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img: 1-b
sig: A2r

ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

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

ln 0006

ln 0007

As it was plaide by the right honourable the
Lord high *Admirall* his Seruants.

ln 0008

Written by *Christopher Marlow*.

ln 0009

ln 0010

ln 0011

ln 0012

ln 0013

AT LONDON
Printed by *E. A.* for *Edward White*, dwelling neere
the little North doore of S. Paules
Church at the signe of
the Gun.

img: 2-a
sig: A2v

img: 2-b
sig: A3r

wln 0001

wln 0002

wln 0003

wln 0004

wln 0005

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

THE
MASSACRE
AT PARIS.

VWith the Death of the
Duke of *Guise*.

*Enter Charles the French King, the Queene Mother,
the King of Nauarre, the Prince of Condy, the
Lord high Admirall, and the Queene of Nauarre,
with others.*

Charles.

PRince of *Nauarre* my honourable
brother,
Prince *Condy*, and my good Lord
Admirall,
I wishe this vnion and religious league,
Knit in these hands thus ioyn'd in nuptiall rites,
May not desolue, till death desolue our liues,
And that the natiue sparkes of princely loue,

A3

That

The Massacre

That kindled first this motion in our hearts:
May still be feweld in our progenye.

Nauar. The many fauours which your grace
hath showne,

From time to time, but specially in this:
Shall binde me euer to your highnes will,
In what Queen Mother or your grace commands.

Old Qu. Thanks sonne *Nauarre*, you see we loue
you well,

That linke you in mariage with our daughter heer:
And as you know our difference in Religion,
Might be a meanes to crosse you in your loue.

Charles. Well Madam, let that rest:
And now my Lords the mariage rites perform'd,
We think it good to goe and consumate the rest,
With hearing of a holy Masse: Sister, I think
your selfe will beare vs company.

Q. Mar. I will my good Lord,

Charles. The rest that will not goe (my Lords)
may stay:

Come Mother let vs goe to honor this solemnitie.

Old Q. VVhich Ile desolue with bloud
and crueltie.

*Exit the King, Q Mother, and the Q. of Nauar,
and manet Nauar, the Prince of Condy, and
the Lord high Admirall.*

Nauar. Prince Condy and my good L. Admiral,
Now *Guise* may storne but doe vs little hurt:
Hauing the King, Qu. Mother on our sides,
To stop the mallice of his enuious heart,

That

wln 0019
wln 0020
wln 0021
wln 0022
wln 0023
wln 0024
wln 0025
wln 0026
wln 0027
wln 0028
wln 0029
wln 0030
wln 0031
wln 0032
wln 0033
wln 0034
wln 0035
wln 0036
wln 0037
wln 0038
wln 0039
wln 0040
wln 0041
wln 0042
wln 0043
wln 0044
wln 0045
wln 0046
wln 0047
wln 0048

The Massacre

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

Ad. My Lord I meruaile that th'aspiring *Guise*,
Dares once aduerture without the Kings consent,
To meddle or attempt such dangerous things.

Con. My L. you need not meruaile at the *Guise*,
For what he doth the Pope will ratifie:
In murder, mischeefe, or in tyranny.

Na. But he that sits and rules aboue the clowdes,
Doth heare and see the praieres of the iust:
And will reuenge the bloud of innocents,
That *Guise* hath slaine by treason of his heart,
And brought by murder to their timeles ends.

Ad. My Lord, but did you mark the Cardinall,
The *Guises* brother and the Duke *Dumain*:
How they did storme at these your nuptiall rites,
Because the house of *Burbon* now comes in,
And ioynes your linnage to the crowne of France?

Na, And thats y^e cause that *Guise* so frowns at vs,
And beates his braines to catch vs in his trap:
Which he hath pitcht within his deadly toyle.
Come my Lords lets 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 euer *Hymen* lowr'd at marriage rites,
And had his alters deckt with duskie lightes:

wln 0049
wln 0050
wln 0051
wln 0052
wln 0053
wln 0054
wln 0055
wln 0056
wln 0057
wln 0058
wln 0059
wln 0060
wln 0061
wln 0062
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wln 0064
wln 0065
wln 0066
wln 0067
wln 0068
wln 0069
wln 0070
wln 0071
wln 0072
wln 0073
wln 0074
wln 0075
wln 0076
wln 0077
wln 0078

The Massacre

wln 0079 If euer sunne stainde heauen with bloody clowdes,
wln 0080 And made it look with terrour on the worlde:
wln 0081 If euer day were turnde to vgly night.
wln 0082 And night made semblance of the hue of hell,
wln 0083 This day, this houre, this fatall night,
wln 0084 Shall fully shew the fury of them all,
wln 0085 Apothecarie.

Enter the Pothecarie.

Pothe. My Lord.

wln 0087
wln 0088 *Guise.* Now shall I proue and guerdon to the ful,
wln 0089 The loue thou bear'st vnto the house of *Guise*:
wln 0090 Where are those perfumed gloues which I sent
wln 0091 To be poysoned, hast thou done them? speake,
wln 0092 Will euer y sauour breed a pangue of death?

wln 0093 *Pothe.* See where they be my good Lord,
wln 0094 And he that smelles but to them, dyes.

wln 0095 *Guise.* Then thou remainest resolute.

wln 0096 *Pothe.* I am my Lord, in what your grace
wln 0097 commaundes till death. (loue,

wln 0098 *Guise.* Thankes my good freend, I wil requite thy
wln 0099 Goe then present them to the Queene *Nauarre*:
wln 0100 For she is that huge blemish in our eye,
wln 0101 That makes these vpstart heresies in Fraunce:
wln 0102 Be gone my freend present them to her straite.
wln 0103 Souldyer. *Exit Pothe.*

Enter a Souldier.

wln 0104
wln 0105 *Soul.* My Lord,

wln 0106 *Guise.* Now come thou forth and play thy
wln 0107 tragick part.
wln 0108 Stand in some window opening neere the street,

And

at Paris.

wln 0109
wln 0110
wln 0111
wln 0112
wln 0113
wln 0114
wln 0115
wln 0116
wln 0117
wln 0118
wln 0119
wln 0120
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wln 0133
wln 0134
wln 0135
wln 0136
wln 0137
wln 0138

And when thou seest the Admirall ride by,
Discharge thy musket and perfourme his death:
And then Ile guerdon thee with store of crownes.

Soul. I will my Lord.

Exit Souldi.

Guise. Now *Guise* begins those deepe ingendred
thoughts,
To burst abroad those neuer dying flames,
Which cannot be extinguisht but by bloud.
Oft haue I leueld, and at last haue learnd,
That perill is the cheefest way to happines,
And resolution honors fairest aime.
What glory is there in a common good,
That hanges for euery peasant to atchiue?
That like I best that flyes beyond my reach,
Set me to scale the high Peramides,
And thereon set the Diadem of Fraunce,
Ile either rend it with my nayles to naught,
Or mount the top with my aspiring winges,
Although my downfall be the deepest hell.
For this, I wake, when others think I sleepe,
For this, I waite, that scornes attendance else:
For this, my quenchles thirst whereon I builde,
Hath often pleaded kindred to the King.
For this, this head, this heart, this hand and sworde,
Contriues, imagines and fully executes,
Matters of importe, aimde at by many,
Yet vnderstoode by none.
For this, hath heauen engendred me of earth,
For this, this earth sustaines my bodies waight,
And with this wiat Ile counterpoise a Crowne,

Or

at Paris.

wln 0139 Or with seditions weary all the worlde:
wln 0140 For this, from Spaine the stately Catholickes,
wln 0141 Sends Indian golde to coyne me French ecues:
wln 0142 For this haue I a largesse from the Pope,
wln 0143 A pension and a dispensation too:
wln 0144 And by that priuiledge to worke vpon,
wln 0145 My policye hath framde religion,
wln 0146 Religion: *O Diabole.*
wln 0147 Fye, I am ashamde how euer that I seeme,
wln 0148 To think a word of such a simple sound,
wln 0149 Of so great matter should be made the ground.
wln 0150 The gentle King whose pleasure vncontrolde,
wln 0151 Weakneth his body, and will waste his Realme,
wln 0152 If I repaire not what he ruinate:
wln 0153 Him as a childe I dayly winne with words,
wln 0154 So that for prooffe, he barely beares the name:
wln 0155 I execute, and he sustaines the blame.
wln 0156 The Mother Queene workes wonders for my
wln 0157 sake,
wln 0158 And in my loue entombes the hope of Fraunce:
wln 0159 Rifling the bowels of her treasurie,
wln 0160 To supply my wants and necessitie.
wln 0161 Paris hath full fiue hundred Colledges,
wln 0162 As Monestaries, Priories, Abbyes and halles,
wln 0163 Wherein are thirtie thousand able men,
wln 0164 Besides a thousand sturdy student Catholicks,
wln 0165 And more of my knowledge in one cloyster keeps,
wln 0166 Fiue hundred fatte Franciscan Fryers and priestes.
wln 0167 All this and more, if more may be comprisde,
wln 0168 To bring the will of our desires to end.

Then

The Massacre

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

Old Qu. Thanks my good freend, holde take
thou this reward.

Pothe. I humbly thank your Maiestie.

Exit Po.

Old Qu. Me thinkes the gloues haue a very
strong perfume,
The sent whereof doth make my head to ake.

Nauar. Doth not your grace know the man
that gaue them you?

Old Qu Not wel, but do remember such a man.

Ad Your grace was ill aduisde to take thē then,
Considering of these dangerous times.

Old Qu Help sonne *Nauarre* I am poysoned.

Q. Mar. The heauens forbid your highnes
such mishap.

Nauar. The late suspition of the Duke of *Guise*,
Might well haue moued your highnes to beware:
How you did meddle with such dangerous giftes.

Q. Mar. Too late it is my Lord if that be true
To blame her highnes, but I hope it be
Only some naturall passion makes her sicke.

*O[*]d Qu* O no, sweet *Margret*, the fatall poyson
Workes within my head, my brain pan breakes,
My heart doth faint, I dye.

She dyes.

Nauar. My Mother poysoned heere before
my face:

O gracious God, what times are these?
O graunt sweet God my daies may end with hers,
That I with her may dye and liue againe.

Q. Mar. Let not this heauy chaunce
my dearest Lord,

For

at Paris.

wln 0227

(For whose effects my soule is massacred)

wln 0228

Infect thy gracious brest with fresh supply,

wln 0229

To agrauate our sodaine miserie. (hence,

wln 0230

Ad. Come my Lords let vs beare her body

wln 0231

And see it honoured with iust solemnitie.

wln 0232

As they are going, the Souldier dischargeth his

wln 0233

Musket at the Lord Admirall.

wln 0234

Condy, VWhat are you hurt my L. high Admiral?

wln 0235

Admi. I my good Lord shot through the arme.

wln 0236

Nauar. VVe are betraide come my Lords,

wln 0237

and let vs goe tell the King of this.

wln 0238

Admi. These are the cursed *Guisians* that doe

wln 0239

seeke our death.

wln 0240

Oh fatall was this mariage to vs all.

wln 0241

They beare away the Queene and goe out.

wln 0242

Enter the King, Queene Mother, Duke of Guise,

wln 0243

Duke Anioy, Duke Demayne.

wln 0244

Queene Mother.

wln 0245

My noble sonne, and princely Duke of *Guise*,

wln 0246

Now haue we got the fatall stragling deere:

wln 0247

VWithin the compasse of a deadly toyle,

wln 0248

And as we late decreed we may perfourme.

wln 0249

King. Madam, it wilbe noted through the world,

wln 0250

An action bloody and tirannicall:

wln 0251

Cheefely since vnder safetie of our word,

wln 0252

They iustly challenge their protection:

wln 0253

Besides my heart relentes that noble men,

wln 0254

Onely corrupted in religion, Ladies of honor,

Knights

The Massacre

wln 0255
wln 0256
wln 0257
wln 0258
wln 0259
wln 0260
wln 0261
wln 0262
wln 0263
wln 0264
wln 0265
wln 0266
wln 0267
wln 0268
wln 0269
wln 0270
wln 0271
wln 0272
wln 0273
wln 0274
wln 0275
wln 0276
wln 0277
wln 0278
wln 0279
wln 0280
wln 0281
wln 0282
wln 0283
wln 0284

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

Anioy. Though gentle mindes should pittie others paines,

Yet will the wisest note their proper greefes:
And rather seeke to scourge their enemies,
Then be themselues base subiects to the whip.

Guise. Me thinkes my Lord, *Anioy* hath well aduisde,

Your highnes to consider of the thing,
And rather chuse to seek your countries good,
Then pittie or releue these vpstart hereticks.

Queene. I hope these reasons may serue my princely Sonne,

To haue some care for feare of enemies:

King. Well Madam, I referre it to your Maiestie,
And to my Nephew heere the Duke of *Guise*:
What you determine, I will ratifie.

Queene. Thankes to my princely sonne, then tell me *Guise*,

What order wil you set downe for the Massacre?

Guise. Thus Madame.

They that shalbe actors in this Massacre,
Shall weare white crosses on their Burgonets:
And tye white linnen scarfes about their armes.
He that wantes these, and is suspected of heresie,
Shall dye, be he King or Emperour.

Then Ile haue a peale of ordinance shot from the tower,

At which they all shall issue out and set the streetes.

And

at Paris.

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

And then the watchword being giuen, a bell shall
ring,
Which when they heare, they shall begin to kill:
And neuer cease vntill that bell shall cease,
Then breath a while.

Enter the Admirals man.

King. How now fellow, what newes?

Man. And it please your grace the Lord high
Admirall,
Riding the streetes was traiterously shot,
And most humble intreates your Maiestie
To visite him sick in his bed.

King. Messenger, tell him I will see him strait.

Exit Messenger.

What shall we doe now with the Admirall?

Qu. Your Maiesty were best goe visite him,
And make a shew as if all were well.

King. Content, I will goe visite the Admirall.

Guise. And I will goe take order for his death.

Exit Guise.

Enter the Admirall in his bed.

King. How fares it with my Lord high Admiral,
Hath he been hurt with villaines in the street?
I vow and sweare as I am King of France,
To finde and to repay the man with death:
With death delay'd and torments neuer vsde,
That durst presume for hope of any gaine,
To hurt the noble man their soueraign loues.

Ad. Ah my good Lord, these are the *Guisians*,
That seeke to massacre our guiltles liues.

King.

at Paris.

wln 0315
wln 0316
wln 0317
wln 0318
wln 0319
wln 0320
wln 0321
wln 0322
wln 0323
wln 0324
wln 0325
wln 0326
wln 0327
wln 0328
wln 0329
wln 0330
wln 0331
wln 0332
wln 0333
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wln 0335
wln 0336
wln 0337
wln 0338
wln 0339
wln 0340
wln 0341
wln 0342
wln 0343
wln 0344

King. Assure your selfe my good Lord Admirall,
I deeply sorrow for your trecherous wrong:
And that I am not more secure my selfe,
Then I am carefull you should be preserued.
Cosin, take twenty of our strongest garde,
And vnder your direction see they keep,
All trecherous violence from our noble freend,
Repaying all attempts with present death,
Vpon the cursed breakers of our peace.
And so be pacient good Lord Admirall,
And euery hower I will visite you.

Admi. I humbly thank your royall Maiestie.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Guise, Anioy, Dumaine, Gonzago, Retes,
Montsorrell, and Souldiers to the massacre.*

Guise.

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

Dumain. I swear by this to be vnmercifull.

Anioy. I am disguisde and none knows
who I am.
And therefore meane to murder all I meet.

Gonza. And so will I.

Retes. And I. (house,

Guise. Away then, break into the Admirals

Retes. I let the Admirall be first dispatcht.

Guise. The Admirall cheefe standard bearer
to the Lutheranes,
Shall in the entrance of this Massacre,

Be

at Paris.

wln 0345
wln 0346
wln 0347
wln 0348
wln 0349
wln 0350
wln 0351
wln 0352
wln 0353
wln 0354
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wln 0360
wln 0361
wln 0362
wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367
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 liue.

Anioy. That charge is mine, Swizers keepe you
the streetes,

And at ech corner shall the Kings garde stand.

Gonzago. Come sirs follow me.

Exit Gonzago and others with him.

Anioy. Cosin, the Captaine of the Admirals
garde,

Plac'd by my brother, will betray his Lord:

Now *Guise* shall catholiques flourish once againe,

The head being of, the members cannot stand.

Retes. But look my Lord, ther's some in the
Admirals house.

*Enter into the Admirals house,
and he in his bed.*

Anioy. In lucky time, come let vs keep this lane,
And slay his seruants that shall issue out.

Gonza, Where is the Admirall?

Admi. O let me pray before I dye.

Gonza. Then pray vnto our Ladye,
kisse this crosse.

Stab him.

Admi. O God forgiue my sins.

Guise, *Gonzago,* what, is he dead?

Gonza. I my Lord.

Guise. Then throw him down.

Anioy. Now cosin view him well, it may be it is
some other, and he escape.

Guise. Cosin tis he, I know him by his look.

The Massacre

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
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

See where my Souldier shot him through the arm.
He mist him neer, but we haue strook him now.
Ah base Shatillian and degenerate, cheef standard
bearer to the Lutheranes,
Thus in despite of thy Religion,
The Duke of *Guise* stampes on thy lieweles bulke.

Anioy. Away with him, cut of his head and
handes.

And send them for a present to the Pope:
And when this iust reuenge is finished,
Vnto mount Faucon will we dragge his coarse:
And he that liuing hated so the crosse,
Shall being dead, be hangd thereon in chaines.

Guise. *Anioy, Gonzago, Retes*, if that you three,
Will be as resolute as I and *Dumaine*:
There shall not a Hugonet breath in France.

Anioy. I swear by this crosse, wee'l not be
partiall,
But slay as many as we can come neer.

Guise. *Mountsorrell*, goe shoote the ordinance of,
That they which haue already set the street
May know their watchword, then tole the bell,
And so lets forward to the Massacre.

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

Guise. And now my Lords let vs closely to our
busines.

Anioy. *Anioy* will follow thee.

Du. And so will *Dumaine*.

The ordinance being shot of, the bell tolles.

Guise. Come then, lets away. *Exeunt.*

The

at Paris.

*The Guise enters againe, with all the rest, with their
Swords drawne, chasing the Protestants.*

Guise.

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

Anioy. Kill them, kill them.

Exeunt.

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

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

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

*Guise. Dearely beloued brother, thus tis
written.*

he stabs him.

Anioy. Stay my Lord, let me begin the psalme.

*Guise. Come dragge him away and throw him
in a ditch.*

Exeunt.

Enter Mountsorrell and knocks at Serouns doore.

Serouns wife. Who is that which knocks there?

Mount. Mountsorrell from the Duke of Guise.

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

Enter Seroune.

Seroune.

To speek with me from such a man as he?

*Mount. I, I, for this Seroune, and thou shalt
hate.*

shewing his dagger.

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

Mount. Despatch then quickly.

B2

Seroun

The Massacre

wln 0434

Seroune. O Christ my Sauour.

wln 0435

Mount. Christ, villaine, why darst thou presume
to call on Christ, without the intercession of
some Saint? *Sancta Iacobus* hee was my Saint,
pray to him.

wln 0436

wln 0437

wln 0438

wln 0439

Seroune. O let me pray vnto my God.

wln 0440

Mount. Then take this with you.

Stab him.

wln 0441

Exit.

wln 0442

Enter Ramus in his studie.

wln 0443

Ramus. What fearfull cries comes from the
riuer Rene,
That frightes poore *Ramus* sitting at his book?
I feare the *Guisians* haue past the bridge,
And meane once more to menace me.

wln 0444

wln 0445

wln 0446

wln 0447

wln 0448

Enter Taleus.

wln 0449

Taleus. Flye *Ramus* flye, if thou wilt saue thy life,

wln 0450

Ramus. Tell me *Taleus*, wherfore should I flye?

wln 0451

Taleus. The *Guisians* are hard at thy doore, and
meane to murder vs: harke, harke they come,
Ile leap out at the window.

wln 0452

wln 0453

wln 0454

Ramus. Sweet *Taleus* stay.

wln 0455

Enter Gonzago and Retes.

wln 0456

Gonzago.

wln 0457

Who goes there?

wln 0458

Retes. Tis *Taleus*, *Ramus* bedfellow.

Gonza.

The Massacre

wln 0459

Gonza. What art thou?

wln 0460

Tal. I am as *Ramus* is, a Christian.

wln 0461

Ret. O let him goe, he is a catholick.

wln 0462

Enter Ramus. Exit Taleus.

wln 0463

Gon. Come *Ramus*, more golde, or thou shalt
haue the stabbe.

wln 0464

Ramus. Alas I am a scholler, how should I haue
golde?

wln 0465

wln 0466

All that I haue is but my stipend from the King,
Which is no sooner receiu'd but it is spent.

wln 0467

wln 0468

wln 0469

Enter the Guise and Anioy.

wln 0470

Anioy.

wln 0471

Who haue you there?

wln 0472

Ret. Tis *Ramus*, the Kings professor of Logick.

wln 0473

Guise, Stab him.

wln 0474

Ramus. O good my Lord, wherein hath *Ramus*
been so offencious.

wln 0475

wln 0476

Guise. Marry sir, in hauing a smack in all,
And yet didst neuer sound anything to the depth.

wln 0477

wln 0478

Was it not thou that scoftes the Organon,
And said it was a heape of vanities?

wln 0479

wln 0480

He that will be a flat decotamest,

wln 0481

And seen in nothing but Epetomies:

wln 0482

Is in your iudgment thought a learned man.

wln 0483

And he forsooth must goe and preach in Germany:

wln 0484

Excepting against Doctors actions,

wln 0485

And *ipsi dixi* with this quidditie,

wln 0486

Argumentum testimonis est in arte fetialis.

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
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wln 0503
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wln 0505
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wln 0507
wln 0508
wln 0509
wln 0510
wln 0511
wln 0512
wln 0513
wln 0514
wln 0515
wln 0516

The Massacre

To contradict which, I say *Ramus* shall dye:
How answere you that? your *nego argumentum*
cannot serue, sirra, kill him.

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

Anioy. Well, say on.

Ramus. Not for my life doe I desire this pause,
But in my latter houre to purge my selfe,
In that I know the things that I haue wrote,
Which as I heare one *Shekins* takes it ill:
Because my places being but three, contains all his:
I knew the Organon to be confusde,
And I reduc'd it into better forme.
And this for *Aristotle* will I say,
That he that despiseth him, can nere
Be good in Logick or Philosophie.
And thats because the blockish thorbonest,
Attribute as much vnto their workes,
As to the seruice of the eternall God.

Guise. Why suffer you that peasant to declaime?
Stab him I say and send him to his freends in hell.

Anioy. Nere was there Colliars sonne so full
of pride.

kill him.

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

Which we haue chaste into the riuier Rene,
That swim about and so preserue their liues:
How may we doe? I feare me they will liue.

Dumaine. Goe place some men vpon the bridge,
With bowes and dartes to shoot at them they see,
And sinke them in the riuier as they swim.

Guise

The Massacre

wln 0517
wln 0518
wln 0519
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
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wln 0537
wln 0538
wln 0539
wln 0540
wln 0541
wln 0542
wln 0543
wln 0544
wln 0545
wln 0546

Guise. Tis well aduisde *Dumain*, goe see it strait
be done.

And in the mean time my Lord, could we devise,
To get those pedantes from the King *Nauarre*,
that are tutors to him and the prince of *Condy*.

Anioy. For that let me alone, Cousin stay you heer,
And when you see me in, then follow hard.

*He knocketh, and enter the King of Nauarre and
Prince of Condy, with their scholmaisters.*

How now my Lords, how fare you?

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

Anioy I, so they are, but yet what remedy:
I haue done what I could to stay this broile.

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

An. Who I, you are deceiued, I rose but now.

Enter Guise. (hence.)

Guise. Murder the Hugonets, take those pedantes

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

Condy. Come let vs goe tell the King. *Exeunt.*

Guise. Come sirs, Ile whip you to death with my
punniards point. *he kils them.*

An. Away with them both. *Exit Anioy.*

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

Yet will we not that the Massacre shall end,

Gonzago poste you to Orleance,

Retes to Deep, *Mountsorrell* vnto Roan,

And spare not one that you suspect of heresy.

and now stay that bel that to y^e deuils mattins rings

wln 0547

wln 0548

The Massacre
Now euery man put of his burgonet,
And so conuey him closely to his bed.

Exeunt.

wln 0549

Enter Anioy, with two Lords of Poland.

wln 0550

Anioy.

wln 0551

My Lords of Poland I must needs confesse,

wln 0552

The offer of your Prince Electors, farre

wln 0553

Beyond the reach of my desertes:

wln 0554

For Poland is as I haue been enformde,

wln 0555

A martiall people, worthy such a King,

wln 0556

As hath sufficient counsaile in himselfe,

wln 0557

To lighten doubts and frustrate subtile foes.

wln 0558

And such a King whom practise long hath taught,

wln 0559

To please himselfe with mannage of the warres.

wln 0560

The greatest warres within our Christian bounds,

wln 0561

I meane our warres against the Muscouites:

wln 0562

And on the other side against the Turke,

wln 0563

Rich Princes both, and mighty Emperours:

wln 0564

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

wln 0565

And by his graces councill it is thought,

wln 0566

that if I vndertake to weare the crowne

wln 0567

Of Poland, it may preiudice their hope

wln 0568

Of my inheritance to the crowne of France:

wln 0569

For if th'almighty take my brother hence,

wln 0570

By due discent the Regall seat is mine.

wln 0571

With Poland therfore must I couenant thus,

wln 0572

That if by death of *Charles*, the diadem

wln 0573

Of France be cast on me, then with your leaues

wln 0574

I may retire me to my natiue home.

If your

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

The Massacre

If your commission serue to warrant this,
I thankfully shall vndertake the charge
Of you and yours, and carefully maintaine
the wealth and safety of your kingdomes right.

Lord. All this and more your highnes
shall commaund,
For Polands crowne and kingly diadem.

Anioy. Then come my Lords, lets goe.

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 Admirals body.

I. Now sirra, what shall we doe with
the Admirall?

2. Why let vs burne him for an heretick.

I. O no, his bodye will infect the fire, and the
fire the aire, and so we shall be poysoned with
him.

2. What shall we doe then?

I. Lets throw him into the riuier.

2. Oh twill corrupt the water, and the water
the fish, and by the fish our selues when we eate
them.

I. Then throw him into the ditch.

2. No, no, to decide all doubts, be rulde by me,
lets hang him heere vpon this tree.

I, Agreede.

They hang him.

wln 0599
wln 0600
wln 0601
wln 0602

*Enter the Duke of Guise, and Queene Mother, and
the Cardinall.*

Guise. Now Madame, how like you our lusty
Admirall?

Queene.

at Paris.

wln 0603
wln 0604
wln 0605
wln 0606
wln 0607
wln 0608
wln 0609
wln 0610
wln 0611
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wln 0630
wln 0631
wln 0632

Queene. Beleeue me *Guise* he becomes the place
so well,

As I could long ere this haue wisht him there.
But come lets walke aside, thair's not very sweet.

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

carry away the dead body.

And now Madam as I vnderstand,
There are a hundred Hugonets and more,
Which in the woods doe holde their synagogue:
And dayly meet about this time of day,
And thither will I to put them to the sword.

Qu. Doe so sweet *Guise*, let vs delay no time,
For if these straglers gather head againe,
And disperse themselues throughout the Realme
of France,

It will be hard for vs to worke their deaths.

Be gone, delay no time sweet *Guise*.

Guise. Madam, I goe as whirl-windes rage
before a storme,

Exit Guise.

Qu. My Lord of Loraine haue you markt of late,
How *Charles* our sonne begins for to lament:
For the late nights worke which my Lord of *Guise*
Did make in Paris amongst the Hugonites?

Card. Madam, I haue heard him solemnly vow,
With the rebellious King of *Nauarre*,
For to reuenge their deaths vpon vs all.

Qu. I, but my Lord let me alone for that,
For *Katherine* must haue her will in France:
As I doe liue, so surely shall he dye.

And

wln 0633

wln 0634

wln 0635

wln 0636

wln 0637

wln 0638

The Massacre

And *Henry* then shall weare the diadem.
And if he grudge or crosse his Mothers will,
Ile disinherite him and all the rest: (crowne:
For Ile rule France, but they shall weare the
And if they storme, I then may pull them downe.
Come my Lord lets vs goe.

Exeunt.

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

wln 0656

wln 0657

wln 0658

wln 0659

wln 0660

wln 0661

Enter five or sixe Protestants with bookes, and kneele together. Enter also the Guise.

Guise. Downe with the Hugonites, murder them.

Protestant. O *Mounser de Guise*, heare me but speake.

Guise. No villain, that tounge of thine,
That hath blasphemde the holy Church of Rome,
Shall driue no plaintes into the *Guises* eares,
To make the iustice of my heart relent:

Tue, tue, tue, let none escape:

kill them.

So, dragge them away.

Exeunt.

Enter the King of France, Nauar and Epernounge staying him: enter Qu. Mother, and the Cardinall.

King.

O let me stay and rest me heer a while,
A griping paine hath ceasde vpon my heart:
A sodaine pang, the messenger of death.

Qu. O say not so, thou kill'st thy mothers heart.

King. I must say so, paine forceth me complaine.

Na. Comfort your selfe my Lord and haue no doubt,

But God will sure restore you to your health.

King. O no, my louing brother of *Nauarre*.

I haue

wln 0662
wln 0663
wln 0664
wln 0665
wln 0666
wln 0667
wln 0668
wln 0669
wln 0670
wln 0671
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wln 0673
wln 0674
wln 0675
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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

at Paris.

I haue deseru'd a scourge I must confesse,
Yet is there pacience of another sort,
Then to misdoe the welfare of their King:
God graunt my neerest freends may proue
no worse.

O holde me vp, my sight begins to faile,
My sinnewes shrinke, my braines turne vpside
downe,

My heart doth break, I faint and dye.

He dies.

Queene, What art thou dead, sweet sonne speak
to thy Mother,

O no, his soule is fled from out his breast,
And he nor heares, nor sees vs what we doe:
My Lords, what resteth there now for to be done?
But that we presently despatch Embassadors
To Poland, to call *Henry* back againe,
To weare his brothers crowne and dignity.

Epernoure, goe see it presently be done,
And bid him come without delay to vs.

Eper. Madam, I will.

Exit Eper.

Queene. And now my Lords after these funerals
be done,

We will with all the speed we can prouide,
For *Henries* coronation from Polonie:
Come let vs take his body hence.

All goe out, but Nauarre and Pleshe.

Nauar, And now *Nauarre* whilst that these
broiles doe last,

My opportunity may serue me fit,
To steale from France, and hye me to my home.

For

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

wln 0716
wln 0717
wln 0718
wln 0719
wln 0720

at Paris.

For heers no saftie in the Realme for me,
And now that *Henry* is cal'd from Polland,
It is my due by iust succession:
And therefore as speedily as I can perfourme,
Ile muster vp an army secretly,
For feare that *Guise* ioyn'd with the K. of Spaine,
Might seeme to crosse me in mine enterprise.
But God that alwaies doth defend the right,
Will shew his mercy and preserue vs still.

Pleshe. The vertues of our true Religion,
Cannot but march with many graces more:
Whose army shall discomfort all your foes,
And at the length in Pampelonia crowne,
In spite of Spaine and all the popish power,
That holdes it from your highnesse wrongfully:
Your Maiestie her rightfull Lord and Soueraigne.

Nauar. Truth *Pleshe*, and God so prosper
me in all,
As I entend to labour for the truth,
And true profession of his holy word:
Come *Pleshe*, lets away whilst time doth serue,

Ezeunt.

*Sound Trumpets within, and then all crye viue la Roy
two or three times.*

*Enter Henry crownd: Queene, Cardinall, Duke of
Guise, Epernoone, the kings Minions, with others,
and the Cutpurse.*

All. Viue la Roy, viue la Roy, *Sound Trumpets.*
Qu. Welcome from Poland *Henry* once agayne,

Welcome

wln 0721
wln 0722
wln 0723
wln 0724
wln 0725
wln 0726
wln 0727
wln 0728
wln 0729
wln 0730
wln 0731
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wln 0740
wln 0741
wln 0742
wln 0743
wln 0744
wln 0745
wln 0746
wln 0747
wln 0748
wln 0749
wln 0750

The Massacre

Welcome to France thy fathers royall seate,
Heere hast thou a country voide of feares,
A warlike people to maintaine thy right,
A watchfull Senate for ordaining lawes,
A louing mother to preserue thy state,
And all things that a King may wish besides:
All this and more hath *Henry* with his crowne.

Car. And long may *Henry* enioy all this & more,

All. Viue la Roy, viue la Roy. *Sound trumpets.*

Henry, Thanks to you al. The guider of all
crownes,

Graunt that our deeds may wel deserue your loues:
And so they shall, if fortune speed my will,
And yeeld your thoughts to height of my desertes.
What saies our Minions, think they *Henries* heart
Will not both harbour loue and Maiestie?
Put of that feare, they are already ioynde,
No person, place, or time, or circumstance,
Shall slacke my loues affection from his bent,
As now you are, so shall you still persist,
Remouueles from the fauours of your King.

Mugeroun. We know that noble mindes change
not their thoughts
For wearing of a crowne: in that your grace,
Hath worne the Poland diadem, before
you were inuested in the crowne of France:

Henry. I tell thee *Mugeroun* we will be freends,
And fellowes to, what euer stormes arise.

Mugeroun. Then may it please your Maiestie
to giue me leaue,

To

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 0766
wln 0767
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wln 0769
wln 0770
wln 0771
wln 0772
wln 0773
wln 0774
wln 0775
wln 0776
wln 0777
wln 0778
wln 0779
wln 0780

at Paris.

To punish those that doe prophane this holy feast.

*He cuts of the Cutpurse eare, for cutting of the
golde buttons off his cloake.*

Henry. How meanst thou that?

Cutpurse. O Lord, mine eare.

Mugeroun. Come sir, giue me my buttons
and heers your eare.

Guise. Sirra, take him away.

Henry. Hands of good fellow, I will be
his baile

For this offence: goe sirra, worke no more,

Till this our Coronation day be past:

And now our solemne rites of Coronation done,

What now remaines, but for a while to feast,

And spend some daies in barriers, tourny, tylte,

and like disportes, such as doe fit the Court?

Lets goe my Lords, our dinner staies for vs.

Goe out all, but the Queene and the Cardinall.

Queene.

My Lord Cardinall of Loraine, tell me,

How likes your grace my sonnes pleasantnes?

His minde you see runnes on his minions,

And all his heauen is to delight himselfe:

And whilst he sleepes securely thus in ease,

Thy brother *Guise* and we may now prouide,

To plant our selues with such authoritie,

as not a man may liue without our leaues.

Then shall the Catholick faith of Rome,

Flourish in France, and none deny the same,

Car. Madam, as in secrecy I was tolde,

My

wln 0781
wln 0782
wln 0783
wln 0784
wln 0785
wln 0786
wln 0787
wln 0788
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wln 0790
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wln 0806
wln 0807
wln 0808
wln 0809
wln 0810

The Massacre

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

Qu. Tush man, let me alone with him,
To work the way to bring this thing to passe:
And if he doe deny what I doe say,
Ile dispatch him with his brother presently.
And then shall *Mounser* weare the diadem:
Tush, all shall dye vnles I haue my will.
For while she liues *Katherine* will be Queene.
Come my Lords, let vs goe seek the *Guise*,
And then determine of this enterprise.

Exeunt.

Enter the Duchesse of Guise, and her Maide,

Duch. Goe fetch me pen and inke.

Maid. I will Madam.

Exit Maid.

Duch. That I may write vnto my dearest Lord.
Sweet *Mugeroune*, tis he that hath my heart,
And *Guise* vsurpes it, cause I am his wife:
Faine would I finde some means to speak with him
but cannot, and therefore am enforst to write,
That he may come and meet me in some place,
Where we may one inioy the others sight.

Enter the Maid with Inke and Paper.

So, set it down and leaue me to my selfe.
She writes. O would to God this quill that heere
doth write,
Had late been pluckt from out faire *Cupids* wing:

That

wln 0811

at Paris.
That it might print these lines within his heart.

wln 0812

Enter the Guise.

wln 0813

Guise. What, all alone my loue, and writing too:
I prethee say to whome thou writes?

wln 0814

wln 0815

Duch. To such a one my Lord, as when she reads
my lines, will laugh I feare me at their good aray.

wln 0816

wln 0817

Guise. I pray thee let me see.

wln 0818

wln 0819

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

wln 0820

Guise. But Madam I must see.

he takes it.

wln 0821

Are these your secrets that no man must know?

wln 0822

Duch. O pardon me my Lord.

wln 0823

Guise. Thou trothles and vniust, what lines
are these?

wln 0824

wln 0825

Am I growne olde, or is thy lust growne yong,

wln 0826

Or hath my loue been so obscurde in thee,

wln 0827

That others needs to comment on my text?

wln 0828

Is all my loue forgot which helde thee deare?

wln 0829

I, dearer then the apple of mine eye?

wln 0830

Is *Guises* glory but a cloudy mist,

wln 0831

In sight and iudgement of thy lustfull eye?

wln 0832

Mor du, wert not the fruit within thy wombe,

wln 0833

Of whose encrease I set some longing hope:

wln 0834

This wrathfull hand should strike thee to the hart.

wln 0835

Hence strumpet, hide thy head for shame,

wln 0836

And fly my presence if thou looke to liue.

Exit.

wln 0837

O wicked sexe, periured and vniust,

wln 0838

Now doe I see that from the very first,

C

Her

img: 17-a
sig: C1v

wln 0839

wln 0840

wln 0841

wln 0842

wln 0843

wln 0844

wln 0845

wln 0846

wln 0847

wln 0848

wln 0849

wln 0850

wln 0851

wln 0852

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wln 0856

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wln 0859

wln 0860

wln 0861

wln 0862

wln 0863

wln 0864

wln 0865

wln 0866

wln 0867

The Massacre

Her eyes and lookes sow'd seeds of periury,
But villaine he to whom these lines should goe,
Shall buy her loue euen with his dearest bloud.

Exit.

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

Nauarre.

My Lords, sith in a quarrell iust and right,
We vndertake to mannage these our warres:
Against the proud disturbers of the faith,
I meane the *Guise*, the Pope, and King of Spaine,
Who set themselues to tread vs vnder foot,
And rent our true religion from this land.
But for you know our quarrell is no more,
But to defend their strange inuentions,
Which they will put vs to with sword and fire:
We must with resolute mindes resolute to fight,
In honor of our God and countries good.
Spaine is the counsell chamber of the pope,
Spaine is the place where he makes peace
and warre,
And *Guise* for Spaine hath now incenst the King,
To send his power to meet vs in the field.

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

Nauarre.

at Paris.

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

Nauarre. The power of vengeance now
incampes it selfe,
Vpon the hauty mountains of my brest:
plaies with her goary coulours of reuenge,
Whom I respect as leaues of boasting greene,
That change their colour when the winter comes,
When I shall vaunt as victor in reuenge.

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

Enter a Messenger.

How now sirra, what newes?

Mes. My Lord, as by our scoutes we vnder-
stande,
A mighty army comes from France with speed:
Which are already mustered in the land,
And meanes to meet your highnes in the field.

Na. In Gods name, let them come.
This is the *Guise* that hath incenst the King,
To leauy armes and make these ciuill broyless
But canst thou tell who is their generall?

Mes. Not yet my Lord, for thereon doe
they stay:
But as report doth goe, the Duke of *Joyeux*
Hath made great sute vnto the King therfore.

Na. It will not counteruaile his paines I hope,
I would the *Guise* in his steed might haue come,
But he doth lurke within his drousie couch,
And makes his footstoole on securitie:
So he be safe he cares not what becomes,
Of King or Country, no not for them both.
But come my Lords, let vs away with speed,

C2

And

img: 18-a
sig: C2v

wln 0897

wln 0898

wln 0899

wln 0900

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

The Massacre

And place our selues in order for the fight.

Exeunt.

*Enter the King of France, Duke of Guise, Epernounge,
and Duke Ioyeux.*

King. My sweet *Ioyeux*, I make thee Generall,
Of all my army now in readines:
To march against the rebellious King *Nauarre*,
At thy request I am content thou goe,
Although my loue to thee can hardly suffer,
Regarding still the danger of thy life.

Ioyeux. Thanks to your Maiestie, and so I take
my leaue.

Farwell to my Lord of *Guise* and *Epernounge*,

Guise. Health and hartly farwell to my Lord
Ioyeux.

Exit Ioyeux.

King. So kindly Cosin of *Guise* you and your
wife doe both salute our louely Minions.

he makes hornes at the Guise.

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

Guise. How now my Lord, faith this is more
then need,

Am I thus to be iested at and scornde?

Tis more then kingly or Emperious.

And sure if all the proudest Kings in
Christendome, should beare me such derision:

They should know how I scornde them and their
mockes.

I loue

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

wln 0937
wln 0938
wln 0939
wln 0940
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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

at Paris.

I loue your Minions, dote on them your selfe,
I know none els but holdes them in disgrace:
And heer by all the Saints in heauen I sweare,
That villain for whom I beare this deep disgrace:
Euen for your words that haue incenst me so,
Shall buy that strumpets fauour with his blood.
Whether he haue dishonoured me or no.

Par la mor du, Il mera.

King. Beleeue me this iest bites sore.

Eper. My Lord, twere good to make them frends
For his othes are seldome spent in vaine.

Exit.

Enter Mugeroun.

King. How now *Mugeroun*, metst thou not
the *Guise* at the doore?

Muge. Not I my Lord, what if I had?

King. Marry if thou hadst, thou mightst haue
had the stab,

For he hath solemnly sworne thy death.

Muge. I may be stabd, and liue till he be dead,
But wherfore beares he me such deadly hate?

King. Because his wife beares thee such
kindely loue.

Muge. If that be all, the next time that I meet her,
Ile make her shake off loue with her heeles.

But which way is he gone, Ile goe make a walk on
purpose from the Court to meet with him.

King. I like not this, come *Epernoure* lets goe seek
the Duke and make them frends.

Exit.

Exeunt.

Alarums within. The Duke Joyeux slaine.

C3

Enter

The Massacre

wln 0955

Enter the King of Nauarre and his traine.

wln 0956

Nauarre.

wln 0957

The Duke is slaine and all his power dispearst,

wln 0958

And we are grac'd with wreathes of victory:

wln 0959

Thus God we see doth euer guide the right,

wln 0960

To make his glory great vpon the earth.

wln 0961

Bar. The terrour of this happy victory,

wln 0962

I hope will make the King surcease his hate:

wln 0963

And either neuer mannage army more,

wln 0964

Or else employ them in some better cause.

wln 0965

Na. How many noble men haue lost their

wln 0966

liues,

wln 0967

In prosecution of these cruell armes,

wln 0968

Is ruth and almost death to call to minde:

wln 0969

But God we know will alwaies put them downe,

wln 0970

That lift themselues against the perfect truth,

wln 0971

Which Ile maintaine so long as life doth last,

wln 0972

And with the Q. of England ioyne my force:

wln 0973

To beat the papall Monarck from our lands,

wln 0974

And keep those relicks from our countries coastes.

wln 0975

Come my Lords now that this storme is ouerpast,

wln 0976

Let vs away with triumph to our tents.

Exeunt.

wln 0977

Enter a Souldier.

wln 0978

Soul. Sir, to you sir, that dares make the Duke

wln 0979

a cuckolde,

wln 0980

And vse a counterfeite key to his

wln 0981

priuie Chamber doore: And although

you

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

wln 0996

wln 0997

wln 0998

wln 0999

wln 1000

wln 1001

wln 1002

wln 1003

wln 1004

wln 1005

wln 1006

wln 1007

wln 1008

at Paris.

you take out nothing but your owne, yet you put in that which displeaseth him, and so forestall his market, and set vp your standing where you should not: and whereas hee is your Landlord, you will take vpon you to be his, and tyll 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 meane to keepe you out, which I will if this geare holde: what are ye come so soone? haue at ye sir.

Enter Mugeroun.

He shootes at him and killes him.

Enter the Guise.

Guise. Holde thee tall Souldier, take thee this and flye.

Exit Soul.

Lye there the Kings delight, and *Guises* scorne. Reuenge it *Henry* as thou list or dare, I did it only in despite of thee.

Take him away.

Enter the King and Epernounge.

King.

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

C4

Guise.

The Massacre

wln 1009
wln 1010
wln 1011
wln 1012
wln 1013
wln 1014
wln 1015
wln 1016
wln 1017
wln 1018
wln 1019
wln 1020
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wln 1030
wln 1031
wln 1032
wln 1033
wln 1034
wln 1035
wln 1036
wln 1037
wln 1038

Guise. Why I am no traitor to the crowne
of France.

What I haue done tis for the Gospell sake.

Eper. Nay for the Popes sake, and thine owne
benefite.

What Peere in France but thou (aspiring *Guise*)
Durst be in armes without the Kings consent?
I challenge thee for treason in the cause.

Guise. Ah base *Epernoune*, were not his highnes
heere,
Thou shouldst perceiue the D. of *Guise* is mou'd.

King. Be patient *Guise* and threat not *Epernoune*,
Least thou perceiue the King of France be mou'd.

Guise. Why? I am a Prince of the *Valoyses* line,
Therefore an enemy to the *Burbonites*.

I am a iuror in the holy league,
And therfore hated of the Protestants.

What should I doe but stand vpon my garde?
And being able, Ile keep an hoast in pay.

Epernoune. Thou able to maintaine an hoast
in pay,
That liuest by forraine exhibition.

The Pope and King of Spaine are thy good frends,
Else all France knowes how poor a Duke thou art.

King. I, those are they that feed him with
their golde,
To countermaund our will and check our frends.

Guise. My Lord, to speak more plainely, thus it is:
Being animated by Religious zeale,
I meane to muster all the power I can,

To

wln 1039
wln 1040
wln 1041
wln 1042
wln 1043
wln 1044
wln 1045
wln 1046
wln 1047
wln 1048
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wln 1059
wln 1060
wln 1061
wln 1062
wln 1063
wln 1064
wln 1065
wln 1066
wln 1067
wln 1068

at Paris.

To ouerthrow those sexious Puritans:
And know my Lord, the Pope will sell
his triple crowne,
I, and the catholick *Philip* King of Spaine,
Ere I shall want, will cause his Indians,
To rip the golden bowels of America.
Nauarre that cloakes them vnderneath his wings,
Shall feele the house of *Lorayne* is his foe:
Your highnes needs not feare mine armies force,
Tis for your safetie and your enemies wrack.

King. *Guise*, weare our crowne, and be thou
King of France,
And as Dictator make or warre or peace,
Whilste I cry *placet* like a Senator,
I cannot brook thy hauty insolence,
Dismisse thy campe or else by our Edict,
Be thou proclaimde a traitor throughout France.

Guise. The choyse is hard, *I* must dissemble.
My Lord, in token of my true humilitie,
And simple meaning to your Maiestie:
I kisse your graces hand, and take my leaue,
Intending to dislodge my campe with speed.

King. Then farwell *Guise*, the King and thou
are freends.

Eper. But trust him not my Lord, for had
your highnesse,
Seene with what a pompe he entred Paris,
And how the Citizens with gifts and shewes
Did entertaine him and promised to be at
his commaund:

Exit Guise.

Nay,

The Massacre

wln 1069

Nay, they fear'd not to speak in the streetes,
That the *Guise* durst stand in armes against
the King,

wln 1070

wln 1071

wln 1072

For not effecting of his holines will.

wln 1073

King. Did they of Paris entertaine him so?

wln 1074

Then meanes he present treason to our state.

wln 1075

Well, let me alone, whose within there?

wln 1076

Enter one with a pen and inke.

wln 1077

Make a discharge of all my counsell straites,

wln 1078

And Ile subscribe my name and seale it straight.

wln 1079

My head shall be my counsell, they are false:

wln 1080

And *Epernoune* I will be rulde by thee.

wln 1081

Eper. My Lord, I think for safety of your royall

wln 1082

person,

wln 1083

It would be good the *Guise* were made away,

wln 1084

And so to quite your grace of all suspect.

wln 1085

King. First let vs set our hand and seale to

wln 1086

this,

(he writes.

wln 1087

And then Ile tell thee what I meane to doe.

wln 1088

So, conuey this to the counsell presently.

Exit one.

wln 1089

And *Epernoune* though I seeme milde and calme,

wln 1090

Thinke not but I am tragicall within:

wln 1091

Ile secretly conuay me vnto Bloyse,

wln 1092

For now that Paris takes the *Guises* parte,

wln 1093

Heere is no staying for the King of France,

wln 1094

Vnles he meane to be betraide and dye:

wln 1095

But as I liue, so sure the *Guise* shall dye.

wln 1096

Exeunt.

Enter

at Paris.

wln 1097
wln 1098

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

wln 1099

Nauarre.

wln 1100

My Lord, I am aduertised from France,
That the *Guise* hath taken armes against the King,
And that Paris is reuolted from his grace.

wln 1101

wln 1102

wln 1103

Bar. Then hath your grace fit oportunitie,
To shew your loue vnto the King of France:
Offering him aide against his enemies,
Which cannot but be thankfully receiu'd.

wln 1104

wln 1105

wln 1106

wln 1107

Nauarre. *Bartus,* it shall be so, poast then
to Fraunce,

wln 1108

wln 1109

wln 1110

And there salute his highnesse in our name,
Assure him all the aide we can prouide,
Against the *Guisians* and their complices.

wln 1111

wln 1112

Bartus be gone, commend me to his grace,
And tell him ere it be long, Ile visite him.

wln 1113

wln 1114

Bar. I will my Lord.

Exit.

wln 1115

Enter Pleshe.

wln 1116

Nauarre. Pleshe,

wln 1117

Pleshe. My Lord.

wln 1118

Na Pleshe, goe muster vp our men with speed,
And let them march away to France amaine:

wln 1119

wln 1120

For we must aide the King against the *Guise*.

wln 1121

Be gone I say, tis time that we were there.

wln 1122

Pleshe. I goe my Lord.

Nauarre.

The Massacre

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

Nauar. That wicked *Guise* I feare me much
will be,
The ruine of that famous Realme of France:
For his aspiring thoughts aime at the crowne,
And takes his vantage on Religion,
To plant the Pope and popelings in the Realme,
And binde it wholly to the Sea of Rome:
But if that God doe prosper mine attempts,
And send vs safely to arriue in France:
Wee'l beat him back, and driue him to his death,
That basely seekes the ruine of his Realme.

Exeunt.

*Enter the Captaine of the garde, and
three murtherers.*

wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139
wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
wln 1149
wln 1150
wln 1151

Captaine.
Come on sirs, what, are you resolutely bent,
Hating the life and honour of the *Guise*?
What, will you not feare when you see him come?
1. Feare him said you? tush, were he heere, we
would kill him presently.
2. O that his heart were leaping in
my hand.
3. But when will he come that we may
murther him?
Cap. Well, then I see you are resolute.
1. Let vs alone, I warrant you.
Cap. Then sirs take your standings within
this Chamber,
For anon the *Guise* will come.

All.

at Paris.

wln 1152

All. You will giue vs our money.

wln 1153

Cap. I, I, feare not, stand close, so be resolute:

wln 1154

Now fals the star whose influence gouernes

wln 1155

France,

wln 1156

Whose light was deadly to the Protestants

wln 1157

Now must he fall and perish in his height.

wln 1158

Enter the King and Epernounge.

wln 1159

King.

wln 1160

Now Captain of my garde, are these murthe-
rers ready?

wln 1161

Cap. They be my good Lord.

wln 1162

King. But are they resolute and armde to kill,

wln 1163

Hating the life and honour of the *Guise*?

wln 1164

Cap. I warrant ye my Lord.

wln 1165

King. Then come proud *Guise* and heere

wln 1166

disgordge thy brest,

wln 1167

Surcharge with surfet of ambitious thoughts:

wln 1168

Breath out that life wherein my death was hid,

wln 1169

And end thy endles treasons with thy death.

wln 1170

wln 1171

Enter the Guise and knocketh.

wln 1172

Guise.

wln 1173

Halla verlete hey: Epernounge, where is the King?

wln 1174

Eper. Mounted his royall Cabonet.

wln 1175

Guise. I prethee tell him that the *Guise*

wln 1176

is heere.

wln 1177

Eper. And please your grace the Duke of *Guise*,

doth

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

The Massacre

doth craue accesse vnto your highnes.

King. Let him come in.

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

The Guise comes to the King.

Guise. Good morrow to your Maiestie.

King. Good morrow to my louing Cousin
of *Guise*.

How fares it this morning with your excellence?

Guise. I heard your Maiestie was scarcely
pleasde,
That in the Court I bare so great
a traine.

King. They were to blame that said I was
displeasde,

And you good Cosin to imagine it.

Twere hard with me if I should doubt
my kinne,

Or be suspicious of my deerest freends:

Cousin, assure you I am resolute,

Whatsoever any whisper in mine eares,

Not to suspect disloyaltye in thee,

And so sweet Cuz farwell.

Exit King.

Guise. So, now sues the King for fauour
to the *Guise*,

And all his Minions stoup when *I* commaund:

Why this tis to haue an army in the field,

Now by the holy sacrament *I* sweare,

As ancient Romanes ouer their Captiue Lords,

So will

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

wln 1214

wln 1215
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wln 1231
wln 1232
wln 1233
wln 1234
wln 1235
wln 1236

at Paris.

So will *I* triumph ouer this wanton King,
And he shall follow my proud Chariots wheeles.
Now doe *I* but begin to look about,
And all my former time was spent in vaine:
Holde Sworde, for in thee is the Duke of *Guises*
hope.

Enter one of the Murtherers.

Villaine, why dost thou look so gastly?
speake.

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

Guise. Pardon thee, why what hast thou done?

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

Guise. To murder me villaine.

Mur. *I* my Lord, the rest haue taine their stan-
dings in the next roome, therefore good my
Lord goe not foorth.

Guise. Yet *Cæsar* shall goe forth, let mean consaits,
and baser men feare death: tut they are pesants,
I am Duke of *Guise*: and princes with their lookes,
ingender feare.

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

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

All. Downe with him, downe with him.

They stabbe him.

Guise. Oh *I* haue my deaths wound, giue me
leauē to speak.

2. Then

The Massacre

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

2. Then pray to God, and aske forgiuenes
of the King.

Guise. Trouble me not, I neare
offended him.
Nor will I aske forgiuenes of the King.
Oh that I haue not power to stay my life,
Nor immortalitie to be reueng'd:
To dye by Pesantes, what a greefe is this?
Ah *Sextus*, be reueng'd vpon the King,
Philip and Parma, I am slaine for you:
Pope excommunicate, Philip depose,
The wicked branch of curst *Valois*
his line.
Viue la messa, perish Hugonets,
Thus *Cæsar* did goe foorth, and thus
he dyed.

He dyes.

wln 1253

Enter Captaine of the Guarde.

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

Captaine.

What haue you done? then stay a while and Ile
goe call the King, but see where he comes.
My Lord, see where the *Guise* is slaine.
King. Ah this sweet sight is phisick
to my soule,
Goe fetch his sonne for to beholde his death:
Surchargde with guilt of thousand
massacres:
Mounser of *Lorraine* sinke away to hell,
And in remembrance of those
bloody broyles:

To

wln 1266
wln 1267
wln 1268
wln 1269
wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
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wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289
wln 1290

wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294

at Paris.

To which thou didst allure me being aliue:
And heere in presence of you all *I* sweare,
I nere was King of France vntill this houre:
This is the traitor that hath spent my golde,
In making forraine warres and ciuile broiles.
Did he not draw a sorte of English priestes,
From Doway to the Seminary at Remes,
To hatch forth treason gainst their naturall
Queene?
Did he not cause the King of Spaines huge
fleete,
To threaten England and to menace me?
Did he not iniure *Mounser* thats deceast?
Hath he not made me in the Popes defence,
To spend the treasure that should strength
my land:
In ciuill broiles between *Nauarre* and me?
Tush, to be short, he meant to make me Munke,
Or else to murder me, and so be King.
Let Christian princes that shall heare of this,
(As all the world shall know our *Guise* is dead)
Rest satisfied with this that heer I sweare,
Nere was there King of France so yoakt as I.

Eper. My Lord heer is his sonne.

Enter the Guises sonne.

King.

Boy, look where your father lyes,
Yong Guise. My father slaine, who hath done
this deed?

D

King.

The Massacre

wln 1295

King. Sirra twas I that slew him, and will slay
thee too, and thou proue such a traitor.

wln 1296

wln 1297

Yong Guise. Art thou King, and hast done this
bloudy deed?

wln 1298

wln 1299

Ile be reuengde.

wln 1300

He offereth to throwe his dagger.

wln 1301

King. Away to prison with him, Ile clippe his
winges or ere he passe my handes, away with
him.

wln 1302

Exit Boy.

wln 1303

wln 1304

But what auailleth li that this traitors dead,
When Duke *Dumaine* his brother is aliue,
And that young Cardinall that is growne
so proud?

wln 1305

wln 1306

wln 1307

wln 1308

Goe to the Gouvernour of Orleance,
And will him in my name to kill the Duke.

wln 1309

wln 1310

Get you away and strangle the Cardinall,
These two will make one entire Duke of *Guise*,
Especially with our olde mothers helpe.

wln 1311

wln 1312

wln 1313

Eper. My Lord, see where she comes, as if she
droupt to heare these newes.

wln 1314

wln 1315

Enter Queene Mother.

wln 1316

King. And let her droup, my heart is light
enough.

wln 1317

wln 1318

Mother, how like you this deuice of mine?
I slew the *Guise*, because I would be King.

wln 1319

wln 1320

Queene. King, why so thou wert before.

wln 1321

Pray God thou be a King now this is done.

wln 1322

King. Nay he was King and countermanded me,

But

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

wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351

at Paris.

But now I will be King and rule my selfe,
And make the *Guisions* stoup that are aliuē.

Queene. I cannot speak for greefe, when thou
wast borne,

I would that I had murdered thee my sonne.

My sonne: thou art a changeling, not my sonne.

I curse thee and exclaime thee miscreant,

Traitor to God, and to the realme of France.

King. Cry out, exclaime, houle till thy throat
be hoarce,

The *Guise* is slaine, and I reioyce therefore:

And now will I to armes, come *Epernoure*:

And let her greewe her heart out if she will.

Exit the King and Epernoure.

Queene. Away, leaue me alone to meditate,
Sweet *Guise*, would he had died so thou
wert heere:

To whom shall I bewray my secrets now,

Or who will helpe to bulde Religion?

The Protestants will glory and insulte,

Wicked *Nauarre* will get the crowne of France,

The Popedome cannot stand, all goes to wrack.

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

But sorrow seaze vpon my toyling soule,

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

Exit.

Enter two dragging in the Cardenall.

Car. Murder me not, I am a Cardenall.

I. Wert thou the Pope thou mightst not
scape from vs.

D2

Car

The Massacre

wln 1352

Car. What will you fyle your handes with
Churchmens bloud?

wln 1353

2. Shed your bloud, O Lord no: for we entend
to strangle you.

wln 1354

wln 1355

Car. Then there is no remedye but I must
dye.

wln 1356

wln 1357

1. No remedye, therefore prepare your
selfe.

wln 1358

wln 1359

Car. Yet liues my brother Duke *Dumaine*,
and many moe:

wln 1360

wln 1361

To reuenge our deaths vpon that cursed
King.

wln 1362

wln 1363

Vpon whose heart may all the furies gripe,
And with their pawes drench his black soule
in hell.

wln 1364

wln 1365

wln 1366

1. Yours my Lord Cardinall, you should
haue saide.

wln 1367

wln 1368

Now they strangle him.

wln 1369

So, pluck amaine, he is hard hearted,
therfore pull with violence.

wln 1370

wln 1371

Come take him away.

wln 1372

Exeunt.

wln 1373

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

wln 1374

Dumaine.

wln 1375

My noble brother murdered by the
King,

wln 1376

wln 1377

Oh what may I doe, for to reuenge
thy death?

wln 1378

wln 1379

The

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

wln 1403

wln 1404

wln 1405

wln 1406

wln 1407

at Paris.

The Kings alone, it cannot satisfie.
Sweet Duke of *Guise* our prop to leane
vpon,
Now thou art dead, heere is no stay
for vs:
I am thy brother, and ile reuenge thy
death,
And roote *Valoys* his line from forth of
France,
And beate proud *Burbon* to his natiue home.
That basely seekes to ioyne with such a
King.
Whose murderous thoughts will be his
ouerthrow.
Hee wild the Gouvernour of Orleance in his
name,
That I with speed should haue beene put to
death.
But thats preuented, for to end his life.
His life, and all those traitors to the Church
of Rome,
That durst attempt to murder noble
Guise.

Enter the Frier.

Frier.

My Lord, I come to bring you newes, that your
brother the Cardinall of Loraine by the Kings
consent is lately strangled vnto death.

D3

Dumaine.

The Massacre

wln 1408 *Dumaine.* My brother Cardenall slaine and
wln 1409 I aliue?
wln 1410 O wordes of power to kill a thousand men.
wln 1411 Come let vs away and leauy men,
wln 1412 Tis warre that must asswage this tyrantes
wln 1413 pride.

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

wln 1419 *Dumaine.* But what doth moue thee aboute the
wln 1420 rest to doe the deed?

wln 1421 *Frier.* O my Lord, I haue beene a great sinner in
wln 1422 my dayes, and the deed is meritorious.

wln 1423 *Dumaine.* But how wilt thou get opportu-
wln 1424 nitye?

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

wln 1426 *Dumaine.* Frier come with me,
wln 1427 We will goe talke more of this within.

Exeunt.

wln 1428 *Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and enter the King*
wln 1429 *of France, and Nauarre, Epernoune,*
wln 1430 *Bartus, Pleshe and*
wln 1431 *Souldiers.*

wln 1432 *King.*
wln 1433 Brother of *Nauarre*, I sorrow much,
wln 1434 That euer I was prou'd your enemy,
wln 1435 And that the sweet and princely minde you beare,

Was

wln 1436

wln 1437

wln 1438

wln 1439

wln 1440

wln 1441

wln 1442

wln 1443

wln 1444

wln 1445

wln 1446

wln 1447

wln 1448

wln 1449

wln 1450

wln 1451

wln 1452

at Paris.

Was euer troubled with iniurious warres:
I vow as I am lawfull King of France,
To recompence your reconciled loue,
With all the honors and affections,
That euer I vouchsafte my dearest freends.

Nauarre. It is enough if that *Nauarre*
may be,
Esteemed faithfull to the King of France:
Whose seruice he may still commaund till
death.

King. Thankes to my Kingly Brother of
Nauarre.
Then heere wee'l lye before Lucrecia walles,
Girting this strumpet Cittie with our siege,
Till surfeiting with our afflicting armes,
She cast her hatefull stomack to the earth.

Enter a Messenger.

wln 1453

wln 1454

wln 1455

wln 1456

wln 1457

wln 1458

Messenger.

And it please your Maiestie heere is a Frier of
the order of the Iacobins, sent from the Pre-
sident of Paris, that craues accesse vnto your
grace.

King. Let him come in.

wln 1459

Enter Frier with a Letter.

wln 1460

wln 1461

Epernounge.

I like not this Friers look.

wln 1462
wln 1463
wln 1464
wln 1465
wln 1466
wln 1467
wln 1468
wln 1469
wln 1470
wln 1471
wln 1472
wln 1473
wln 1474
wln 1475
wln 1476
wln 1477
wln 1478
wln 1479
wln 1480
wln 1481
wln 1482

The Massacre

Twere not amisse my Lord, if he were
searcht.

King. Sweete *Epernoune*, our Friers are holy
men,
And will not offer violence to their
King,
For all the wealth and treasure of the world.
Frier, thou dost acknowledge me thy
King:

Frier. I my good Lord, and will dye
therein.

King. Then come thou neer, and tell what
newes thou bringst.

Frier. My Lord, the President of Paris greetes
your grace, and sends his dutie by these spee-
dye lines, humblye crauing your gracious
reply.

King. Ile read them Frier, and then Ile answere
thee.

Frier. *Sancte Iacobus*, now haue mercye vpon
me.

wln 1483
wln 1484
wln 1485

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

wln 1486
wln 1487
wln 1488
wln 1489

Epernoune.

O my Lord, let him liue a while.

King. No, let the villaine dye, and feele in hell,
iust torments for his trechery.

Nauarre.

at Paris.

wln 1490 *Nauarre.* What, is your highnes hurt?

wln 1491 *King.* Yes *Nauarre*, but not to death
wln 1492 I hope.

wln 1493 *Nauarre.* God shield your grace from such
wln 1494 a sodaine death:
wln 1495 Goe call a surgeon hether strait.

wln 1496 *King.* What irreligeous Pagans partes be
wln 1497 these,
wln 1498 Of such as holde them of the holy church?
wln 1499 Take hence that damned villaine from my
wln 1500 sight.

wln 1501 *Eper.* Ah, had your highnes let him liue,
wln 1502 We might haue punisht him to his deserts.

wln 1503 *King.* Sweet *Epernoune* all Rebels vnder heauen,
wln 1504 shall take example by their punishment, how
wln 1505 they beare armes against their soueraigne.
wln 1506 Goe call the English Agent hether strait,
wln 1507 Ile send my sister England newes of this,
wln 1508 And giue her warning of her trecherous foes.

wln 1509 *Nauarre.* Pleaseth your grace to let the Surgeon
wln 1510 search your wound.

wln 1511 *King.* The wound I warrant ye is deepe
wln 1512 my Lord,
wln 1513 Search Surgeon and resolue me what thou
wln 1514 seest.

wln 1515 *The Surgeon searcheth.*

wln 1516 *Enter the English Agent.*

wln 1517 Agent for England, send thy mistres word,

What

The Massacre

wln 1518
wln 1519
wln 1520
wln 1521
wln 1522
wln 1523
wln 1524
wln 1525
wln 1526
wln 1527
wln 1528
wln 1529
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wln 1539
wln 1540
wln 1541
wln 1542
wln 1543
wln 1544
wln 1545
wln 1546
wln 1547

What this detested Iacobin hath done.
Tell her for all this that I hope to liue,
Which if I doe, the Papall Monarck goes
to wrack.
And antechristian kingdome falles.
These bloody hands shall teare his triple Crowne,
And fire accursed Rome about his eares.
Ile fire his crased buildings and incense,
The papall towers to kisse the holy earth.
Nauarre, giue me thy hand, I heere do sweare,
To ruinate that wicked Church of Rome,
That hatcheth vp such bloody practises.
And heere protest eternall loue to thee,
And to the Queene of England specially,
Whom God hath blest for hating Papestry.
Nauarre. These words reuiue my thoughts
and comforts me,
To see your highnes in this vertuous minde.
King. Tell me Surgeon, shall I liue?
Sur. Alas my Lord, the wound is dangerous, for
you are stricken with a poysoned knife.
King. A poysoned knife, what shall the French
king dye,
Wounded and poysoned, both at once?
Eper. O that that damned villaine were aliuie
againie,
That we might torture him with some new
found death.
Bar. He died a death too good, the deuill of hell
torture his wicked soule.

King,

at Paris.

wln 1548
wln 1549
wln 1550
wln 1551
wln 1552
wln 1553
wln 1554
wln 1555
wln 1556
wln 1557
wln 1558
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wln 1571
wln 1572
wln 1573
wln 1574
wln 1575
wln 1576
wln 1577

King. Ah curse him not sith he is dead, O the fatal
poysoun workes within my brest, tell me
Surgeon and flatter not, may I liue?

Sur. Alas my Lord, your highnes cannot liue.

Nauarre. Surgeon, why saist thou so? the King
may liue.

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

Nauarre. Long may you liue, and still be King of
France.

Eper. Or else dye *Epernounge*.

King. Sweet *Epernounge* thy King must dye.
My Lords, fight in the quarrell of this valiant
Prince,

For he is your lawfull King and my next heire:
Valoyes lyne ends in my tragedie.

Now let the house of *Bourbon* weare the crowne,
And may it neuer end in bloud as mine hath
done.

Weep not sweet *Nauarre*, but reuenge my
death.

Ah *Epernounge*, is this thy loue to me?

Henry thy King wipes of these childish
teares,

And bids thee whet thy sword on *Sextus* bones,
That it may keenly slice the Catholicks.

He loues me not that sheds most teares,
But he that makes most lauish of his bloud.

Fire Paris where these trecherous rebels lurke.

I dye *Nauarre*, come beare me to my Sepulchre.

Salute

img: 30-a
sig: D6v

wln 1578

wln 1579

wln 1580

wln 1581

wln 1582

wln 1583

wln 1584

wln 1585

wln 1586

wln 1587

wln 1588

wln 1589

wln 1590

wln 1591

wln 1592

The Massacre

Salute the Queene of England in my name,
And tell her *Henry* dyes her faithfull freend.

He dyes.

Nauarre. Come Lords, take vp the body of
the King.
That we may see it honourably interde:
And then I vow for to reuenge his death,
As Rome and all those popish Prelates there,
Shall curse the time that ere *Nauarre* was King.
And rulde in France by *Henries* fatall death.

*They march out with the body of the King, lying
on foure mens shoulders with a dead
march, drawing weapons
on the ground.*

FINIS.

