

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott  
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel  
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen  
Weber Freiligrath Frey  
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel  
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas  
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach  
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil  
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London  
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer  
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup  
Mommsen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff  
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt  
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier  
Garschin Defoe Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder  
Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer Bebel Proust  
Wolfram von Eschenbach Darwin Dickens Grimm Jerome Rilke George  
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot  
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy  
Storm Casanova Lessing Langbein Gilm Gryphius  
Chamberlain Schiller Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates  
Brentano Strachwitz Claudius Schilling Kralik Schlegel  
Katharina II. von Rußland Bellamy Gerstäcker Raabe Gibbon Tschchow  
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Wilde Gleim Vulpius  
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Morgenstern Goedicke  
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Kleist Mörike Musil  
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus  
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus  
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo Moltke  
Nestroy Marie de France  
Nietzsche Nansen Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht Ringelnatz  
Marx Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz  
von Ossietzky May vom Stein Lawrence Irving  
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# Henry VIII

William Shakespeare

# Imprint

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## THE PROLOGVE.

I Come no more to make you laugh, Things now,  
That beare a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,  
Sad, high, and working, full of State and Woe:  
Such Noble Scoenes, as draw the Eye to flow  
We now present. Those that can Pitty, heere  
May (if they thinke it well) let fall a Teare,  
The Subiect will deserue it. Such as giue  
Their Money out of hope they may beleeeue,  
May heere finde Truth too. Those that come to see  
Onely a show or two, and so agree,  
The Play may passe: If they be still, and willing,  
Ile vndertake may see away their shilling  
Richly in two short houres. Onely they  
That come to heare a Merry, Bawdy Play,  
A noyse of Targets: Or to see a Fellow  
In a long Motley Coate, garded with Yellow,  
Will be deceyu'd. For gentle Hearers, know  
To ranke our chosen Truth with such a show  
As Foole, and Fight is, beside forfeyting  
Our owne Braines, and the Opinion that we bring  
To make that onely true, we now intend,  
Will leaue vs neuer an vnderstanding Friend.  
Therefore, for Goodnesse sake, and as you are knowne  
The First and Happiest Hearers of the Towne,  
Be sad, as we would make ye. Thinke ye see  
The very Persons of our Noble Story,  
As they were Liuing: Thinke you see them Great,  
And follow'd with the generall throng, and sweat  
Of thousand Friends: Then, in a moment, see  
How soone this Mightinesse, meets Misery:  
And if you can be merry then, Ile say,  
A Man may weepe vpon his Wedding day.

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter the Duke of Norfolke at one doore. At the other, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Aburgauenny.

Buckingham. Good morrow, and well met. How haue ye done Since last we saw in France?

Norf. I thanke your Grace:  
Healthfull, and euer since a fresh Admirer  
Of what I saw there

Buck. An vntimely Ague  
Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when  
Those Sunnes of Glory, those two Lights of Men  
Met in the vale of Andren

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde,  
I was then present, saw them salute on Horsebacke,  
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung  
In their Embracement, as they grew together,  
Which had they,  
What foure Thron'd ones could haue weigh'd  
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time  
I was my Chambers Prisoner

Nor. Then you lost  
The view of earthly glory: Men might say  
Till this time Pompe was single, but now married  
To one about it selfe. Each following day  
Became the next dayes master, till the last  
Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,  
All Clinquant all in Gold, like Heathen Gods  
Shone downe the English; and to morrow, they  
Made Britaine, India: Euery man that stood,  
Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were  
As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too,  
Not vs'd to toyle, did almost sweat to beare  
The Pride vpon them, that their very labour

Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske  
Was cry'de incompareable; and th' ensuing night  
Made it a Foole, and Begger. The two Kings  
Equall 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 wagge his Tongue in censure, when these Sunnes  
(For so they phrase 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd  
The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did performe  
Beyond thoughts Compasse, that former fabulous Storie  
Being now seene, possible enough, got credit  
That Beuis was beleeu'd

Buc. Oh you go farre

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect  
In Honor, Honesty, the tract of eu'ry thing,  
Would by a good Discourser loose some life,  
Which Actions selfe, was tongue too

Buc. All was Royall,  
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,  
Order gaue each thing view. The Office did  
Distinctly his full Function: who did guide,  
I meane who set the Body, and the Limbes  
Of this great Sport together?

Nor. As you guesse:  
One certes, that promises no Element  
In such a businesse

Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was ordred by the good Discretion  
Of the right Reuerend Cardinall of Yorke

Buc. The diuell speed him: No mans Pye 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 bulke

Take vp the Rayes o'th' beneficiall Sun,  
And keepe it from the Earth

Nor. Surely Sir,  
There's in him stuffe, that put's him to these ends:  
For being not propt by Auncestry, whose grace  
Chalkes Successors their way; nor call'd vpon  
For high feats done to'th' Crowne; neither Allied  
To eminent Assistants; but Spider-like  
Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O giues vs note,  
The force of his owne merit makes his way  
A guift that heauen giues for him, which buyes  
A place next to the King

Abur. I cannot tell  
What Heauen hath giuen him: let some Grauer eye  
Pierce into that, but I can see his Pride  
Peepe through each part of him: whence ha's he that,  
If not from Hell? The Diuell is a Niggard,  
Or ha's giuen all before, and he begins  
A new Hell in himselfe

Buc. Why the Diuell,  
Vpon this French going out, tooke he vpon him  
(Without the priuity o'th' King) t' appoint  
Who should attend on him? He makes vp the File  
Of all the Gentry; for the most part such  
To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor  
He meant to lay vpon: and his owne Letter  
The Honourable Boord of Councill, out  
Must fetch him in, he Papers

Abur. I do know  
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that haue  
By this, so sicken'd their Estates, that neuer  
They shall abound as formerly

Buc. O many  
Haue broke their backes with laying Mannors on 'em

For this great Iourney. What did this vanity  
But minister communication of  
A most poore issue

Nor. Greeuingly I thinke,  
The Peace betweene the French and vs, not valewes  
The Cost that did conclude it

Buc. Euery man,  
After the hideous storme that follow'd, was  
A thing Inspir'd, and not consulting, broke  
Into a generall Prophesie; That this Tempest  
Dashing the Garment of this Peace, aboaded  
The sodaine breach on't

Nor. Which is budded out,  
For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd  
Our Merchants goods at Burdeux

Abur. Is it therefore  
Th' Ambassador is silenc'd?  
Nor. Marry is't

Abur. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd  
At a superfluous rate

Buc. Why all this Businesse  
Our Reuerend Cardinall carried

Nor. Like it your Grace,  
The State takes notice of the priuate difference  
Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I aduise you  
(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you  
Honor, and plenteous safety) that you reade  
The Cardinals 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 Reuengefull; and I know, his Sword

Hath a sharpe edge: It's long, and't may be saide  
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,  
Thither he darts it. Bosome vp my counsell,  
You'l finde it wholesome. Loe, where comes that Rock  
That I aduice your shunning.  
Enter Cardinall Wolsey, the Purse borne before him, certaine of  
the Guard,  
and two Secretaries with Papers: The Cardinall in his passage,  
fixeth his  
eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of  
disdaine.

Car. The Duke of Buckingham's Surueyor? Ha?  
Where's his Examination?

Secr. Heere so please you

Car. Is he in person, ready?

Secr. I, please your Grace

Car. Well, we shall then know more, & Buckingham  
Shall lessen this bigge looke.

Exeunt. Cardinall, and his Traine.

Buc. This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and I  
Hau'e not the power to muzzle him, therefore best  
Not wake him in his slumber. A Beggers booke,  
Out-worths a Nobles blood

Nor. What are you chaff'd?  
Aske God for Temp'rance, that's th' appliance onely  
Which your disease requires

Buc. I read in's looks  
Matter against me, and his eye reuil'd  
Me as his abiect obiect, at this instant  
He bores me with some tricke; He's gone to'th' King:  
Ile follow, and out-stare him

Nor. Stay my Lord,  
And let your Reason with your Choller question  
What 'tis you go about: to climbe steepe hilles  
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like  
A full hot Horse, who being allow'd his way  
Selfe-mettle tyres him: Not a man in England  
Can advise me like you: Be to your selfe,  
As you would to your Friend

Buc. Ile to the King,  
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe  
This Ipswich fellowes insolence; or proclaime,  
There's difference in no persons

Norf. Be advis'd;  
Heat not a Furnace for your foe so hot  
That it do sindge your selfe. We may out-runne  
By violent swiftnesse that which we run at;  
And lose by ouer-running: know you not,  
The fire that mounts the liquor til't run ore,  
In seeming to augment it, wasts it: be advis'd;  
I say againe there is no English Soule  
More stronger to direct you then your selfe;  
If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
Or but allay the fire of passion

Buck. Sir,  
I am thankfull to you, and Ile goe along  
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,  
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but  
From sincere motions, by Intelligence,  
And proofes as cleere as Founts in Iuly, when  
Wee see each graine of grauell; I doe know  
To be corrupt and treasonous

Norf. Say not treasonous

Buck. To th' King Ile say't, & make my vouch as strong  
As shore of Rocke: attend. This holy Foxe,

Or Wolfe, or both (for he is equall rau'nous  
As he is subtile, and as prone to mischiefe,  
As able to perform't) his minde, and place  
Infecting one another, yea reciprocally,  
Only to shew his pompe, as well in France,  
As here at home, suggests the King our Master  
To this last costly Treaty: Th' enteruiew,  
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glasse  
Did breake ith' wrenching

Norf. Faith, and so it did

Buck. Pray giue me fauour Sir: This cunning Cardinall  
The Articles o'th' Combination drew  
As himselfe pleas'd; and they were ratified  
As he cride thus let be, to as much end,  
As giue a Crutch to th' dead. But our Count-Cardinall  
Has done this, and tis well: for worthy Wolsey  
(Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this followes,  
(Which as I take it, is a kinde of Puppie  
To th' old dam Treason) Charles the Emperour,  
Vnder pretence to see the Queene his Aunt,  
(For twas indeed his colour, but he came  
To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation,  
His feares were that the Interview betwixt  
England and France, might through their amity  
Breed him some preiudice; for from this League,  
Peep'd harmes that menac'd him. Priuily  
Deales with our Cardinal, and as I troa  
Which I doe well; for I am sure the Emperour  
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his Suit was granted  
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made  
And pau'd with gold: the Emperour thus desir'd,  
That he would please to alter the Kings course,  
And breake the foresaid peace. Let the King know  
(As soone he shall by me) that thus the Cardinall  
Does buy and sell his Honour as he pleases,  
And for his owne aduantage

Norf. I am sorry  
To heare this of him; and could wish he were  
Somthing mistaken in't

Buck. No, not a sillable:  
I doe pronounce him in that very shape  
He shall appeare in prooffe.  
Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at Armes before him, and two or three  
of the  
Guard.

Brandon. Your Office Sergeant: execute it  
Sergeant. Sir,  
My Lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earle  
Of Hertford, Stafford and Northampton, I  
Arrest thee of High Treason, in the name  
Of our most Soueraigne King

Buck. Lo you my Lord,  
The net has falne vpon me, I shall perish  
Vnder deuce, and practise

Bran. I am sorry,  
To see you tane from liberty, to looke on  
The busines present. Tis his Highnes pleasure  
You shall to th' Tower

Buck. It will helpe me nothing  
To plead mine Innocence; for that dye is on me  
Which makes my whit'st part, black. The will of Heau'n  
Be done in this and all things: I obey.  
O my Lord Aburgany: Fare you well

Bran. Nay, he must beare you company. The King  
Is pleas'd you shall to th' Tower, till you know  
How he determines further

Abur. As the Duke said,  
The will of Heauen be done, and the Kings pleasure  
By me obey'd

Bran. Here is a warrant from  
The King, t' attach Lord Mountacute, and the Bodies  
Of the Dukes Confessor, Iohn de la Car,  
One Gilbert Pecke, his Councillour

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

Bra. A Monke o'th' Chartreux

Buck. O Michaell Hopkins?

Bra. He

Buck. My Surueyor is falce: The oregreat Cardinall  
Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spand already:  
I am the shadow of poore Buckingham,  
Whose Figure euen this instant Clowd puts on,  
By Darkning my cleere Sunne. My Lords farewell.

Exe.

Scena Secunda.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinals shoulder,  
the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Louell: the Cardinall places himselfe  
vnder the Kings feete on his right side.

King. My life it selfe, and the best heart of it,  
Thankes you for this great care: I stood i'th' leuell  
Of a full-charg'd confederacie, and giue thankes  
To you that choak'd it. Let be cald before vs  
That Gentleman of Buckinghams, in person,  
Ile heare him his confessions iustifie,  
And point by point the Treasons of his Maister,  
He shall againe relate.

A noyse within crying roome for the Queene, vs her'd by the Duke  
of  
Norfolke. Enter the Queene, Norfolke and Suffolke: she kneels.  
King riseth  
from his State, takes her vp, kisses and placeth her by him.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneele; I am a Suitor

King. Arise, and take place by vs; halfe your Suit  
Neuer name to vs; you haue halfe our power:  
The other moity ere you aske is giuen,  
Repeat your will, and take it

Queen. Thanke your Maiesty  
That you would loue your selfe, and in that loue  
Not vnconsidered leaue your Honour, nor  
The dignity of your Office; is the poynt  
Of my Petition

Kin. Lady mine proceed

Queen. I am solicited not by a few,  
And those of true condition; That your Subiects  
Are in great griuance: There haue beene Commissions  
Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart  
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although  
My good Lord Cardinall, they vent reproches  
Most bitterly on you, as putter on  
Of these exactions: yet the King, our Maister  
Whose Honor Heauen shield from soile; euen he escapes not  
Language vnmannerly; yea, such which breakes  
The sides of loyalty, and almost appeares  
In lowd Rebellion

Norf. Not almost appeares,  
It doth appeare; for, vpon these Taxations,  
The Clothiers all not able to maintaine  
The many to them longing, haue put off  
The Spinsters, Carders, Fullers, Weauers, who

Vnfit for other life, compeld by hunger  
And lack of other meanes, in desperate manner  
Daring th' euent too th' teeth, are all in vprore,  
And danger serues among them

Kin. Taxation?

Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinall,  
You that are blam'd for it alike with vs,  
Know you of this Taxation?

Card. Please you Sir,  
I know but of a single part in ought  
Pertaines to th' State; and front but in that File  
Where others tell steps with me

Queen. No, my Lord?

You know no more then others? But you frame  
Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholesome  
To those which would not know them, and yet must  
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions  
(Whereof my Soueraigne would haue note) they are  
Most pestilent to th' hearing, and to beare 'em,  
The Backe is Sacrifice to th' load; They say  
They are deuis'd by you, or else you suffer  
Too hard an exclamation

Kin. Still Exaction:

The nature of it, in what kinde let's know,  
Is this Exaction?

Queen. I am much too venturous  
In tempting of your patience, but am boldned  
Vnder your promis'd pardon. The Subiects grieve  
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each  
The sixt part of his Substance, to be leuied  
Without delay; and the pretence for this  
Is nam'd, your warres in France: this makes bold mouths,  
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze  
Allegance in them; their curses now  
Liue where their prayers did: and it's come to passe,  
This tractable obedience is a Slaue

To each incensed Will: I would your Highnesse  
Would giue it quicke consideration; for  
There is no primer basenesse

Kin. By my life,  
This is against our pleasure

Card. And for me,  
I haue no further gone in this, then by  
A single voice, and that not past me, but  
By learned approbation of the Iudges: 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 Vertue must goe through: we must not stint  
Our necessary actions, in the feare  
To cope malicious Censurers, which euer,  
As rau'nous Fishes doe a Vessell follow  
That is new trim'd; but benefit no further  
Then vainly longing. What we oft doe best,  
By sicke Interpreters (once weake ones) is  
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft  
Hitting a grosser quality, is cride vp  
For our best Act: if we shall stand still,  
In feare our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,  
We should take roote here, where we sit;  
Or sit State-Statues onely

Kin. Things done well,  
And with a care, exempt themselues from feare:  
Things done without example, in their issue  
Are to be fear'd. Haue you a President  
Of this Commission? I beleeeue, not any.  
We must not rend our Subiects from our Lawes,  
And sticke them in our Will. Sixt part of each?  
A trembling Contribution; why we take  
From euery Tree, lop, barke, and part o'th' Timber:  
And though we leaue it with a roote thus hacket,

The Ayre will drinke the Sap. To euey County  
Where this is question'd, send our Letters, with  
Free pardon to each man that has deny'de  
The force of this Commission: pray looke too't;  
I put it to your care

Card. A word with you.  
Let there be Letters writ to euey Shire,  
Of the Kings grace and pardon: the greeued Commons  
Hardly conceiue of me. Let it be nois'd,  
That through our Intercession, this Reuokement  
And pardon comes: I shall anon aduise you  
Further in the proceeding.

Exit Secret[ary].

Enter Surueyor.

Queen. I am sorry, that the Duke of Buckingham  
Is run in your displeasure

Kin. It grieues many:  
The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a most rare Speaker,  
To Nature none more bound; his trayning such,  
That he may furnish and instruct great Teachers,  
And neuer seeke for ayd out of himselfe: yet see,  
When these so Noble benefits shall proue  
Not well dispos'd, the minde growing once corrupt,  
They turne to vicious formes, ten times more vgly  
Then euer they were faire. This man so compleat,  
Who was enrold 'mongst wonders; and when we  
Almost with rauish'd listning, could not finde  
His houre of speech, a minute: He, (my Lady)  
Hath into monstrous habits put the Graces  
That once were his, and is become as blacke,  
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by Vs, you shall heare  
(This was his Gentleman in trust) of him  
Things to strike Honour sad. Bid him recount  
The fore-recited practises, whereof

We cannot feele too little, heare too much

Card. Stand forth, & with bold spirit relate what you  
Most like a carefull Subiect haue collected  
Out of the Duke of Buckingham

Kin. Speake freely

Sur. First, it was vsuall with him; euery day  
It would infect his Speech: That if the King  
Should without issue dye; hee'l carry it so  
To make the Scepter his. These very words  
I'ue heard him vtter to his Sonne in Law,  
Lord Aburgany, to whom by oth he menac'd  
Reuenge vpon the Cardinall

Card. Please your Highnesse note  
This dangerous conception in this point,  
Not frened by his wish to your High person;  
His will is most malignant, and it stretches  
Beyond you to your friends

Queen. My learn'd Lord Cardinall,  
Deliuer all with Charity

Kin. Speake on;  
How grounded hee his Title to the Crowne  
Vpon our faile; to this poynt hast thou heard him,  
At any time speake ought?

Sur. He was brought to this,  
By a vaine Prophetie of Nicholas Henton

Kin. What was that Henton?

Sur. Sir, a Chartreux Fryer,  
His Confessor, who fed him euery minute  
With words of Soueraignty

Kin. How know'st thou this?

Sur. Not long before your Highnesse sped to France,

The Duke being at the Rose, within the Parish  
Saint Laurence Poultney, did of me demand  
What was the speech among the Londoners,  
Concerning the French Journey. I replide,  
Men feare the French would proue perfidious  
To the Kings danger: presently, the Duke  
Said, 'twas the feare indeed, and that he doubted  
'Twould proue the verity of certaine words  
Spoke by a holy Monke, that oft, sayes he,  
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit  
Iohn de la Car, my Chaplaine, a choyce howre  
To heare from him a matter of some moment:  
Whom after vnder the Commissions Seale,  
He sollemnly had sworne, that what he spoke  
My Chaplaine to no Creature liuing, but  
To me, should vtter, with demure Confidence,  
This pausingly ensu'de; neither the King, nor's Heyres  
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him striue  
To the loue o'th' Commonalty, the Duke  
Shall gouerne England

Queen. If I know you well,  
You were the Dukes Surueyor, and lost your Office  
On the complaint o'th' Tenants; take good heed  
You charge not in your spleene a Noble person,  
And spoyle your nobler Soule; I say, take heed;  
Yes, heartily beseech you

Kin. Let him on: Goe forward

Sur. On my Soule, Ile speake but truth.  
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' Diuels illusions  
The Monke might be deceiu'd, and that 'twas dangerous  
For this to ruminare on this so farre, vntill  
It forg'd him some designe, which being beleeu'd  
It was much like to doe: He answer'd, Tush,  
It can do me no damage; adding further,  
That had the King in his last Sicknesse faild,  
The Cardinals and Sir Thomas Louels heads