

# Henry V F F F

Act V, sc. 5 (line 20 - intercut)

**KING HENRY VIII**

*My noble gossips, ye have 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

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--

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,

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 fear'd: her own shall bless her;

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:  
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,  
Her ashes new create another heir,  
As great in admiration as herself;  
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,  
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,  
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour  
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
And so stand fix'd: 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,  
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 VIII***

*Thou speakest wonders.*

## CRANMER

She shall be, to the happiness of England,  
An aged 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,  
A most unspotted lily shall she pass  
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.