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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
sig: [N/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 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

THE
MASSACRE
AT PARIS.

wln 0004

VVith the Death of the
Duke of *Guise*.

wln 0005

wln 0006

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

wln 0007

wln 0008

wln 0009

Charles.

wln 0010

Charles.

wln 0011

PRince of *Nauarre* my honourable

wln 0012

brother,

wln 0013

Prince *Condy*, and my good Lord

wln 0014

Admirall,

wln 0015

I wishe this vnion and religious league,

wln 0016

Knit in these hands thus ioyn'd in nuptiall rites,

wln 0017

May not desolue, till death desolue our liues,

wln 0018

And that the natiue sparkes of princely loue,

A3

That

The Massacre

wln 0019
wln 0020
wln 0021
wln 0022
wln 0023
wln 0024
wln 0025
wln 0026
wln 0027
wln 0028
wln 0029
wln 0030
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wln 0040
wln 0041
wln 0042
wln 0043
wln 0044
wln 0045
wln 0046
wln 0047
wln 0048

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 perfourm'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. VWhich 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 storme but doe vs little hurt:
Hauing the King, Qu. Mother on our sides,
To stop the mallice of his enuious heart,

That

The Massacre

wln 0049
wln 0050
wln 0051
wln 0052
wln 0053
wln 0054
wln 0055
wln 0056
wln 0057
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wln 0074
wln 0075
wln 0076
wln 0077
wln 0078

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 aduventure 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 about 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 storne 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:

The Massacre

wln 0079
wln 0080
wln 0081
wln 0082
wln 0083
wln 0084
wln 0085
wln 0086
wln 0087
wln 0088
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wln 0104
wln 0105
wln 0106
wln 0107
wln 0108

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

Enter the Pothecarie.

Pothe. My Lord.

Guise. Now shall I proue and guerdon to the ful,
The loue thou bear'st vnto the house of *Guise*:
Where are those perfumed gloues which I sent
To be poysoned, hast thou done them? speake,
Will euery sauour breed a panguie of death?

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

Guise. Then thou remainest resolute.

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

Guise. Thankes my good freend, I wil requite thy
Goe then present them to the Queene *Nauarre*:
For she is that huge blemish in our eye,
That makes these vpstart heresies in Fraunce:
Be gone my freend present them to her straitte.
Souldyer.

Exit Pothe.

Enter a Souldier.

Soul. My Lord,

Guise. Now come thou forth and play thy
tragick part.
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 0132
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

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 treasure,
wln 0160 To supply my wants and necessitie.
wln 0161 Paris hath full fiue hundred Colledges,
wln 0162 As Monestaries, Pories, 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 0169

Then *Guise* since thou hast all the Cardes,
Within thy hands to shuffle or cut, take this as
surest thing:

wln 0170

wln 0171

That right or wrong, thou deale thy selfe a King.

wln 0172

wln 0173

I but, *Nauarre, Nauarre*, tis but a nook of France,

wln 0174

Sufficient yet for such a pettie King:

wln 0175

That with a rablement of his hereticks,

wln 0176

Blindes Europs eyes and troubleth our estate:

wln 0177

Him will we

Pointing to his Sworde.

wln 0178

But first lets follow those in France,

wln 0179

That hinder our possession to the crowne:

wln 0180

As *Cæsar* to his souldiers, so say I:

wln 0181

Those that hate me, will I learn to loath.

wln 0182

Giue me a look, that when I bend the browes,

wln 0183

Pale death may walke in furrowes of my face:

wln 0184

A hand, that with a graspe may gripe the world,

wln 0185

An eare, to heare what my detractors say,

wln 0186

A royall seate, a scepter and a crowne:

wln 0187

That those which doe beholde, they may become

wln 0188

As men that stand and gase against the Sunne.

wln 0189

The plot is laide, and things shall come to passe:

wln 0190

Where resolution striues for victory.

Exit.

wln 0191

Enter the King of Nauar and Queen, and his Mother

wln 0192

Queen, the Prince of Condy, the Admirall, and

wln 0193

the Pothecary with the gloues, and giues them to

wln 0194

the olde Queene.

wln 0195

Pothe. Maddame, I beseech your grace to

wln 0196

except this simple gift.

Old

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
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wln 0214
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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.

Q[]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,* VVhat 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 VVithin 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
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wln 0275
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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
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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 straite.

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
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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 euer y 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
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wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
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wln 0368
wln 0369
wln 0370
wln 0371
wln 0372
wln 0373
wln 0374

Be murdered in his bed. *Gonzago* conduct them
thither,

And then beset his house that not a man may 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 escapte.

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

The Massacre

wln 0375 See where my Souldier shot him through the arm.
wln 0376 He mist him neer, but we haue strook him now.
wln 0377 Ah base Shatillian and degenerate, cheef standard
wln 0378 bearer to the Lutheranes,
wln 0379 Thus in despite of thy Religion,
wln 0380 The Duke of *Guise* stampes on thy liueles bulke.
wln 0381 *Anioy.* Away with him, cut of his head and
wln 0382 handes.
wln 0383 And send them for a present to the Pope:
wln 0384 And when this iust reuenge is finished,
wln 0385 Vnto mount Faucon will we dragge his coarse:
wln 0386 And he that liuing hated so the crosse,
wln 0387 Shall being dead, be hangd thereon in chaines.
wln 0388 *Guise.* *Anioy, Gonzago, Retes,* if that you three,
wln 0389 Will be as resolute as I and *Dumaine*:
wln 0390 There shall not a Hugonet breath in France.
wln 0391 *Anioy.* I sweare by this crosse, wee'l not be
wln 0392 partiall,
wln 0393 But slay as many as we can come neer.
wln 0394 *Guise.* *Mountsorrell,* goe shoote the ordinance of,
wln 0395 That they which haue already set the street
wln 0396 May know their watchword, then tole the bell,
wln 0397 And so lets forward to the Massacre.
wln 0398 *Mount.* I will my Lord, *Exit.* Mount.
wln 0399 *Guise.* And now my Lords let vs closely to our
wln 0400 busines.
wln 0401 *Anioy.* *Anioy* will follow thee.
wln 0402 *Du.* And so will *Dumaine*.
wln 0403 *The ordinance being shot of, the bell tolles.*
wln 0404 *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 speak 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**,

wln 0444

That frightes poore *Ramus* sitting at his book?

wln 0445

I feare the *Guisians* haue past the bridge,

wln 0446

And meane once more to menace me.

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,

wln 0452

Ile leap out at the window.

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

wln 0465

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

wln 0466

wln 0467

All that I haue is but my stipend from the King,

wln 0468

Which is no sooner receiu'd but it is spent.

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,

wln 0477

And yet didst neuer sound anything to the depth.

wln 0478

Was it not thou that scoftes the Organon,

wln 0479

And said it was a heape of vanities?

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.

The Massacre

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

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
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

Guise. Tis well aduisde *Dumain*, goe see it strait
be done.
And in the mean time my Lord, could we deuise,
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
puniards point. *he kills 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

The Massacre

wln 0547

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

Exeunt.

wln 0548

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 therefore 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 natieue home.

If your

The Massacre

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

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.

1. Now sirra, what shall we doe with
the Admirall?
2. Why let vs burne him for an heretick.
1. 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?
1. Lets throw him into the riuer.
2. Oh twill corrupt the water, and the water
the fish, and by the fish our selues when we eate
them.
1. Then throw him into the ditch.
2. No, no, to decide all doubts, be rulde by me,
lets hang him heere vpon this tree.
1, 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
wln 0612
wln 0613
wln 0614
wln 0615
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wln 0625
wln 0626
wln 0627
wln 0628
wln 0629
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

The Massacre

wln 0633

And *Henry* then shall weare the diadem.

wln 0634

And if he grudge or crosse his Mothers will,

wln 0635

Ile disinherite him and all the rest: (crowne:

wln 0636

For Ile rule France, but they shall weare the

wln 0637

And if they storne, I then may pull them downe.

wln 0638

Come my Lord lets vs goe.

Exeunt.

wln 0639

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

wln 0640

Guise. Downe with the Hugonites, murder them.

wln 0641

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

wln 0642

speake.

wln 0643

Guise. No villain, that tounge of thine,

wln 0644

That hath blasphemde the holy Church of Rome,

wln 0645

Shall driue no plaintes into the *Guises* eares,

wln 0646

To make the iustice of my heart relent:

wln 0647

Tue, tue, tue, let none escape:

wln 0648

So, dragge them away.

kill them.

wln 0649

Exeunt.

wln 0650

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

wln 0651

King.

wln 0652

O let me stay and rest me heer a while,

wln 0653

A griping paine hath ceasde vpon my heart:

wln 0654

A sodaine pang, the messenger of death.

wln 0655

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

wln 0656

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

wln 0657

Na. Comfort your selfe my Lord and haue no

wln 0658

doubt,

wln 0659

But God will sure restore you to your health.

wln 0660

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

wln 0661

I haue

at Paris.

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

Exit Eper.

Eper. Madam, I will.
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

img: 14-b
sig: B7r

at Paris.

wln 0692

For heers no saftie in the Realme for me,

wln 0693

And now that *Henry* is cal'd from Polland,

wln 0694

It is my due by iust succession:

wln 0695

And therefore as speedily as I can perfourme,

wln 0696

Ile muster vp an army secretly,

wln 0697

For feare that *Guise* ioyn'd with the K. of Spaine,

wln 0698

Might seeme to crosse me in mine enterprise.

wln 0699

But God that alwaies doth defend the right,

wln 0700

Will shew his mercy and preserue vs still.

wln 0701

Pleshe. The vertues of our true Religion,

wln 0702

Cannot but march with many graces more:

wln 0703

Whose army shall discomfort all your foes,

wln 0704

And at the length in Pampelonia crowne,

wln 0705

In spite of Spaine and all the popish power,

wln 0706

That holdes it from your highnesse wrongfully:

wln 0707

Your Maiestie her rightfull Lord and Soueraigne.

wln 0708

Nauar. Truth *Pleshe*, and God so prosper

wln 0709

me in all,

wln 0710

As I entend to labour for the truth,

wln 0711

And true profession of his holy word:

wln 0712

Come *Pleshe*, lets away whilst time doth serue,

wln 0713

Ezeunt.

wln 0714

Sound Trumpets within, and then all crye viue la Roy

wln 0715

two or three times.

wln 0716

Enter Henry crownd: Queene, Cardinall, Duke of

wln 0717

Guise, Epernoone, the kings Minions, with others,

wln 0718

and the Cutpurse.

wln 0719

All. Viue la Roy, viue la Roy,

Sound Trumpets.

wln 0720

Qu. Welcome from Poland *Henry* once agayne,

Welcome

The Massacre

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 0741
wln 0742
wln 0743
wln 0744
wln 0745
wln 0746
wln 0747
wln 0748
wln 0749
wln 0750

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,
Remooueles 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

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 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

wln 0765

wln 0766

wln 0767

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

The Massacre

wln 0781
wln 0782
wln 0783
wln 0784
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wln 0806
wln 0807
wln 0808
wln 0809
wln 0810

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 meanes.
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

at Paris.

wln 0811

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:

wln 0814

I prethee say to whome thou writes?

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

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

wln 0819

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 clowdy 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

The Massacre

wln 0839

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.

wln 0840

wln 0841

wln 0842

Exit.

wln 0843

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

wln 0844

wln 0845

Nauarre.

wln 0846

My Lords, sith in a quarrell iust and right,
We vndertake to mannage these our warres:

wln 0847

wln 0848

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.

wln 0849

wln 0850

wln 0851

But for you know our quarrell is no more,

wln 0852

wln 0853

But to defend their strange inuentions,

wln 0854

Which they will put vs to with sword and fire:

wln 0855

We must with resolute mindes resolute to fight,

wln 0856

In honor of our God and countries good.

wln 0857

Spaine is the counsell chamber of the pope,

wln 0858

Spaine is the place where he makes peace

wln 0859

and warre,

wln 0860

And *Guise* for Spaine hath now incenst the King,

wln 0861

To send his power to meet vs in the field.

wln 0862

Bartus. Then in this bloody brunt they

wln 0863

may beholde,

wln 0864

The sole endeouour of your princely

wln 0865

care,

wln 0866

To plant the true succession of the faith,

wln 0867

In spite of Spaine and all his heresies.

Nauarre.

at Paris.

wln 0868 *Nauarre.* The power of vengeance now
wln 0869 incampes it selfe,
wln 0870 Vpon the hauty mountains of my brest:
wln 0871 plaies with her goary coulours of reuenge,
wln 0872 Whom I respect as leaues of boasting greene,
wln 0873 That change their colour when the winter comes,
wln 0874 When I shall vaunt as victor in reuenge.

Enter a Messenger.

wln 0875 How now sirra, what newes?
wln 0876 *Mes.* My Lord, as by our scoutes we vnder-
wln 0877 stande,
wln 0878 A mighty army comes from France with speed:
wln 0879 Which are already mustered in the land,
wln 0880 And meanes to meet your highnes in the field.
wln 0881 *Na.* In Gods name, let them come.
wln 0882 This is the *Guise* that hath incenst the King,
wln 0883 To leauy armes and make these ciuill broyless
wln 0884 But canst thou tell who is their generall?
wln 0885 *Mes.* Not yet my Lord, for thereon doe
wln 0886 they stay:
wln 0887 But as report doth goe, the Duke of *Ioyeux*
wln 0888 Hath made great sute vnto the King therfore.
wln 0889 *Na.* It will not counteruaile his paines I hope,
wln 0890 I would the *Guise* in his steed might haue come,
wln 0891 But he doth lurke within his drousie couch,
wln 0892 And makes his footstoole on securitie:
wln 0893 So he be safe he cares not what becomes,
wln 0894 Of King or Country, no not for them both.
wln 0895 But come my Lords, let vs away with speed,
wln 0896

C2

And

img: 18-a
sig: C2v

The Massacre

wln 0897

And place our selues in order for the fight.

wln 0898

Exeunt.

wln 0899

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

wln 0900

wln 0901

King. My sweet *Ioyeux*, I make thee Generall,
Of all my army now in readines:

wln 0902

To march against the rebellious King *Nauarre*,

wln 0903

At thy request I am content thou goe,

wln 0904

Although my loue to thee can hardly suffer,

wln 0905

Regarding still the danger of thy life.

wln 0906

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

wln 0907

wln 0908

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

wln 0909

Guise. Health and hartly farwell to my Lord

wln 0910

Ioyeux.

Exit Ioyeux.

wln 0911

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

wln 0912

wln 0913

he makes hornes at the Guise.

wln 0914

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

wln 0915

wln 0916

wln 0917

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

wln 0918

wln 0919

Am I thus to be iested at and scornde?

wln 0920

Tis more then kingly or Emperious.

wln 0921

And sure if all the proudest Kings in

wln 0922

Christendome, should beare me such derision:

wln 0923

They should know how I scornde them and their
mockes.

wln 0924

wln 0925

I loue

at Paris.

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

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.

Exit.

King. Beleeue me this iest bites sore.

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

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*, 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 solemnely 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.

Exit.

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

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

at Paris.

wln 0982

you take out nothing but your owne, yet you
put in that which displeaseth him, and so fore-
stall 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.

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

Enter Mugeroun.

He shootes at him and killes him.

wln 0996

Enter the Guise.

wln 0997

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

Exit Soul.

wln 0998

wln 0999

Lye there the Kings delight, and *Guises* scorne.

wln 1000

Reuenge it *Henry* as thou list or dare,

wln 1001

I did it only in despite of thee.

Take him away.

wln 1002

wln 1003

Enter the King and Epernoune.

wln 1004

King.

wln 1005

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.

wln 1006

wln 1007

wln 1008

C4

Guise.

The Massacre

wln 1009 *Guise.* Why I am no traitor to the crowne
wln 1010 of France.
wln 1011 What I haue done tis for the Gospell sake.
wln 1012 *Eper.* Nay for the Popes sake, and thine owne
wln 1013 benefite.
wln 1014 What Peere in France but thou (aspiring *Guise*)
wln 1015 Durst be in armes without the Kings consent?
wln 1016 I challenge thee for treason in the cause.
wln 1017 *Guise.* Ah base *Epernoune*, were not his highnes
wln 1018 heere,
wln 1019 Thou shouldst perceiue the D. of *Guise* is mou'd.
wln 1020 *King.* Be patient *Guise* and threat not *Epernoune*,
wln 1021 Least thou perceiue the King of France be mou'd.
wln 1022 *Guise.* Why? I am a Prince of the *Valoyses* line,
wln 1023 Therefore an enemy to the *Burbonites*.
wln 1024 I am a iuror in the holy league,
wln 1025 And therefore hated of the Protestants.
wln 1026 What should I doe but stand vpon my garde?
wln 1027 And being able, Ile keep an hoast in pay.
wln 1028 *Epernoune.* Thou able to maintaine an hoast
wln 1029 in pay,
wln 1030 That liuest by forraine exhibition.
wln 1031 The Pope and King of Spaine are thy good frends,
wln 1032 Else all France knowes how poor a Duke thou art.
wln 1033 *King.* I, those are they that feed him with
wln 1034 their golde,
wln 1035 To countermaund our will and check our freends.
wln 1036 *Guise.* My Lord, to speak more plainely, thus it is:
wln 1037 Being animated by Religious zeale,
wln 1038 I meane to muster all the power I can,

To

at Paris.

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

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,
Dismiss 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 straitte,

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 *Epernounge* 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 *Epernounge* 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:

wln 1104

wln 1105

wln 1106

Offering him aide against his enemies,
Which cannot but be thankfully receiu'd.

wln 1107

wln 1108

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

wln 1109

wln 1110

wln 1111

wln 1112

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

wln 1119

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

wln 1120

wln 1121

For we must aide the King against the *Guise*.
Be gone I say, tis time that we were there.

wln 1122

Pleshe. I goe my Lord.

Nauarre.

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 Epernoune.

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
disgordge thy brest,

wln 1166

Surchargde with surfet of ambitious thoughts:

wln 1167

Breath out that life wherein my death was hid,

wln 1168

And end thy endles treasons with thy death.

wln 1169

wln 1170

wln 1171

Enter the Guise and knocketh.

wln 1172

Guise.

wln 1173

Halla verlete hey: Epernoune, where is the King?

wln 1174

Eper. Mounted his royall Cabonet.

wln 1175

Guise. I prethee tell him that the *Guise*
is heere.

wln 1176

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

wln 1177

doth

The Massacre

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

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 fielde,
Now by the holy sacrament *I* sweare,
As ancient Romanes ouer their Captiue Lords,

So will

at Paris.

wln 1208 So will *I* triumph ouer this wanton King,
wln 1209 And he shall follow my proud Chariots wheeles.
wln 1210 Now doe *I* but begin to look about,
wln 1211 And all my former time was spent in vaine:
wln 1212 Holde Sworde, for in thee is the Duke of *Guises*
wln 1213 hope.

wln 1214 *Enter one of the Murtherers.*

wln 1215 Villaine, why dost thou look so gastly?
wln 1216 speake.

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

Guise. Pardon thee, why what hast thou done?

wln 1219 *Mur.* O my Lord, *I* am one of them that
wln 1220 is set to murder you.

wln 1221 *Guise.* To murder me villaine.

wln 1222 *Mur.* *I* my Lord, the rest haue taine their stan-
wln 1223 dings in the next roome, therefore good my
wln 1224 Lord goe not forth.

wln 1225 *Guise.* Yet *Cæsar* shall goe forth, let mean consaits,
wln 1226 and baser men feare death: tut they are pesants,
wln 1227 *I* am Duke of *Guise*: and princes with their lookes,
wln 1228 ingender feare.

wln 1229 *I.* Stand close, he is comming, *I* know him
wln 1230 by his voice.

wln 1231 *Guise.* As pale as ashes, nay then tis time to
wln 1232 look about.

wln 1233 *All.* Downe with him, downe with him.

They stabbe him.

wln 1235 *Guise.* Oh *I* haue my deaths wound, giue me
wln 1236 leaue to speak.

2. Then

The Massacre

wln 1237 2. Then pray to God, and aske forgiuenes
wln 1238 of the King.

wln 1239 *Guise.* Trouble me not, I neare
wln 1240 offended him.

wln 1241 Nor will I aske forgiuenes of the King.

wln 1242 Oh that I haue not power to stay my life,

wln 1243 Nor immortalitie to be reueng'd:

wln 1244 To dye by Pesantes, what a greefe is this?

wln 1245 Ah *Sextus*, be reueng'd vpon the King,

wln 1246 Philip and Parma, I am slaine for you:

wln 1247 Pope excommunicate, Philip depose,

wln 1248 The wicked branch of curst *Valois*

wln 1249 his line.

wln 1250 *Viue la messa*, perish Hugonets,

wln 1251 Thus *Cæsar* did goe foorth, and thus

wln 1252 he dyed.

He dyes.

wln 1253 *Enter Captaine of the Garde.*

wln 1254 *Captaine.*

wln 1255 What haue you done? then stay a while and Ile

wln 1256 goe call the King, but see where he comes.

wln 1257 My Lord, see where the *Guise* is slaine.

wln 1258 *King.* Ah this sweet sight is phisick

wln 1259 to my soule,

wln 1260 Goe fetch his sonne for to beholde his death:

wln 1261 Surchargde with guilt of thousand

wln 1262 massacres:

wln 1263 Mounser of *Lorraine* sinke away to hell,

wln 1264 And in remembrance of those

wln 1265 bloody broyles:

To

at Paris.

wln 1266 To which thou didst allure me being aliue:
wln 1267 And heere in presence of you all *I* swear,
wln 1268 *I* nere was King of France vntill this houre:
wln 1269 This is the traitor that hath spent my golde,
wln 1270 In making forraine warres and ciuile broiles.
wln 1271 Did he not draw a sorte of English priestes,
wln 1272 From Doway to the Seminary at Remes,
wln 1273 To hatch forth treason gainst their naturall
wln 1274 Queene?
wln 1275 Did he not cause the King of Spaines huge
wln 1276 fleete,
wln 1277 To threaten England and to menace me?
wln 1278 Did he not iniure *Mounser* thats deceast?
wln 1279 Hath he not made me in the Popes defence,
wln 1280 To spend the treasure that should strength
wln 1281 my land:
wln 1282 In ciuill broiles between *Nauarre* and me?
wln 1283 Tush, to be short, he meant to make me Munke,
wln 1284 Or else to murder me, and so be King.
wln 1285 Let Christian princes that shall heare of this,
wln 1286 (As all the world shall know our *Guise* is dead)
wln 1287 Rest satisfied with this that heer I swear,
wln 1288 Nere was there King of France so yoakt as I.
wln 1289 *Eper.* My Lord heer is his sonne.
wln 1290 *Enter the Guises sonne.*

wln 1291 *King.*
wln 1292 Boy, look where your father lyes,
wln 1293 *Yong Guise.* My father slaine, who hath done
wln 1294 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

wln 1303

Exit Boy.

wln 1304

But what auailleth 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

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

wln 1308

wln 1309

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

wln 1310

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.
Pray God thou be a King now this is done.

wln 1321

wln 1322

King. Nay he was King and countermanded me,

But

at Paris.

wln 1323

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

wln 1324

wln 1325

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

wln 1326

wln 1327

I would that I had murdered thee my sonne.

wln 1328

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

wln 1329

I curse thee and exclaime thee miscreant,

wln 1330

Traitor to God, and to the realme of France.

wln 1331

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

wln 1332

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

wln 1333

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

wln 1334

And let her greeue her heart out if she will.

wln 1335

Exit the King and Epernounge.

wln 1336

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

wln 1337

To whom shall I bewray my secrets now,

wln 1338

Or who will helpe to builde Religion?

wln 1339

The Protestants will glory and insulte,

wln 1340

Wicked *Nauarre* will get the crowne of France,

wln 1341

The Popedome cannot stand, all goes to wrack.

wln 1342

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

wln 1343

But sorrow seaze vpon my toyling soule,

wln 1344

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

wln 1345

Exit.

wln 1346

wln 1347

Enter two dragging in the Cardenall.

wln 1348

Car. Murder me not, I am a Cardenall.

wln 1349

I. Wert thou the Pope thou mightst not

wln 1350

scape from vs.

wln 1351

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

wln 1356

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

wln 1357

wln 1358

1. No remedye, therefore prepare your
selfe.

wln 1359

wln 1360

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

wln 1361

wln 1362

To reuenge our deaths vpon that cursed
King.

wln 1363

wln 1364

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

wln 1365

wln 1366

wln 1367

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

wln 1368

wln 1369

Now they strangle him.

wln 1370

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

wln 1371

wln 1372

Come take him away.

Exeunt.

wln 1373

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

wln 1374

wln 1375

Dumaine.

wln 1376

My noble brother murdered by the
King,

wln 1377

wln 1378

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

wln 1379

The

at Paris.

wln 1380 The Kings alone, it cannot satisfie.
wln 1381 Sweet Duke of *Guise* our prop to leane
wln 1382 vpon,
wln 1383 Now thou art dead, heere is no stay
wln 1384 for vs:
wln 1385 I am thy brother, and ile reuenge thy
wln 1386 death,
wln 1387 And roote *Valoys* his line from forth of
wln 1388 France,
wln 1389 And beate proud *Burbon* to his natiue home.
wln 1390 That basely seekes to ioyne with such a
wln 1391 King.
wln 1392 Whose murderous thoughts will be his
wln 1393 ouerthrow.
wln 1394 Hee wild the Gouvernour of Orleance in his
wln 1395 name,
wln 1396 That I with speed should haue beene put to
wln 1397 death.
wln 1398 But thats preuented, for to end his life.
wln 1399 His life, and all those traitors to the Church
wln 1400 of Rome,
wln 1401 That durst attempt to murder noble
wln 1402 *Guise*.

wln 1403

Enter the Frier.

wln 1404 *Frier.*
wln 1405 My Lord, I come to bring you newes, that your
wln 1406 brother the Cardinall of Loraine by the Kings
wln 1407 consent is lately strangled vnto death.

D3

Dumaine.

The Massacre

wln 1408

Dumaine. My brother Cardenall slaine and
I aliuē?

wln 1409

O wordes of power to kill a thousand men.

wln 1410

Come let vs away and leauy men,

wln 1411

Tis warre that must asswage this tyrantes
pride.

wln 1412

wln 1413

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
rest to doe the deed?

wln 1420

wln 1421

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

wln 1422

wln 1423

Dumaine. But how wilt thou get opportu-
nitye?

wln 1424

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
of France, and Nauarre, Epernoune,
Bartus, Pleshe and
Souldiers.*

wln 1429

wln 1430

wln 1431

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

at Paris.

wln 1436 Was euer troubled with iniurious warres:
wln 1437 I vow as I am lawfull King of France,
wln 1438 To recompence your reconciled loue,
wln 1439 With all the honors and affections,
wln 1440 That euer I vouchsafte my dearest freends.

wln 1441 *Nauarre.* It is enough if that *Nauarre*
wln 1442 may be,
wln 1443 Esteemed faithfull to the King of France:
wln 1444 Whose seruice he may still commaund till
wln 1445 death.

wln 1446 *King.* Thanks to my Kingly Brother of
wln 1447 *Nauarre.*

wln 1448 Then heere wee'l lye before Lucrecia walles,
wln 1449 Girting this strumpet Cittie with our siege,
wln 1450 Till surfeiting with our afflicting armes,
wln 1451 She cast her hatefull stomack to the earth.

wln 1452 *Enter a Messenger.*

wln 1453 *Messenger.*
wln 1454 And it please your Maiestie heere is a Frier of
wln 1455 the order of the Iacobins, sent from the Pre-
wln 1456 sident of Paris, that craues accesse vnto your
wln 1457 grace.

wln 1458 *King.* Let him come in.

wln 1459 *Enter Frier with a Letter.*

wln 1460 *Epernoune.*

wln 1461 I like not this Friers look.

D4

Twere

The Massacre

wln 1462

Twere not amisse my Lord, if he were
searcht.

wln 1463

wln 1464

King. Sweete *Epernoune*, our Friers are holy

wln 1465

men,

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

Frier, thou dost acknowledge me thy

wln 1470

King:

wln 1471

Frier. I my good Lord, and will dye

wln 1472

therein.

wln 1473

King. Then come thou neer, and tell what

wln 1474

newes thou bringst.

wln 1475

Frier. My Lord, the President of Paris greetes

wln 1476

your grace, and sends his dutie by these spee-

wln 1477

dye lines, humblye crauing your gracious

wln 1478

reply.

wln 1479

King. Ile read them Frier, and then Ile answeere

wln 1480

thee.

wln 1481

Frier. *Sancte Iacobus*, now haue mercye vpon

wln 1482

me.

wln 1483

He stabs the King with a knife as he readeth

wln 1484

the letter, and then the King getteth the

wln 1485

knife and killes him.

wln 1486

Epernoune.

wln 1487

O my Lord, let him liue a while.

wln 1488

King. No, let the villaine dye, and feele in hell,

wln 1489

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
a sodaine death:

wln 1494

Goe call a surgeon hether strait.

wln 1495

wln 1496

King. What irreligeous Pagans partes be
these,

wln 1497

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,
We might haue punisht him to his deserts.

wln 1502

wln 1503

King. Sweet *Epernoure* all Rebels vnder heauen,
shall take example by their punishment, how
they beare armes against their soueraigne.

wln 1504

wln 1505

Goe call the English Agent hether strait,

wln 1506

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
search your wound.

wln 1510

wln 1511

King. The wound I warrant ye is deepe
my Lord,

wln 1512

wln 1513

Search Surgeon and resolue me what thou
seest.

wln 1514

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 What this detested Iacobin hath done.
wln 1519 Tell her for all this that I hope to liue,
wln 1520 Which if I doe, the Papall Monarck goes
wln 1521 to wrack.
wln 1522 And antechristian kingdome falles.
wln 1523 These bloody hands shall teare his triple Crowne,
wln 1524 And fire accursed Rome about his eares.
wln 1525 Ile fire his crased buildings and incense,
wln 1526 The papall towers to kisse the holy earth.
wln 1527 *Nauarre*, giue me thy hand, I heere do sweare,
wln 1528 To ruinate that wicked Church of Rome,
wln 1529 That hatcheth vp such bloody practises.
wln 1530 And heere protest eternall loue to thee,
wln 1531 And to the Queene of England specially,
wln 1532 Whom God hath blest for hating Papestry.
wln 1533 *Nauarre*. These words reuiue my thoughts
wln 1534 and comforts me,
wln 1535 To see your highnes in this vertuous minde.
wln 1536 *King*. Tell me Surgeon, shall I liue?
wln 1537 *Sur*. Alas my Lord, the wound is dangerous, for
wln 1538 you are stricken with a poysoned knife.
wln 1539 *King*. A poysoned knife, what shall the French
wln 1540 king dye,
wln 1541 Wounded and poysoned, both at once?
wln 1542 *Eper*. O that that damned villaine were aliuie
wln 1543 againie,
wln 1544 That we might torture him with some new
wln 1545 found death.
wln 1546 *Bar*. He died a death too good, the deuill of hell
wln 1547 torture his wicked soule.

King,

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

King. Ah curse him not sith he is dead, O the fa-
tall poyson 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 *Epernoune*.
King. Sweet *Epernoune* 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 *Epernoune*, 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

The Massacre

wln 1578

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

wln 1579

wln 1580

He dyes.

wln 1581

Nauarre. Come Lords, take vp the body of
the King.

wln 1582

wln 1583

That we may see it honourably interde:

wln 1584

And then I vow for to reuenge his death,

wln 1585

As Rome and all those popish Prelates there,

wln 1586

Shall curse the time that ere *Nauarre* was King.

wln 1587

And rulde in France by *Henries* fatall death.

wln 1588

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

wln 1589

wln 1590

wln 1591

wln 1592

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*.