

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 Louell

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