

All Is True

5.1

*Enter [at one door] Gardiner, Bishop of
Winchester; before him, a Page with a torch*

GARDINER

It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

PAGE

It hath struck.

GARDINER

These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.

*Enter [at another door] Sir Thomas Lovell, meeting
them*

Good hour of night, Sir

Thomas! 5

Whither so late?

LOVELL Came you from the King, my lord?

GARDINER

I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.

LOVELL I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

GARDINER

Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell±±what's the matter? 10
It seems you are in haste. An if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business. Affairs that walk,
As they say spirits do, at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business 15
That seeks dispatch by day.

LOVELL My lord, I love you,
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The Queen's in labour±±
They say in great extremity±±and feared
She'll with the labour end.

GARDINER The fruit she goes with 20
I pray for heartily, that it may find

Good time, and live. But, for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubbed up now.

LOVELL Methinks I could
Cry the amen, and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature and, sweet lady, does 25
Deserve our better wishes.

GARDINER But sir, sir,
Hear me, Sir Thomas. You're a gentleman
Of mine own way. I know you wise, religious.
And let me tell you, it will ne'er be well±±
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me±± 30
Till Cranmer, Cromwell±±her two hands±±and she,
Sleep in their graves.

LOVELL Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remarked i'th' kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beside that of the Jewel House is made Master
O'th' Rolls and the King's secretary. Further, sir, 35
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments
With which the time will load him. Th'Archbishop
Is the King's hand and tongue, and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

GARDINER Yes, yes, Sir Thomas±±
There are that dare, and I myself have ventured 40
To speak my mind of him, and, indeed, this day,
Sir±±I may tell it you, I think±±I have
Incensed the lords o'th' Council that he is±±
For so I know he is, they know he is±±
A most arch heretic, a pestilence 45
That does infect the land; with which they, moved,
Have broken with the King, who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded 50
Tomorrow morning to the Council board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long. Good night, Sir Thomas.

LOVELL Many good nights, my lord; I rest your servant. 55
Exeunt Gardiner and Page at one door

Enter King Henry and Suffolk at another door

KING HENRY (to Suffolk)

Charles, I will play no more tonight.

My mind's not on't. You are too hard for me.

SUFFOLK

Sir, I did never win of you before.

KING HENRY But little, Charles,

Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play. 60

Now, Lovell, from the Queen what is the news?

LOVELL

I could not personally deliver to her

What you commanded me, but by her woman

I sent your message, who returned her thanks

In the great'st humbleness, and desired your highness 65

Most heartily to pray for her.

KING HENRY What sayst thou? Ha?

To pray for her? What, is she crying out?

LOVELL

So said her woman, and that her suffrance made

Almost each pang a death.

KING HENRY Alas, good lady.

SUFFOLK

God safely quit her of her burden, and 70

With gentle travail, to the gladding of

Your highness with an heir.

KING HENRY 'Tis midnight, Charles.

Prithee to bed, and in thy prayers remember

Th'estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone,

For I must think of that which company 75

Would not be friendly to.

SUFFOLK I wish your highness

A quiet night, and my good mistress will

Remember in my prayers.

KING HENRY Charles, good night.

Exit Suffolk

Enter Sir Anthony Denny

Well, sir, what follows?

DENNY

Sir, I have brought my lord the Archbishop, 80

As you commanded me.

KING HENRY Ha, Canterbury?

DENNY

Ay, my good lord.

KING HENRY 'Tis true±±where is he, Denny?

DENNY

He attends your highness' pleasure.

KING HENRY

Bring him to us.

Exit Denny

LOVELL (*aside*)

This is about that which the Bishop spake.

I am happily come hither.

85

Enter Cranmer the Archbishop, ushered by Denny

KING HENRY (*to Lovell and Denny*) Avoid the gallery.

[Denny begins to depart.] Lovell seems to stay

Ha? I have said. Be gone.

What?

Exeunt Lovell and Denny

CRANMER (*aside*) I am fearful. Wherefore frowns he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

KING HENRY

How now, my lord? You do desire to know

90

Wherefore I sent for you.

CRANMER (*kneeling*) It is my duty

T'attend your highness' pleasure.

KING HENRY

Pray you, arise,

My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.

Come, you and I must walk a turn together.

I have news to tell you. Come, come±±give me your

hand.

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[Cranmer rises. They walk]

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,

And am right sorry to repeat what follows.

I have, and most unwillingly, of late

Heard many grievous±±I do say, my lord,

Grievous±±complaints of you, which, being considered, 100

Have moved us and our Council that you shall

This morning come before us, where I know

You cannot with such freedom purge yourself

But that, till further trial in those charges

Which will require your answer, you must take

105

Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower. You a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

CRANMER (*kneeling*) I humbly thank your highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion 110
Most thoroughly to be winnowed, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder. For I know
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

KING HENRY Stand up, good Canterbury.
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted 115
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand. Stand up.
Prithee, let's walk.

Cranmer rises. They walk

Now, by my halidom,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I looked
You would have given me your petition that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together 120
Yourself and your accusers, and to have heard you
Without indurance further.

CRANMER Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty.
If they shall fail, I with mine enemies
Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh not, 125
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

KING HENRY Know you not
How your state stands i'th' world, with the whole
world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion, and not ever 130
The justice and the truth o'th' question carries
The dew o'th' verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? Such things have been done.
You are potently opposed, and with a malice 135
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean in perjured witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived

Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to.
You take a precipice for no leap of danger, 140
And woo your own destruction.

CRANMER God and your majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

KING HENRY Be of good cheer.
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you, and this morning see 145
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
Th'occasion shall instruct you. If entreaties 150
Will render you no remedy, *[giving his ring]* this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.

Cranmer weeps

Look, the good man
weeps.

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother,
I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul 155
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.

Exit Cranmer

He has strangled

His language in his tears.

Enter the Old Lady

[LOVELL] *(within)* Come back! What mean you?
[Enter Lovell, following her]

OLD LADY

I'll not come back. The tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. *(To the King)* Now
good angels 160
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings.

KING HENRY Now by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the Queen delivered?
Say, 'Ay, and of a boy.'

OLD LADY Ay, ay, my liege,

And of a lovely boy. The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! 'Tis a girl
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger. 'Tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

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KING HENRY Lovell±±

LOVELL

Sir?

170

KING HENRY

Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the Queen.

Exit

OLD LADY

An hundred marks? By this light, I'll ha' more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.

I will have more, or scold it out of him.

Said I for this the girl was like to him? I'll

175

Have more, or else unsay't; and now, while 'tis hot,

I'll put it to the issue.

Exeunt