

# All Is True

## 1.3

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands*

**LORD CHAMBERLAIN**

Is't possible the spells of France should juggle  
Men into such strange mysteries?

**SANDS**

New customs,

Though they be never so ridiculous±±  
Nay, let 'em be unmanly±±yet are followed.

**LORD CHAMBERLAIN**

As far as I see, all the good our English 5  
Have got by the late voyage is but merely  
A fit or two o'th' face. But they are shrewd ones,  
For when they hold 'em you would swear directly  
Their very noses had been counsellors  
To PeÂpin or Clotharius, they keep state so. 10

**SANDS**

They have all new legs, and lame ones; one would  
take it,  
That never see 'em pace before, the spavin  
Or spring-halt reigned among 'em.

**LORD CHAMBERLAIN**

Death, my lord,

Their clothes are after such a pagan cut to't  
That sure they've worn out Christendom.

*Enter Sir Thomas Lovell*

How now±± 15

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

**LOVELL**

Faith, my lord,

I hear of none but the new proclamation  
That's clapped upon the court gate.

**LORD CHAMBERLAIN**

What is't for?

**LOVELL**

The reformation of our travelled gallants  
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors. 20

**LORD CHAMBERLAIN**

I'm glad 'tis there. Now I would pray our `messieurs'  
To think an English courtier may be wise

And never see the Louvre.

**LOVELL** They must either,  
For so run the conditions, leave those remnants  
Of fool and feather that they got in France, 25  
With all their honourable points of ignorance  
Pertaining thereunto±±as fights and fireworks,  
Abusing better men than they can be  
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean  
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings, 30  
Short blistered breeches, and those types of travel±±  
And understand again like honest men,  
Or pack to their old playfellows. There, I take it,  
They may, *cum privilegio*, `oui' away  
The lag end of their lewdness and be laughed at. 35

**SANDS**  
'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases  
Are grown so catching.

**LORD CHAMBERLAIN** What a loss our ladies  
Will have of these trim vanities!

**LOVELL** Ay, marry,  
There will be woe indeed, lords. The sly whoresons  
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies. 40  
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

**SANDS**  
The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are going,  
For sure there's no converting of 'em. Now  
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten  
A long time out of play, may bring his plainsong 45  
And have an hour of hearing, and, by'r Lady,  
Held current music, too.

**LORD CHAMBERLAIN** Well said, Lord Sands.  
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet?

**SANDS** No, my lord,  
Nor shall not while I have a stump.

**LORD CHAMBERLAIN** (*to Lovell*) Sir Thomas,  
Whither were you a-going?

**LOVELL** To the Cardinal's. 50  
Your lordship is a guest too.

**LORD CHAMBERLAIN** O, 'tis true.  
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,

To many lords and ladies. There will be  
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

**LOVELL**

That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed, 55  
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us.  
His dews fall everywhere.

**LORD CHAMBERLAIN** No doubt he's noble.  
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

**SANDS**

He may, my lord; he's wherewithal. In him  
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine. 60  
Men of his way should be most liberal.  
They are set here for examples.

**LORD CHAMBERLAIN** True, they are so,  
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays.  
Your lordship shall along. *(To Lovell)* Come, good Sir  
Thomas,

We shall be late else, which I would not be, 65  
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,  
This night to be comptrollers.

**SANDS**

I am your lordship's.

*Exeunt*