

**ANNE BOLEYN:
A TRAGEDY.**

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Anne Boleyn: a tragedy. by George H. Boker

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GEORGE H. BOKER

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BY

GEORGE H. BOKER,

Author of "Calynos," &c.

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1850.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRY VIII,	<i>King of England.</i>
DUKE OF NORFOLK,	<i>Uncle to the Queen.</i>
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.	
DUKE OF RICHMOND,	<i>Natural son of the King.</i>
MARQUIS OF EXETER.	
EARL OF ARUNDEL.	
VISCOUNT ROCHEFORD,	<i>Brother to the Queen.</i>
THOMAS WYATT.	
SIR HENRY NORRIS,	<i>Groom of the Chamber.</i>
SIR WILLIAM KINGSTON,	<i>Lieutenant of the Tower.</i>
MARK SNEATON,	<i>Groom of the Chamber.</i>
RALPH LONEY,	<i>A creature of Suffolk's.</i>
QUEEN ANNE,	<i>Formerly Anne Boleyn.</i>
JANE SEYMOUR,	<i>A Maid of Honour.</i>
MARY WYATT,	<i>A Maid of Honour, sister to Thomas Wyatt.</i>
VISCOUNTESS ROCHEFORD,	<i>Sister-in-law to the Queen.</i>
LADY BOLEYN,	<i>Aunt to the Queen.</i>
MRS. COSYNS.	

*Lords, Ladies, Knights, Ushers, three Informers, Officers, Heralds,
Guards, Citizens, Attendants, &c.*

SCENE, London and Greenwich.

Time, A. D. 1536.

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PROLOGUE.

*"Besotted dunce!" some modern Dennis cries,
And shakes his pen, and rolls his threatening eyes;
"Shalt thou, presumptuous bantling, dare to tread
The wondrous path where mighty Shakespeare led?
What, use his characters—re-write them too,
Changing the sterling old for feeble new!—
Perish, aspiring impudent!" and then
The foolscap quivers 'neath his fiery pen.
Hold, noble Critic!—"What, draw Norfolk!—zounds!"
And the poor Poet writhes with inky wounds.
Prithee, dear Critic!—"Nay, and Suffolk, sir!
Boy, give my ink a deeper, darker stir;
Rouse all the venom in its sleeping dregs."—
Alas! alas! "The coward miscreant begs,—
Begs me for mercy! Vengeance, death, I say!
Use bluff King Harry in his twaddling play,
Of Anne Boleyn take another view!—
There, print my 'Notice' in the next Review."
But, says the Poet, with an humble look,
Good Master Bilious, have you read my book?*

"I read thy book? ha! ha! the fellow raves!"
Not praise, but justice 'tis the Author craves.
Pray, sir, skim o'er it, dipping here and there.
"Thy fustian, wretch! I'd see thee"—Hold, don't swear!
My readers will. "Thy readers? bless the zany!"
And if they read not—'sblood! I'll not have any!

ANNE BOLEYN.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Room in Whitehall Palace. Enter, as from the Council, Duke of NORFOLK, Duke of SUFFOLK, Duke of RICHMOND, Marquis of EXETER, and Earl of ARUNDEL.*

NORFOLK.

Nay, nay, my lords, affairs must not stand thus.
She is my kinswoman, and I confess,
If but on my estate her influence bore,
I would pass it by unchecked. No private griefs
Should wring a word from me, nor tutor me
To raise the hand that snaps a natural tie.
But see, my lords—

SUFFOLK.

'Ods blood! we have seen enough: