

# 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,  
And save me so much talking.

40

**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*