

# All Is True

## 4.2

*[Three chairs.] Enter Katherine Dowager, sick, led between Griffith her gentleman usher, and Patience her woman*

**GRIFFITH**

How does your grace?

**KATHERINE** O Griffith, sick to death.

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to th' earth,  
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair.

*A chair is brought to her. She sits*

So now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me, 5  
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,  
Was dead?

**GRIFFITH** Yes, madam, but I think your grace,  
Out of the pain you suffered, gave no ear to't.

**KATHERINE**

Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died.  
If well, he stepped before me happily 10  
For my example.

**GRIFFITH** Well, the voice goes, madam.

For after the stout Earl Northumberland  
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,  
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,  
He fell sick, suddenly, and grew so ill 15  
He could not sit his mule.

**KATHERINE** Alas, poor man.

**GRIFFITH**

At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,  
Lodged in the abbey, where the reverend abbot,  
With all his convent, honourably received him,  
To whom he gave these words: `O father abbot, 20  
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  
Pursued him still, and three nights after this, 25

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 blesseÁd part to heaven, and slept in peace. 30

**KATHERINE**

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 stomach, ever ranking  
Himself with princes; one that by suggestion 35  
Tied all the kingdom. Simony was fair play.  
His own opinion was his law. I'th' presence  
He would say untruths, and be ever double  
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,  
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful. 40  
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;  
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.  
Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
The clergy ill example.

**GRIFFITH**

Noble madam,  
Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues 45  
We write in water. May it please your highness  
To hear me speak his good now?

**KATHERINE**

Yes, good Griffith,  
I were malicious else.

**GRIFFITH**

This cardinal,  
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashioned to much honour. From his cradle 50  
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one,  
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;  
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,  
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.  
And though he were unsatisfied in getting±± 55  
Which was a sin±±yet in bestowing, madam,  
He was most princely: ever witness for him  
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,  
Ipswich and Oxford±±one of which fell with him,  
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it; 60  
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,

So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
His overthrow heaped happiness upon him,  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself, 65  
And found the blessedness of being little.  
And to add greater honours to his age  
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

**KATHERINE**

After my death I wish no other herald,  
No other speaker of my living actions 70  
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. 75  
(To her woman) 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 named my knell, whilst I sit meditating  
On that celestial harmony I go to. 80

*Sad and solemn music. Katherine sleeps*

**GRIFFITH** (to the woman)

She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit down quiet  
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

*They sit  
the vision*

*Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six  
personages clad in white robes, wearing on their  
heads garlands of bays, and golden visors on their  
faces. They carry branches of bays or palm in their  
hands. They first conge unto Katherine, then  
dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a  
spare garland over her head at which the other four  
make reverent curtsies. 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 vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues*

**KATHERINE** *(waking)*

Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone,  
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?  
*Griffith and Patience rise and come forward*

**GRIFFITH**

Madam, we are here.

**KATHERINE** It is not you I call for. 85  
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

**GRIFFITH** None, madam.

**KATHERINE**

No? Saw you not even now a blesseÁd troop  
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces  
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?  
They promised me eternal happiness, 90  
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel  
I am not worthy yet to wear. I shall,  
Assuredly.

**GRIFFITH**

I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams  
Possess your fancy.

**KATHERINE** Bid the music leave. 95  
They are harsh and heavy to me.  
*Music ceases*

**PATIENCE** *(to Griffith)* Do you note  
How much her grace is altered on the sudden?  
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,  
And of an earthy colour? Mark her eyes?

**GRIFFITH**

She is going, wench. Pray, pray.

**PATIENCE** Heaven comfort her. 100

*Enter a Messenger*

**MESSENGER** *(to Katherine)*

An't like your grace±±

**KATHERINE** You are a saucy fellow±±

Deserve we no more reverence?

**GRIFFITH** *(to the Messenger)* You are to blame,

Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,  
To use so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

**MESSENGER** (*kneeling before Katherine*)

I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon. 105  
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying  
A gentleman sent from the King to see you.

**KATHERINE**

Admit him entrance, Griffith. But this fellow  
Let me ne'er see again.

*Exit Messenger*

*Enter Lord Caputius [ushered by Griffith]*

If my sight fail not,

You should be lord ambassador from the Emperor, 110  
My royal nephew, and your name Caputius.

**CAPUTIUS**

Madam, the same, [*bowing*] your servant.

**KATHERINE**

O, my lord,

The times and titles now are altered strangely  
With me since first you knew me. But I pray you,  
What is your pleasure with me?

**CAPUTIUS**

Noble lady, 115

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. 120

**KATHERINE**

O, my good lord, that comfort comes too late,  
'Tis like a pardon after execution.  
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me;  
But now I am past all comforts here but prayers.  
How does his highness?

**CAPUTIUS**

Madam, in good health. 125

**KATHERINE**

So may he ever do, and ever flourish  
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name  
Banished the kingdom. (*To her woman*) Patience, is  
that letter  
I caused you write yet sent away?

**PATIENCE**

No, madam.

**KATHERINE** *(to Caputius)*

Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver 130  
This to my lord the King.

*The letter is given to Caputius*

**CAPUTIUS**

Most willing, madam.

**KATHERINE**

In which I have commended to his goodness  
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter±±  
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her±±  
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding. 135

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 loved him,  
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition  
Is that his noble grace would have some pity 140

Upon my wretched women, that so long  
Have followed both my fortunes faithfully;  
Of which there is not one, I dare avow±±  
And now I should not lie±±but will deserve,  
For virtue and true beauty of the soul, 145

For honesty and decent carriage,  
A right good husband. Let him be a noble,  
And sure those men are happy that shall have 'em.  
The last is for my men±±they are the poorest,  
But poverty could never draw 'em from me±± 150

That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,  
And something over to remember me by.  
If heaven had pleased to have given me longer life,  
And able means, we had not parted thus.  
These are the whole contents; and, good my lord, 155

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 rite.

**CAPUTIUS**

By heaven I will,

Or let me lose the fashion of a man. 160

**KATHERINE**

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 blessed him,  
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell, 165  
My lord. Griffith, farewell.

*(To her woman)* 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 used with honour. Strew me over  
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know 170  
I was a chaste wife to my grave. Embalm me,  
Then lay me forth. Although unqueened, yet like  
A queen and daughter to a king inter me.  
I can no more.

*Exeunt [Caputius and Griffith at one door;  
Patience] leading Katherine [at another]*