

# All Is True

## 5.4

*Enter trumpeters, sounding. Then enter two aldermen, the Lord Mayor of London, Garter King-of-Arms, Cranmer the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Norfolk with his marshal's staff, the Duke of Suffolk, two noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts; then enter four noblemen bearing a canopy, under which is the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child Elizabeth richly habited in a mantle, whose train is borne by a lady. Then follows the Marchioness Dorset, the other godmother, and ladies. The troop pass once about the stage and Garter speaks*

**GARTER** Heaven, from thy endless goodness send  
prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and  
mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth.

*Flourish. Enter King Henry and guard*

**CRANMER** *(kneeling)*

And to your royal grace, and the good Queen!  
My noble partners and myself thus pray  
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,  
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,  
May hourly fall upon ye.

5

**KING HENRY** Thank you, good lord Archbishop.  
What is her name?

**CRANMER** Elizabeth.

**KING HENRY** Stand up, lord.

*Cranmer rises*

*(To the child)* With this kiss take my blessing±±  
*He kisses the child*

God protect thee, 10

Into whose hand I give thy life.

**CRANMER** Amen.

**KING HENRY** *(to Cranmer, old Duchess, and Marchioness)*

My noble gossips, you've been too prodigal.  
I thank ye heartily. So shall this lady,

When she has so much English.

CRANMER

Let me speak, sir,

For heaven now bids me, and the words I utter 15

Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.

This royal infant±±heaven still move about her±±

Though in her cradle, yet now promises

Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings

Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be±± 20

But few now living can behold that goodness±±

A pattern to all princes living with her,

And all that shall succeed. Saba was never

More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue

Than this pure soul shall be. All princely graces 25

That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,

With all the virtues that attend the good,

Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her,

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her.

She shall be loved and feared. Her own shall bless her; 30

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,

And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with  
her.

In her days every man shall eat in safety

Under his own vine what he plants, and sing

The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours. 35

God shall be truly known, and those about her

From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,

And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

Nor shall this peace sleep with her, but, as when

The bird of wonder dies±±the maiden phoenix±± 40

Her ashes new create another heir

As great in admiration as herself,

So shall she leave her blesseÁdness to one,

When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,

Who from the sacred ashes of her honour 45

Shall star-like rise as great in fame as she was,

And so stand fixed. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,

Shall then be his, and, like a vine, grow to him.

Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine, 50

His honour and the greatness of his name

Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,  
And like a mountain cedar reach his branches  
To all the plains about him. Our children's children  
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

**KING HENRY**

Thou speakest wonders.

55

**CRANMER**

She shall be, to the happiness of England,  
An age's princess. Many days shall see her,  
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.  
Would I had known no more. But she must die±±  
She must, the saints must have her±±yet a virgin, 60  
A most unspotted lily shall she pass  
To th' ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

**KING HENRY**

O lord Archbishop,  
Thou hast made me now a man. Never before  
This happy child did I get anything. 65  
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me  
That when I am in heaven I shall desire  
To see what this child does, and praise my maker.  
I thank ye all. To you, my good Lord Mayor,  
And your good brethren, I am much beholden. 70  
I have received much honour by your presence,  
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords.  
Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye.  
She will be sick else. This day, no man think  
He's business at his house, for all shall stay±± 75  
This little one shall make it holiday.

*[Flourish.] Exeunt*