penny."

In *It without Money*, by B. and Fletcher, is the following mention of them:—"break in at plays like prentices, for ~~there~~ a groat, and crack nuts with the scholars in penny rooms again."

Again, in the *Black Book*, 1604, ~~penny~~ rooms in playhouses are spoken of. Again, in the *Dollman's Night-Walks*, by Decker, 1616: "Pay thy twopenne to a player in this gallery, thou may'st fit by a harlot." STEEVENS.

See the *Account of our old Theatres*, Vol. I. MALONE.

7 — the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Lime-house,] I suspect the Tribulation to have been a puritanical meeting-house. The limbs of Limehouse, I do not understand. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture may be countenanced by the following passage in "*Magnificence*, a goodly interlude and merry, devised and made by mayster Skelton, poet-laureate, lately deceas'd." Printed by John Raffel, fol. no date:

"Some fall to soly them selfe for to spyll,

"And some fall prechynge on toure byll." STEEVENS.

Alliteration has given rise to many cant expressions, consisting of words paired together. Here we have cant names for the inhabitants of these places, who were notorious puritans, coined for the humour of the alliteration. In the mean time it must not be forgotten, that "precious limbs" was a common phrase of contempt for the puritans.

T. WARTON.

Limehouse was before the time of Shakspeare, and has continued to be ever since, the residence of those who furnish stores, sails, &c. for shipping. A great number of foreigners having been constantly employed in these manufactures (many of which were introduced from other countries) they assembled themselves under their several pastors, and a number of places of different worship were built in consequence of their respective associations. As they clashed in principles, they had frequent quarrels, and the place has ever since been famous for the variety of its sects, and the turbulence of its inhabitants. It is not improbable that Shakspeare wrote—the limbs of Limehouse.

A limb of the devil, is, however, a common vulgarism; and in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636, the same kind of expression occurs:

"I am a puritan; one that will eat no pork,

"Doth use to shut his shop on Saturdays,

"And open them on Sundays: a familist,

"And one of the arch limbs of Belzebub."

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"I cannot abide these limbs of fatten, or rather Satan, &c."

STEEVENS.

It

some of them in *Limbo Patrum*¹, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles², that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o'me, what a multitude are here! They grow ill too, from all parts they are coming. As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand-fellows. There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these

It appears from Stowe's *Survey* that the inhabitants of Tower-hill were remarkably turbulent.

It may however be doubted, whether this passage was levelled at the spectators assembled in any of the theatres in our author's time. It may have been pointed at some apprentices and inferior citizens, who used occasionally to appear on the stage, in his time, for their amusement. *The Palsgrave or Hector of Germany*, was acted in 1615, by a company of citizens at the Red Bull; and, *The Hog bath lost his Pearle*, a comedy, 1614, is said, in the title-page, to have been publicly acted by certain London prentices.

The fighting for bitten apples, which were then, as at present, thrown on the stage, [See the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*: "Your judgment, raical; for what?—Sweeping the stage? or gathering up the broken apples?—"] and the words—"which no audience can endure," might lead us to suppose that these thunderers at the play-house, were actors, and not spectators.

The limbs of *Limehouse*, their dear brothers, were, perhaps, young citizens, who went to see their friends wear the buskin. A passage in *The Staple of News*, by Ben Jonson, Act III. sc. last, may throw some light on that now before us: "Why, I had it from my maid *Jean Hearsay*, and she had it from a limb of the school, she says, a little limb of nine years old.—An there were no wiser than I, I would have ne'er a cunning school-master in England.—They make all their scholars play-boys. Is't not a fine sight, to see all our children made interluders? Do we pay our money for this? We send them to learn their grammar and their Terence, and they learn their play-books."—School-boys, apprentices, the students in the inns of court, and the members of the universities, all, at this time, wore occasionally the frock of the buskin.—However, I am by no means confident that this is the true interpretation of the passage before us. MALONE.

¹ — in *Limbo Patrum*,] He means, in confinement. In *Limbo* continues to be a cant phrase in the same sense, at this day. MALONE.

² — running banquet of two beadles,] A public whipping. JOHNS.

See p. 33, n. 4. MALONE.

Your faithful friends o'the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

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

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ve-¹¹
ry, the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round nues, for neglect: You are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards¹, when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets found;
They are come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princefs.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make
your head ake.

Port. You i'the camblet, get up o'the rail; I'll pick
you o'er the pales else². [Exeunt,

SCENE IV.

The same.

*Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor,
Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK, with his Mar-
shal's staff, Duke of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing
great standing bowls for the christening gifts; then four
Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Dutchess of*

¹ — here ye lie baiting of bumbards,] A bumbard is an ale-barrel; to
bait bumbards is to ripple, to lie at the spigot. JOHNSON.

It appears from a passage in Shirley's *Martyr'd Soldier*, 1638, A& II.
sc. ii. that bumbards were the large vessels in which the beer was car-
ried to soldiers upon duty. They resembled black jacks of leather. "O,
in Woman's a *Wentbercock*, 1612: "She looks like a black bumbard"
with a pint pot waiting upon it." STEVENS.

² I'll pick you o'er the pales else.] To pick is to pitch. "To pick a dart,
Cole renders, *jaculer*. DICT. 1679. See a note on *Coriolanus*, A& I.
sc. i. where the word is, as I conceive, rightly spelt.—Here the spelling
in the old copy is *peck*. MALONE.

NORFOLK, *godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c.* Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of DORSET, the other godmother, and ladies, The troop halts, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princes of England, Elizabeth³!

Flourish. Enter King, and Train.

Cran. [*kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen.

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

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

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.— [*The King kisses the child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

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

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,

³ *Heaven, from thy endless goodness, &c.*] These words are not the invention of the poet, having been pronounced at the christening of Elizabeth. See Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry VIII. fol. 218. MALONE.

Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
 With all the virtues that attend the good,
 Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her,
 Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :
 She shall be lov'd, and fear'd : Her own shall bless her ;
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow : Good grows with her ;
 In her days, every man shall eat in safety ⁴,
 Under his ~~own~~ vine, with the plants ; and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :
 God shall be truly known ; and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour ⁵,
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
 [Nor shall this peace sleep with her ⁶ : But as when

The

4 — *every man shall eat in safety,*] This part of the prophecy seems to have been burlesqued by B. and Fletcher in the *Beggar's Bush*, where orator Higgin is making his congratulatory speech to the new king of the beggars :

“ Each man shall eat his own stolen eggs, and butter,

“ In his own shade, or sunshine,” &c.

The original thought, however, is borrowed from the fourth chapter of the first book of *Kings* : “ Every man dwelt safely under his vine.”

STEEVENS.

5 — *the perfect ways of honour,*] The old copy reads *way*. The slight emendation now made is fully justified by the subsequent line, and by the scriptural expression which our author probably had in his thoughts. “ Her *ways* are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.” MALONE.

6 *Nor shall this peace sleep with her :*] These lines, to the interruption by the king, seem to have been inserted at some revival of the play, after the accession of king James. If the passage, included in crotchets, be left out, the speech of Cranmer proceeds in a regular tenour of prediction and continuity of sentiments ; but, by the interposition of the new lines, he first celebrates Elizabeth's successor, and then wishes he did not know that she was to die ; first rejoices at the consequence, and then laments the cause. Our authour was twice politick and idle ; he resolved to flatter James, but neglected to reduce the whole speech to propriety, or perhaps intended that the lines inserted should be spoken in the action, and omitted in the publication, if any publication ever was in his thoughts. Mr. Theobald has made the same observation. JOHNSON.

I agree entirely with Dr. Johnson with respect to the time when these

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 Her ashes new create another heir,
 As great in admiration as herself;
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
 (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
 Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fixed: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
 That were the servants to his chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him,
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
 To all the plains about him:—Our children's children
 Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
 An aged princel^s; many days shall see her,

And

these additional lines were inserted. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. I suspect they were added in 1613, after Shakspeare had quitted the stage, by that hand which tampered with the other parts of the play so much, as to have rendered the versification of it of a different colour from all the other plays of Shakspeare.

MALONE.

⁷ *His honour and the greatness of his name*

Shall be, and make new nations:] On a picture of this contemptible king, which formerly belonged to the great Bacon, and is now in the possession of Lord Grimston, he is styled *imperii Atlantici conditor*. The year before the revival of this play (1612,) there was a lottery for the plantation of Virginia. These lines probably allude to the settlement of that colony. MALONE.

⁸ *She shall be, to the happiness of England,*

An aged princel^s,] The transition here from the complimentary address to king James the first is so abrupt, that it seems obvious to me, that compliment was inserted after the accession of that prince. If this play was wrote, as in my opinion it was, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, we may easily determine where Cranmer's eulogium of that princel^s concluded. I make no question but the poet rested here:

And claim by those their greatness, not by blood.

All that the bishop says after this, was an occasional homage paid to her successor, and evidently inserted after her demise. How naturally, without this insertion, does the king's joy and satisfactory reflection upon the bishop's prophecy, come in!

King.

And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
 'Would I had known no more! but she must die,
 She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
 A most unspotted lily shall she pass
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop,
 Thou hast made me now a man; never, before
 This happy child, did I get any thing:
 This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
 That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
 To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
 I thank ye all,—To you, my good lord mayor,
 And your good breth'ren⁹, I am much beholding;
 I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
 And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;—
 Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
 She will be sick else. This day, no man think
 He has business at his house; for all shall stay,
 This little one shall make it holiday¹. [Exeunt,

King. Thou speakest wonders. O lord archbishop,
 Thou'st made me now a man. Never, before
 This happy child, did I get any thing, &c.

Whether the king would so properly have made this inference, upon
 hearing that a child of so great hopes should die without issue, is sub-
 mitted to judgment. THEOBALD.

⁹ And your good breth'ren,] The old copy has—And you, &c. The
 correction was made by Dr. Thirlby. So, in *K. Henry V.*

“The mayor and all his breth'ren in best sort.” MALONE.

¹ The play of *Henry the Eighth* is one of those, which still keeps pos-
 session of the stage, by the splendour of its pageantry. The corona-
 tion, about forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes for
 a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this
 play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distresses of Katharine have fur-
 nished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest
 efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes
 out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and
 easily written. JOHNSON.

E P I L O G U E.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
 All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
 And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
 We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
 They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
 Abus'd ~~excessively~~, and to cry, — *that's witty!*
 Which we have not done neither: ~~that~~, I fear,
 All the expected good we are like to hear
 For this play at this time, is only in
 The merciful construction of good women;
 For such a one we shew'd them²: If they smile³,
 And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
 All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
 If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

² *such a one we shew'd them:*] In the character of Katharine. JOHNS.

³ *If they smile, &c.*] This thought is too much hackney'd. It had been used already in the Epilogues to *As You Like It*, and the second part of *King Henry IV.* STEEVENS.

Though it is very difficult to decide whether short pieces be genuine or spurious, yet I cannot restrain myself from expressing my suspicion that neither the prologue nor epilogue to this play is the work of Shakspeare; *non vultus, non color.* It appears to me very likely that they were supplied by the friendship or officiousness of Jonson, whose manner they will be perhaps found exactly to resemble. There is yet another supposition possible: the prologue and epilogue may have been written after Shakspeare's departure from the stage, upon some accidental revival of the play, and there will then be reason for imagining that the writer, whoever he was, intended no great kindness to him, this play being recommended by a subtle and covert censure of his other works. There is in Shakspeare so much of *fool and fight*;

—the fellow

In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
 appears so often in his drama, that I think it not very likely that he would have animadverted so severely on himself. All this, however, must be received as very dubious, since we know not the exact date of ~~this~~ or the other plays, and cannot tell how our authour might have changed his practice or opinions. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture, thus cautiously stated, has been since strongly confirmed by Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, p. 4, by which it appears that this play was revived in 1613, at which time without doubt the prologue

logue and epilogue were added by Ben Jonson, or some other person.

MALONE.

I entirely agree in opinion with Dr. Johnson, that Ben Jonson wrote the *prologue and epilogue* to this play. Shakspeare had a little before assisted him in his *Sejanus*; and Ben was too proud to receive assistance without returning it. It is probable, that he drew up the directions for the parade at the *christening*, &c. which his employment at court would teach him, and Shakspeare must be ignorant of it. I think, I now and then perceive his hand in the dialogue.

It appears from *Stowe*, that Robert Green wrote somewhat on this subject. FARMER.

See the first scene of this play, p. 7, n. 1. MALONE.

In support of Dr. Johnson's opinion, it may not be amiss to quote the following lines from old Ben's prologue to his *Every Man in his Humour*:

"To make a child new swaddled, to proceed
 "Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed
 "Past threescore years: or with three rusty swords,
 "And help of some few foot-and-half-foot words,
 "Fight over York and Lancaster's long wars,
 "And in the tiring-house," &c. STEEVENS.

The historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, and *Henry the Fifth*, are among the happiest of our author's compositions; and *King John*, *Richard the Third*, and *Henry the Eighth*, deservedly stand in the second class. Those whose curiosity would refer the historical scenes to their original, may consult Holinshed, and sometimes Hall: from Holinshed Shakspeare has often inserted whole speeches with no more alteration than was necessary to the numbers of his verse. To transcribe them into the margin was unnecessary, because the original is easily examined, and they are seldom less perspicuous in the poet than in the historian.

To play histories, or to exhibit a succession of events by action and dialogue, was a common entertainment among our rude ancestors upon great festivities. The parish clerks once performed at Clerkenwell a play which lasted three days, containing *The History of the World*.

JOHNSON.

On the subject of every one of our author's historical pieces, except this, I believe a play had been written, before he commenced a dramatick poet. See the *Essay* at the end of the third part of *King Henry VI*.

MALONE.

It appears from more than one MS. in the British Museum, that the tradesmen of Chester were *three days* employed in the representation of their twenty-four Whitsun plays or mysteries. The like performances at Coventry must have taken up a longer time, as they are no less than forty in number. The exhibition of them began on *Corpus Christi* day, which was (according to Dugdale) one of their ancient fairs. See the *Harleian MSS.* No. 2013, 2124, 2125, and MS. *Cott. Mesp. D. VIII.* and *Dugdale's Warwickshire*, p. 116. STEEVENS.

C O R I O L A N U S.

Persons Represented.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, *a noble Roman.*

Titus Lartius, } *Generals against the Volscians.*
Cominius, }

Menenius Agrippa, *friend to Coriolanus.*

Sicinius Velutus, } *Tribunes of the People.*
Junius Brutus, }

Young Marcius, *Son to Coriolanus.*

A Roman Herald.

Tullus Aufidius, *General of the Volscians.*

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

Volumnia, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

Virgilia, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

Valeria, *Friend to Virgilia.*

Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Liſtors,
Soldiers, Citizens, Meſſengers, Servants to Aufidius,
and other Attendants.*

*SCENE, partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of
the Volſcians and Antiates.*

C O R I O L A N U S.¹

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1. *Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [*several speaking at once.*]

1. *Cit.* You are all resolv'd rather to die, than to famish?

Cit. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1. *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1. *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2. *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1. *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good²: What authority surfeits on, would relieve us: If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear³; the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularise their abundance; our sufferance is a

¹ This play I conjecture to have been written in the year 1609. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I.

It comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the secession to the *Mons Sacer* in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 265. MALONE.

The whole history is exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches exactly copied from the life of Coriolanus in Plutarch. FORT.

² *We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good.* Good is here used in the mercantile sense. So, *Touchstone* in *Eastward Ho*:

"— known good men, well monied." FARMER.

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"Antonio's a good man." MALONE.

³ — but they think, we are too dear:] They think that the charge of maintaining us is more than we are worth. JOHNSON.