

**УИЛЬЯМ
ШЕКСПИР**

KING HENRY
THE EIGHTH

Уильям Шекспир
King Henry the Eighth

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King Henry the Eighth:*

Содержание

SCENE:	6
THE PROLOGUE	6
ACT I. SCENE 1	8
ACT I. SCENE 2	19
ACT I. SCENE 3	29
ACT I. SCENE 4	33
ACT II. SCENE 1	40
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	43

William Shakespeare

King Henry the Eighth

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

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 SANDYS SIR HENRY GUILDFORD

SIR THOMAS LOVELL SIR ANTHONY DENNY

SIR NICHOLAS VAUX SECRETARIES to Wolsey

CROMWELL, servant to Wolsey

GRIFFITH, gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine

THREE GENTLEMEN

DOCTOR BUTTS, physician to the King

GARTER KING-AT-ARMS

SURVEYOR to the Duke of Buckingham

BRANDON, and a SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

DOORKEEPER Of the Council chamber
PORTER, and his MAN PAGE to Gardiner
A CRIER

QUEEN KATHARINE, 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 Katharine

Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Lords and Ladies in the Dumb
Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers,
Guards, and other Attendants; Spirits

SCENE:

London; Westminster; Kimbolton

THE PROLOGUE

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

Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would 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.

ACT I. SCENE 1

London. The palace

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK at one door; at the other, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD ABERGAVENNY

BUCKINGHAM. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done

Since last we saw in France?

NORFOLK. I thank your Grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

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

NORFOLK. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde-
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

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

NORFOLK. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory; men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married

To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its. To-day the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain India: every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, an 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 masque
Was cried incomparable; and th' ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them: him in eye
still him in praise; and being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one, and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns-
For so they phrase 'em-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'd.

BUCKINGHAM. O, you go far!

NORFOLK. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of ev'rything
Would by a good discourser lose some life
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal:
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;

Order gave each thing view. The office did
Distinctly his full function.

BUCKINGHAM. Who did guide-

I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

NORFOLK. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

BUCKINGHAM. I pray you, who, my lord?

NORFOLK. All this was ord'rd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

BUCKINGHAM. The devil speed him! No man's pie is
freed

From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' th' beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

NORFOLK. Surely, sir,

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

ABERGAVENNY. 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.

BUCKINGHAM. Why the devil,
Upon this French going out, took he upon him-
Without the privity o' th' King-t' appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon; and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in he papers.

ABERGAVENNY. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates that never
They shall abound as formerly.

BUCKINGHAM. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

NORFOLK. Grievingly I think
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

BUCKINGHAM. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd, and, not consulting, broke

Into a general prophecy-that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

NORFOLK. Which is budded out;

For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bordeaux.

ABERGAVENNY. Is it therefore

Th' ambassador is silenc'd?

NORFOLK. Marry, is't.

ABERGAVENNY. A proper tide of a peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

BUCKINGHAM. Why, all this business

Our reverend Cardinal carried.

NORFOLK. 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't 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 rock
That I advise your shunning.

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

WOLSEY. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? Ha!

Where's his examination?

SECRETARY. Here, so please you.

WOLSEY. Is he in person ready?

SECRETARY. Ay, please your Grace.

WOLSEY. Well, we shall then know more, and Buckingham shall lessen this big look.

Exeunt WOLSEY and his

train

BUCKINGHAM. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and
I

Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood.

NORFOLK. What, are you chaf'd?

Ask God for temp'rance; that's th' appliance only
Which your disease requires.

BUCKINGHAM. I read in's looks

Matter against me, and his eye revil'd

Me as his abject object. At this instant

He bores me with some trick. He's gone to th' King;

I'll follow, and outstare him.

NORFOLK. Stay, my lord,

And let your reason with your choleric question

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

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

NORFOLK. Be advis'd:
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not
The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be 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.

BUCKINGHAM. Sir,
I am thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow-
Whom from the flow of gan I name not, but
From sincere motions, by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July when
We see each grain of gravel-I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

NORFOLK. Say not treasonous.

BUCKINGHAM. To th' King I'll say't, and make my vouch
as strong

As shore of rock. Attend: this holy fox,
Or wolf, or both-for he is equal rav'nous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform't, his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally-
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the King our master
To this last costly treaty, th' interview
That swallowed so much treasure and like a glass
Did break i' th' wrenching.

NORFOLK. Faith, and so it did.

BUCKINGHAM. Pray, give me favour, sir; this cunning
cardinal

The articles o' th' combination drew
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified
As he cried 'Thus let be' to as much end
As give a crutch to th' dead. But our Count-Cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To th' old dam treason: Charles the Emperor,
Under pretence to see the Queen his aunt-
For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey-here makes visitation-
His fears were that the interview betwixt

England and France might through their amity
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him-privily
Deals with our Cardinal; and, as I trow-
Which I do well, for I am sure the Emperor
Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd-but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the Emperor thus desir'd,
That he would please to alter the 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.

NORFOLK. I am sorry

To hear this of him, and could wish he were
Something mistaken in't.

BUCKINGHAM. No, not a syllable:

I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

**Enter BRANDON, a SERGEANT-AT-ARMS
before him, and two or three of the guard**

BRANDON. Your office, sergeant: execute it.

SERGEANT. 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.

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

BRANDON. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present; 'tis his Highness' pleasure
You shall to th' Tower.

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

BRANDON. Nay, he must bear you company.
[To ABERGAVENNY] The King
Is pleas'd you shall to th' Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

ABERGAVENNY. As the Duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the King's pleasure
By me obey'd.

BRANDON. Here is warrant from
The King t' attach Lord Montacute and the bodies
Of the Duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor-

BUCKINGHAM. So, so!
These are the limbs o' th' plot; no more, I hope.

BRANDON. A monk o' th' Chartreux.

BUCKINGHAM. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

BRANDON. He.

BUCKINGHAM. My surveyor is false. The o'er-great
Cardinal

Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd already.

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on

By dark'ning my clear sun. My lord, farewell.

Exeunt

ACT I. SCENE 2

London. The Council Chamber

Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, leaning on the CARDINAL'S shoulder, the NOBLES, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL, with others. The CARDINAL places himself under the KING'S feet on his right side

KING. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care; I stood i' th' level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, 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 his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying 'Room for the Queen!' Enter the QUEEN, usher'd by the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK; she kneels. The KING riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him

QUEEN KATHARINE. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am suitor.

KING. Arise, and take place by us. Half your suit
Never name to us: you have half our power.
The other moiety ere you ask is given;

Repeat your will, and take it.

QUEEN KATHARINE. Thank your Majesty.

That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsidered leave your honour nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

KING. Lady mine, proceed.

QUEEN KATHARINE. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among 'em which 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 exactions, yet the King our master-
Whose honour Heaven shield from soil! – even he escapes

not

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

NORFOLK. Not almost appears-

It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put of
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

KING. Taxation!

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

WOLSEY. Please you, sir,

I know but of a single part in aught
Pertains to th' state, and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

QUEEN KATHARINE. No, my lord!

You know no more than others! But 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. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing; and to bear 'em
The back is sacrifice to th' load. They say
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

KING. Still exaction!

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

QUEEN KATHARINE. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am bold'ned
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compels from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
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
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your Highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

KING. By my life,

This is against our pleasure.

WOLSEY. And for me,

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 stint
Our necessary actions in the fear
To cope malicious censurers, which ever
As rav'nous 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 weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

KING. Things done well

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

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

SECRETARY

Enter SURVEYOR

QUEEN KATHARINE. I am sorry that the Duke of
Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

KING. It grieves many.

The gentleman is learn'd and a most rare speaker;
To nature none more bound; his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, 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 hell. Sit by us; you shall hear-
This was his gentleman in trust-of him
Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

WOLSEY. 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.

SURVEYOR. First, it was usual with him-every day
It would infect his speech-that if the King
Should without issue die, he'll carry it so
To make the sceptre his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny, to whom by oath he menac'd

Revenge upon the Cardinal.

WOLSEY. Please your Highness, note

This dangerous conception in this point:

Not friended by his wish, to your high person

His will is most malignant, and it stretches

Beyond you to your friends.

QUEEN KATHARINE. My learn'd Lord Cardinal,

Deliver all with charity.

KING. Speak on.

How grounded he his title to the crown

Upon our fail? To this point hast thou heard him

At any time speak aught?

SURVEYOR. He was brought to this

By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.

KING. What was that Henton?

SURVEYOR. Sir, a Chartreux friar,

His confessor, who fed him every minute

With words of sovereignty.

KING. How know'st thou this?

SURVEYOR. Not long before your Highness sped to
France,

The Duke being at the Rose, within the parish

Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand

What was the speech among the Londoners

Concerning the French journey. I replied

Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,

To the King's danger. Presently the Duke

Said 'twas the fear indeed and that he doubted

'Twould prove the verity of certain words

Spoke by a holy monk 'that oft' says he
'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment;
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd: "Neither the King nor's heirs,
Tell you the Duke, shall prosper; bid him strive
To gain the love o' th' commonalty; the Duke
Shall govern England."

QUEEN KATHARINE. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' th' 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.

SURVEYOR. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the Duke, by th' devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dangerous
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 Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

KING. Ha! what, so rank? Ah ha!

There's mischief in this man. Canst thou say further?

SURVEYOR. I can, my liege.

KING. Proceed.

SURVEYOR. Being at Greenwich,

After your Highness had reprov'd the Duke

About Sir William Bulmer-

KING. I remember

Of such a time: being my sworn servant,

The Duke retain'd him his. But on: what hence?

SURVEYOR. '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

Th' usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,

Made suit to come in's presence, which if granted,

As he made semblance of his duty, would

Have put his knife into him.'

KING. A giant traitor!

WOLSEY. Now, madam, may his Highness live in freedom,

And this man out of prison?

QUEEN KATHARINE. God mend all!

KING. There's something more would out of thee: what say'st?

SURVEYOR. After 'the Duke his father' with the 'knife,'

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,

Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,

He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour

Was, were he evil us'd, he would outgo
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 th' height.

Exeunt

ACT I. SCENE 3

London. The palace

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and LORD SANDYS

CHAMBERLAIN. Is't possible the spells of France should juggle

Men into such strange mysteries?

SANDYS. New customs,

Though they be never so ridiculous,

Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

CHAMBERLAIN. As far as I see, all the good our English

Have got by the late voyage is but merely

A fit or two o' th' face; but they are shrewd ones;

For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly

Their very noses had been counsellors

To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

SANDYS. They have all new legs, and lame ones. One would take

it,

That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin

Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

CHAMBERLAIN. Death! my lord,

Their clothes are after such a pagan cut to't,

That sure th' have worn out Christendom.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL

How now?

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

LOVELL. Faith, my lord,

I hear of none but the new proclamation

That's clapp'd upon the court gate.

CHAMBERLAIN. What is't for?

LOVELL. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,

That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

CHAMBERLAIN. I am glad 'tis there. Now I would pray
our
monsieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,

And never see the Louvre.

LOVELL. They must either,

For so run the conditions, leave those remnants

Of fool and feather that they got in France,

With all their honourable points of ignorance

Pertaining thereunto-as fights and fireworks;

Abusing better men than they can be,

Out of a foreign wisdom-renouncing clean

The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,

Short blist'ed breeches, and those types of travel

And understand again like honest men,

Or pack to their old playfellows. There, I take it,

They may, cum privilegio, wear away

The lag end of their lewdness and be laugh'd at.

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

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

LOVELL. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies.
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

SANDYS. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are going,
For sure there's no converting 'em. Now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plainsong
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r Lady,
Held current music too.

CHAMBERLAIN. Well said, Lord Sandys;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

SANDYS. No, my lord,
Nor shall not while I have a stamp.

CHAMBERLAIN. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?

LOVELL. To the Cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.

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

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

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

SANDYS. He may, my lord; has wherewithal. In him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

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

SANDYS. I am your lordship's.

Exeunt

ACT I. SCENE 4

London. The Presence Chamber in York Place

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter ANNE BULLEN, and divers other LADIES and GENTLEMEN, as guests, at one door; at another door enter SIR HENRY GUILDFORD

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

Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN, LORD SANDYS, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL

O, my lord, y'are tardy,
The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

CHAMBERLAIN. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.
SANDYS. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal

But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested
I think would better please 'em. By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

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

SANDYS. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.

LOVELL. Faith, how easy?

SANDYS. As easy as a down bed would afford it.

CHAMBERLAIN. 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 Sandys, you are one will keep 'em waking:
Pray sit between these ladies.

SANDYS. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies.

[Seats himself between ANNE BULLEN and

another
lady]

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

ANNE. Was he mad, sir?

SANDYS. 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]

CHAMBERLAIN. Well said, my lord.

So, now y'are fairly seated. Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

SANDYS. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

**Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL
WOLSEY, attended; and takes his state**

WOLSEY. Y'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]

SANDYS. Your Grace is noble.
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks
And save me so much talking.

WOLSEY. My Lord Sandys,
I am beholding to you. Cheer your neighbours.
Ladies, you are not merry. Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

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

ANNE. You are a merry gamester,

My Lord Sandys.

SANDYS. Yes, if I make my play.

Here's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing-

ANNE. You cannot show me.

SANDYS. I told your Grace they would talk anon.

[Drum and trumpet. Chambers
discharg'd]

WOLSEY. What's that?

CHAMBERLAIN. Look out there, some of ye. Exit a
SERVANT

WOLSEY. What warlike voice,

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

Re-enter SERVANT

CHAMBERLAIN. How now! what is't?

SERVANT. A noble troop of strangers-

For so they seem. Th' have left their barge and landed,
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

WOLSEY. Good Lord Chamberlain,

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

Exit CHAMBERLAIN attended. All rise, and tables
remov'd

You have now a broken banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and once more
I show'r a welcome on ye; welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the KING, and others, as maskers, habited like shepherds, usher'd by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

They pass directly before the CARDINAL, and gracefully salute him

A noble company! What are their pleasures?

CHAMBERLAIN. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd

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

WOLSEY. Say, Lord Chamberlain,

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

[They choose ladies. The KING chooses ANNE
BULLEN]

KING. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee! [Music.

Dance]

WOLSEY. My lord!

CHAMBERLAIN. Your Grace?

WOLSEY. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:

There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

CHAMBERLAIN. I will, my lord.

[He whispers to the

maskers]

WOLSEY. What say they?

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

WOLSEY. Let me see, then. [Comes from his
state]

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

KING. [Unmasking] Ye have found him, Cardinal.
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord.
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

WOLSEY. I am glad

Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

KING. My Lord Chamberlain,

Prithee come hither: what fair lady's that?

CHAMBERLAIN. 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,

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

WOLSEY. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' th' privy chamber?

LOVELL. Yes, my lord.

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

KING. I fear, too much.

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

KING. Lead in your ladies, ev'ry one. Sweet partner,
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 'em once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. Let the music knock it.

Exeunt, with trumpets

ACT II. SCENE 1

Westminster. A street

Enter two GENTLEMEN, at several doors

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Whither away so fast?

SECOND GENTLEMAN. O, God save ye!

Ev'n to the Hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. I'll save you

That labour, sir. All's now done but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Were you there?

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Yes, indeed, was I.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Pray, speak what has happen'd.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. You may guess quickly what.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Is he found guilty?

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd
upon't.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. I am sorry for't.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. So are a number more.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. But, pray, how pass'd it?

FIRST GENTLEMAN. I'll tell you in a little. The great
Duke.

Came to the bar; where to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The King's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions,
Of divers witnesses; which the Duke desir'd
To have brought, viva voce, to his face;
At which appear'd against him his surveyor,
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor, and John Car,
Confessor to him, with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?

FIRST GENTLEMAN. The same.

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

SECOND GENTLEMAN. After all this, how did he bear
him-self

FIRST GENTLEMAN. When he was brought again to th'
bar to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty;
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. I do not think he fears death.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Sure, he does not;
He never was so womanish; the cause

He may a little grieve at.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Certainly

The Cardinal is the end of this.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. '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.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. That trick of state

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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