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## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

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This documentary edition has been edited to provide an accurate and transparent transcription of a single copy of the earliest surviving print edition of this play. Further material, including editorial policy and XML files of the play, is available on the EMED website. EMED texts are edited and encoded by Meaghan Brown, Elizabeth Williamson, and Michael Poston, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH's Division of Preservation and Access.



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img: 1-a

img: 1-b

sig: A2r

In 0001

In 0002

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

THE  
MASSACRE  
AT PARIS:  
With the Death of the Duke  
of Guise.

In 0006

In 0007

As it was played by the right honourable the  
Lord high *Admiral* his Servants.

In 0008

Written by *Christopher Marlowe*.

In 0009

In 0010

In 0011

In 0012

In 0013

AT LONDON  
Printed by *E. A.* for *Edward White*, dwelling near  
the little North door of St. Paul's  
Church at the sign of  
the Gun.

img: 2-a

img: 2-b

sig: A3r

wln 0001

wln 0002

wln 0003

THE  
MASSACRE  
AT PARIS.

wln 0004

wln 0005

With the Death of the  
Duke of *Guise*.

wln 0006

wln 0007

wln 0008

wln 0009

wln 0010

wln 0011

wln 0012

wln 0013

wln 0014

wln 0015

wln 0016

wln 0017

wln 0018

*Enter Charles the French King, the Queen Mother,  
the King of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, the  
Lord high Admiral, and the Queen of Navarre,  
with others.*

*Charles.*

PRince of *Navarre* my honourable  
brother,  
Prince *Condé*, and my good Lord  
Admiral,  
I wish this union and religious league,  
Knit in these hands thus joined in nuptial rites,  
May not dissolve, till death dissolve our lives,  
And that the native sparks of princely love,

img: 3-a

sig: A3v

wln 0019

wln 0020

wln 0021

That kindled first this motion in our hearts:  
May still be fueled in our progeny.  
*Navarre* The many favours which your grace

wln 0022  
wln 0023  
wln 0024  
wln 0025  
wln 0026  
wln 0027  
wln 0028  
wln 0029  
wln 0030  
wln 0031  
wln 0032  
wln 0033  
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wln 0039  
wln 0040  
wln 0041  
wln 0042  
wln 0043  
wln 0044  
wln 0045  
wln 0046  
wln 0047  
wln 0048

img: 3-b  
sig: A4r

wln 0049  
wln 0050  
wln 0051  
wln 0052  
wln 0053  
wln 0054  
wln 0055  
wln 0056  
wln 0057  
wln 0058  
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wln 0061  
wln 0062  
wln 0063  
wln 0064  
wln 0065  
wln 0066  
wln 0067  
wln 0068  
wln 0069

hath shown,  
From time to time, but specially in this:  
Shall bind me ever to your highness' will,  
In what Queen Mother or your grace commands.

*Old Queen* Thanks son *Navarre*, you see we love  
you well,  
That link you in marriage with our daughter here:  
And as you know our difference in Religion,  
Might be a means to cross you in your love.

*Charles.* Well Madam, let that rest:  
And now my Lords the marriage rites performed,  
We think it good to go and consummate the rest,  
With hearing of a holy Mass: Sister, I think  
yourself will bear us company.

*Queen Margaret* I will my good Lord,  
*Charles.* The rest that will not go (my Lords)  
may stay:

Come Mother let us go to honour this solemnity.

*Old Queen* Which I'll dissolve with blood  
and cruelty.

*Exit the King, Queen Mother, and the Queen of Navarre,  
and manet Navarre, the Prince of Condé, and  
the Lord high Admiral.*

*Navarre* Prince Condé and my good Lord Admiral,  
Now *Guise* may storm but do us little hurt:  
Having the King, Queen Mother on our sides,  
To stop the malice of his envious heart,

That seeks to murder all the Protestants:  
Have you not heard of late how he decreed,  
If that the King had given consent thereto,  
That all the protestants that are in Paris,  
Should have been murdered the other night?

*Admiral* My Lord I marvel that th'aspiring *Guise*,  
Dares once adventure without the King's consent,  
To meddle or attempt such dangerous things.

*Condé* My Lord you need not marvel at the *Guise*,  
For what he doth the Pope will ratify:  
In murder, mischief, or in tyranny.

*Navarre* But he that sits and rules above the clouds,  
Doth hear and see the prayers of the just:  
And will revenge the blood of innocents,  
That *Guise* hath slain by treason of his heart,  
And brought by murder to their timeless ends.

*Admiral* My Lord, but did you mark the Cardinal,  
The *Guise's* brother and the Duke *Dumaine*:  
How they did storm at these your nuptial rites,  
Because the house of *Bourbon* now comes in,  
And joins your lineage to the crown of France?

wln 0070  
wln 0071  
wln 0072  
wln 0073  
wln 0074  
wln 0075  
wln 0076  
wln 0077  
wln 0078

img: 4-a  
sig: A4v

wln 0079  
wln 0080  
wln 0081  
wln 0082  
wln 0083  
wln 0084  
wln 0085  
wln 0086  
wln 0087  
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wln 0100  
wln 0101  
wln 0102  
wln 0103  
wln 0104  
wln 0105  
wln 0106  
wln 0107  
wln 0108

img: 4-b  
sig: A5r

wln 0109  
wln 0110  
wln 0111  
wln 0112  
wln 0113  
wln 0114

*Navarre* And that's the cause that *Guise* so frowns at us,  
And beats his brains to catch us in his trap:  
Which he hath pitched within his deadly toil.  
Come my Lords let's go to the Church and pray,  
That God may still defend the right of France:  
And make his Gospel flourish in this land.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Duke of Guise.*

*Guise.* If ever *Hymen* loured at marriage rites,  
And had his altars decked with dusky lights:

If ever sun stained heaven with bloody clouds,  
And made it look with terror on the world:  
If ever day were turned to ugly night.  
And night made semblance of the hue of hell,  
This day, this hour, this fatal night,  
Shall fully show the fury of them all,  
Apothecary.

*Enter the Pothecary.*

*Pothecary* My Lord.

*Guise.* Now shall I prove and guerdon to the full,  
The love thou bear'st unto the house of *Guise*:  
Where are those perfumed gloves which I sent  
To be poisoned, hast thou done them? speak,  
Will every savour breed a pang of death?

*Pothecary* See where they be my good Lord,  
And he that smells but to them, dies.

*Guise.* Then thou remainest resolute.

*Pothecary* I am my Lord, in what your grace  
commands till death.

*Guise.* Thanks my good friend, I will requite thy love,  
Go then present them to the Queen *Navarre*:  
For she is that huge blemish in our eye,  
That makes these upstart heresies in France:  
Be gone my friend present them to her straight.  
Soldier.

*Exit Pothecary.*

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Soldier* My Lord,

*Guise.* Now come thou forth and play thy  
tragic part.  
Stand in some window opening near the street,

And when thou seest the Admiral ride by,  
Discharge thy musket and perform his death:  
And then I'll guerdon thee with store of crowns.

*Soldier* I will my Lord.

*Exit Souldier.*

*Guise.* Now *Guise* begins those deep engendered  
thoughts,

wln 0115  
wln 0116  
wln 0117  
wln 0118  
wln 0119  
wln 0120  
wln 0121  
wln 0122  
wln 0123  
wln 0124  
wln 0125  
wln 0126  
wln 0127  
wln 0128  
wln 0129  
wln 0130  
wln 0131  
wln 0132  
wln 0133  
wln 0134  
wln 0135  
wln 0136  
wln 0137  
wln 0138

img: 5-a  
sig: A5v

To burst abroad those never dying flames,  
Which cannot be extinguished but by blood.  
Oft have I levelled, and at last have learned,  
That peril is the chiefest way to happiness,  
And resolution honour's fairest aim.  
What glory is there in a common good,  
That hangs for every peasant to achieve?  
That like I best that flies beyond my reach,  
Set me to scale the high Pyramids,  
And thereon set the Diadem of France,  
I'll either rend it with my nails to naught,  
Or mount the top with my aspiring wings,  
Although my downfall be the deepest hell.  
For this, I wake, when others think I sleep,  
For this, I wait, that scorns attendance else:  
For this, my quenchless thirst whereon I build,  
Hath often pleaded kindred to the King.  
For this, this head, this heart, this hand and sword,  
Contrives, imagines and fully executes,  
Matters of import, aimed at by many,  
Yet understood by none.  
For this, hath heaven engendered me of earth,  
For this, this earth sustains my body's weight,  
And with this weight I'll counterpoise a Crown,

wln 0139  
wln 0140  
wln 0141  
wln 0142  
wln 0143  
wln 0144  
wln 0145  
wln 0146  
wln 0147  
wln 0148  
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wln 0155  
wln 0156  
wln 0157  
wln 0158  
wln 0159  
wln 0160  
wln 0161  
wln 0162

Or with seditions weary all the world:  
For this, from Spain the stately Catholics,  
Sends Indian gold to coin me French ecus:  
For this have I a largesse from the Pope,  
A pension and a dispensation too:  
And by that privilege to work upon,  
My policy hath framed religion,  
Religion: *O Diabole*.  
Fie, I am ashamed however that I seem,  
To think a word of such a simple sound,  
Of so great matter should be made the ground.  
The gentle King whose pleasure uncontrolled,  
Weakeneth his body, and will waste his Realm,  
If I repair not what he ruins:  
Him as a child I daily win with words,  
So that for proof, he barely bears the name:  
I execute, and he sustains the blame.  
The Mother Queen works wonders for my  
sake,  
And in my love entombs the hope of France:  
Rifling the bowels of her treasury,  
To supply my wants and necessity.  
Paris hath full five hundred Colleges,  
As Monasteries, Priors, Abbeys and halls,

wln 0163  
wln 0164  
wln 0165  
wln 0166  
wln 0167  
wln 0168

img: 5-b  
sig: A6r

Wherein are thirty thousand able men,  
Besides a thousand sturdy student Catholics,  
And more of my knowledge in one cloister keeps,  
Five hundred fat Franciscan Friars and priests.  
All this and more, if more may be comprised,  
To bring the will of our desires to end.

wln 0169  
wln 0170  
wln 0171  
wln 0172  
wln 0173  
wln 0174  
wln 0175  
wln 0176  
wln 0177  
wln 0178  
wln 0179  
wln 0180  
wln 0181  
wln 0182  
wln 0183  
wln 0184  
wln 0185  
wln 0186  
wln 0187  
wln 0188  
wln 0189  
wln 0190

Then *Guise* since thou hast all the Cards,  
Within thy hands to shuffle or cut, take this as  
surest thing:  
That right or wrong, thou deal thyself a King.  
Ay but, *Navarre, Navarre*, 'tis but a nook of France,  
Sufficient yet for such a petty King:  
That with a rabblement of his heretics,  
Blinds Europe's eyes and troubleth our estate:  
Him will we *Pointing to his Sword.*  
But first let's follow those in France,  
That hinder our possession to the crown:  
As *Caesar* to his soldiers, so say I:  
Those that hate me, will I learn to loathe.  
Give me a look, that when I bend the brows,  
Pale death may walk in furrows of my face:  
A hand, that with a grasp may gripe the world,  
An ear, to hear what my detractors say,  
A royal seat, a sceptre and a crown:  
That those which do behold, they may become  
As men that stand and gaze against the Sun.  
The plot is laid, and things shall come to pass:  
Where resolution strives for victory. *Exit.*

wln 0191  
wln 0192  
wln 0193  
wln 0194

*Enter the King of Navarre and Queen, and his Mother  
Queen, the Prince of Condé, the Admiral, and  
the Pothecary with the gloves, and gives them to  
the old Queen.*

wln 0195  
wln 0196

*Pothecary* Madam, I beseech your grace to  
accept this simple gift.

img: 6-a  
sig: A6v

wln 0197  
wln 0198  
wln 0199  
wln 0200  
wln 0201  
wln 0202  
wln 0203  
wln 0204  
wln 0205

*Old Queen* Thanks my good friend, hold take  
thou this reward.  
*Pothecary* I humbly thank your Majesty. *Exit Pothecary.*  
*Old Queen* Methinks the gloves have a very  
strong perfume,  
The scent whereof doth make my head to ache.  
*Navarre* Doth not your grace know the man  
that gave them you?  
*Old Queen* Not well, but do remember such a man.

wln 0206  
wln 0207  
wln 0208  
wln 0209  
wln 0210  
wln 0211  
wln 0212  
wln 0213  
wln 0214  
wln 0215  
wln 0216  
wln 0217  
wln 0218  
wln 0219  
wln 0220  
wln 0221  
wln 0222  
wln 0223  
wln 0224  
wln 0225  
wln 0226

img: 6-b  
sig: A7r

wln 0227  
wln 0228  
wln 0229  
wln 0230  
wln 0231  
wln 0232  
wln 0233  
wln 0234  
wln 0235  
wln 0236  
wln 0237  
wln 0238  
wln 0239  
wln 0240  
wln 0241

wln 0242  
wln 0243

wln 0244  
wln 0245  
wln 0246  
wln 0247  
wln 0248  
wln 0249  
wln 0250  
wln 0251

*Admiral* Your grace was ill advised to take them then,  
Considering of these dangerous times.

*Old Queen* Help son *Navarre* I am poisoned.

*Queen Margaret* The heavens forbid your highness  
such mishap.

*Navarre* The late suspicion of the Duke of *Guise*,  
Might well have moved your highness to beware:  
How you did meddle with such dangerous gifts.

*Queen Margaret* Too late it is my Lord if that be true  
To blame her highness, but I hope it be  
Only some natural passion makes her sick.

*Old Queen* O no, sweet *Marg'ret*, the fatal poison  
Works within my head, my brain pan breaks,  
My heart doth faint, I die.

*She dies.*

*Navarre* My Mother poisoned here before  
my face:

O gracious God, what times are these?  
O grant sweet God my days may end with hers,  
That I with her may die and live again.

*Queen Margaret* Let not this heavy chance  
my dearest Lord,

For whose effects my soul is massacred)  
Infect thy gracious breast with fresh supply,  
To aggravate our sudden misery.

*Admiral* Come my Lords let us bear her body hence,  
And see it honoured with just solemnity.

*As they are going, the Soldier dischargeth his  
Musket at the Lord Admiral.*

*Condé*, What are you hurt my Lord high Admiral?

*Admiral* Ay my good Lord shot through the arm.

*Navarre* We are betrayed come my Lords,  
and let us go tell the King of this.

*Admiral* These are the cursed *Guisians* that do  
seek our death.

Oh fatal was this marriage to us all.

*They bear away the Queen and go out.*

*Enter the King, Queen Mother, Duke of Guise,  
Duke Anjou, Duke Dumaine.*

*Queen Mother.*

My noble son, and princely Duke of *Guise*,  
Now have we got the fatal stragglings deer:  
Within the compass of a deadly toil,  
And as we late decreed we may perform.

*King.* Madam, it will be noted through the world,  
An action bloody and tyrannical:  
Chiefly since under safety of our word,

wln 0252  
wln 0253  
wln 0254

img: 7-a  
sig: A7v

They justly challenge their protection:  
Besides my heart relents that noble men,  
Only corrupted in religion, Ladies of honour,

wln 0255  
wln 0256  
wln 0257  
wln 0258  
wln 0259  
wln 0260  
wln 0261  
wln 0262  
wln 0263  
wln 0264  
wln 0265  
wln 0266  
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wln 0278  
wln 0279  
wln 0280  
wln 0281  
wln 0282  
wln 0283  
wln 0284

Knights and Gentlemen, should for their conscience  
taste such ruthless ends.

*Anjou* Though gentle minds should pity  
other's pains,  
Yet will the wisest note their proper griefs:  
And rather seek to scourge their enemies,  
Than be themselves base subjects to the whip.

*Guise.* Methinks my Lord, *Anjou* hath well  
advised,  
Your highness to consider of the thing,  
And rather choose to seek your country's good,  
Than pity or relieve these upstart heretics.

*Queen.* I hope these reasons may serve my  
princely Son,  
To have some care for fear of enemies:

*King.* Well Madam, I refer it to your Majesty,  
And to my Nephew here the Duke of *Guise*:  
What you determine, I will ratify.

*Queen.* Thanks to my princely son, then tell  
me *Guise*,

What order will you set down for the Massacre?

*Guise.* Thus Madam.  
They that shall be actors in this Massacre,  
Shall wear white crosses on their Burgonets:  
And tie white linen scarves about their arms.  
He that wants these, and is suspected of heresy,  
Shall die, be he King or Emperor.  
Then I'll have a peal of ordinance shot from the  
tower,  
At which they all shall issue out and set the streets.

img: 7-b  
sig: A8r

wln 0285  
wln 0286  
wln 0287  
wln 0288  
wln 0289  
wln 0290  
wln 0291  
wln 0292  
wln 0293  
wln 0294  
wln 0295  
wln 0296

And then the watchword being given, a bell shall  
ring,  
Which when they hear, they shall begin to kill:  
And never cease until that bell shall cease,  
Then breathe a while.

*Enter the Admiral's man.*

*King.* How now fellow, what news?

*Man.* And it please your grace the Lord high  
Admiral,  
Riding the streets was traitorously shot,  
And most humbly entreats your Majesty  
To visit him sick in his bed.



wln 0297  
wln 0298  
wln 0299  
wln 0300  
wln 0301  
wln 0302  
wln 0303  
wln 0304  
wln 0305  
wln 0306  
wln 0307  
wln 0308  
wln 0309  
wln 0310  
wln 0311  
wln 0312  
wln 0313  
wln 0314

img: 8-a  
sig: A8v

wln 0315  
wln 0316  
wln 0317  
wln 0318  
wln 0319  
wln 0320  
wln 0321  
wln 0322  
wln 0323  
wln 0324  
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wln 0339  
wln 0340  
wln 0341  
wln 0342  
wln 0343  
wln 0344

*King.* Messenger, tell him I will see him straight.

*Exit Messenger.*

What shall we do now with the Admiral?

*Queen* Your Majesty were best go visit him,  
And make a show as if all were well.

*King.* Content, I will go visit the Admiral.

*Guise.* And I will go take order for his death.

*Exit Guise.*

*Enter the Admiral in his bed.*

*King.* How fares it with my Lord high Admiral,  
Hath he been hurt with villains in the street?  
I vow and swear as I am King of France,  
To find and to repay the man with death:  
With death delayed and torments never used,  
That durst presume for hope of any gain,  
To hurt the noble man their sovereign loves.

*Admiral* Ah my good Lord, these are the *Guisians*,  
That seek to massacre our guiltless lives.

*King.* Assure yourself my good Lord Admiral,  
I deeply sorrow for your treacherous wrong:  
And that I am not more secure myself,  
Than I am careful you should be preserved.  
Cousin, take twenty of our strongest guard,  
And under your direction see they keep,  
All treacherous violence from our noble friend,  
Repaying all attempts with present death,  
Upon the cursed breakers of our peace.  
And so be patient good Lord Admiral,  
And every hour I will visit you.

*Admiral* I humbly thank your royal Majesty.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Guise, Anjou, Dumaine, Gonzago, Retes,  
Montsorrell, and Soldiers to the massacre.*

*Guise.*

*Anjou, Dumaine, Gonzago, Retes,*  
Swear by the argent crosses in your burgonets,  
To kill all that you suspect of heresy.

*Dumaine* I swear by this to be unmerciful.

*Anjou* I am disguised and none knows  
who I am.  
And therefore mean to murder all I meet.

*Gonzago* And so will I.

*Retes* And I.

*Guise.* Away then, break into the Admiral's house,

*Retes* Ay let the Admiral be first dispatched.

*Guise.* The Admiral chief standard bearer  
to the Lutherans,  
Shall in the entrance of this Massacre,

img: 8-b  
sig: B1r

wln 0345  
wln 0346  
wln 0347  
wln 0348  
wln 0349  
wln 0350  
wln 0351  
wln 0352  
wln 0353  
wln 0354  
wln 0355  
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wln 0362  
wln 0363  
wln 0364  
wln 0365  
wln 0366  
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wln 0368  
wln 0369  
wln 0370  
wln 0371  
wln 0372  
wln 0373  
wln 0374

Be murdered in his bed. *Gonzago* conduct them  
thither,  
And then beset his house that not a man may live.  
*Anjou* That charge is mine, Swizzers keep you  
the streets,  
And at each corner shall the King's guard stand.  
*Gonzago*. Come sirs follow me.  
*Exit Gonzago and others with him.*  
*Anjou* Cousin, the Captain of the Admiral's  
guard,  
Placed by my brother, will betray his Lord:  
Now *Guise* shall catholics flourish once again,  
The head being of, the members cannot stand.  
*Retes* But look my Lord, there's some in the  
Admiral's house.  
*Enter into the Admiral's house,  
and he in his bed.*  
*Anjou* In lucky time, come let us keep this lane,  
And slay his servants that shall issue out.  
*Gonzago* Where is the Admiral?  
*Admiral* O let me pray before I die.  
*Gonzago* Then pray unto our Lady,  
kiss this cross. *Stab him.*  
*Admiral* O God forgive my sins.  
*Guise, Gonzago*, what, is he dead?  
*Gonzago* Ay my Lord.  
*Guise*. Then throw him down.  
*Anjou* Now cousin view him well, it may be it is  
some other, and he escaped.  
*Guise*. Cousin 'tis he, I know him by his look.

img: 9-a  
sig: B1v

wln 0375  
wln 0376  
wln 0377  
wln 0378  
wln 0379  
wln 0380  
wln 0381  
wln 0382  
wln 0383  
wln 0384  
wln 0385  
wln 0386  
wln 0387  
wln 0388  
wln 0389

See where my Soldier shot him through the arm.  
He missed him near, but we have struck him now.  
Ah base Chatillion and degenerate, chief standard  
bearer to the Lutherans,  
Thus in despite of thy Religion,  
The Duke of *Guise* stamps on thy lifeless bulk.  
*Anjou* Away with him, cut of his head and  
hands.  
And send them for a present to the Pope:  
And when this just revenge is finished,  
Unto Montfaucon will we drag his corse:  
And he that living hated so the cross,  
Shall being dead, be hanged thereon in chains.  
*Guise. Anjou, Gonzago, Retes*, if that you three,  
Will be as resolute as I and *Dumaine*:

wln 0390  
wln 0391  
wln 0392  
wln 0393  
wln 0394  
wln 0395  
wln 0396  
wln 0397  
wln 0398  
wln 0399  
wln 0400  
wln 0401  
wln 0402  
wln 0403  
wln 0404

img: 9-b  
sig: B2r

There shall not a Huguenot breathe in France.

*Anjou* I swear by this cross, we'll not be partial,

But slay as many as we can come near.

*Guise.* *Mountsorrell*, go shoot the ordinance off,  
That they which have already set the street  
May know their watchword, then toll the bell,  
And so let's forward to the Massacre.

*Mountsorrell* I will my Lord, *Exit.* *Mountsorrell.*

*Guise.* And now my Lords let us closely to our business.

*Anjou* *Anjou* will follow thee.

*Dumaine* And so will *Dumaine*.

*The ordinance being shot off, the bell tolls.*

*Guise.* Come then, let's away. *Exeunt.*

wln 0405  
wln 0406  
wln 0407  
wln 0408  
wln 0409  
wln 0410  
wln 0411  
wln 0412  
wln 0413  
wln 0414  
wln 0415  
wln 0416  
wln 0417  
wln 0418  
wln 0419  
wln 0420  
wln 0421  
wln 0422  
wln 0423  
wln 0424  
wln 0425  
wln 0426  
wln 0427

*The Guise enters again, with all the rest, with their  
Swords drawn, chasing the Protestants.*

*Guise.*

*Tue tue, tue*, let none escape, murder the Huguenots.

*Anjou* Kill them, kill them. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Loreine running, the Guise and the rest  
pursuing him.*

*Guise.* *Loreine, Loreine*, follow *Loreine*, Sirrah,  
Are you a preacher of these heresies?

*Loreine* I am a preacher of the word of God,  
And thou a traitor to thy soul and him.

*Guise.* Dearly beloved brother, thus 'tis written. *he stabs him.*

*Anjou* Stay my Lord, let me begin the psalm.

*Guise.* Come drag him away and throw him in a ditch. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Mountsorrell and knocks at Seroune's door.*

*Seroune's wife.* Who is that which knocks there?

*Mountsorrell* *Mountsorrell* from the Duke of *Guise*.

*Wife.* Husband come down, here's one would speak with you from the Duke of *Guise*.

*Enter Seroune.*

*Seroune.*

To speak with me from such a man as he?

*Mountsorrell* Ay, ay, for this *Seroune*, and thou shalt hate. *showing his dagger.*

*Seroune.* O let me pray before I take my death.

*Mountsorrell* Despatch then quickly.

img: 10-a  
sig: B2v

wln 0434  
wln 0435  
wln 0436  
wln 0437  
wln 0438  
wln 0439  
wln 0440  
wln 0441  
wln 0442

*Seroune.* O Christ my Saviour.  
*Mountsorrell* Christ, villain, why dar'st thou presume  
to call on Christ, without the intercession of  
some Saint? *Sancta Jacobus* he was my Saint,  
pray to him.

*Seroune.* O let me pray unto my God.  
*Mountsorrell* Then take this with you.

*Stab him.*  
*Exit.*

*Enter Ramus in his study.*

wln 0443  
wln 0444  
wln 0445  
wln 0446  
wln 0447

*Ramus.* What fearful cries comes from the  
river Seine,  
That frights poor *Ramus* sitting at his book?  
I fear the *Guisians* have passed the bridge,  
And mean once more to menace me.

wln 0448

*Enter Taleus.*

wln 0449  
wln 0450  
wln 0451  
wln 0452  
wln 0453  
wln 0454

*Taleus.* Fly *Ramus* fly, if thou wilt save thy life,  
*Ramus.* Tell me *Taleus*, wherefore should I fly?  
*Taleus.* The *Guisians* are hard at thy door, and  
mean to murder us: hark, hark they come,  
I'll leap out at the window.  
*Ramus.* Sweet *Taleus* stay.

wln 0455

*Enter Gonzago and Retes.*

wln 0456  
wln 0457  
wln 0458

*Gonzago.*

Who goes there?  
*Retes* 'Tis *Taleus*, *Ramus*' bedfellow.

img: 10-b  
sig: B3r

wln 0459  
wln 0460  
wln 0461  
wln 0462  
wln 0463  
wln 0464  
wln 0465  
wln 0466  
wln 0467  
wln 0468

*Gonzago* What art thou?  
*Taleus* I am as *Ramus* is, a Christian.  
*Retes* O let him go, he is a catholic.  
*Enter Ramus. Exit Taleus.*

*Gonzago* Come *Ramus*, more gold, or thou shalt  
have the stab.

*Ramus.* Alas I am a scholar, how should I have  
gold?  
All that I have is but my stipend from the King,  
Which is no sooner received but it is spent.

wln 0469

*Enter the Guise and Anjou.*

wln 0470  
wln 0471  
wln 0472  
wln 0473  
wln 0474

*Anjou*

Who have you there?  
*Retes* 'Tis *Ramus*, the King's professor of Logic.  
*Guise,* Stab him.  
*Ramus.* O good my Lord, wherein hath *Ramus*

wln 0475  
wln 0476  
wln 0477  
wln 0478  
wln 0479  
wln 0480  
wln 0481  
wln 0482  
wln 0483  
wln 0484  
wln 0485  
wln 0486

img: 11-a  
sig: B3v

wln 0487  
wln 0488  
wln 0489  
wln 0490  
wln 0491  
wln 0492  
wln 0493  
wln 0494  
wln 0495  
wln 0496  
wln 0497  
wln 0498  
wln 0499  
wln 0500  
wln 0501  
wln 0502  
wln 0503  
wln 0504  
wln 0505  
wln 0506  
wln 0507  
wln 0508  
wln 0509  
wln 0510  
wln 0511  
wln 0512  
wln 0513  
wln 0514  
wln 0515  
wln 0516

img: 11-b  
sig: B4r

wln 0517  
wln 0518  
wln 0519

been so offencious.

*Guise.* Marry sir, in having a smack in all,  
And yet didst never sound anything to the depth.  
Was it not thou that scoff'dst the Organon,  
And said it was a heap of vanities?  
He that will be a flat dichotomist,  
And seen in nothing but Epitomes:  
Is in your judgement thought a learned man.  
And he forsooth must go and preach in Germany:  
Excepting against Doctors' actions,  
And *ipsi dixi* with this quiddity,  
*Argumentum testimonis est in arte fetialis.*

To contradict which, I say *Ramus* shall die:  
How answer you that? your *nego argumentum*  
cannot serve, sirrah, kill him.

*Ramus* O good my Lord, let me but speak a word.

*Anjou* Well, say on.

*Ramus.* Not for my life do I desire this pause,  
But in my latter hour to purge myself,  
In that I know the things that I have wrote,  
Which as I hear one *Shekins* takes it ill:  
Because my places being but three, contains all his:  
I knew the Organon to be confused,  
And I reduced it into better form.  
And this for *Aristotle* will I say,  
That he that despiseth him, can ne'er  
Be good in Logic or Philosophy.  
And that's because the blockish thorbonest,  
Attribute as much unto their works,  
As to the service of the eternal God.

*Guise.* Why suffer you that peasant to declaim?  
Stab him I say and send him to his friends in hell.

*Anjou* Ne'er was there Collier's son so full  
of pride.

*kill him.*

*Guise.* My Lord of *Anjou*, there are a hundred  
Protestants.

Which we have chased into the river Seine,  
That swim about and so preserve their lives:  
How may we do? I fear me they will live.

*Dumaine.* Go place some men upon the bridge,  
With bows and darts to shoot at them they see,  
And sink them in the river as they swim.

*Guise.* 'Tis well advised *Dumaine*, go see it straight  
be done.  
And in the meantime my Lord, could we devise,

wln 0520  
wln 0521  
wln 0522  
wln 0523  
wln 0524  
wln 0525  
wln 0526  
wln 0527  
wln 0528  
wln 0529  
wln 0530  
wln 0531  
wln 0532  
wln 0533  
wln 0534  
wln 0535  
wln 0536  
wln 0537  
wln 0538  
wln 0539  
wln 0540  
wln 0541  
wln 0542  
wln 0543  
wln 0544  
wln 0545  
wln 0546

img: 12-a  
sig: B4v

wln 0547  
wln 0548  
  
wln 0549  
  
wln 0550  
wln 0551  
wln 0552  
wln 0553  
wln 0554  
wln 0555  
wln 0556  
wln 0557  
wln 0558  
wln 0559  
wln 0560  
wln 0561  
wln 0562  
wln 0563  
wln 0564  
wln 0565

To get those pedants from the King *Navarre*,  
that are tutors to him and the prince of *Condé*.

*Anjou* For that let me alone, Cousin stay you here,  
And when you see me in, then follow hard.

*He knocketh, and enter the King of Navarre and  
Prince of Condé, with their schoolmasters.*

How now my Lords, how fare you?

*Navarre* My Lord, they say that all the  
protestants are massacred.

*Anjou* Ay, so they are, but yet what remedy:  
I have done what I could to stay this broil.

*Navarre* But yet my Lord the report doth run,  
That you were one that made this Massacre.

*Anjou* Who I, you are deceived, I rose but now.

*Enter Guise.*

*Guise.* Murder the Huguenots, take those pedants hence.

*Navarre* Thou traitor *Guise*, lay of thy bloody hands.

*Condé* Come let us go tell the King. *Exeunt.*

*Guise.* Come sirs, I'll whip you to death with my  
poniard's point. *he kills them.*

*Anjou* Away with them both. *Exit Anjou.*

*Guise.* And now sirs for this night let our fury stay.

Yet will we not that the Massacre shall end,

*Gonzago* post you to Orleans,

*Retes* to Dieppe, *Mountsorrell* unto Rouen,

And spare not one that you suspect of heresy.

and now stay that bell that to the devil's matins rings

Now every man put off his burgonet,  
And so convey him closely to his bed.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Anjou, with two Lords of Poland.*

*Anjou*

My Lords of Poland I must needs confess,

The offer of your Prince Electors, far

Beyond the reach of my deserts:

For Poland is as I have been informed,

A martial people, worthy such a King,

As hath sufficient counsel in himself,

To lighten doubts and frustrate subtle foes.

And such a King whom practice long hath taught,

To please himself with manage of the wars.

The greatest wars within our Christian bounds,

I mean our wars against the Muscovites:

And on the other side against the Turk,

Rich Princes both, and mighty Emperors:

Yet by my brother *Charles* our King of France,

And by his grace's council it is thought,

wln 0566  
wln 0567  
wln 0568  
wln 0569  
wln 0570  
wln 0571  
wln 0572  
wln 0573  
wln 0574

img: 12-b  
sig: B5r

that if I undertake to wear the crown  
Of Poland, it may prejudice their hope  
Of my inheritance to the crown of France:  
For if th'almighty take my brother hence,  
By due descent the Regal seat is mine.  
With Poland therefore must I covenant thus,  
That if by death of *Charles*, the diadem  
Of France be cast on me, then with your leaves  
I may retire me to my native home.

wln 0575  
wln 0576  
wln 0577  
wln 0578  
wln 0579  
wln 0580  
wln 0581  
wln 0582

If your commission serve to warrant this,  
I thankfully shall undertake the charge  
Of you and yours, and carefully maintain  
the wealth and safety of your kingdom's right.

*Lord.* All this and more your highness  
shall command,  
For Poland's crown and kingly diadem.

*Anjou* Then come my Lords, let's go.

*Exeunt.*

wln 0583  
wln 0584  
wln 0585  
wln 0586  
wln 0587  
wln 0588  
wln 0589  
wln 0590  
wln 0591  
wln 0592  
wln 0593  
wln 0594  
wln 0595  
wln 0596  
wln 0597  
wln 0598

*Enter two with the Admiral's body.*

*1 soldier* Now sirrah, what shall we do with  
the Admiral?

*2 soldier* Why let us burn him for an heretic.

*1 soldier* O no, his body will infect the fire, and the  
fire the air, and so we shall be poisoned with  
him.

*2 soldier* What shall we do then?

*1 soldier* Let's throw him into the river.

*2 soldier* Oh 'twill corrupt the water, and the water  
the fish, and by the fish ourselves when we eat  
them.

*1 soldier* Then throw him into the ditch.

*2 soldier* No, no, to decide all doubts, be ruled by me,  
let's hang him here upon this tree.

*1 soldier* Agreed.

*They hang him.*

wln 0599  
wln 0600  
wln 0601  
wln 0602

*Enter the Duke of Guise, and Queen Mother, and  
the Cardinal.*

*Guise.* Now Madam, how like you our lusty  
Admiral?

img: 13-a  
sig: B5v

wln 0603  
wln 0604  
wln 0605  
wln 0606  
wln 0607  
wln 0608

*Queen.* Believe me *Guise* he becomes the place  
so well,  
As I could long ere this have wished him there.  
But come let's walk aside, th'air's not very sweet.

*Guise.* No by my faith Madam.  
Sirs, take him away and throw him in some ditch.

wln 0609  
wln 0610  
wln 0611  
wln 0612  
wln 0613  
wln 0614  
wln 0615  
wln 0616  
wln 0617  
wln 0618  
wln 0619  
wln 0620  
wln 0621  
wln 0622  
wln 0623  
wln 0624  
wln 0625  
wln 0626  
wln 0627  
wln 0628  
wln 0629  
wln 0630  
wln 0631  
wln 0632

img: 13-b  
sig: B6r

wln 0633  
wln 0634  
wln 0635  
wln 0636  
wln 0637  
wln 0638  
  
wln 0639  
wln 0640  
wln 0641  
wln 0642  
wln 0643  
wln 0644  
wln 0645  
wln 0646  
wln 0647  
wln 0648  
wln 0649  
wln 0650  
wln 0651  
wln 0652  
wln 0653  
wln 0654  
wln 0655

*carry away the dead body.*

And now Madam as I understand,  
There are a hundred Huguenots and more,  
Which in the woods do hold their synagogue:  
And daily meet about this time of day,  
And thither will I to put them to the sword.

*Queen* Do so sweet *Guise*, let us delay no time,  
For if these stragglers gather head again,  
And disperse themselves throughout the Realm  
of France,  
It will be hard for us to work their deaths.

Be gone, delay no time sweet *Guise*.

*Guise*. Madam, I go as whirlwinds rage  
before a storm,

*Exit Guise.*

*Queen* My Lord of Lorraine have you marked of late,  
How *Charles* our son begins for to lament:  
For the late night's work which my Lord of *Guise*  
Did make in Paris amongst the Hugonites?

*Cardinal* Madam, I have heard him solemnly vow,  
With the rebellious King of *Navarre*,  
For to revenge their deaths upon us all.

*Queen* Ay, but my Lord let me alone for that,  
For *Katherine* must have her will in France:  
As I do live, so surely shall he die.

And *Henry* then shall wear the diadem.  
And if he grudge or cross his Mother's will,  
I'll disinherit him and all the rest:  
For I'll rule France, but they shall wear the crown:  
And if they storm, I then may pull them down.  
Come my Lord let's us go.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter five or six Protestants with books, and kneel together.*

*Enter also the Guise.*

*Guise*. Down with the Huguenots, murder them.

*Protestant*. O *Monsieur de Guise*, hear me but  
speak.

*Guise*. No villain, that tongue of thine,  
That hath blasphemed the holy Church of Rome,  
Shall drive no plaints into the *Guise's* ears,  
To make the justice of my heart relent:

*Tue, tue, tue*, let none escape:

*kill them.*

So, drag them away.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King of France, Navarre and Epernoun staying  
him: enter Queen Mother, and the Cardinal.*

*King.*

O let me stay and rest me here a while,  
A griping pain hath seized upon my heart:  
A sudden pang, the messenger of death.



wln 0656  
wln 0657  
wln 0658  
wln 0659  
wln 0660  
wln 0661

img: 14-a  
sig: B6v

wln 0662  
wln 0663  
wln 0664  
wln 0665  
wln 0666  
wln 0667  
wln 0668  
wln 0669  
wln 0670  
wln 0671  
wln 0672  
wln 0673  
wln 0674  
wln 0675  
wln 0676  
wln 0677  
wln 0678  
wln 0679  
wln 0680  
wln 0681  
wln 0682  
wln 0683  
wln 0684  
wln 0685  
wln 0686  
wln 0687  
wln 0688  
wln 0689  
wln 0690  
wln 0691

img: 14-b  
sig: B7r

wln 0692  
wln 0693  
wln 0694  
wln 0695  
wln 0696  
wln 0697  
wln 0698  
wln 0699  
wln 0700

*Queen* O say not so, thou kill'st thy mother's heart.  
*King.* I must say so, pain forceth me complain.  
*Navarre* Comfort yourself my Lord and have no  
doubt,  
But God will sure restore you to your health.  
*King.* O no, my loving brother of *Navarre*.

I have deserved a scourge I must confess,  
Yet is there patience of another sort,  
Than to misdo the welfare of their King:  
God grant my nearest friends may prove  
no worse.  
O hold me up, my sight begins to fail,  
My sinews shrink, my brains turn upside  
down,  
My heart doth break, I faint and die.

*He dies.*

*Queen,* What art thou dead, sweet son speak  
to thy Mother,  
O no, his soul is fled from out his breast,  
And he nor hears, nor sees us what we do:  
My Lords, what resteth there now for to be done?  
But that we presently dispatch Ambassadors  
To Poland, to call *Henry* back again,  
To wear his brother's crown and dignity.  
*Epernoun,* go see it presently be done,  
And bid him come without delay to us.

*Exit Epernoun.*

*Epernoun* Madam, I will.  
*Queen.* And now my Lords after these funerals  
be done,  
We will with all the speed we can provide,  
For *Henry's* coronation from Polony:  
Come let us take his body hence.

*All go out, but Navarre and Pleshe.*

*Navarre,* And now *Navarre* whilst that these  
broils do last,  
My opportunity may serve me fit,  
To steal from France, and hie me to my home.

For here's no safety in the Realm for me,  
And now that *Henry* is called from Poland,  
It is my due by just succession:  
And therefore as speedily as I can perform,  
I'll muster up an army secretly,  
For fear that *Guise* joined with the King of Spain,  
Might seem to cross me in mine enterprise.  
But God that always doth defend the right,  
Will show his mercy and preserve us still.

wln 0701  
wln 0702  
wln 0703  
wln 0704  
wln 0705  
wln 0706  
wln 0707  
wln 0708  
wln 0709  
wln 0710  
wln 0711  
wln 0712  
wln 0713  
wln 0714  
wln 0715

*Pleshe.* The virtues of our true Religion,  
Cannot but march with many graces more:  
Whose army shall discomfort all your foes,  
And at the length in Pampelonia crown,  
In spite of Spain and all the popish power,  
That holds it from your highness wrongfully:  
Your Majesty her rightful Lord and Sovereign.  
*Navarre* Truth *Pleshe*, and God so prosper  
me in all,  
As I intend to labour for the truth,  
And true profession of his holy word:  
Come *Pleshe*, let's away whilst time doth serve,

***Exeunt.***

*Sound Trumpets within, and then all cry vive la Roi  
two or three times.*

wln 0716  
wln 0717  
wln 0718  
wln 0719  
wln 0720

*Enter* Henry crowned: Queen, Cardinal, *Duke of  
Guise*, *Epernoun*, *the king's Minions*, *with others*,  
*and the Cutpurse.*

*All* Vive la Roy, vive la Roy, *Sound Trumpets.*  
*Queen* Welcome from Poland *Henry* once again,

img: 15-a  
sig: B7v

wln 0721  
wln 0722  
wln 0723  
wln 0724  
wln 0725  
wln 0726  
wln 0727  
wln 0728  
wln 0729  
wln 0730  
wln 0731  
wln 0732  
wln 0733  
wln 0734  
wln 0735  
wln 0736  
wln 0737  
wln 0738  
wln 0739  
wln 0740  
wln 0741  
wln 0742  
wln 0743  
wln 0744  
wln 0745  
wln 0746  
wln 0747

Welcome to France thy father's royal seat,  
Here hast thou a country void of fears,  
A warlike people to maintain thy right,  
A watchful Senate for ordaining laws,  
A loving mother to preserve thy state,  
And all things that a King may wish besides:  
All this and more hath *Henry* with his crown.

*Cardinal* And long may *Henry* enjoy all this and more,  
*All* Vive la Roy, vive la Roy. *Sound trumpets.*

*Henry*, Thanks to you all. The guider of all  
crowns,  
Grant that our deeds may well deserve your loves:  
And so they shall, if fortune speed my will,  
And yield your thoughts to height of my deserts.  
What says our Minions, think they *Henry's* heart  
Will not both harbour love and Majesty?  
Put off that fear, they are already joined,  
No person, place, or time, or circumstance,  
Shall slack my love's affection from his bent,  
As now you are, so shall you still persist,  
Removeless from the favours of your King.

*Mugeroun.* We know that noble minds change  
not their thoughts  
For wearing of a crown: in that your grace,  
Hath worn the Poland diadem, before  
you were invested in the crown of France:

*Henry.* I tell thee *Mugeroun* we will be friends,

wln 0748  
wln 0749  
wln 0750

img: 15-b  
sig: B8r

wln 0751  
wln 0752  
wln 0753  
wln 0754  
wln 0755  
wln 0756  
wln 0757  
wln 0758  
wln 0759  
wln 0760  
wln 0761  
wln 0762  
wln 0763  
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wln 0770  
wln 0771  
wln 0772  
wln 0773  
wln 0774  
wln 0775  
wln 0776  
wln 0777  
wln 0778  
wln 0779  
wln 0780

img: 16-a  
sig: B8v

wln 0781  
wln 0782  
wln 0783  
wln 0784  
wln 0785  
wln 0786  
wln 0787  
wln 0788  
wln 0789  
wln 0790  
wln 0791  
wln 0792

And fellows too, whatever storms arise.  
*Mugeroun.* Then may it please your Majesty  
to give me leave,

To punish those that do profane this holy feast.  
*He cuts off the Cutpurse ear, for cutting of the  
gold buttons off his cloak.*

*Henry.* How meanst thou that?  
*Cutpurse.* O Lord, mine ear.  
*Mugeroun.* Come sir, give me my buttons  
and here's your ear.

*Guise.* Sirrah, take him away.  
*Henry.* Hands off good fellow, I will be  
his bail  
For this offence: go sirrah, work no more,  
Till this our Coronation day be passed:  
And now our solemn rites of Coronation done,  
What now remains, but for a while to feast,  
And spend some days in barriers, tourney, tilt,  
and like disports, such as do fit the Court?  
Let's go my Lords, our dinner stays for us.  
*Go out all, but the Queen and the Cardinal.*

*Queen.*  
My Lord Cardinal of Lorraine, tell me,  
How likes your grace my son's pleasantness?  
His mind you see runs on his minions,  
And all his heaven is to delight himself:  
And whilst he sleeps securely thus in ease,  
Thy brother *Guise* and we may now provide,  
To plant ourselves with such authority,  
as not a man may live without our leaves.  
Then shall the Catholic faith of Rome,  
Flourish in France, and none deny the same,  
*Cardinal* Madam, as in secrecy I was told,

My brother *Guise* hath gathered a power of men,  
Which as he saith, to kill the Puritans,  
But 'tis the house of *Bourbon* that he means.  
Now Madam must you insinuate with the King,  
And tell him that 'tis for his Country's good,  
And common profit of Religion.

*Queen* Tush man, let me alone with him,  
To work the way to bring this thing to pass:  
And if he do deny what I do say,  
I'll dispatch him with his brother presently.  
And then shall *Monsieur* wear the diadem:  
Tush, all shall die unless I have my will.

wln 0793  
wln 0794  
wln 0795  
wln 0796  
wln 0797  
wln 0798  
wln 0799  
wln 0800  
wln 0801  
wln 0802  
wln 0803  
wln 0804  
wln 0805  
wln 0806  
wln 0807  
wln 0808  
wln 0809  
wln 0810

img: 16-b  
sig: C1r

wln 0811

wln 0812

wln 0813

wln 0814

wln 0815

wln 0816

wln 0817

wln 0818

wln 0819

wln 0820

wln 0821

wln 0822

wln 0823

wln 0824

wln 0825

wln 0826

wln 0827

wln 0828

wln 0829

wln 0830

wln 0831

wln 0832

wln 0833

wln 0834

wln 0835

wln 0836

wln 0837

wln 0838

For while she lives *Katherine* will be Queen.

Come my Lords, let us go seek the *Guise*,

And then determine of this enterprise.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Duchess of Guise, and her Maid,*

*Duchess* Go fetch me pen and ink.

*Maid.* I will Madam.

*Exit Maid.*

*Duchess* That I may write unto my dearest Lord.

Sweet *Mugeroune*, 'tis he that hath my heart,

And *Guise* usurps it, 'cause I am his wife:

Fain would I find some means to speak with him

but cannot, and therefore am enforced to write,

That he may come and meet me in some place,

Where we may one enjoy the other's sight.

*Enter the Maid with Ink and Paper.*

So, set it down and leave me to myself.

*She writes.* O would to God this quill that here

doth write,

Had late been plucked from out fair *Cupid's* wing:

That it might print these lines within his heart.

*Enter the Guise.*

*Guise.* What, all alone my love, and writing too:

I prithee say to whom thou writes?

*Duchess* To such a one my Lord, as when she reads  
my lines, will laugh I fear me at their good array.

*Guise.* I pray thee let me see.

*Duchess* O no my Lord, a woman only must  
partake the secrets of my heart.

*Guise.* But Madam I must see.

*he takes it.*

Are these your secrets that no man must know?

*Duchess* O pardon me my Lord.

*Guise.* Thou trothless and unjust, what lines  
are these?

Am I grown old, or is thy lust grown young,

Or hath my love been so obscured in thee,

That others needs to comment on my text?

Is all my love forgot which held thee dear?

Ay, dearer than the apple of mine eye?

Is *Guise's* glory but a cloudy mist,

In sight and judgement of thy lustful eye?

*Mort dieu*, wert not the fruit within thy womb,

Of whose increase I set some longing hope:

This wrathful hand should strike thee to the heart.

Hence strumpet, hide thy head for shame,

And fly my presence if thou look to live.

*Exit.*

O wicked sex, perjured and unjust,

Now do I see that from the very first,

img: 17-a  
sig: C1v

wln 0839  
wln 0840  
wln 0841  
wln 0842  
wln 0843  
wln 0844

Her eyes and looks sowed seeds of perjury,  
But villain he to whom these lines should go,  
Shall buy her love even with his dearest blood.

*Exit.*

*Enter the King of Navarre, Pleshe and Bartus, and  
their train, with drums and trumpets.*

wln 0845  
wln 0846  
wln 0847  
wln 0848  
wln 0849  
wln 0850  
wln 0851  
wln 0852  
wln 0853  
wln 0854  
wln 0855  
wln 0856  
wln 0857  
wln 0858  
wln 0859  
wln 0860  
wln 0861  
wln 0862  
wln 0863  
wln 0864  
wln 0865  
wln 0866  
wln 0867

*Navarre.*

My Lords, sith in a quarrel just and right,  
We undertake to manage these our wars:  
Against the proud disturbers of the faith,  
I mean the *Guise*, the Pope, and King of Spain,  
Who set themselves to tread us under foot,  
And rent our true religion from this land.  
But for you know our quarrel is no more,  
But to defend their strange inventions,  
Which they will put us to with sword and fire:  
We must with resolute minds resolve to fight,  
In honour of our God and country's good.  
Spain is the council chamber of the pope,  
Spain is the place where he makes peace  
and war,  
And *Guise* for Spain hath now incensed the King,  
To send his power to meet us in the field.

*Bartus.* Then in this bloody brunt they  
may behold,  
The sole endeavour of your princely  
care,  
To plant the true succession of the faith,  
In spite of Spain and all his heresies.

img: 17-b  
sig: C2r

wln 0868  
wln 0869  
wln 0870  
wln 0871  
wln 0872  
wln 0873  
wln 0874

*Navarre.* The power of vengeance now  
encamps itself,  
Upon the haughty mountains of my breast:  
plays with her gory colours of revenge,  
Whom I respect as leaves of boasting green,  
That change their colour when the winter comes,  
When I shall vaunt as victor in revenge.

wln 0875  
wln 0876  
wln 0877  
wln 0878  
wln 0879  
wln 0880  
wln 0881

*Enter a Messenger.*

How now sirrah, what news?  
*Messenger* My Lord, as by our scouts we  
understand,  
A mighty army comes from France with speed:  
Which are already mustered in the land,  
And means to meet your highness in the field.

wln 0882  
wln 0883  
wln 0884  
wln 0885  
wln 0886  
wln 0887  
wln 0888  
wln 0889  
wln 0890  
wln 0891  
wln 0892  
wln 0893  
wln 0894  
wln 0895  
wln 0896

img: 18-a  
sig: C2v

*Navarre* In God's name, let them come.  
This is the *Guise* that hath incensed the King,  
To levy arms and make these civil broils  
But canst thou tell who is their general?

*Messenger* Not yet my Lord, for thereon do  
they stay:

But as report doth go, the Duke of  
Hath made great suit unto the King therefore.

*Navarre* It will not countervail his pains I hope,  
I would the *Guise* in his steed might have come,  
But he doth lurk within his drowsy couch,  
And makes his footstool on security:  
So he be safe he cares not what becomes,  
Of King or Country, no not for them both.  
But come my Lords, let us away with speed,

wln 0897  
wln 0898  
wln 0899  
wln 0900

And place ourselves in order for the fight.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King of France, Duke of Guise, Epernoun,  
and Duke Joyeux.*

wln 0901  
wln 0902  
wln 0903  
wln 0904  
wln 0905  
wln 0906  
wln 0907  
wln 0908  
wln 0909  
wln 0910  
wln 0911  
wln 0912  
wln 0913  
wln 0914  
wln 0915  
wln 0916  
wln 0917  
wln 0918  
wln 0919  
wln 0920  
wln 0921  
wln 0922  
wln 0923  
wln 0924  
wln 0925

*King.* My sweet *Joyeux*, I make thee General,  
Of all my army now in readiness:  
To march against the rebellious King *Navarre*  
At thy request I am content thou go,  
Although my love to thee can hardly suffer,  
Regarding still the danger of thy life.

*Joyeux.* Thanks to your Majesty, and so I take  
my leave.

Farewell to my Lord of *Guise* and *Epernoun*,  
*Guise.* Health and hearty farewell to my Lord  
*Joyeux.*

*Exit Joyeux.*

*King.* So kindly Cousin of *Guise* you and your  
wife do both salute our lovely Minions.

*he makes horns at the Guise.*

Remember you the letter gentle sir, which your  
wife writ to my dear Minion, and her chosen  
friend?

*Guise.* How now my Lord, faith this is more  
than need,  
Am I thus to be jested at and scorned?  
'Tis more than kingly or Imperious.  
And sure if all the proudest Kings in  
Christendom, should bear me such derision:  
They should know how I scorned them and their  
mocks.

img: 18-b  
sig: C3r

wln 0926  
wln 0927  
wln 0928  
wln 0929  
wln 0930  
wln 0931  
wln 0932  
wln 0933  
wln 0934  
wln 0935  
wln 0936

I love your Minions, dote on them yourself,  
I know none else but holds them in disgrace:  
And here by all the Saints in heaven I swear,  
That villain for whom I bear this deep disgrace:  
Even for your words that have incensed me so,  
Shall buy that strumpet's favour with his blood.  
Whether he have dishonoured me or no.

*Par la mort dieu, Il mourra.*

*Exit.*

*King.* Believe me this jest bites sore.

*Epernoun* My Lord, 'twere good to make them friends  
For his oaths are seldom spent in vain.

wln 0937  
wln 0938  
wln 0939  
wln 0940  
wln 0941  
wln 0942  
wln 0943  
wln 0944  
wln 0945  
wln 0946  
wln 0947  
wln 0948  
wln 0949  
wln 0950  
wln 0951  
wln 0952  
wln 0953  
wln 0954

*Enter Mugeroun.*

*King.* How now *Mugeroun*, mett'st thou not  
the *Guise* at the door?

*Mugeroun* Not I my Lord, what if I had?

*King.* Marry if thou hadst, thou mightst have  
had the stab,  
For he hath solemnly sworn thy death.

*Mugeroun* I may be stabbed, and live till he be dead,  
But wherefore bears he me such deadly hate?

*King.* Because his wife bears thee such  
kindly love.

*Mugeroun* If that be all, the next time that I meet her,  
I'll make her shake off love with her heels.  
But which way is he gone, I'll go make a walk on  
purpose from the Court to meet with him.

*Exit.*

*King.* I like not this, come *Epernoun* let's go seek  
the Duke and make them friends.

*Exeunt.*

*Alarms within. The Duke joyeux slain.*

img: 19-a  
sig: C3v

wln 0955

*Enter the King of Navarre and his train.*

wln 0956  
wln 0957  
wln 0958  
wln 0959  
wln 0960  
wln 0961  
wln 0962  
wln 0963  
wln 0964  
wln 0965  
wln 0966  
wln 0967  
wln 0968  
wln 0969  
wln 0970

*Navarre.*

The Duke is slain and all his power dispersed,  
And we are graced with wreathes of victory:  
Thus God we see doth ever guide the right,  
To make his glory great upon the earth.

*Bartus* The terror of this happy victory,  
I hope will make the King surcease his hate:  
And either never manage army more  
Or else employ them in some better cause.

*Navarre* How many noble men have lost their  
lives,  
In prosecution of these cruel arms,  
Is ruth and almost death to call to mind:  
But God we know will always put them down,  
That lift themselves against the perfect truth,

wln 0971  
wln 0972  
wln 0973  
wln 0974  
wln 0975  
wln 0976

Which I'll maintain so long as life doth last,  
And with the Queen of England join my force:  
To beat the papal Monarch from our lands,  
And keep those relics from our countries coasts.  
Come my Lords now that this storm is overpast,  
Let us away with triumph to our tents.

*Exeunt.*

wln 0977  
wln 0978  
wln 0979  
wln 0980  
wln 0981

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Soldier* Sir, to you sir, that dares make the Duke  
a cuckold,  
And use a counterfeit key to his  
privy Chamber door: And although

img: 19-b  
sig: C4r

wln 0982  
wln 0983  
wln 0984  
wln 0985  
wln 0986  
wln 0987  
wln 0988  
wln 0989  
wln 0990  
wln 0991  
wln 0992  
wln 0993  
wln 0994  
wln 0995

you take out nothing but your own, yet you  
put in that which displeaseth him, and so forestall  
his market, and set up your standing  
where you should not: and whereas he is  
your Landlord, you will take upon you to be  
his, and till the ground that he himself should  
occupy, which is his own free land. If it be not  
too free there's the question: and though I  
come not to take possession (as I would I  
might) yet I mean to keep you out, which I  
will if this gear hold: what are ye come so  
soon? have at ye sir.

*Enter Mugeroun.*

*He shoots at him and kills him.*

wln 0996

*Enter the Guise.*

wln 0997  
wln 0998  
wln 0999  
wln 1000  
wln 1001  
wln 1002

*Guise.* Hold thee tall Soldier, take thee this  
and fly.  
Lie there the King's delight, and *Guise's* scorn.  
Revenge it *Henry* as thou list or dare,  
I did it only in despite of thee.

*Exit Souldier.*

*Take him away.*

wln 1003  
wln 1004  
wln 1005  
wln 1006  
wln 1007  
wln 1008

*Enter the King and Epernoun.*

*King.*

My Lord of *Guise*, we understand that you have  
gathered a power of men, what your intent is  
yet we cannot learn, but we presume it is not  
for our good.

img: 20-a  
sig: C4v

wln 1009  
wln 1010  
wln 1011

*Guise.* Why I am no traitor to the crown  
of France.  
What I have done 'tis for the Gospell sake.



wln 1012  
wln 1013  
wln 1014  
wln 1015  
wln 1016  
wln 1017  
wln 1018  
wln 1019  
wln 1020  
wln 1021  
wln 1022  
wln 1023  
wln 1024  
wln 1025  
wln 1026  
wln 1027  
wln 1028  
wln 1029  
wln 1030  
wln 1031  
wln 1032  
wln 1033  
wln 1034  
wln 1035  
wln 1036  
wln 1037  
wln 1038

img: 20-b  
sig: C5r

wln 1039  
wln 1040  
wln 1041  
wln 1042  
wln 1043  
wln 1044  
wln 1045  
wln 1046  
wln 1047  
wln 1048  
wln 1049  
wln 1050  
wln 1051  
wln 1052  
wln 1053  
wln 1054  
wln 1055  
wln 1056  
wln 1057  
wln 1058  
wln 1059

*Epernoun* Nay for the Pope's sake, and thine own  
benefit.  
What Peer in France but thou (aspiring *Guise*)  
Durst be in arms without the King's consent?  
I challenge thee for treason in the cause.  
*Guise.* Ah base *Epernoun*, were not his highness  
here,  
Thou shouldst perceive the Duke of *Guise* is moved.  
*King.* Be patient *Guise* and threat not *Epernoun*,  
Lest thou perceive the King of France be moved.  
*Guise.* Why? I am a Prince of the *Valoises'* line,  
Therefore an enemy to the *Bourbonites*.  
I am a juror in the holy league,  
And therefore hated of the Protestants.  
What should I do but stand upon my guard?  
And being able, I'll keep an host in pay.  
*Epernoun.* Thou able to maintain an host  
in pay,  
That livest by foreign exhibition.  
The Pope and King of Spain are thy good friends,  
Else all France knows how poor a Duke thou art.  
*King.* Ay, those are they that feed him with  
their gold,  
To countermand our will and check our friends.  
*Guise.* My Lord, to speak more plainly, thus it is  
Being animated by Religious zeal,  
I mean to muster all the power I can,

To overthrow those sectious Puritans  
And know my Lord, the Pope will sell  
his triple crown,  
Ay, and the catholic *Philip* King of Spain,  
Ere I shall want, will cause his Indians,  
To rip the golden bowels of America.  
*Navarre* that cloaks them underneath his wings  
Shall feel the house of *Lorraine* is his foe:  
Your highness needs not fear mine army's force,  
'Tis for your safety and your enemy's wrack.  
*King.* *Guise*, wear our crown, and be thou  
King of France,  
And as Dictator make or war or peace,  
Whilst I cry *placet* like a Senator,  
I cannot brook thy haughty insolence,  
Dismiss thy camp or else by our Edict,  
Be thou proclaimed a traitor throughout France.  
*Guise.* The choice is hard, I must dissemble.  
My Lord, in token of my true humility,  
And simple meaning to your Majesty:  
I kiss your grace's hand, and take my leave,

wln 1060  
wln 1061  
wln 1062  
wln 1063  
wln 1064  
wln 1065  
wln 1066  
wln 1067  
wln 1068

img: 21-a  
sig: C5v

wln 1069  
wln 1070  
wln 1071  
wln 1072  
wln 1073  
wln 1074  
wln 1075

wln 1076

wln 1077  
wln 1078  
wln 1079  
wln 1080  
wln 1081  
wln 1082  
wln 1083  
wln 1084  
wln 1085  
wln 1086  
wln 1087  
wln 1088  
wln 1089  
wln 1090  
wln 1091  
wln 1092  
wln 1093  
wln 1094  
wln 1095  
wln 1096

img: 21-b  
sig: C6r

wln 1097  
wln 1098

wln 1099  
wln 1100

Intending to dislodge my camp with speed.  
*King.* Then farewell *Guise*, the King and thou  
are friends.  
*Epernoun* But trust him not my Lord, for had  
your highness,  
Seen with what a pomp he entered Paris,  
And how the Citizens with gifts and shows  
Did entertain him and promised to be at  
his command:

*Exit Guise.*

Nay, they feared not to speak in the streets,  
That the *Guise* durst stand in arms against  
the King,  
For not effecting of his holiness will.  
*King.* Did they of Paris entertain him so?  
Then means he present treason to our state.  
Well, let me alone, who's within there?

*Enter one with a pen and ink.*

Make a discharge of all my council straight,  
And I'll subscribe my name and seal it straight.  
My head shall be my council, they are false:  
And *Epernoun* I will be ruled by thee.  
*Epernoun* My Lord, I think for safety of your royal  
person,  
It would be good the *Guise* were made away,  
And so to quit your grace of all suspect.  
*King.* First let us set our hand and seal to  
this,  
And then I'll tell thee what I mean to do.  
So, convey this to the council presently.  
And *Epernoun* though I seem mild and calm,  
Think not but I am tragical within:  
I'll secretly convey me unto Blois,  
For now that Paris takes the *Guise's* part,  
Here is no staying for the King of France,  
Unless he mean to be betrayed and die:  
But as I live, so sure the *Guise* shall die.

*he writes.*  
*Exit one.*

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King of Navarre reading of a letter,  
and Bartus.*

*Navarre.*  
My Lord, I am advertised from France,

wln 1101  
wln 1102  
wln 1103  
wln 1104  
wln 1105  
wln 1106  
wln 1107  
wln 1108  
wln 1109  
wln 1110  
wln 1111  
wln 1112  
wln 1113  
wln 1114

That the *Guise* hath taken arms against the King,  
And that Paris is revolted from his grace.  
*Bartus* Then hath your grace fit opportunity,  
To show your love unto the King of France:  
Offering him aid against his enemies,  
Which cannot but be thankfully received.  
*Navarre.* *Bartus*, it shall be so, post then  
to France,  
And there salute his highness in our name,  
Assure him all the aid we can provide,  
Against the *Guisians* and their complices.  
*Bartus* be gone, commend me to his grace,  
And tell him ere it be long, I'll visit him.  
*Bartus* I will my Lord.

*Exit.*

wln 1115

*Enter Pleshe.*

wln 1116  
wln 1117  
wln 1118  
wln 1119  
wln 1120  
wln 1121  
wln 1122

*Navarre.* Pleshe,  
*Pleshe.* My Lord.  
*Navarre* *Pleshe*, go muster up our men with speed,  
And let them march away to France amain:  
For we must aid the King against the *Guise*.  
Be gone I say, 'tis time that we were there.  
*Pleshe.* I go my Lord.

img: 22-a  
sig: C6v

wln 1123  
wln 1124  
wln 1125  
wln 1126  
wln 1127  
wln 1128  
wln 1129  
wln 1130  
wln 1131  
wln 1132  
wln 1133  
wln 1134  
wln 1135  
wln 1136

*Navarre* That wicked *Guise* I fear me much  
will be,  
The ruin of that famous Realm of France:  
For his aspiring thoughts aim at the crown,  
And takes his vantage on Religion,  
To plant the Pope and popelings in the Realm,  
And bind it wholly to the See of Rome:  
But if that God do prosper mine attempts,  
And send us safely to arrive in France:  
We'll beat him back, and drive him to his death,  
That basely seeks the ruin of his Realm.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Captain of the guard, and  
three murderers.*

wln 1137  
wln 1138  
wln 1139  
wln 1140  
wln 1141  
wln 1142  
wln 1143  
wln 1144  
wln 1145

Captain.  
Come on sirs, what, are you resolutely bent,  
Hating the life and honour of the *Guise*?  
What, will you not fear when you see him come?  
*1 murderer* Fear him said you? tush, were he here, we  
would kill him presently.  
*2 murderer* O that his heart were leaping in  
my hand.  
*3 murderer* But when will he come that we may

wln 1146  
wln 1147  
wln 1148  
wln 1149  
wln 1150  
wln 1151

img: 22-b  
sig: C7r

wln 1152  
wln 1153  
wln 1154  
wln 1155  
wln 1156  
wln 1157

wln 1158

wln 1159  
wln 1160  
wln 1161  
wln 1162  
wln 1163  
wln 1164  
wln 1165  
wln 1166  
wln 1167  
wln 1168  
wln 1169  
wln 1170

wln 1171

wln 1172  
wln 1173  
wln 1174  
wln 1175  
wln 1176  
wln 1177

img: 23-a  
sig: C7v

wln 1178  
wln 1179  
wln 1180  
wln 1181  
wln 1182  
wln 1183  
wln 1184  
wln 1185  
wln 1186

murder him?

*Captain* Well, then I see you are resolute.

*I murderer* Let us alone, I warrant you.

*Captain* Then sirs take your standings within  
this Chamber,  
For anon the *Guise* will come.

*All* You will give us our money.

*Captain* *Ay, Ay*, fear not, stand close, so be resolute:  
Now falls the star whose influence governs  
France,  
Whose light was deadly to the Protestants  
Now must he fall and perish in his height.

*Enter the King and Epernoun.*

*King.*

Now Captain of my guard, are these murderers  
ready?

*Captain* They be my good Lord.

*King.* But are they resolute and armed to kill,  
Hating the life and honour of the *Guise*?

*Captain* I warrant ye my Lord.

*King.* Then come proud *Guise* and here  
disgorge thy breast,  
Surcharged with surfeit of ambitious thoughts:  
Breathe out that life wherein my death was hid,  
And end thy endless treasons with thy death.

*Enter the Guise and knocketh.*

*Guise.*

*Halla varlet hey: Epernoun*, where is the King?

*Epernoun* Mounted his royal Cabinet.

*Guise.* I prithee tell him that the *Guise*  
is here.

*Epernoun* And please your grace the Duke of *Guise*,

doth crave access unto your highness.

*King.* Let him come in.

Come *Guise* and see thy traitorous guile outreached,  
And perish in the pit thou mad'st for me.

*The Guise comes to the King.*

*Guise.* Good morrow to your Majesty.

*King.* Good morrow to my loving Cousin  
of *Guise*.  
How fares it this morning with your

wln 1187  
wln 1188  
wln 1189  
wln 1190  
wln 1191  
wln 1192  
wln 1193  
wln 1194  
wln 1195  
wln 1196  
wln 1197  
wln 1198  
wln 1199  
wln 1200  
wln 1201  
wln 1202  
wln 1203  
wln 1204  
wln 1205  
wln 1206  
wln 1207

img: 23-b  
sig: C8r

wln 1208  
wln 1209  
wln 1210  
wln 1211  
wln 1212  
wln 1213

wln 1214

wln 1215  
wln 1216  
wln 1217  
wln 1218  
wln 1219  
wln 1220  
wln 1221  
wln 1222  
wln 1223  
wln 1224  
wln 1225  
wln 1226  
wln 1227  
wln 1228  
wln 1229  
wln 1230  
wln 1231  
wln 1232

excellence?

*Guise.* I heard your Majesty was scarcely pleased,  
That in the Court I bare so great a train.

*King.* They were to blame that said I was displeased,  
And you good Cousin to imagine it.  
'Twere hard with me if I should doubt my kin,  
Or be suspicious of my dearest friends:  
Cousin, assure you I am resolute,  
Whatsoever any whisper in mine ears,  
Not to suspect disloyalty in thee,  
And so sweet Coz farewell.

*Exit King.*

*Guise.* So, now sues the King for favour to the *Guise*,  
And all his Minions stoop when *I* command:  
Why this 'tis to have an army in the field,  
Now by the holy sacrament *I* swear,  
As ancient Romans over their Captive Lords,

So will *I* triumph over this wanton King,  
And he shall follow my proud Chariot's wheels.  
Now do *I* but begin to look about,  
And all my former time was spent in vain:  
Hold Sword, for in thee is the Duke of *Guise's* hope.

*Enter one of the Murderers.*

Villain, why dost thou look so ghastly?  
speak.

*Murderer* O pardon me my Lord of *Guise*.

*Guise.* Pardon thee, why what hast thou done?

*Murderer* O my Lord, *I* am one of them that is set to murder you.

*Guise.* To murder me villain.

*Murderer* *I* my Lord, the rest have ta'en their standings in the next room, therefore good my Lord go not forth.

*Guise.* Yet *Caesar* shall go forth, let mean conceits, and baser men fear death: tut they are peasants, *I* am Duke of *Guise*: and princes with their looks, engender fear.

*I murderer* Stand close, he is coming, *I* know him by his voice.

*Guise.* As pale as ashes, nay then 'tis time to look about.

wln 1233  
wln 1234  
wln 1235  
wln 1236

img: 24-a  
sig: C8v

wln 1237  
wln 1238  
wln 1239  
wln 1240  
wln 1241  
wln 1242  
wln 1243  
wln 1244  
wln 1245  
wln 1246  
wln 1247  
wln 1248  
wln 1249  
wln 1250  
wln 1251  
wln 1252

wln 1253

wln 1254  
wln 1255  
wln 1256  
wln 1257  
wln 1258  
wln 1259  
wln 1260  
wln 1261  
wln 1262  
wln 1263  
wln 1264  
wln 1265

img: 24-b  
sig: D1r

wln 1266  
wln 1267  
wln 1268  
wln 1269  
wln 1270  
wln 1271  
wln 1272  
wln 1273  
wln 1274  
wln 1275

*All* Down with him, down with him.

*They stab him.*

*Guise.* Oh *I* have my death's wound, give me  
leave to speak.

*2 murderer* Then pray to God, and ask forgiveness  
of the King.

*Guise.* Trouble me not, I ne'er  
offended him.  
Nor will I ask forgiveness of the King.  
Oh that I have not power to stay my life,  
Nor immortality to be revenged:  
To die by Peasants, what a grief is this?  
Ah *Sextus*, be revenged upon the King,  
Philip and Parma, I am slain for you:  
Pope excommunicate, Philip depose,  
The wicked branch of cursed *Valois*  
his line.  
*Vive la messe*, perish Huguenots,  
Thus *Caesar* did go forth, and thus  
he died.

*He dies.*

*Enter Captain of the Guard.*

*Captain.*

What have you done? then stay a while and I'll  
go call the King, but see where he comes.  
My Lord, see where the *Guise* is slain.  
*King.* Ah this sweet sight is physic  
to my soul,  
Go fetch his son for to behold his death:  
Surcharged with guilt of thousand  
massacres:  
Monsieur of *Lorraine* sink away to hell,  
And in remembrance of those  
bloody broils:

To which thou didst allure me being alive:  
And here in presence of you all *I* swear,  
*I* ne'er was King of France until this hour:  
This is the traitor that hath spent my gold,  
In making foreign wars and civil broils.  
Did he not draw a sort of English priests,  
From Douai to the Seminary at Rheims,  
To hatch forth treason 'gainst their natural  
Queen?  
Did he not cause the King of Spain's huge

wln 1276  
wln 1277  
wln 1278  
wln 1279  
wln 1280  
wln 1281  
wln 1282  
wln 1283  
wln 1284  
wln 1285  
wln 1286  
wln 1287  
wln 1288  
wln 1289  
wln 1290

fleet,  
To threaten England and to menace me?  
Did he not injure *Monsieur* that's deceased?  
Hath he not made me in the Pope's defence,  
To spend the treasure that should strength  
my land:  
In civil broils between *Navarre* and me?  
Tush, to be short, he meant to make me Monk,  
Or else to murder me, and so be King.  
Let Christian princes that shall hear of this,  
(As all the world shall know our *Guise* is dead)  
Rest satisfied with this that here I swear,  
Ne'er was there King of France so yoked as I.  
*Epernoun* My Lord here is his son.  
*Enter the Guise's son.*

wln 1291  
wln 1292  
wln 1293  
wln 1294

*King.*  
Boy, look where your father lies,  
*Young Guise.* My father slain, who hath done  
this deed?

img: 25-a  
sig: D1v

wln 1295  
wln 1296  
wln 1297  
wln 1298  
wln 1299  
wln 1300  
wln 1301  
wln 1302  
wln 1303  
wln 1304  
wln 1305  
wln 1306  
wln 1307  
wln 1308  
wln 1309  
wln 1310  
wln 1311  
wln 1312  
wln 1313  
wln 1314

*King.* Sirrah 'twas I that slew him, and will slay  
thee too, and thou prove such a traitor.  
*Young Guise.* Art thou King, and hast done this  
bloody deed?  
I'll be revenged.

*He offereth to throw his dagger.*

*King.* Away to prison with him, I'll clip his  
wings or e'er he pass my hands, away with  
him.

*Exit Boy.*

But what availeth that this traitor's dead,  
When Duke *Dumaine* his brother is alive,  
And that young Cardinal that is grown  
so proud?  
Go to the Governor of Orleans,  
And will him in my name to kill the Duke.  
Get you away and strangle the Cardinal,  
These two will make one entire Duke of *Guise*,  
Especially with our old mother's help.

*Epernoun* My Lord, see where she comes, as if she  
drooped to hear these news.

wln 1315

*Enter Queen Mother.*

wln 1316  
wln 1317  
wln 1318  
wln 1319  
wln 1320

*King.* And let her droop, my heart is light  
enough.  
Mother, how like you this device of mine?  
I slew the *Guise*, because I would be King.  
*Queen.* King, why so thou wert before.

wln 1321

wln 1322

img: 25-b  
sig: D2r

wln 1323

wln 1324

wln 1325

wln 1326

wln 1327

wln 1328

wln 1329

wln 1330

wln 1331

wln 1332

wln 1333

wln 1334

wln 1335

wln 1336

wln 1337

wln 1338

wln 1339

wln 1340

wln 1341

wln 1342

wln 1343

wln 1344

wln 1345

wln 1346

wln 1347

Pray God thou be a King now this is done.

*King.* Nay he was King and countermanded me,

But now I will be King and rule myself,  
And make the *Guisians* stoop that are alive.

*Queen.* I cannot speak for grief, when thou  
wast born,

I would that I had murdered thee my son.  
My son: thou art a changeling, not my son.

I curse thee and exclaim thee miscreant,  
Traitor to God, and to the realm of France.

*King.* Cry out, exclaim, howl till thy throat  
be hoarse,

The *Guise* is slain, and I rejoice therefore:

And now will I to arms, come *Epernoun*:

And let her grieve her heart out if she will.

*Exit the King and Epernoun.*

*Queen.* Away, leave me alone to meditate,  
Sweet *Guise*, would he had died so thou  
wert here:

To whom shall I bewray my secrets now,

Or who will help to build Religion?

The Protestants will glory and insult,

Wicked *Navarre* will get the crown of France,

The Popedom cannot stand, all goes to wrack.

And all for thee my *Guise*, what may I do?

But sorrow seize upon my toiling soul,

For since the *Guise* is dead, I will not live.

*Exit.*

wln 1348

wln 1349

wln 1350

wln 1351

*Enter two dragging in the Cardinal.*

*Cardinal* Murder me not, I am a Cardinal.

*I murderer* Wert thou the Pope thou might'st not  
scape from us.

img: 26-a  
sig: D2v

wln 1352

wln 1353

wln 1354

wln 1355

wln 1356

wln 1357

wln 1358

wln 1359

wln 1360

wln 1361

wln 1362

wln 1363

wln 1364

*Cardinal* What will you file your hands with  
Churchmen's blood?

*2 murderer* Shed your blood, Oh Lord no: for we intend  
to strangle you.

*Cardinal* Then there is no remedy but I must  
die.

*I murderer* No remedy, therefore prepare  
yourself.

*Cardinal* Yet lives my brother Duke *Dumaine*,  
and many mo:

To revenge our deaths upon that cursed  
King.

Upon whose heart may all the furies gripe,



wln 1365  
wln 1366  
wln 1367  
wln 1368  
wln 1369  
wln 1370  
wln 1371  
wln 1372

And with their paws drench his black soul  
in hell.  
*I murderer* Yours my Lord Cardinal, you should  
have said.

*Now they strangle him.*

So, pluck amain, he is hard hearted,  
therefore pull with violence.  
Come take him away.

*Exeunt.*

wln 1373  
wln 1374

*Enter Duke Dumaine reading of a letter,  
with others.*

wln 1375  
wln 1376  
wln 1377  
wln 1378  
wln 1379

*Dumaine.*

My noble brother murdered by the  
King,  
Oh what may I do, for to revenge  
thy death?

img: 26-b  
sig: D3r

wln 1380  
wln 1381  
wln 1382  
wln 1383  
wln 1384  
wln 1385  
wln 1386  
wln 1387  
wln 1388  
wln 1389  
wln 1390  
wln 1391  
wln 1392  
wln 1393  
wln 1394  
wln 1395  
wln 1396  
wln 1397  
wln 1398  
wln 1399  
wln 1400  
wln 1401  
wln 1402

The King's alone, it cannot satisfy.  
Sweet Duke of *Guise* our prop to lean  
upon,  
Now thou art dead, here is no stay  
for us:  
I am thy brother, and I'll revenge thy  
death,  
And root *Valois* his line from forth of  
France,  
And beat proud *Bourbon* to his native home.  
That basely seeks to join with such a  
King.  
Whose murderous thoughts will be his  
overthrow.  
He willed the Governor of Orleans in his  
name,  
That I with speed should have been put to  
death.  
But that's prevented, for to end his life.  
His life, and all those traitors to the Church  
of Rome,  
That durst attempt to murder noble  
*Guise*.

wln 1403

*Enter the Friar.*

wln 1404  
wln 1405  
wln 1406  
wln 1407

*Friar.*

My Lord, I come to bring you news, that your  
brother the Cardinal of Lorraine by the King's  
consent is lately strangled unto death.

img: 27-a

wln 1408 *Dumaine.* My brother Cardinal slain and  
 wln 1409 I alive?  
 wln 1410 O words of power to kill a thousand men.  
 wln 1411 Come let us away and levy men,  
 wln 1412 'Tis war that must assuage this tyrant's  
 wln 1413 pride.

wln 1414 *Friar.* My Lord, hear me but speak.  
 wln 1415 I am a Friar of the order of the  
 wln 1416 Jacobins,  
 wln 1417 That for my conscience' sake will kill the  
 wln 1418 King.

wln 1419 *Dumaine.* But what doth move thee above the  
 wln 1420 rest to do the deed?

wln 1421 *Friar.* O my Lord, I have been a great sinner in  
 wln 1422 my days, and the deed is meritorious.

wln 1423 *Dumaine.* But how wilt thou get  
 wln 1424 opportunity?

wln 1425 *Friar.* Tush my Lord, let me alone for that.

wln 1426 *Dumaine.* Friar come with me,  
 wln 1427 We will go talk more of this within.

*Exeunt.*

wln 1428 *Sound Drum and Trumpets, and enter the King*  
 wln 1429 *of France, and Navarre, Epernoun,*  
 wln 1430 *Bartus, Pleshe and*  
 wln 1431 *Soldiers.*

wln 1432 *King.*  
 wln 1433 Brother of *Navarre*, I sorrow much,  
 wln 1434 That ever I was proved your enemy,  
 wln 1435 And that the sweet and princely mind you bear,

wln 1436 Was ever troubled with injurious wars:  
 wln 1437 I vow as I am lawful King of France,  
 wln 1438 To recompense your reconciled love,  
 wln 1439 With all the honours and affections,  
 wln 1440 That ever I vouchsafed my dearest friends.

wln 1441 *Navarre.* It is enough if that *Navarre*  
 wln 1442 may be,  
 wln 1443 Esteemed faithful to the King of France:  
 wln 1444 Whose service he may still command till  
 wln 1445 death.

wln 1446 *King.* Thanks to my Kingly Brother of  
 wln 1447 *Navarre.*  
 wln 1448 Then here we'll lie before Lutetia walls,  
 wln 1449 Girding this strumpet City with our siege,  
 wln 1450 Till surfeiting with our afflicting arms,  
 wln 1451 She cast her hateful stomach to the earth.

wln 1452

*Enter a Messenger.*

wln 1453

*Messenger.*

wln 1454

And it please your Majesty here is a Friar of  
the order of the Jacobins, sent from the President  
of Paris, that craves access unto your  
grace.

wln 1455

wln 1456

wln 1457

wln 1458

*King.* Let him come in.

wln 1459

*Enter Friar with a Letter.*

wln 1460

*Epernoun.*

wln 1461

I like not this Friar's look.

**img: 28-a**  
**sig: D4v**

wln 1462

'Twere not amiss my Lord, if he were  
searched.

wln 1463

wln 1464

*King.* Sweet *Epernoun*, our Friars are holy  
men,

wln 1465

wln 1466

And will not offer violence to their

wln 1467

*King,*

wln 1468

For all the wealth and treasure of the world

wln 1469

Friar, thou dost acknowledge me thy

wln 1470

*King:*

wln 1471

*Friar.* Ay my good Lord, and will die  
therein.

wln 1472

wln 1473

*King.* Then come thou near, and tell what  
news thou bringst.

wln 1474

wln 1475

*Friar.* My Lord, the President of Paris greets  
your grace, and sends his duty by these speedy  
lines, humbly craving your gracious  
reply.

wln 1476

wln 1477

wln 1478

wln 1479

*King.* I'll read them Friar, and then I'll answer  
thee.

wln 1480

wln 1481

*Friar.* *Sancte Jacobus*, now have mercy upon  
me.

wln 1482

wln 1483

*He stabs the King with a knife as he readeth  
the letter, and then the King getteth the  
knife and kills him.*

wln 1484

wln 1485

wln 1486

*Epernoun.*

wln 1487

O my Lord, let him live a while.

wln 1488

*King.* No, let the villain die, and feel in hell,  
just torments for his treachery.

wln 1489

**img: 28-b**  
**sig: D5r**

wln 1490

*Navarre.* What, is your highness hurt?

wln 1491  
wln 1492  
wln 1493  
wln 1494  
wln 1495  
wln 1496  
wln 1497  
wln 1498  
wln 1499  
wln 1500  
wln 1501  
wln 1502  
wln 1503  
wln 1504  
wln 1505  
wln 1506  
wln 1507  
wln 1508  
wln 1509  
wln 1510  
wln 1511  
wln 1512  
wln 1513  
wln 1514  
wln 1515

*King.* Yes *Navarre*, but not to death  
I hope.  
*Navarre.* God shield your grace from such  
a sudden death:  
Go call a surgeon hither straight.  
*King.* What irreligious Pagans' parts be  
these,  
Of such as hold them of the holy church?  
Take hence that damned villain from my  
sight.  
*Epernoun* Ah, had your highness let him live,  
We might have punished him to his deserts.  
*King.* Sweet *Epernoun* all Rebels under heaven,  
shall take example by their punishment, how  
they bear arms against their sovereign.  
Go call the English Agent hither straight,  
I'll send my sister England news of this,  
And give her warning of her treacherous foes.  
*Navarre.* Pleaseth your grace to let the Surgeon  
search your wound.  
*King.* The wound I warrant ye is deep  
my Lord,  
Search Surgeon and resolve me what thou  
seest.

*The Surgeon searcheth.*

*Enter the English Agent.*

Agent for England, send thy mistress word,

wln 1517

img: 29-a  
sig: D5v

wln 1518  
wln 1519  
wln 1520  
wln 1521  
wln 1522  
wln 1523  
wln 1524  
wln 1525  
wln 1526  
wln 1527  
wln 1528  
wln 1529  
wln 1530  
wln 1531  
wln 1532  
wln 1533  
wln 1534  
wln 1535  
wln 1536

What this detested Jacobin hath done.  
Tell her for all this that I hope to live,  
Which if I do, the Papal monarch goes  
to wrack.  
And antichristian kingdom falls.  
These bloody hands shall tear his triple Crown,  
And fire accursed Rome about his ears.  
I'll fire his crazed buildings and incense,  
The papal towers to kiss the holy earth.  
*Navarre*, give me thy hand, I here do swear,  
To rinate that wicked Church of Rome,  
That hatcheth up such bloody practises.  
And here protest eternal love to thee,  
And to the Queen of England specially,  
Whom God hath blessed for hating Papistry.  
*Navarre.* These words revive my thoughts  
and comforts me,  
To see your highness in this virtuous mind.  
*King.* Tell me Surgeon, shall I live?

wln 1537  
wln 1538  
wln 1539  
wln 1540  
wln 1541  
wln 1542  
wln 1543  
wln 1544  
wln 1545  
wln 1546  
wln 1547

img: 29-b  
sig: D6r

wln 1548  
wln 1549  
wln 1550  
wln 1551  
wln 1552  
wln 1553  
wln 1554  
wln 1555  
wln 1556  
wln 1557  
wln 1558  
wln 1559  
wln 1560  
wln 1561  
wln 1562  
wln 1563  
wln 1564  
wln 1565  
wln 1566  
wln 1567  
wln 1568  
wln 1569  
wln 1570  
wln 1571  
wln 1572  
wln 1573  
wln 1574  
wln 1575  
wln 1576  
wln 1577

img: 30-a  
sig: D6v

wln 1578  
wln 1579  
wln 1580  
wln 1581

*Surgeon* Alas my Lord, the wound is dangerous, for  
you are stricken with a poisoned knife.

*King.* A poisoned knife, what shall the French  
king die,  
Wounded and poisoned, both at once?

*Epernoun* O that that damned villain were alive  
again,  
That we might torture him with some new  
found death.

*Bartus* He died a death too good, the devil of hell  
torture his wicked soul.

*King.* Ah curse him not sith he is dead, O the fatal  
poison works within my breast, tell me  
Surgeon and flatter not, may I live?

*Surgeon* Alas my Lord, your highness cannot live.

*Navarre.* Surgeon, why sayest thou so? the King  
may live.

*King.* Oh no *Navarre*, thou must be King  
of France.

*Navarre.* Long may you live, and still be King of  
France.

*Epernoun* Or else die *Epernoun*.

*King.* Sweet *Epernoun* thy King must die.  
My Lords, fight in the quarrel of this valiant  
Prince,

For he is your lawful King and my next heir:  
*Valois'* line ends in my tragedy.

Now let the house of *Bourbon* wear the crown,  
And may it never end in blood as mine hath  
done.

Weep not sweet *Navarre*, but revenge my  
death.

Ah *Epernoun*, is this thy love to me?

*Henry* thy King wipes off these childish  
tears,

And bids thee whet thy sword on *Sixtus'* bones,  
That it may keenly slice the Catholics.

He loves me not that sheds most tears,  
But he that makes most lavish of his blood.

Fire Paris where these treacherous rebels lurk  
I die *Navarre*, come bear me to my Sepulchre.

Salute the Queen of England in my name,  
And tell her *Henry* dies her faithful friend.

*Navarre.* Come Lords, take up the body of

*He dies.*

wln 1582  
wln 1583  
wln 1584  
wln 1585  
wln 1586  
wln 1587

the King.  
That we may see it honourably interred:  
And then I vow for to revenge his death,  
As Rome and all those popish Prelates there,  
Shall curse the time that e'er *Navarre* was King.  
And ruled in France by *Henry's* fatal death.

wln 1588  
wln 1589  
wln 1590  
wln 1591

*They march out with the body of the King, lying  
on four men's shoulders with a dead  
march, drawing weapons  
on the ground.*

*FINIS.*

img: 30-b  
sig: [N/A]

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### Textual Notes

1. **26 (3-a)**: Ambiguous speech prefix. Suggest Catherine, the Queen-Mother.
2. **40 (3-a)**: Ambiguous speech prefix. Suggest Catherine, the Queen-Mother.
3. **217 (6-a)**: The regularized reading *Old* is supplied for the original *O[\*]d*.
4. **444 (10-a)**: The regularized reading *Seine* is amended from the original *Rene*.
5. **511 (11-a)**: The regularized reading *Seine* is amended from the original *Rene*.
6. **713 (14-b)**: The regularized reading *Exeunt* is amended from the original *Ezeunt*.