

All Is True

3.2

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Suffolk, Lord
Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain*

NORFOLK

If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the Cardinal
Cannot stand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces 5
With these you bear already.

SURREY

I am joyful

To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law the Duke,
To be revenged on him.

SUFFOLK

Which of the peers

Have uncondemned gone by him, or at least 10
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?

LORD CHAMBERLAIN

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 15
Gives way to us±±I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to th' King, never attempt
Anything on him, for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in's tongue.

NORFOLK

O, fear him not.

His spell in that is out. The King hath found 20
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

SURREY

Sir,

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

NORFOLK

Believe it, this is true. 25

In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded, wherein he appears

SURREY How came
His practices to light?
SUFFOLK Most strangely.
SURREY O, how, how?
SUFFOLK
The Cardinal's letters to the Pope miscarried, 30
And came to th'eye o'th' King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgement o'th' divorce, for if
It did take place, 'I do', quoth he, 'perceive
My king is tangled in affection to 35
A creature of the Queen's, Lady Anne Boleyn'.
SURREY
Has the King this?
SUFFOLK Believe it.
SURREY Will this work?
LORD CHAMBERLAIN
The King in this perceives him how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic 40
After his patient's death. The King already
Hath married the fair lady.
SURREY Would he had.
SUFFOLK
May you be happy in your wish, my lord,
For I profess you have it.
SURREY Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction.
SUFFOLK My amen to't.
NORFOLK All men's. 45
SUFFOLK
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 50
Will fall some blessing to this land which shall
In it be memorized.
SURREY But will the King

Digest this letter of the Cardinal's?

The Lord forbid!

NORFOLK Marry, amen.

SUFFOLK No, no±±

There be more wasps that buzz about his nose 55

Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius

Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;

Has left the cause o'th' King unhandled, and

Is posted as the agent of our Cardinal

To second all his plot. I do assure you 60

The King cried `Ha!' at this.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN Now God incense him,

And let him cry `Ha!' louder.

NORFOLK But, my lord,

When returns Cranmer?

SUFFOLK

He is returned in his opinions, which

Have satisfied the King for his divorce, 65

Together with all famous colleges,

Almost, in Christendom. Shortly, I believe,

His second marriage shall be published, and

Her coronation. Katherine no more

Shall be called `Queen', but `Princess Dowager', 70

And `widow to Prince Arthur'.

NORFOLK This same Cranmer's

A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain

In the King's business.

SUFFOLK He has, and we shall see him

For it an archbishop.

NORFOLK So I hear.

SUFFOLK 'Tis so.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey and Cromwell

The Cardinal.

NORFOLK Observe, observe±±he's moody. 75

They stand apart and observe Wolsey and Cromwell

CARDINAL WOLSEY (to Cromwell)

The packet, Cromwell±±gave't you the King?

CROMWELL

To his own hand, in's bedchamber.

CARDINAL WOLSEY Looked he

O'th' inside of the paper?

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

80

CARDINAL WOLSEY Is he ready
To come abroad?

CROMWELL I think by this he is.

CARDINAL WOLSEY Leave me a while. 85

Exit Cromwell

(*Aside*) It shall be to the Duchess of Alenc on,
The French King's sister  he shall marry her.
Anne Boleyn? No, I'll no Anne Boleyns for him.
There's more in't than fair visage. Boleyn?
No, we'll no Boleyns. Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke?

90

The nobles speak among themselves

NORFOLK

He's discontented.

SUFFOLK Maybe he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.

SURREY Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice.

CARDINAL WOLSEY (*aside*)

The late Queen's gentlewoman? A knight's daughter 95
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 100
Our cause, that she should lie i'th' bosom of
Our hard-ruled King. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch-one, Cranmer, one
Hath crawled into the favour of the King
And is his oracle.

The nobles speak among themselves

NORFOLK He is vexed at something. 105

*Enter King Henry reading a schedule, and Lovell
with him*

SURREY

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

SUFFOLK

The King, the King!

KING HENRY *[aside]*

What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion? And what expense by th' hour
Seems to flow from him? How i'th' name of thrift 110
Does he rake this together? *(To the nobles)* Now, my lords,
Saw you the Cardinal?

NORFOLK

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, 115
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 HENRY

It may well be 120

There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse
As I required, and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory thus importing 125
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household which
I find at such proud rate that it outspeaks
Possession of a subject.

NORFOLK

It's heaven's will.

Some spirit put this paper in the packet 130
To bless your eye withal.

KING HENRY

If we did think

His contemplation were above the earth
And fixed on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings. But I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth 135
His serious considering.

*The King takes his seat and whispers with Lovell,
who then goes to the Cardinal*

CARDINAL WOLSEY Heaven forgive me!
[To the King] Ever God bless your highness!

KING HENRY

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 140
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.

CARDINAL WOLSEY Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time 145
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i'th' state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation which, perforce,
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

KING HENRY You have said well. 150

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

KING HENRY 'Tis well said again,
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well±±
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you. 155
He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart, have not alone
Employed you where high profits might come home,
But pared my present havings to bestow 160
My bounties upon you.

CARDINAL WOLSEY (*aside*) What should this mean?

SURREY [*aside*]

The Lord increase this business!

KING HENRY Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you tell me
If what I now pronounce you have found true,
And, if you may confess it, say withal 165
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

CARDINAL WOLSEY

My sovereign, I confess your royal graces
Showered on me daily have been more than could
My studied purposes requite, which went
Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours 170
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet filed with my abilities. Mine own ends
Have been mine so that evermore they pointed
To th' good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces 175
Heaped 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 HENRY

Fairly answered. 180

A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated. The honour of it
Does pay the act of it, as, i'th' contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That as my hand has opened bounty to you, 185
My heart dropped love, my power rained honour, more
On you than any, so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more 190
To me, your friend, than any.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

I do profess

That for your highness' good I ever laboured
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be±±
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul, though perils did 195
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid±±yet, my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

KING HENRY

'Tis nobly spoken.

200

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't. (*To Wolsey*) Read o'er this,

He gives him a paper
And after this (*giving him another paper*) , and then to
breakfast with
What appetite you have.

*Exit King Henry, frowning upon the
Cardinal. The nobles throng after
the King, smiling and whispering*

CARDINAL WOLSEY What should this mean?

What sudden anger's this? How have I reaped it?

205

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin

Leaped from his eyes. So looks the chafeÁd lion

Upon the daring huntsman that has galled him,

Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper±±

I fear, the story of his anger.

He reads one of the papers

'Tis so.

210

This paper has undone me. 'Tis th'account

Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together

For mine own ends±±indeed, to gain the popedom,

And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,

Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil

215

Made me put this main secret in the packet

I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?

No new device to beat this from his brains?

I know 'twill stir him strongly. Yet I know

A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune

220

Will bring me off again. What's this?

He reads the other paper

`To th' Pope'?

The letter, as I live, with all the business

I writ to's holiness. Nay then, farewell.

I have touched the highest point of all my greatness,

And from that full meridian of my glory

225

I haste now to my setting. I shall fall

Like a bright exhalation in the evening,

And no man see me more.

*Enter to Cardinal Wolsey the Dukes of Norfolk and
Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain*

NORFOLK

Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal, who commands you
To render up the great seal presently 230
Into our hands, and to confine yourself
To Asher House, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Stay±±

Where's your commission, lords? Words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

SUFFOLK

Who dare cross 'em

235

Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Till I find more than will or words to do it±±
I mean your malice±±know, officious lords,
I dare and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded±±envy. 240
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces
As if it fed ye, and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice.
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt 245
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the King,
Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me,
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness, 250
Tied it by letters patents. Now, who'll take it?

SURREY

The King that gave it.

CARDINAL WOLSEY It must be himself then.

SURREY

Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Proud lord, thou liest.

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

SURREY

Thy ambition,

255

Thou scarlet sin, robbed this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law.
The heads of all thy brother cardinals

With thee and all thy best parts bound together
Weighed not a hair of his. Plague of your policy, 260
You sent me deputy for Ireland,
Far from his succour, from the King, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe.

CARDINAL WOLSEY This, and all else 265
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. 270
If I loved 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 mate a sounder man than Surrey can be, 275
And all that love his follies.

SURREY By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
My sword i'th' life-blood of thee else. My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance,
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely, 280
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility. Let his grace go forward
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

CARDINAL WOLSEY All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

SURREY Yes, that goodness 285
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, Card'nal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to th' Pope against the King; your
goodness±±
Since you provoke me±±shall be most notorious.
My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble, 290
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despised nobility, our issues±±
Whom if he live will scarce be gentlemen±±

Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life. (*To Wolsey*) I'll startle you 295
Worse than the sacring-bell when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord Cardinal.

CARDINAL WOLSEY [*aside*]

How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it.

NORFOLK (*to Surrey*)

Those articles, my lord, are in the King's hand; 300
But thus much±±they are foul ones.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

So much fairer

And spotless shall mine innocence arise
When the King knows my truth.

SURREY

This cannot save you.

I thank my memory I yet remember
Some of these articles, and out they shall. 305
Now, if you can blush and cry 'Guilty', Cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Speak on, sir;

I dare your worst objections. If I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

SURREY

I had rather want those than my head. Have at you! 310
First, that without the King's assent or knowledge
You wrought to be a legate, by which power
You maimed the jurisdiction of all bishops.

NORFOLK (*to Wolsey*)

Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, 'Ego et Rex meus' 315
Was still inscribed±±in which you brought the King
To be your servant.

SUFFOLK (*to Wolsey*)

Then, that without the knowledge

Either of King or Council, when you went
Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal. 320

SURREY (*to Wolsey*)

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

SUFFOLK *(to Wolsey)*

That out of mere ambition you have caused 325
Your holy hat to be stamped on the King's coin.

SURREY *(to Wolsey)*

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 undoing 330
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are,
Which since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN

O, my lord,
Press not a falling man too far. 'Tis virtue.
His faults lie open to the laws. Let them, 335
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

SURREY

I forgive him.

SUFFOLK

Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is±±
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legantine within this kingdom, 340
Fall into th' compass of a praemunire±±
That therefore such a writ be sued against you,
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the King's protection. This is my charge. 345

NORFOLK *(to Wolsey)*

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. 350

Exeunt all but Wolsey

CARDINAL WOLSEY

So farewell±±to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man. Today he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; tomorrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him; 355
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,

And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders, 360
 This many summers in a sea of glory,
 But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me, and now has left me
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me. 365
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
 I feel my heart new opened. 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, 370
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have,
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, who then stands amazed

Why, how now, Cromwell?

CROMWELL

I have no power to speak, sir.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

What, amazed

At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder 375
 A great man should decline?

[Cromwell begins to weep]

Nay, an you

weep

I am fall'n indeed.

CROMWELL

How does your grace?

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Why, well±±

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now, and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities, 380
 A still and quiet conscience. The King has cured me.
 I humbly thank his grace, and from these shoulders,
 These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken
 A load would sink a navy±±too much honour.
 O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden 385
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

CROMWELL

I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.
CARDINAL WOLSEY
I hope I have. I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries and greater far 390
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

CROMWELL The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the King.

CARDINAL WOLSEY God bless him.

CROMWELL
The next is that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

CARDINAL WOLSEY That's somewhat sudden. 395
But he's a learneÁd 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 him. 400
What more?

CROMWELL That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Installed lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

CARDINAL WOLSEY
That's news indeed.

CROMWELL Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open as his queen, 405
Going to chapel, and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

CARDINAL WOLSEY
There was the weight that pulled me down. O,
Cromwell,
The King has gone beyond me. All my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever. 410
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell.
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the King±± 415
That sun 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.

420

CROMWELL *[weeping]* O, my lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forgo
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The King shall have my service, but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

425

CARDINAL WOLSEY *(weeping)*

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries, but thou hast forced 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 Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded 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 missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined 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 it?
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

430

435

440

445

Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blesseÁd martyr.
Serve the King. And prithee, lead me in±±
There take an inventory of all I have:
To the last penny 'tis the King's. My robe,

450

And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my King, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

455

CROMWELL

Good sir, have patience.

CARDINAL WOLSEY So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court; my hopes in heaven do dwell. 460

Exeunt