

The AI ??helps shed some light on the author of the famous 400-year-old play

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Henry VIII is one of the most famous plays in the history of English literature, written by writers William Shakespeare and John Fletcher in 1623, based on the life of King Henry VIII of England. Besides the great artistic value, the mysteries surrounding the author of Henry VIII are also factors that make this play a topic that has never been 'hot' despite having debuted nearly 400 years ago.

So much time has passed with countless debates and even arguments, it is still not possible to determine how William Shakespeare contributed in this work. There has been an opinion that this legendary playwright was not the author of Henry VIII but merely the "adviser" for John Fletcher. However, with the help of AI, scientists are now able to identify specifically those in Henry VIII written by Shakespeare as well as the segments that his friend, writer John Fletcher undertakes.

The controversy stems from the fact that too many episodes in the play are thought to be inconsistent with Shakespeare's usual writing style, while others oppose the above with evidence that is equally convincing and thinks Shakespeare is the main author of Henry VIII.

The Famous History of the Life of
King HENRY the Eight.

THE PROLOGUE.

Come on more to make you laugh, Things now,
That leave a Whistler, and a Serious Man,
Sad, Sigh, and mourning, full of Sins and Pains:
Such Noble Scenes, as draw the Eyes to see
We now present. Those that can Frow, leave
Alay (if they think it will) let fall a Tear,
The Subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their Admire out of hope they may believe,
They have had Trach too. Those that come to see
Only a show or one, and's over,
The Play will pass it. If they be Will, and willing,
He undertake may for every thing
Richly in two hours. Only they
That come to leave a Merry, hearty Play,
A night of Targets: Or to see a Fellow
In a long Study Court, gauded with Tapers,

With their'd. For good's Hours, have
To rank our shew's Trach with such a show
As Feels, and Fights to, before performing
Our own Drains, and the Opinion that we bring
To make that only true, we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding Friend.
Therefore, for Goodness sake, and as you are known
The Faith and Happyl Haters of the Towne,
Be sad, as we would wish you. Think ye for
The very Persons of our Noble Story,
As they were Living: Think you for them Great,
And follow'd with the power of Kings, and great
Of thousand Friends: then, in a moment, see
How soon this Majesty, most happy
And if you can be merry then, be so,
A Man may wipe upon his Wedding day.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk as one alone. At the side,
the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord
Abergavenny.*

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. Ood sorrow, and woe bet. How hurr you
Since last we saw in France? (to one)
Nor. I thank your Grace:
Heath-fad, and ever face a fresh Admirer
Of what How there.

Buck. An unkindly Ague
Scald me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when
Those Sennex of Glory, those two Lightes of Man
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. Twixt Guyner and Arde,
I was then present, saw them taine on Horsebacke,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they chag
In their Embarkment, as they grew together,
Which had they,
What four thousand could have weigh'd

Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the while time
I was my Chambers Prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The vice of earthly glory: Men might say
Till this time Pompey was single, but now married
To one above it selfe. Each following day
Became the next dayes as other, till the last
Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,
All Clingant all in Gold, like Heathen Gods
Shone downe the English; and to morrow, they
Made Brittain, India: Every man that stood,
Shew'd like a Muse. Their Durach Pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt (the Madams too,
Not us'd to toyle, did almost faine to beare
The Pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Mistle
Was cry'd incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a foole, and beggar. The two Kings
Equall in lustre, were now both, now wood
As perfume did perfume them: him in eye,
Still him in peace, and being perfume both,
'Twas said they saw but one, and no Difference
Durst wagge his Tongue in censure, when these Sennex
(For so they phras'd 'em) by their Herald challeng'd
The Noble spirits to Armes, they did perfume

Exeunt

To clarify the argument, artificial intelligence engineer Petr Plechá? from the Czech Academy of Sciences has tried the application of machine learning technology to analyze and show the true contribution of Shakespeare and Fletcher in the work. Training data will be the works of both authors. After understanding specific characteristics of each author's style, the AI ??algorithm will focus on analyzing each word in the whole play to give the most accurate assessment.

Thanks to this, Petr Plechá? was able to determine not only how many plays were written by Shakespeare or Fletcher, but also received the number of scenes written by each of Henry VIII. To increase the level of reliability, Plechá? also brought another writer who is also said to be co-author of Henry VIII: Philip Massinger.

The analysis from AI shows that only Shakespeare and Fletcher are the two real authors of this 400-year-old play, and the fact that William Shakespeare put all his enthusiasm for Henry VIII until his last breath. along, with the help of John Fletcher in some segments.

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