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



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img: 1-a
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img: 1-b
sig: A2r

ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

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

ln 0006

ln 0007

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

ln 0008

Written by *Christopher Marlow*.

ln 0009

ln 0010

ln 0011

ln 0012

ln 0013

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

img: 2-a
sig: A2v

img: 2-b
sig: A3r

wln 0001

wln 0002

wln 0003

wln 0004

wln 0005

wln 0006

wln 0007

wln 0008

wln 0009

wln 0010

wln 0011

wln 0012

wln 0013

wln 0014

wln 0015

wln 0016

wln 0017

wln 0018

THE
MASSACRE
AT PARIS.

VVith the Death of the
Duke of *Guise*.

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

Charles.

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

A3

That

The Massacre

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 0039
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 storne 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 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 praiers of the iust:
And will reuenge the bloud of innocents,
That *Guise* hath slaine by treason of his heart,
And brought by murder to their timeles ends.

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

Na, And thats y^e cause that *Guise* so frowns at vs,
And beates his braines to catch vs in his trap:
Which he hath pitcht within his deadly toyle.
Come my Lords lets go to the Church and pray,
That God may still defend the right of France:
And make his Gospel flourish in this land.

Exeunt.

Enter the Duke of Guise.

Guise. If euer *Hymen* lowr'd at marriage rites,
And had his alters deckt with duskie lightes:

The Massacre

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

Enter the Pothecarie.

Pothe. My Lord.

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

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

wln 0095 *Guise.* Then thou remainest resolute.

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

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

Exit Pothe.

Enter a Souldier.

Soul. My Lord,

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

And

at Paris.

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

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

Exit *Souldi.*

Or

wln 0139 Or with seditions weary all the worlde:
wln 0140 For this, from Spaine the statly 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 compride,
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

wln 0172

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

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
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wln 0217
wln 0218
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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. Mar. 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
wln 0268
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wln 0270
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wln 0275
wln 0276
wln 0277
wln 0278
wln 0279
wln 0280
wln 0281
wln 0282
wln 0283
wln 0284

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

Anioy. Though gentle mindes should pittie others paines,
Yet will the wisest note their proper greefes:
And rather seeke to scourge their enemies,
Then be themselues base subiects to the whip.

Guise. Me thinkes my Lord, *Anioy* hath well aduisde,
Your highnes to consider of the thing,
And rather chuse to seek your countries good,
Then pittie or releue these vpstart hereticks.

Queene. I hope these reasons may serue my princely Sonne,
To haue some care for feare of enemies:

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

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

What order wil you set downe for the Massacre?

Guise. Thus Madame.
They that shalbe actors in this Massacre,
Shall weare white crosses on their Burgonets:
And tye white linnen scarfes about their armes.
He that wantes these, and is suspected of heresie,
Shall dye, be he King or Emperour.
Then Ile haue a peale of ordinance shot from the tower,
At which they all shall issue out and set the streetes.

And

at Paris.

wln 0285
wln 0286
wln 0287
wln 0288
wln 0289
wln 0290
wln 0291
wln 0292
wln 0293
wln 0294
wln 0295
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wln 0308
wln 0309
wln 0310
wln 0311
wln 0312
wln 0313
wln 0314

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

Enter the Admirals man.

King. How now fellow, what newes?

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

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

Exit Messenger.

What shall we doe now with the Admirall?

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

King. Content, I will goe visite the Admirall.

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

Exit Guise.

Enter the Admirall in his bed.

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

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

King.

at Paris.

wln 0315
wln 0316
wln 0317
wln 0318
wln 0319
wln 0320
wln 0321
wln 0322
wln 0323
wln 0324
wln 0325
wln 0326
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wln 0341
wln 0342
wln 0343
wln 0344

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

Admi. I humbly thank your royall Maiestie.

Exeunt omnes.

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

Guise.

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

Dumain. I swear by this to be vnmercifull.

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

Gonza. And so will I.

Retes. And I. (house,

Guise. Away then, break into the Admirals

Retes. I let the Admirall be first dispatcht.

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

Be

at Paris.

wln 0345
wln 0346
wln 0347
wln 0348
wln 0349
wln 0350
wln 0351
wln 0352
wln 0353
wln 0354
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wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367
wln 0368
wln 0369
wln 0370
wln 0371
wln 0372
wln 0373
wln 0374

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

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

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

And at ech corner shall the Kings garde stand.

Gonzago. Come sirs follow me.

Exit Gonzago and others with him.

Anioy. Cosin, the Captaine of the Admirals
garde,

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

Now *Guise* shall catholiques flourish once againe,
The head being of, the members cannot stand.

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

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

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

Gonza, Where is the Admirall?

Admi. O let me pray before I dye.

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

Stab him.

Admi. O God forgiue my sins.

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

Gonza. I my Lord.

Guise. Then throw him down.

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

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

The Massacre

wln 0375
wln 0376
wln 0377
wln 0378
wln 0379
wln 0380
wln 0381
wln 0382
wln 0383
wln 0384
wln 0385
wln 0386
wln 0387
wln 0388
wln 0389
wln 0390
wln 0391
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wln 0393
wln 0394
wln 0395
wln 0396
wln 0397
wln 0398
wln 0399
wln 0400
wln 0401
wln 0402
wln 0403
wln 0404

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Anioy. *Anioy* will follow thee.

Du. And so will *Dumaine*.

The ordinance being shot of, the bell tolles.

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

The

at Paris.

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

Guise.

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

Anioy. Kill them, kill them.

Exeunt.

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

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

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

Guise. Dearely beloued brother, thus tis
written.

he stabs him.

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

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

Exeunt.

Enter Mountsorrell and knocks at Serouns doore.

Serouns wife. Who is that which knocks there?

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

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

Enter Seroune.

Seroune.

To 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

wln 0405

wln 0406

wln 0407

wln 0408

wln 0409

wln 0410

wln 0411

wln 0412

wln 0413

wln 0414

wln 0415

wln 0416

wln 0417

wln 0418

wln 0419

wln 0420

wln 0421

wln 0422

wln 0423

wln 0424

wln 0425

wln 0426

wln 0427

wln 0428

wln 0429

wln 0430

wln 0431

wln 0432

wln 0433

The Massacre

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

Seroune. O Christ my Sauour.
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.

Seroune. O let me pray vnto my God.
Mount. Then take this with you.

Stab him.
Exit.

Enter Ramus in his studie.

wln 0443
wln 0444
wln 0445
wln 0446
wln 0447

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

wln 0448

Enter Taleus.

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

Taleus. Flye *Ramus* flye, if thou wilt saue thy life,
Ramus. Tell me *Taleus*, wherfore should I flye?
Taleus. The *Guisians* are hard at thy doore, and
meane to murder vs: harke, harke they come,
Ile 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.

Gonza.

The Massacre

wln 0459

Gonza. What art thou?

wln 0460

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

wln 0461

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

wln 0462

Enter Ramus. Exit Taleus.

wln 0463

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

wln 0464

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

wln 0465

wln 0466

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

wln 0467

wln 0468

wln 0469

Enter the Guise and Anioy.

wln 0470

Anioy.

wln 0471

Who haue you there?

wln 0472

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

wln 0473

Guise, Stab him.

wln 0474

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

wln 0475

wln 0476

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

wln 0477

wln 0478

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

wln 0479

wln 0480

He that will be a flat decotamest,

wln 0481

And seen in nothing but Epetomies:

wln 0482

Is in your iudgment thought a learned man.

wln 0483

And he forsooth must goe and preach in Germany:

wln 0484

Excepting against Doctors actions,

wln 0485

And *ipsi dixi* with this quidditie,

wln 0486

Argumentum testimonis est in arte fetialis.

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
wln 0548

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

Exeunt.

wln 0549

Enter Anioy, with two Lords of Poland.

wln 0550

Anioy.

wln 0551

My Lords of Poland I must needs confesse,

wln 0552

The offer of your Prince Electors, farre

wln 0553

Beyond the reach of my desertes:

wln 0554

For Poland is as I haue been enformde,

wln 0555

A martiall people, worthy such a King,

wln 0556

As hath sufficient counsaile in himselfe,

wln 0557

To lighten doubts and frustrate subtile foes.

wln 0558

And such a King whom practise long hath taught,

wln 0559

To please himselfe with mannage of the warres.

wln 0560

The greatest warres within our Christian bounds,

wln 0561

I meane our warres against the Muscouites:

wln 0562

And on the other side against the Turke,

wln 0563

Rich Princes both, and mighty Emperours:

wln 0564

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

wln 0565

And by his graces councill it is thought,

wln 0566

that if I vndertake to weare the crowne

wln 0567

Of Poland, it may preiudice their hope

wln 0568

Of my inheritance to the crowne of France:

wln 0569

For if th'almighty take my brother hence,

wln 0570

By due discent the Regall seat is mine.

wln 0571

With Poland 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 natiue 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
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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
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
wln 0656
wln 0657
wln 0658
wln 0659
wln 0660
wln 0661

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

Exeunt.

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

Guise. Downe with the Hugonites, murder them.

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

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

Tue, tue, tue, let none escape:
So, dragge them away.

kill them.
Exeunt.

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

King.

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

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

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

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

But God will sure restore you to your health.

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

I haue

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 Embassadours
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.

Eper. Madam, I will.

Exit Eper.

Queene. And now my Lords after these funerals
be done,
We will with all the speed we can prouide,
For *Henries* coronation from Polonie:
Come let vs take his body hence.

All goe out, but Nauarre and Pleshe.

Nauar, And now *Nauarre* whilst that these
broiles doe last,
My opportunity may serue me fit,
To steale from France, and hye me to my home.

For

at Paris.

wln 0692
wln 0693
wln 0694
wln 0695
wln 0696
wln 0697
wln 0698
wln 0699
wln 0700
wln 0701
wln 0702
wln 0703
wln 0704
wln 0705
wln 0706
wln 0707
wln 0708
wln 0709
wln 0710
wln 0711
wln 0712
wln 0713
wln 0714
wln 0715

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

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

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

Ezeunt.

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

wln 0716
wln 0717
wln 0718
wln 0719
wln 0720

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

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

Welcome

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 faouours 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 remains, 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,

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

My

The Massacre

wln 0781
wln 0782
wln 0783
wln 0784
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wln 0804
wln 0805
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

Guise. But Madam I must see.

he takes it.

wln 0820

Are these your secrets that no man must know?

wln 0821

Duch. O pardon me my Lord.

wln 0822

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

wln 0823

wln 0824

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

wln 0825

Or hath my loue been so obscurde in thee,

wln 0826

That others needs to comment on my text?

wln 0827

Is all my loue forgot which helde thee deare?

wln 0828

I, dearer then the apple of mine eye?

wln 0829

Is *Guises* glory but a clowdy mist,

wln 0830

In sight and iudgement of thy lustfull eye?

wln 0831

Mor du, wert not the fruit within thy wombe,

wln 0832

Of whose encrease I set some longing hope:

wln 0833

This wrathfull hand should strike thee to the hart.

wln 0834

Hence strumpet, hide thy head for shame,

wln 0835

And fly my presence if thou looke to liue.

Exit.

wln 0836

O wicked sexe, periured and vniust,

wln 0837

Now doe I see that from the very first,

wln 0838

The Massacre

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

wln 0845
wln 0846
wln 0847
wln 0848
wln 0849
wln 0850
wln 0851
wln 0852
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

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

Exit.

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

Nauarre.

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

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

Nauarre.

at Paris.

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

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

wln 0875
wln 0876
wln 0877
wln 0878
wln 0879
wln 0880
wln 0881
wln 0882
wln 0883
wln 0884
wln 0885
wln 0886
wln 0887
wln 0888
wln 0889
wln 0890
wln 0891
wln 0892
wln 0893
wln 0894
wln 0895
wln 0896

Enter a Messenger.

How now sirra, what newes?

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

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

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

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

C2

And

The Massacre

wln 0897
wln 0898
wln 0899
wln 0900

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

And place our selues in order for the fight.

Exeunt.

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

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

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

Farwell to my Lord of *Guise* and *Epernounge*,
Guise. Health and hartly farwell to my Lord
Ioyeux.

Exit Ioyeux.

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

he makes hornes at the Guise.

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

Guise. How now my Lord, faith this is more
then need,
Am I thus to be iested at and scornde?
Tis more then kingly or Emperious.
And sure if all the proudest Kings in
Christendome, should beare me such derision:
They should know how I scornde them and their
mockes.

I loue

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
a cuckolde,

wln 0979

And vse a counterfeite key to his

wln 0980

priuie Chamber doore: And although

wln 0981

you

at Paris.

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 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.

Enter Mugeroun.

He shootes at him and killes him.

wln 0996

Enter the Guise.

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

Guise. Holde thee tall Souldier, take thee this
and flye.
Lye there the Kings delight, and *Guises* score.
Reuenge it *Henry* as thou list or dare,
I did it only in despite of thee.

Exit Soul.

Take him away.

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

Enter the King and Epernounge.

King.

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

C4

Guise.

The Massacre

wln 1009
wln 1010
wln 1011
wln 1012
wln 1013
wln 1014
wln 1015
wln 1016
wln 1017
wln 1018
wln 1019
wln 1020
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

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

To

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

Nay, they fear'd not to speak in the streetes,
That the *Guise* durst stand in armes against
the King,
For not effecting of his holines will.
King. Did they of Paris entertaine him so?
Then meanes he present treason to our state.
Well, let me alone, whose within there?

wln 1076

Enter one with a pen and inke.

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 counsell straitte,
And Ile subscribe my name and seale it straight.
My head shall be my counsell, they are false:
And *Epernounge* I will be rulde by thee.
Eper. My Lord, I think for safety of your royall
person,
It would be good the *Guise* were made away,
And so to quite your grace of all suspect.
King. First let vs set our hand and seale to
this,
And then Ile tell thee what I meane to doe.
So, conuey this to the counsell presently.
And *Epernounge* though I seeme milde and calme,
Thinke not but I am tragicall within:
Ile secretly conuay me vnto Bloyse,
For now that Paris takes the *Guises* parte,
Heere is no staying for the King of France,
Vnles he meane to be betraide and dye:
But as I liue, so sure the *Guise* shall dye.

(he writes.

Exit one.

Exeunt.

Enter

at Paris.

wln 1097
wln 1098

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

wln 1099
wln 1100
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

Nauarre.

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

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

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

Bar. I will my Lord.

Exit.

wln 1115

Enter Pleshe.

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

Nauarre. Pleshe,
Pleshe. My Lord.

Na Pleshe, goe muster vp our men with speed,
And let them march away to France amaine:
For we must aide the King against the *Guise*.
Be gone I say, tis time that we were there.

Pleshe. I goe my Lord.

Nauarre.

The Massacre

wln 1123

wln 1124

wln 1125

wln 1126

wln 1127

wln 1128

wln 1129

wln 1130

wln 1131

wln 1132

wln 1133

wln 1134

wln 1135

wln 1136

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

Exeunt.

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

wln 1137

wln 1138

wln 1139

wln 1140

wln 1141

wln 1142

wln 1143

wln 1144

wln 1145

wln 1146

wln 1147

wln 1148

wln 1149

wln 1150

wln 1151

Captaine.

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

All.

at Paris.

wln 1152

All. You will giue vs our money.

wln 1153

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

wln 1154

Now fals the star whose influence gouernes

wln 1155

France,

wln 1156

Whose light was deadly to the Protestants

wln 1157

Now must he fall and perish in his height.

wln 1158

Enter the King and 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

wln 1167

Surchargde with surfet of ambitious thoughts:

wln 1168

Breath out that life wherein my death was hid,

wln 1169

And end thy endles treasons with thy death.

wln 1170

wln 1171

Enter the Guise and knocketh.

wln 1172

Guise.

wln 1173

Halla verlete hey: Epernoune, where is the King?

wln 1174

Eper. Mounted his royall Cabonet.

wln 1175

Guise. I prethee tell him that the *Guise*

wln 1176

is heere.

wln 1177

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

doth

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

So will

at Paris.

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

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

wln 1214

Enter one of the Murtherers.

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
wln 1233
wln 1234
wln 1235
wln 1236

Villaine, why dost thou look so gastly?
speake.

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

Guise. Pardon thee, why what hast thou done?

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

Guise. To murder me villaine.

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

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

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

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

All. Downe with him, downe with him.

They stabbe him.

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

2. Then

The Massacre

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

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

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

Guise. Trouble me not, I neare
offended him.

Nor will I aske forgiuenes of the King.

Oh that I haue not power to stay my life,

Nor immortalitie to be reueng'd:

To dye by Pesantes, what a greefe is this?

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

Philip and Parma, I am slaine for you:

Pope excommunicate, Philip depose,

The wicked branch of curst *Valois*

his line.

Vive la messa, perish Hugonets,

Thus *Cæsar* did goe foorth, and thus

he dyed.

He dyes.

Enter Captaine of the Guarde.

Captaine.

What haue you done? then stay a while and Ile

goe call the King, but see where he comes.

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

King. Ah this sweet sight is phisick

to my soule,

Goe fetch his sonne for to beholde his death:

Surchargde with guilt of thousand

massacres:

Mounser of *Lorraine* sinke away to hell,

And in remembrance of those

bloudy broyles:

To

at Paris.

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

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

wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294

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

D

King.

The Massacre

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

wln 1315

wln 1316
wln 1317
wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322

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

Yong Guise. Art thou King, and hast done this bloody deed?
Ile be reuengde.

He offereth to throwe his dagger.

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

Exit Boy.

But what auailleth that this traitors dead,
When Duke *Dumaine* his brother is aliue,
And that young Cardinall that is growne
so proud?
Goe to the Gouvernour of Orleance,
And will him in my name to kill the Duke.
Get you away and strangle the Cardinall,
These two will make one entire Duke of *Guise*,
Especially with our olde mothers helpe.

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

Enter Queene Mother.

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

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

Queene. King, why so thou wert before.
Pray God thou be a King now this is done.

King. Nay he was King and countermanded me,

But

at Paris.

wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326
wln 1327
wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339
wln 1340
wln 1341
wln 1342
wln 1343
wln 1344
wln 1345
wln 1346
wln 1347

wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351

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

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

I would that I had murdered thee my sonne.

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

I curse thee and exclaime thee miscreant,

Traitor to God, and to the realme of France.

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

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

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

And let her greeue her heart out if she will.

Exit the King and Epernoure.

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

To whom shall I bewray my secrets now,

Or who will helpe to builde Religion?

The Protestants will glory and insulte,

Wicked *Nauarre* will get the crowne of France,

The Popedome cannot stand, all goes to wrack.

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

But sorrow seaze vpon my toyling soule,

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

Exit.

Enter two dragging in the Cardenall.

Car. Murder me not, I am a Cardenall.

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

D2

Car

The Massacre

wln 1352
wln 1353
wln 1354
wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372

Car. What will you fyle your handes with
Churchmens bloud?
2. Shed your bloud, O Lord no: for we entend
to strangle you.
Car. Then there is no remedye but I must
dye.
1. No remedye, therefore prepare your
selfe.
Car. Yet liues my brother Duke *Dumaine*,
and many moe:
To reuenge our deaths vpon that cursed
King.
Vpon whose heart may all the furies gripe,
And with their pawes drench his black soule
in hell.
1. Yours my Lord Cardinall, you should
haue saide.
Now they strangle him.
So, pluck amaine, he is hard hearted,
therfore pull with violence.
Come take him away. *Exeunt.*

wln 1373
wln 1374

*Enter Duke Dumayn 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 doe, for to reuenge
thy death?

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 Lorraine by the Kings
wln 1407 consent is lately strangled vnto death.

D3

Dumaine.

The Massacre

wln 1408 *Dumaine.* My brother Cardenall slaine and
wln 1409 I aliuē?

wln 1410 O wordes of power to kill a thousand men.
wln 1411 Come let vs away and leauy men,
wln 1412 Tis warre that must asswage this tyrantes
wln 1413 pride.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Exeunt.

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

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

Was

at Paris.

wln 1436
wln 1437
wln 1438
wln 1439
wln 1440
wln 1441
wln 1442
wln 1443
wln 1444
wln 1445
wln 1446
wln 1447
wln 1448
wln 1449
wln 1450
wln 1451

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

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

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

wln 1452

Enter a Messenger.

wln 1453
wln 1454
wln 1455
wln 1456
wln 1457
wln 1458

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

King. Let him come in.

wln 1459

Enter Frier with a Letter.

wln 1460
wln 1461

Epernoune.
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

Of such as holde them of the holy church?

wln 1498

Take hence that damned villaine from my

wln 1499

sight.

wln 1500

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

Search Surgeon and resolue me what thou
seest.

wln 1513

wln 1514

The Surgeon searcheth.

wln 1515

wln 1516

Enter the English Agent.

wln 1517

Agent for England, send thy mistres word,

What

The Massacre

wln 1518
wln 1519
wln 1520
wln 1521
wln 1522
wln 1523
wln 1524
wln 1525
wln 1526
wln 1527
wln 1528
wln 1529
wln 1530
wln 1531
wln 1532
wln 1533
wln 1534
wln 1535
wln 1536
wln 1537
wln 1538
wln 1539
wln 1540
wln 1541
wln 1542
wln 1543
wln 1544
wln 1545
wln 1546
wln 1547

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

King,

at Paris.

wln 1548
wln 1549
wln 1550
wln 1551
wln 1552
wln 1553
wln 1554
wln 1555
wln 1556
wln 1557
wln 1558
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

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.

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 *Of[*]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*.