

All Is True

1.4

Hautboys. [Enter servants with] a small table for Cardinal Wolsey [which they place] under the cloth of state, and a longer table for the guests. Then enter at one door Anne Boleyn and divers other ladies and gentlemen as guests, and 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 5
As feast, good company, good wine, good welcome
Can make good people.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas Lovell

(To the Lord Chamberlain) O, my lord, you're tardy.
The very thought of this fair company
Clapped wings to me.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

SANDS

Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal 10
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 15
To one or two of these.

SANDS I would I were.

They should find easy penance.

LOVELL

Faith, how easy?

SANDS

As easy as a down bed would afford it.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN

Sweet ladies, will it please you sit?

(To Guildford)

Sir Harry,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this. 20

They sit about the longer table. [A noise within]

His grace is ent'ring. Nay, you must not freeze±±

Two women placed together makes cold weather.

My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking.

Pray sit between these ladies.

SANDS

By my faith,

And thank your lordship.

He sits between Anne and another

By your leave, sweet

ladies. 25

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me.

I had it from my father.

ANNE

Was he mad, sir?

SANDS

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.

He kisses her

LORD CHAMBERLAIN

Well said, my lord. 30

So now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen,

The penance lies on you if these fair ladies

Pass away frowning.

SANDS For my little cure,

Let me alone.

35

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey who takes his

seat at the small table under the state

CARDINAL WOLSEY

You're 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!

He drinks

SANDS

Your grace is noble.

Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,

40

And save me so much talking.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

My lord Sands,

I am beholden to you. Cheer your neighbours.

Ladies, you are not merry! Gentlemen,

Whose fault is this?

SANDS The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord, then we shall have 'em 45
Talk us to silence.

ANNE You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

SANDS 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.

SANDS (to Wolsey)
I told your grace they would talk anon.
Drum and trumpet. Chambers discharged

CARDINAL WOLSEY What's that? 50

LORD CHAMBERLAIN (to the servants)
Look out there, some of ye.
Exit a servant

CARDINAL WOLSEY What warlike voice,
And to what end is this? Nay, ladies, fear not.
By all the laws of war you're privileged.
Enter the servant

LORD CHAMBERLAIN
How now±±what is't?

SERVANT A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem. They've left their barge and landed, 55
And hither make as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

CARDINAL 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 60
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

Exit Chamberlain, attended
All rise, and some servants remove the tables
You have now a broken banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all, and once more
I shower a welcome on ye±±welcome all.
Hautboys. Enter, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain,
King Henry and others as masquers habited like

*shepherds. They pass directly before Cardinal
Wolsey and gracefully salute him*

A noble company. What are their pleasures? 65

LORD CHAMBERLAIN

Because they speak no English, thus they prayed
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, 70
But leave their flocks, and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

CARDINAL 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. 75
*The masquers choose ladies. The King chooses Anne
Boleyn*

KING HENRY *(to Anne)*

The fairest hand I ever touched. O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee.

Music. They dance

CARDINAL WOLSEY *(to the Lord Chamberlain)* My lord.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN Your grace.

CARDINAL WOLSEY Pray tell 'em thus much from me. 80
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.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN I will, my lord.

[He whispers with the masquers]

CARDINAL WOLSEY

What say they?

LORD CHAMBERLAIN Such a one they all confess 85
There is indeed, which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

CARDINAL WOLSEY *[standing]* Let me see then.
By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.

[He bows before the King]

KING HENRY *[unmasking]* Ye have found him, Cardinal.
You hold a fair assembly. You do well, lord. 90
You are a churchman, or I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

CARDINAL WOLSEY I am glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

KING HENRY My Lord Chamberlain,
Prithee come hither.
(*Gesturing towards Anne*) What fair lady's that?

LORD CHAMBERLAIN
An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Boleyn's daughter±± 95
The Viscount Rochford±±one of her highness' women.

KING HENRY
By heaven, she is a dainty one. (*To Anne*) Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out
And not to kiss you *[kisses her]* . A health, gentlemen;
[He drinks]
Let it go round. 100

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

LOVELL Yes, my lord.

CARDINAL WOLSEY (*to the King*) Your grace
I fear with dancing is a little heated.

KING HENRY I fear too much.

CARDINAL WOLSEY There's fresher air, my lord, 105
In the next chamber.

KING HENRY
Lead in your ladies, every one. (*To Anne*) Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you. (*To Wolsey*) Let's be merry,
Good my lord Cardinal. I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure 110
To lead 'em once again, and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. Let the music knock it.
Exeunt with trumpets