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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, Michael Poston, and Elizabeth Williamson, 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

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 played by the right honorable the
Lord high *Admiral* his Servants.

ln 0008

Written by *Christopher Marlowe*.

ln 0009

ln 0010

ln 0011

ln 0012

ln 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 honorable
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 favors 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
wln 0034
wln 0035
wln 0036
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wln 0038
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
wln 0059
wln 0060
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 honor 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
wln 0088
wln 0089
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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 savor 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
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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

wln 0139
wln 0140
wln 0141
wln 0142
wln 0143
wln 0144
wln 0145
wln 0146
wln 0147
wln 0148
wln 0149
wln 0150
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wln 0155
wln 0156
wln 0157
wln 0158
wln 0159
wln 0160
wln 0161
wln 0162

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 honor'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,

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
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wln 0238
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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 honored 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 honor,

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
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wln 0273
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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 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
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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
wln 0325
wln 0326
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wln 0328
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wln 0330
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wln 0332
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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. 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
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wln 0356
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wln 0364
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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

wln 0405
wln 0406
wln 0407
wln 0408
wln 0409
wln 0410
wln 0411
wln 0412
wln 0413
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wln 0428
wln 0429
wln 0430
wln 0431
wln 0432
wln 0433

img: 10-a
sig: B2v

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.*

*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.

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

Seroune. O Christ my Savior.
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

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*.

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

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.
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.

He dies.

Epernoun Madam, I will.

Exit Epernoun.

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.

img: 14-b
sig: B7r

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

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 labor 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
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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 harbor 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 favors 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
wln 0764
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wln 0768
wln 0769
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 offense: 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 honor 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 endeavor 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 colors of revenge,
Whom I respect as leaves of boasting green,
That change their color 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 *Joyeux*
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 favor with his blood.
Whether he have dishonored 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

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.

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

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?

wln 1076

Enter one with a pen and ink.

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

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.

img: 21-b
sig: C6r

wln 1097
wln 1098

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

wln 1099
wln 1100

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 honor 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

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.

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

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.

wln 1158

Enter the King and Epernoun.

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

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 honor 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.

wln 1171

Enter the Guise and knocketh.

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

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,*

img: 23-a
sig: C7v

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

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 favor 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 defense,
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?

I 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 honors 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.

wln 1517

Agent for England, send thy mistress word,

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 practices.
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 Sepulcher.

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 honorably 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]

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*.