

ElizabethanDrama.org

presents
a Theatre Script of

The MASSACRE at PARIS

By Christopher Marlowe

Written c. 1592

First Published c.1594

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THE MASSACRE AT PARIS

By Christopher Marlowe

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

The French Royal Family:

CHARLES IX, King of France.

THE DUKE OF ANJOU, his brother, afterwards King
Henry III.

CATHERINE, Queen-Mother of France.

MARGARET, sister of the king.

The Brothers Guise:

HENRY, THE DUKE OF GUISE, the eldest brother.

CHARLES, THE DUKE OF DUMAINE, the middle brother.

LOUIS, CARDINAL OF LORRAINE, the youngest brother.

THE DUCHESS, wife to Guise.

MAID to the Duchess.

THE SON OF GUISE.

Catholic Nobles of France:

GONZAGO.

RETES.

MOUNTSORRELL.

Protestant Nobles of France:

PRINCE OF CONDÉ, cousin of the King of Navarre.

THE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL.

Minions of Henry III:

THE DUKE OF JOYEUX.

EPERNOUN.

MUGEROUN.

The Royal Family of Navarre:

THE KING OF NAVARRE.

THE OLD QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

Nobles of Navarre:

PLESHÉ.

BARTUS.

Protestant Victims of the Massacre:

LOREINE, a Preacher.

SEROUNE.

WIFE TO SEROUNE.

RAMUS, a Scholar.

Other Characters:

TALEUS, a Scholar.

TWO LORDS OF POLAND.

A CUTPURSE.

A FRIAR.

SURGEON.

ENGLISH AGENT.

APOTHECARY.

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD.

Protestants, Schoolmasters, Soldiers, Murderers,
Messengers, Attendants, etc.

A. Scene Breaks, Settings, and Stage Directions.

The octavo of c. 1594 does not divide the play into individually numbered scenes, nor does it provide scene settings. We follow our usual guideline of beginning a new numbered scene whenever all of the actors exit the stage.

Sometimes Marlowe's scenes change location without requiring the actors to vacate the stage; in these cases too, we assign a new scene number at the moment the setting changes, to facilitate the reader's following the action. We do this even as we recognize that on-stage, the change in location in these cases would take place seamlessly from the perspective of the audience, even if we doubt the spectators' ability to always follow the exact nature of the change in settings.

Scene settings are adopted primarily from those suggested by Dyce, but in some cases we have altered the setting to reflect historical reality; none of this affects the action or language of the play, but simply provides context.

Finally, as is our normal practice, a good number of the octavo's stage directions have been modified, and others added, usually without comment, to give clarity to the action. Most of these changes are adopted from Dyce.

B. Textual Suggestions and Options.

The texts of the Scripts prepared by our website, ElizabethanDrama.org generally lean towards keeping the language of the original quartos. Where obvious errors in typography have occurred, the emendations suggested by early and modern editors are usually accepted. Where words have clearly been accidentally omitted from the original edition, and are absolutely needed for a line to make any sense at all, such additions are made and contained within hard brackets [].

In certain cases, some editors propose changes to wording that other editors reject. We try to choose the best of the options offered where emendation seems necessary. Alternatives are listed below.

The text of this Script may be confidently adopted by a theatre group without further revision; however, we present below a list of additional changes a director may wish to make, if he or she feels any of them would make the language more sensible, etc. Most of these emendations represent suggestions of later editors of the play, and a few represent restoring original language from the quartos. Explanations for all these possible emendations can be found in the annotated edition of this play found on our website.

We note also the existence of an alternate version of Scene XXI, lines 1-29, which appears on an old piece of quarto leaf, known as the

Collier Leaf. An explanation of the Collier Leaf, and a reproduction of this alternate version of these lines, appears on pages 63-64 of this script.

SCENE II.

1. line 8: here and everywhere, modernize *shew* to *show* (also at IV.64, XV.56, XXI.101 and XXII.6).

2. line 124: emend *they* to *them* and remove the comma.

SCENE V.

1. line 7: emend *their* to *his*.

2. line 16: emend *Cousin* to *Cossin*.

Scene VI.

1. line 32: emend *Cousin* to *Cossin*.

SCENE XII.

1. line 11: emend *our* to *your*.

SCENE XV.

1. line 2: emend *ceased* to *seized*.

2. line 46: emend *Navarre* to *Pleshé*.

3. line 55: emend *seem* to *seek*.

SCENE XVII.

1. line 58: emend *Mor du* to *Mort Dieu*.

SCENE XIX.

1. line 37: emend *mor du* to *Mort de Dieu*.

SCENE XXI.

1. line 72: restore *sexious*, replacing *factious*.

2. line 80: here and everywhere, modernize *wrack* to *wreck* (also at XXIII.261, XXVI.107).

3. line 104: emend *speak* to *speak it*.

SCENE XXIII.

1. line 50: emend *hey* to *hé*.

2. lines 89 and 90: emend *over* to *o'er*.

SCENE XXVI.

1. lines 69 and 85: modernize *hether* to *hither*.

2. line 111: emend *holy* to *lowly*.

THE MASSACRE AT PARIS

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SCENE I.

Before Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris.

18 August, 1572

*Enter Charles (the French King),
Catherine (the Queen-Mother);
the King of Navarre, Margaret,
the old Queen of Navarre, the Prince of Condé,
the Lord High Admiral, with others.*

1 **K. Char.** Prince of Navarre, my honourable brother,
2 Prince Condé, and my good Lord Admiral,
I wish this union and religious league,
4 Knit in these hands, thus joined in nuptial rites,
May not dissolve till death dissolve our lives;
6 And that the native sparks of princely love,
That kindled first this motion in our hearts,
8 May still be fuelled in our progeny.

10 **Nav.** The many favours which your grace hath shown
From time to time, but specially in this,
12 Shall bind me ever to your highness' will,
In what Queen-Mother or your grace commands.

14 **Cath.** Thanks, son Navarre. You see we love you well,
16 That link you in marriage with our daughter here;
And, as you know, our difference in religion
18 Might be a means to cross you in your love –

20 **K. Char.** Well, madam, let that rest. –
And now, my lords, the marriage rites performed,
22 We think it good to go and consummate
The rest with hearing of a holy mass. –
24 Sister, I think yourself will bear us company.

26 **Qu. Marg.** I will, my good lord.

28 **K. Char.** The rest that will not go, my lords, may stay.
Come, mother,
30 Let us go to honour this solemnity.

32 **Cath.** [*Aside*] Which I'll dissolve with blood and cruelty.

34 *[Exeunt all except the King of Navarre,
Condé, and the Admiral.]*

36 **Nav.** Prince Condé, and my good Lord Admiral,
38 Now Guise may storm, but do us little hurt,
Having the King, Queen-Mother on our sides,
40 To stop the malice of his envious heart,
That seeks to murder all the Protestants.
42 Have you not heard of how late he decreed
(If that the King had given consent thereto)
44 That all the Protestants that are in Paris
Should have been murderèd the other night?

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

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

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

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

66 **Nav.** And that's the cause that Guise so frowns at us,
68 And beats his brains to catch us in his trap,
Which he hath pitched within his deadly toil.
70 Come, my lords, let's go to the church, and pray
That God may still defend the right of France,
72 And make his gospel flourish in this land.

74



[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*An Apartment (not in the house of Guise).
August 1572.*

Enter the Duke of Guise.

1 **Guise.** If ever Hymen loured at marriage rites,
2 And had his altars decked with dusky lights;
3 If ever sun stained Heaven with bloody clouds,
4 And made it look with terror on the world;
5 If ever day were turned to ugly night,
6 And night made semblance of the hue of hell;
7 This day, this hour, this fatal night,
8 Shall fully shew the fury of them all. –
9 Apothecary!

Enter the Apothecary.

12 **Apoth.** My Lord?

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

20 **Apoth.** See where they be, my good lord,
22 And he that smells but to them, dies.

24 **Guise.** Then thou remainest resolute?

26 **Apoth.** I am, my lord, in what your grace commands, till death.

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

[Exit Apothecary.]

36 Soldier!

Enter a Soldier.

40 **Sold.** My lord?

42 **Guise.** Now come thou forth, and play thy tragic part:

44 Stand in some window, opening near the street,
 And when thou seest the Admiral ride by,
 Discharge thy musket, and perform his death;
 46 And then I'll guerdon thee with store of crowns.

48 **Sold.** I will, my lord.

[Exit Soldier.]

52 **Guise.** Now, Guise, begin those deep engendered thoughts
 To burst abroad those never dying flames
 54 Which cannot be extinguished but by blood.
 Oft have I levelled, and at last have learned
 56 That peril is the chiefest way to happiness,
 And resolution honour's fairest aim.
 58 What glory is there in a common good,
 That hangs for every peasant to achieve?
 60 That like I best that flies beyond my reach.
 Set me to scale the high pyrámidès,
 62 And thereon set the diadem of France;
 I'll either rend it with my nails to naught,
 64 Or mount the top with my aspiring wings,
 Although my downfall be the deepest hell.
 66 For this I wake, when others think I sleep;
 For this I wait, that scorns attendance else;
 68 For this, my quenchless thirst, whereon I build,
 Hath often pleaded kindred to the king;
 70 For this, this head, this heart, this hand, and sword,
 Contrives, imagines, and fully executes,
 72 Matters of import aimèd at by many,
 Yet understood by none;
 74 For this hath Heaven engendered me of earth;
 For this, this earth sustains my body's weight,
 76 And with this weight I'll counterpoise a crown,
 Or with seditions weary all the world;
 78 For this, from Spain the stately Catholics
 Send Indian gold to coin me French ecues;
 80 For this, have I a largess from the Pope,
 A pension, and a dispensation too;
 82 And by that privilege to work upon,
 My policy hath framed religiön.
 84 Religion: *O Diabolè!*
 Fie, I am ashamed, however that I seem,
 86 To think a word of such a simple sound,
 Of so great matter should be made the ground!
 88 The gentle king, whose pleasure uncontrolled
 Weakeneth his body, and will waste his realm,

90 | If I repair not what he ruins, —
 | Him, as a child, I daily win with words,
 92 | So that for proof he barely bears the name;
 | I execute, and he sustains the blame.
 94 | The Mother-Queen works wonders for my sake,
 | And in my love entombs the hope of France,
 96 | Rifling the bowels of her treasury,
 | To supply my wants and necessity.
 98 | Paris hath full five hundred colleges,
 | As monasteries, priories, abbeys, and halls,
 100 | Wherein are thirty thousand able men,
 | Besides a thousand sturdy student-Catholics;
 102 | And more, — of my knowledge, in one cloister keeps
 | Five hundred fat Franciscan friars and priests:
 104 | All this, and more, if more may be comprised,
 | To bring the will of our desires to end.
 106 | Then, Guise,
 | Since thou hast all the cards within thy hands,
 108 | To shuffle or cut, take this as surest thing,
 | That, right or wrong, thou deal thyself a king. —
 110 | Ay but, Navarre, Navarre, — 'tis but a nook of France,
 | Sufficient yet for such a petty king,
 112 | That, with a rabblement of his heretics,
 | Blinds Europe's eyes, and troubleth our estate.
 114 | Him will we — (*Pointing to his sword*)
 | but first let's follow those in France,
 116 | That hinder our possession to the crown.
 | As Caesar to his soldiers, so say I, —
 118 | Those that hate me will I learn to loathe.
 | Give me a look, that, when I bend the brows,
 120 | Pale death may walk in furrows of my face;
 | A hand, that with a grasp may gripe the world;
 122 | An ear to hear what my detractors say;
 | A royal seat, a sceptre, and a crown,
 124 | That those which do behold, they may become
 | As men that stand and gaze against the sun.
 126 | The plot is laid, and things shall come to pass
 | Where resolution strives for victory.

128

Exit.

SCENE III.

A Street.
22 August 1572.

*Enter the King of Navarre, Queen Margaret,
the Old Queen of Navarre (Jeanne),
the Prince of Condé, and the Admiral;*

*They are met by the Apothecary with the gloves,
which he gives to the Old Queen.*

1 *Apoth.* Madam,
2 I beseech your grace to accept this simple gift.

4 *Old Qu.* Thanks my good friend. Hold, take thou this reward.

6 [Gives a purse.]

8 *Apoth.* I humbly thank your majesty.

10 [Exit Apothecary.]

12 *Old Qu.* Methinks the gloves have a very strong perfume,
The scent whereof doth make my head to ache.

14 *Nav.* Doth not your grace know the man that gave them you?

16 *Old Qu.* Not well; but do remember such a man.

18 *Adm.* Your grace was ill-advised to take them, then,
20 Considering of these dangerous times.

22 *Old Qu.* Help, son Navarre! I am poisoned!

24 *Qu. Marg.* The heavens forbid your highness such mishap!

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

30 *Qu. Marg.* Too late, it is, my lord, if that be true,
To blame her highness; but I hope it be
32 Only some natural passion makes her sick.

34 *Old Qu.* O, no, sweet Margaret, the fatal poison
Works within my head; my brainpan breaks;
36 My heart doth faint; I die!

38 *The Old Queen dies.*

40 **Nav.** My mother poisoned here before my face!
O gracious God, what times are these?
42 O, grant, sweet God, my days may end with hers,
That I with her may die and live again!

44 **Qu. Marg.** Let not this heavy chance, my dearest lord,
46 (For whose effects my soul is massacred),
Infect thy gracious breast with fresh supply
48 To aggravate our sudden misery.

50 **Adm.** Come, my lords, let us bear her body hence,
And see it honourèd with just solemnity.

52 *As they are going out, the Soldier dischargeth*
54 *his musket at the Lord Admiral.*

56 **Condé.** What, are you hurt, my Lord High Admiral?

58 **Adm.** Ay, my good lord, shot through the arm.

60 **Nav.** We are betrayed! Come, my lords, and let us go
tell the king of this.

62 **Adm.** These are the cursèd Guisians, that do seek our death.
64 Oh, fatal was this marriage to us all.

66 *Exeunt, bearing out the body*
of the Old Queen of Navarre.

SCENE IV.

*An Apartment in the Louvre.
August 1572.*

*Enter the King, Catherine (the Queen-Mother),
the Duke of Guise, Anjou and Dumaine.*

1 **Cath.** My noble son, and princely Duke of Guise,
2 Now have we got the fatal, straggl'ing deer
3 Within the compass of a deadly toil,
4 And, as we late decreed, we may perform.

6 **K. Char.** Madam, it will be noted through the world
7 An action bloody and tyrannical;
8 Chiefly, since under safety of our word
9 They justly challenge their protection:
10 Besides, my heart relents that noble men,
11 Only corrupted in religion,
12 Ladies of honour, knights, and gentlemen,
13 Should, for their conscience, taste such ruthless ends.

14 **Anjou.** Though gentle minds should pity others' pains,
15 Yet will the wisest note their proper griefs,
16 And rather seek to scourge their enemies
17 Than be themselves base subjects to the whip.

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

24 **Cath.** I hope these reasons may serve my princely son
25 To have some care for fear of enemies.

28 **K. Char.** Well, madam, I refer it to your majesty,
29 And to my nephew here, the Duke of Guise:
30 What you determine, I will ratify.

32 **Cath.** Thanks to my princely son. – Then tell me, Guise,
33 What order will you set down for the massacre?

34 **Guise.** Thus, madam.
35 They that shall be actors in this massacre
36 Shall wear white crosses on their burgonets,
37 And tie white linen scarves about their arms;
38 He that wants these, and is suspected of heresy,
39 Shall die, be he king or emperor.

42 Then I'll have a peal of ordnance shot from the tower,
At which they all shall issue out, and set the streets.
44 And then, the watchword being given, a bell shall ring
Which when they hear, they shall begin to kill,
And never cease until that bell shall cease;
46 Then breathe a while.

48 *Enter the Admiral's Serving-man.*

50 **K. Char.** How now, fellow, what news?

52 **Man.** An it please your grace, the Lord High Admiral,
Riding the streets, was traitorously shot,
54 And most humbly entreats your majesty
To visit him, sick in his bed.

56 **K. Char.** Messenger, tell him I will see him straight.

58 *Exit Serving-Man.*

60 What shall we do now with the Admiral?

62 **Cath.** Your majesty were best go visit him,
64 And make a shew as if all were well.

66 **K. Char.** Content; I will go visit the Admiral.

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

70 *Exeunt Catherine and Guise.*

SCENE V.

The Admiral's Sleeping Apartment.
August 1572.

Still on Stage: *Charles, Anjou and Dumaine.*
The Admiral discovered in his bed.

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

8
9 **Adm.** Ah, my good lord, these are the Guisians,
10 That seek to massacre our guiltless lives!

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

24 **Adm.** I humbly thank your royal majesty.

26 [Exeunt Charles, etc. The scene closes.]

SCENE VI.*A Street.**24 August 1572.**Enter Guise, Anjou, Dumaine, Gonzago, Retes,
Mountsorrell, and Soldiers, to the massacre.*

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

4
6 **Dum.** I swear by this, to be unmerciful.

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

10 **Gonz.** And so will I.

12 **Retes.** And I.

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

16 **Retes.** Ay, let the Admiral be first dispatched.

18 **Guise.** The Admiral,
Chief standard bearer to the Lutherans,
20 Shall in the entrance of this massacre
Be murdered in his bed.
22 Gonzago, conduct them thither,
And then beset his house, that not a man may live.

24 **Anjou.** That charge is mine. – Switzers, keep you the streets;
26 And at each corner shall the king's guard stand.

28 **Gonz.** Come, sirs, follow me.

30 *[Exit Gonzago with others.]*

32 **Anjou.** Cousin, the captain of the Admiral's guard,
Placed by my brother, will betray his lord. –
34 Now, Guise, shall Catholics flourish once again;
The head being off, the members cannot stand.

36 **Retes.** But look, my lord, there's some in the Admiral's house.

38 *[The Admiral discovered in bed;
40 Gonzago and others in the house.]*

42 **Anjou.** In lucky time! come, let us keep this lane,

44 And slay his servants that shall issue out.
46 **Gonz.** Where is the Admiral?
48 **Adm.** O, let me pray before I die!
50 **Gonz.** Then pray unto our Lady; kiss this cross.
52 *Stabs him.*
54 **Adm.** O God, forgive my sins!
56 *[The Admiral dies.]*
58 **Guise.** Gonzago, what, is he dead?
60 **Gonz.** Ay, my lord.
62 **Guise.** Then throw him down.
64 *[The body of the Admiral is thrown down.]*
66 **Anjou.** Now, cousin, view him well:
68 It may be it is some other, and he escaped.
70 **Guise.** Cousin, 'tis he; I know him by his look:
72 See where my soldier shot him through the arm.
74 He missed him near, but we have strook him now. —
76 Ah, base Chatillon and degenerate,
78 Chief standard bearer to the Lutherans,
80 Thus, in despite of thy religion,
82 The Duke of Guise stamps on thy lifeless bulk!
84 **Anjou.** Away with him! cut off his head and hands,
86 And send them for a present to the Pope;
88 And, when this just revenge is finishèd,
90 Unto Mount Faucon will we drag his corse;
92 And he, that living hated so the Cross,
94 Shall, being dead, be hanged thereon in chains.
96 **Guise.** Anjou, Gonzago, Retes, if that you three
98 Will be as resolute as I and Dumaine,
100 There shall not a Huguenot breathe in France.
102 **Anjou.** I swear by this cross, we'll not be partial,
104 But slay as many as we can come near.
106 **Guise.** Mountsorrell, go shoot the ordnance off,
108 That they, which have already set the street,

92 | May know their watchword; then toll the bell,
And so let's forward to the massacre.

94 | **Mount.** I will, my lord.

96 | *[Exit Mountsorrell.]*

98 | **Guise.** And now, my lords, let's closely to our business.

100 | **Anjou.** Anjou will follow thee.

102 | **Dum.** And so will Dumaine.

104 | *[The ordnance being shot off, the bell tolls.]*

106 | **Guise.** Come, then, let's away.

108 | *[Exeunt.]*

110 |

SCENE VII.

A Street.

24 August 1572.

*Enter Guise, and the rest, with their swords drawn,
chasing the Protestants.*

1 **Guise.** *Tuès, tuès, tuès!*

2 Let none escape, murder the Huguenots!

4 **Anjou.** Kill them, kill them!

6

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.

Another Street.
24 August 1572.

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

1 **Guise.** Loreine, Loreine, follow Loreine! – Sirrah,
2 Are you a preacher of these heresies?

4 **Lor.** I am a preacher of the word of God;
And thou a traitor to thy soul and him.

6 **Guise.** "Dearly belovèd brother," – thus 'tis written.
8

[*Guise stabs Loreine, who dies.*]

10 **Anjou.** Stay, my lord, let me begin the psalm.

12 **Guise.** Come, drag him away and throw him in a ditch.
14

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

Another Street.
24 August 1572

Enter Mountsorrell, who knocks at Seroune's door.

1 **Ser.'s Wife.** [*Within*] Who is that which knocks there?

2
3 **Mount.** Mountsorrell, from the Duke of Guise.

4
5 **Ser.'s Wife.** [*Within*]
6 Husband, come down; here's one would speak with you
7 From the Duke of Guise.

8
9
10 *Enter Seroune from the house.*

11 **Seroune.** To speak with me, from such a man as he?

12
13 **Mount.** Ay, ay, for this, Seroune; and thou shalt hav't.

14
15 *Showing his dagger.*

16
17 **Seroune.** O, let me pray, before I take my death!

18
19 **Mount.** Despatch, then, quickly.

20
21 **Seroune.** O Christ, my Saviour!

22
23 **Mount.** Christ, villain!
24 Why darest thou presume to call on Christ,
25 Without the intercession of some saint?
26 *Sanctus Jacobus*, he was my saint; pray to him.

27
28 **Seroune.** O, let me pray unto my God!

29
30 **Mount.** Then take this with you.

31
32 *[Stabs Seroune, who dies; and then exit.]*

SCENE X.

The Apartment of Ramus.

24 August 1572

Enter Ramus in his study.

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

Enter Taleus.

8 **Tale.** Fly, Ramus, fly, if thou wilt save thy life!

10 **Ramus.** Tell me, Taleus, wherefore should I fly?

12 **Tale.** The Guisians are
Hard at thy door, and mean to murder us:
14 Hark, hark, they come, I'll leap out at the window.

16 **Ramus.** Sweet Taleus, stay.

Enter Gonzago and Retes.

[They stop Taleus as he is going out.]

20 **Gonz.** Who goes there?

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

24 **Gonz.** What art thou?

26 **Tale.** I am, as Ramus is, a Christiän.

28 **Retes.** O, let him go; he is a Catholic.

[Exit Taleus.]

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

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

*Enter Guise, Anjou, Dumaine, Mountsorrel,
and Soldiers.*

42 **Anjou.** Who have you there?

44 **Retes.** 'Tis Ramus, the King's Professor of Logic.

46 **Guise.** Stab him.

48 **Ramus.** O, good my lord,
Wherein hath Ramus been so offensive?

50 **Guise.** Marry, sir, in having a smack in all,
52 And yet didst never sound anything to the depth.
Was it not thou that scoff'dst the *Organon*,
54 And said it was a heap of vanities?
He that will be a flat dichotomist,
56 And seen in nothing but epitomes,
Is in your judgment thought a learnèd man,
58 And he, forsooth, must go and preach in Germany,
Excepting against doctors' axioms,
60 And *ipse dixi* with this quiddity,
Argumentum testimonii est inartificiale.
62 To contradict which, I say, Ramus shall die:
How answer you that? your *nego argumentum*
64 Cannot serve, sirrah. – Kill him!

66 **Ramus.** O, good my lord, let me but speak a word!

68 **Anjou.** Well, say on.

70 **Ramus.** Not for my life do I desire this pause;
But in my latter hour to purge myself,
72 In that I know the things that I have wrote,
Which, as I hear, one Scheckius takes it ill,
74 Because my places, being but three, contain all his.
I knew the *Organon* to be confused,
76 And I reduced it into better form:
And this for Aristotle will I say,
78 That he that despiseth him can ne'er
Be good in logic or philosophy.
80 And that's because the blockish Sorbonnists
Attribute as much unto their [own] works
82 As to the service of the eternal God.

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

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

88 [Stabs Ramus, who dies.]

90 **Guise.** My lord of Anjou, there are a hundred Protestants,
92 Which we have chased into the river Seine,

94 That swim about, and so preserve their lives.
How may we do? I fear me they will live.

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

100 **Guise.** 'Tis well-advised, Dumaine; go see it straight be done.

102 *[Exit Dumaine.]*

104 And in the meantime, my lord, could we devise
To get those pedants from the King Navarre,
106 That are tutors to him and the prince of Condé –

108 **Anjou.** For that, let me alone: – cousin, stay you here,
And when you see me in, then follow hard.

110 *[All but Anjou retire.]*

SCENE XI.*Navarre's Lodging in the Louvre.**24 August 1572.*

Still on Stage: *Anjou in foreground;
Guise, Gonzago, Retes, and Mountsorrell
in the background.*

*Anjou knocketh at the door;
and enter the King of Navarre and Prince of Condé,
with their Schoolmasters.*

1 *Anjou.* How now, my lords, how fare you?

2

Nav. My lord, they say
4 That all the Protestants are massacred.

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

8

10 *Nav.* But yet, my lord, the report doth run,
That you were one that made this massacre.

12 *Anjou.* Who I? You are deceived; I rose but now.

14

*Guise, Gonzago, Retes, Mountsorrell,
and Soldiers come forward.*

16

Guise. Murder the Huguenots, take those pedants hence!

18

Nav. Thou traitor, Guise, lay off thy bloody hands!

20

Condé. Come, let us go tell the King

22

Exeunt the Prince of Condé and the King of Navarre.

24

Guise. Come sirs,
26 I'll whip you to death with my poniard's point.

28

Stabs the Schoolmasters, who die.

30

Anjou. Away with them both!

32

Exeunt Anjou and with Soldiers carrying bodies.

34

Guise. And now, sirs, for this night let our fury stay.
Yet will we not that the massacre shall end. —

36

Gonzago, post you to Orleans,
Retes to Dieppe, Mountsorrell unto Rouen,

38 | And spare not one that you suspect of heresy.

And now stay

40 | That bell, that to the devil's matins rings.

Now every man put off his burgonet,

42 | And so convey him closely to his bed.

44 |

Exeunt.

SCENE XII.*An Apartment in the Louvre.*

1573

Enter Anjou, with two Lords of Poland.

1 **Anjou.** My lords of Poland, I must needs confess,
 2 The offer of your Prince Electors far
 Beyond the reach of my deserts;
 4 For Poland is, as I have been informed,
 A martial people, worthy such a king
 6 As hath sufficient counsel in himself
 To lighten doubts, and frustrate subtle foes;
 8 And such a king, whom practice long hath taught
 To please himself with manage of the wars,
 10 The greatest wars within our Christian bounds, –
 I mean our wars against the Muscovites,
 12 And, on the other side, against the Turk,
 Rich princes both, and mighty emperors.
 14 Yet, by my brother Charles, our King of France,
 And by his grace's council, it is thought
 16 That, if I undertake to wear the crown
 Of Poland, it may prejudice their hope
 18 Of my inheritance to the crown of France;
 For, if th' Almighty take my brother hence,
 20 By due descent the regal seat is mine.
 With Poland, therefore, must I covenant thus, –
 22 That if, by death of Charles, the diadem
 Of France be cast on me, then, with your leaves,
 24 I may retire me to my native home.
 If your commission serve to warrant this,
 26 I thankfully shall undertake the charge
 Of you and yours, and carefully maintain
 28 The wealth and safety of your kingdom's right.

30 **1st Lord.** All this, and more, your highness shall command
 For Poland's crown and kingly diadem.

32 **Anjou.** Then, come, my lords, let's go.

34

Exeunt.

SCENE XIII.

The Neighbourhood of Paris.
August 1572

Enter two Men with the Admiral's body.

1 ***1st Man.*** Now, sirrah, what shall we do with the Admiral?

2
 3 ***2nd Man.*** Why, let us burn him for an heretic.

4
 5 ***1st Man.*** O, no! his body will infect the fire, and the
 6 fire the air, and so we shall be poisoned with him.

8 ***2nd Man.*** What shall we do, then?

10 ***1st Man.*** Let's throw him into the river.

12 ***2nd Man.*** O, 'twill corrupt the water, and the water
 the fish, and by the fish ourselves, when we eat them!

14
 15 ***1st Man.*** Then throw him into the ditch.

16
 17 ***2nd Man.*** No, no. To decide all doubts, be ruled by
 18 me: let's hang him here upon this tree.

20 ***1st Man.*** Agreed.

22 *[They hang up the body on a tree, and then exeunt.]*

24 *[Enter Guise, Catherine the Queen-Mother,
 and the Cardinal of Lorraine, with Attendants.]*

26
 27 ***Guise.*** Now, madam, how like you our lusty Admiral?

28
 29 ***Cath.*** Believe me, Guise, he becomes the place so well
 30 As I could long ere this have wished him there.
 But come, let's walk aside; the air's not very sweet.

32
 33 ***Guise.*** No, by my faith, madam. –
 34 Sirs, take him away, and throw him in some ditch.

36 *[The Attendants bear off the Admiral's body.]*

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

44 **Cath.** Do so, sweet Guise; let us delay no time;
For, if these stragglers gather head again,
46 And disperse themselves throughout the realm of France,
It will be hard for us to work their deaths.
48 Be gone; delay no time, sweet Guise.

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

52

Exit Guise.

54

Cath. My lord of Lorraine, have you marked of late
56 How Charles our son begins for to lament
For the late night's-work which my lord of Guise
58 Did make in Paris amongst the Huguenots?

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

64 **Cath.** Ay, but, my lord, let me alone for that;
For Catherine must have her will in France:
66 As I do live, so surely shall he die,
And Henry then shall wear the diadem.
68 And, if he grudge or cross his mother's will,
I'll disinherit him and all the rest;
70 For I'll rule France, but they shall wear the crown,
And, if they storm, I then may pull them down.
72 Come, my lord, let us go.

74

Exeunt.

SCENE XIV.

A Wood.

c. 1572.

*Enter five or six Protestants, with books,
and kneel together.
Then enter Guise and others.*

1 **Guise.** Down with the Huguenots! Murder them!

2
3 **1st Prot.** O Monsieur de Guise, hear me but speak!

4
5 **Guise.** No, villain; that tongue of thine,
6 That hath blasphemed the holy Church of Rome,
7 Shall drive no plaints into the Guise's ears,
8 To make the justice of my heart relent. —
9 *Tuès, tuès, tuès!* let none escape.

10
11 *They kill the Protestants.*

12
13 So, drag them away.

14
15 *Exeunt with the bodies.*

SCENE XV.

*An Apartment in the Castle of Vincennes.
30 May 1574.*

*Enter King Charles, supported by the
King of Navarre and Epernoun;
Catherine the Queen-Mother, the Cardinal of Lorraine,
Pleshé, and Attendants.*

1 **K. Char.** O, let me stay, and rest me here a while,
2 A griping pain hath ceased upon my heart;
A sudden pang, the messenger of death.

4 **Cath.** O, say not so! thou kill'st thy mother's heart.

6 **K. Char.** I must say so; pain forceth me complain.

8 **Nav.** Comfort yourself, my lord, and have no doubt
10 But God will sure restore you to your health.

12 **K. Char.** O, no, my loving brother of Navarre!
I have deserved a scourge, I must confess;
14 Yet is their patience of another sort
Than to misdo the welfare of their king:
16 God grant my nearest friends may prove no worse!
O, hold me up! my sight begins to fail,
18 My sinews shrink, my brains turn upside down;
My heart doth break: I faint and die.

20 *Charles dies.*

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

32 **Eper.** Madam, I will.

34 *Exit Epernoun.*

36 **Cath.** And now, my lords, after these funerals be done,

38 | We will, with all the speed we can, provide
 For Henry's coronation from Polony.
 40 | Come, let us take his body hence.

42 | [*The body of King Charles is borne out;
 and exeunt all except the King of Navarre and Pleshé.*]

44 | **Nav.** And now, Navarre, whilst that these broils do last,
 46 | My opportunity may serve me fit
 To steal from France, and hie me to my home.
 48 | For here's no safety in the realm for me.
 And now that Henry is called from Poland,
 50 | It is my due, by just succession;
 And therefore, as speedily as I can perform,
 52 | I'll muster up an army secretly,
 For fear that Guise, joined with the King of Spain,
 54 | Might seem to cross me in mine enterprise.
 But God, that always doth defend the right,
 56 | Will shew his mercy, and preserve us still.

58 | **Pleshé.** The virtues of our true religion
 Cannot but march, with many graces more,
 60 | Whose army shall discomfort all your foes,
 And, at the length, in Pampelonia crown
 62 | (In spite of Spain, and all the popish power,
 That holds it from your highness wrongfully)
 64 | Your majesty her rightful lord and sovereign.

66 | **Nav.** Truth, Pleshé; and God so prosper me in all,
 As I intend to labour for the truth,
 68 | And true profession of his holy word!
 Come, Pleshé, let's away whilst time doth serve.

70 |

Exeunt.

72 |

SCENE XVI.*Reims.**13 February 1575*

*Trumpets sound within, and then a cry of
"Vive le Roi" two or three times.*

*Enter Anjou, crowned as King Henry the Third;
Catherine the Queen-Mother, the Cardinal of Lorraine,
Guise, Epernoun, Mugeroun, the Cutpurse, and others.*

1 **All.** *Vive le Roi, Vive le Roi!*

2

A flourish of trumpets.

4

Cath. Welcome from Poland, Henry, once again!

6

Welcome to France, thy father's royal seat!

8

Here hast thou a country void of fears,

8

A warlike people to maintain thy right,

10

A watchful senate for ordaining laws,

10

A loving mother to preserve thy state,

12

And all things that a king may wish besides;

12

All this, and more, hath Henry with his crown.

14

Card. And long may Henry enjoy all this, and more!

16

All. *Vive le Roi, Vive le Roi!*

18

A flourish of trumpets.

20

K. Henry. Thanks to you all. The guider of all crowns

22

Grant that our deeds may well deserve your loves!

22

And so they shall, if fortune speed my will,

24

And yield your thoughts to height of my deserts. —

24

What says our minions? Think they Henry's heart

26

Will not both harbour love and majesty?

26

Put off that fear, they are already joined:

28

No person, place, or time, or circumstance,

28

Shall slack my love's affection from his bent.

30

As now you are, so shall you still persist,

30

Removeless from the favors of your king.

32

Muger. We know that noble minds change not their thoughts

34

For wearing of a crown, in that your grace

34

Hath worn the Poland diadem, before

36

You were invested in the crown of France.

36

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

38 And fellows too, whatever storms arise.

40 **Muger.** Then may it please your majesty to give me leave
To punish those that do profane this holy feast.

42
44 **K. Henry.** How mean'st thou that?

46 *Mugeroun cuts off the Cutpurse's ear,
for cutting the gold buttons off his cloak.*

48 **Cutpurse.** O Lord, mine ear!

50 **Muger.** Come, sir, give me my buttons, and here's your ear.

52 **Guise.** Sirrah, take him away.

54 **K. Henry.** Hands off, good fellow; I will be his bail
For this offense – Go, sirrah, work no more
56 Till this our coronation day be past. –
And now our solemn rites of coronation done,
58 What now remains, but for a while to feast,
And spend some days in barriers, tourney, tilt,
60 And like disports, such as do fit the court?
Let's go, my lords; our dinner stays for us.

62
64 *[Exeunt all except Catherine the Queen-Mother
and the Cardinal of Lorraine.]*

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

76
78 **Card.** Madam, as in secrecy I was told,
My brother Guise hath gathered a power of men,
Which are, he saith, to kill the Puritans;
80 But 'tis the house of Bourbon that he means.
Now, madam, must you insinuate with the king,
82 And tell him that 'tis for his country's good,
And common profit of religion.

84
86 **Cath.** Tush, man, let me alone with him,
To work the way to bring this thing to pass;

88 | And, if he do deny what I do say,
I'll despatch him with his brother presently,
And then shall Monsieur wear the diadem.
90 | Tush, all shall die unless I have my will;
For, while she lives, Catherine will be queen.
92 | Come, my lord, let us go seek the Guise,
And then determine of this enterprise.

94

96

Exeunt.

SCENE XVII.

*An Apartment in the House of the Duke of Guise.
c. 1577-8.*

Enter the Duchess of Guise and her Maid.

1 **Duch.** Go fetch me pen and ink, —

2 **Maid.** I will, madam.

4 **Duch.** That I may write unto my dearest lord.

6 *Exit Maid.*

8 Sweet Mugeroun, 'tis he that hath my heart,
10 And Guise usurps it 'cause I am his wife.
12 Fain would I find some means to speak with him,
14 But cannot, and therefore am enforced to write,
14 That he may come and meet me in some place,
14 Where we may one enjoy the other's sight.

16 *Re-enter the Maid, with pen, ink, and paper.*

18 So, set it down, and leave me to myself.

20 *[Exit Maid.]*

22 *[The Duchess writes.]*

24 O, would to God, this quill that here doth write,
26 Had late been plucked from out fair Cupid's wing,
26 That it might print these lines within his heart!

28 *Enter Guise.*

30 **Guise.** What, all alone, my love? And writing too?
32 I prithee, say to whom thou writes?

34 **Duch.** To such
34 A one my lord, as, when she reads my lines,
36 Will laugh, I fear me, at their good array.

38 **Guise.** I pray thee, let me see.

40 **Duch.** O, no, my lord; a woman only must
40 Partake the secrets of my heart.

42 **Guise.** But, madam, I must see.

44 | [Guise takes the paper.]

46 | Are these your secrets that no man must know?

48 | **Duch.** O, pardon me, my lord!

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

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

52 | Or hath my love been so obscured in thee,

That others need to comment on my text?

54 | Is all my love forgot, which held thee dear?

Ay, dearer than the apple of mine eye?

56 | Is Guise's glory but a cloudy mist,

In sight and judgment of thy lustful eye?

58 | *Mor du!* wert not the fruit within thy womb,

Of whose increase I set some longing hope,

60 | This wrathful hand should strike thee to the heart.

Hence, strumpet! hide thy head for shame;

62 | And fly my presence, if thou look to live!

64 | [Exit Duchess.]

66 | O wicked sex, perjured and unjust!

Now do I see that from the very first

68 | Her eyes and looks sowed seeds of perjury.

But villain, he, to whom these lines should go,

70 | Shall buy her love even with his dearest blood.

[Exit.]

SCENE XVIII.

Navarre or Southern France.
c. 1586-1587

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

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

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

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

Enter a Messenger.

30 How now, sirrah! what news?

32 **Mess.** My lord, as by our scouts we understand,
 34 A mighty army comes from France with speed;
 Which are already mustered in the land,
 36 And means to meet your highness in the field.

38 **Nav.** In God's name, let them come!
 This is the Guise that hath incensed the king

40 | To levy arms, and make these civil broils.
But canst thou tell who is their general?

42 | *Mess.* Not yet, my lord, for thereon do they stay;
44 | But, as report doth go, the Duke of Joyeux
Hath made great suit unto the king therefore.

46 | *Nav.* It will not countervail his pains, I hope.
48 | I would the Guise in his stead might have come!
But he doth lurk within his drowsy couch,
50 | And makes his footstool on security:
So he be safe, he cares not what becomes
52 | Of king or country; no, not for them both.
But come, my lords, let us away with speed,
54 | And place ourselves in order for the fight.

56 |

Exeunt.

SCENE XIX.

*An Apartment in the Louvre.
Spring 1587.*

Enter King Henry, Guise, Epernoun and Joyeux.

1 **K. Henry.** My sweet Joyeux, I make thee general
2 Of all my army, now in readiness
To march against the rebellious king Navarre.
4 At thy request I am content thou go,
Although my love to thee can hardly suffer[’t],
6 Regarding still the danger of thy life.

8 **Joy.** Thanks to your majesty: and, so I take my leave. –
Farewell to my lord of Guise and Epernoun.

10

Guise. Health and hearty farewell to my Lord Joyeux.

12

Exit Joyeux.

14

K. Henry. So kindly, cousin of Guise, you and your wife
16 Do both salute our lovely miniöns.

18

He makes horns at the Guise.

20

Remember you the letter, gentle sir,
Which your wife writ

22

To my dear minion, and her chosen friend?

24

Guise. How now, my lord! Faith, this is more than need.
Am I thus to be jested at and scorned?

26

'Tis more than kingly or imperious:
And, sure, if all the proudest kings

28

In Christendom should bear me such derision,
They should know how I scorned them and their mocks.

30

I love your minions! Dote on them yourself;
I know none else but holds them in disgrace;

32

And here, by all the saints in Heaven, I swear,
That villain for whom I bear this deep disgrace,

34

Even for your words that have incensed me so,
Shall buy that strumpet's favour with his blood!

36

Whether he have dishonoured me or no,

Par la mor du, il mourra!

38

[Exit Guise.]

40

K. Henry. Believe me, this jest bites sore.

42 |
44 | **Eper.** My lord, 'twere good to make them friends,
44 | For his oaths are seldom spent in vain.

46 | *Enter Mugeroun.*

48 | **K. Henry.** How now, Mugeroun! met'st thou not the Guise at
48 | the door?

50 | **Muger.** Not I, my lord; what if I had?

52 | **K. Henry.** Marry, if thou hadst, thou mightst have had the stab.
52 | For he hath solemnly sworn thy death.

54 | **Muger.** I may be stabbed, and live till he be dead:
56 | But wherefore bears he me such deadly hate?

58 | **K. Henry.** Because his wife bears thee such kindly love.

60 | **Muger.** If that be all, the next time that I meet her,
60 | I'll make her shake off love with her heels.
62 | But which way is he gone? I'll go make a walk
62 | On purpose from the court to meet with him.

64 | *[Exit Mugeroun.]*

66 | **K. Henry.** I like not this. Come, Epernoun,
68 | Let's go seek the duke, and make them friends.

70 | *Exeunt.*

SCENE XX.

*Near Coutras.
20 October 1587.*

*Alarms within, and a cry – “The Duke Joyeux is slain!”
Enter the King of Navarre, Bartus, and train.*

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

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

10 **Nav.** How many noblemen have lost their lives
12 In prosecution of these cruël arms,
Is ruth, and almost death, to call to mind:
14 But God we know will always put them down
That lift themselves against the perfect truth;
16 Which I'll maintain so long as life doth last,
And with the Queen of England join my force
18 To beat the papal monarch from our lands,
And keep those relics from our countries' coasts.
20 Come, my lords; now that this storm is overpast,
Let us away with triumph to our tents.

22

Exeunt.

24

SCENE XXI.

Before the Louvre.
c. 1577-78 (lines 1-32);
1588 (lines 33-142).

Enter a Soldier.

1 **Sold.** Sir, to you, sir, that dare make the duke a
 2 cuckold, and use a counterfeit key to his privy-
 chamber-door: and although you take out nothing
 4 but your own, yet you put in that which displeaseth
 him, and so forestall his market, and set up your
 6 standing where you should not; and whereas he is
 your landlord, you will take upon you to be his, and
 8 till the ground that he himself should occupy, which
 is his own free land; if it not be too free – there's the
 10 question; and though I come not to keep possession
 (as I would I might!), yet I mean to keep you out;
 12 which I will, if this gear hold.

Enter Mugeroun.

16 What, are ye come so soon? have at ye, sir!

Shoots at Mugeroun and kills him.

Enter Guise and Attendants.

22 **Guise.** [*Giving a purse*]
 Hold thee, tall soldier, take thee this and fly.

Exit Soldier.

26 Lie there, the king's delight and Guise's scorn! –
 28 Revenge it, Henry, if thou list or dare;
 I did it only in despite of thee.

[*Attendants bear off Mugeroun's body.*]

Enter the King and Epernoun.

34 **K. Henry.** My Lord of Guise, we understand
 36 That you have gatherèd a power of men:
 What your intent is yet we cannot learn,
 38 But we presume it is not for our good.

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

42

Eper. Nay, for the Pope's sake, and thine own benefit.

44

What peer in France, but thou, aspiring Guise,

Durst be in arms without the King's consent?

46

I challenge thee for treason in the cause.

48

Guise. Ah, base Epernoun! Were not his highness here,

Thou shouldst perceive the Duke of Guise is moved.

50

K. Henry. Be patient, Guise, and threat not Epernoun,

52

Lest thou perceive the King of France be moved.

54

Guise. Why, I am a prince of the Valois line,

Therefore an enemy to the Bourbonites;

56

I am a juror in the Holy League,

And therefore hated of the Protestants.

58

What should I do but stand upon my guard?

And, being able, I'll keep an host in pay.

60

Eper. Thou able to maintain an host in pay,

62

That livest by foreign exhibition!

The Pope and King of Spain are thy good friends;

64

Else all France knows how poor a duke thou art.

66

K. Henry. Ay, those are they that feed him with their gold,

To countermand our will, and check our friends.

68

Guise. My lord, to speak more plainly, thus it is:

70

Being animated by religious zeal,

I mean to muster all the power I can,

72

To overthrow those factious Puritans:

And know, my lord, the Pope will sell his triple crown,

74

Ay, and the Catholic Philip, King of Spain,

Ere I shall want, will cause his Indians

76

To rip the golden bowels of America.

Navarre, that cloaks them underneath his wings,

78

Shall feel the house of Lorraine is his foe.

Your highness needs not fear mine army's force;

80

'Tis for your safety, and your enemies' wrack.

82

K. Henry. Guise, wear our crown, and be thou King of France,

And, as dictator, make or war or peace,

84

Whilst I cry *placet*, like a senator!

I cannot brook thy haughty insolence:

86

Dismiss thy camp, or else by our edict

Be thou proclaimed a traitor throughout France.

88

Guise. [*Aside*] The choice is hard; I must dissemble. —

90 My lord, in token of my true humility,
 And simple meaning to your majesty,
 92 I kiss your grace's hand, and take my leave,
 Intending to dislodge my camp with speed.

94 **K. Henry.** Then farewell, Guise, the king and thou are friends.

96 *Exit Guise.*

98 **Eper.** But trust him not, my lord; for had your highness
 100 Seen with what a pomp he entered Paris
 And how the citizens with gifts and shews
 102 Did entertain him,
 And promised to be at his command –
 104 Nay, they feared not to speak in the streets
 That the Guise durst stand in arms against the king,
 106 For not effecting of his holiness' will.

108 **K. Henry.** Did they of Paris entertain him so?
 Then means he present treason to our state.
 110 Well, let me alone. – who's within there?

112 *Enter an Attendant with paper, ink and pen.*

114 Make a discharge of all my council straight,
 And I'll subscribe my name, and seal it straight. –

116 *[Attendant writes.]*

118 My head shall be my council; they are false;
 120 And, Epernoun, I will be ruled by thee.

122 **Eper.** My lord, I think, for safety of your royal person,
 It would be good the Guise were made away,
 124 And so to quite your grace of all suspect.

126 **K. Henry.** First let us set our hand and seal to this,
 And then I'll tell thee what I mean to do. –

128 *Henry writes.*

130 So; convey this to the council presently. –

132 *Exit Attendant.*

134 And, Epernoun, though I seem mild and calm,
 136 Think not but I am tragical within.
 I'll secretly convey me unto Blois;
 138 For, now that Paris takes the Guise's part,

140 | Here is no staying for the King of France,
Unless he mean to be betrayed and die:
142 | But, as I live, so sure the Guise shall die.

Exeunt.

SCENE XXII.

Navarre.
Spring 1588.

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

1 *Nav.* My lord, I am advértisèd from France
2 That the Guise hath taken arms against the king,
And that Paris is revolted from his grace.

4
6 *Bart.* Then hath your grace fit opportunity
To shew your love unto the King of France,
Offering him aid against his enemies,
8 Which cannot but be thankfully received.

10 *Nav.* Bartus, it shall be so: post, then, to France,
And there salute his highness in our name;
12 Assure him all the aid we can provide
Against the Guisians and their complices.
14 Bartus, be gone: commend me to his grace,
And tell him, ere it be long, I'll visit him.

16
18 *Bart.* I will, my lord.

Exit Bartus.

20
22 *Nav.* Pleshé!

Enter Pleshé.

24
26 *Pleshé.* My lord!

28 *Nav.* Pleshé, go muster up our men with speed,
And let them march away to France amain,
For we must aid the king against the Guise.
30 Be gone, I say; 'tis time that we were there.

32
34 *Pleshé.* I go, my lord.

Exit Pleshé.

36 *Nav.* That wicked Guise, I fear me much, will be
The ruin of that famous realm of France;
38 For his aspiring thoughts aim at the crown:
And takes his vantage on religiön,
40 To plant the Pope and Popelings in the realm,

42 | And bind it wholly to the see of Rome.
43 | But, if that God do prosper mine attempts,
44 | And send us safely to arrive in France,
45 | We'll beat him back, and drive him to his death,
46 | That basely seeks the ruin of his realm.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE XXIII.

*An Apartment in the Residence of King Henry
at Blois.
23 December 1588.*

*Enter the Captain of the Guard,
and three Murderers.*

1 **Capt.** Come on, sirs. What, are you resolutely bent,
2 Hating the life and honour of the Guise?
What, will you not fear, when you see him come?

4
1st M. Fear him, said you? tush, were he here, we
6 would kill him presently.

8 **2nd M.** O, that his heart were leaping in my hand!

10 **3rd M.** But when will he come, that we may murder him?

12 **Capt.** Well, then, I see you are resolute.

14 **1st M.** Let us alone; I warrant you.

16 **Capt.** Then, sirs, take your standings within this chamber;
For anon the Guise will come.

18
All three M. You will give us our money?

20
Capt. Ay, ay, fear not: stand close: so; be resolute.

The Murderers retire.

24
Now falls the star whose influence governs France,
26 Whose light was deadly to the Protestants;
Now must he fall and perish in his height.

Enter King Henry and Epernoun.

30
K. Henry. Now, captain of my guard, are these murderers
ready?

32
Capt. They be, my good lord.

34
K. Henry. But are they resolute, and armed to kill,
36 Hating the life and honour of the Guise?

38 **Capt.** I warrant ye, my lord.

40 | *[Exit the Captain of the Guard.]*

42 | **K. Henry.** Then come, proud Guise, and here disgorge thy
breast,
Surcharged with surfeit of ambitious thoughts;
44 | Breathe out that life wherein my death was hid,
And end thy endless treasons with thy death.

46 | *[Knocking within.]*

48 | **Guise.** *[Within]*
50 | *Holà, varlet, hey! – Epernoun, where is the King?*

52 | **Eper.** Mounted his royal cabinet.

54 | **Guise.** *[Within]* I prithee, tell him that the Guise is here.

56 | **Eper.** An please your grace, the Duke of Guise doth crave
Access unto your highness.

58 | **K. Henry.** Let him come in. –
60 | Come, Guise, and see thy traitorous guile outreached,
And perish in the pit thou mad'st for me.

62 | *Enter the Guise.*

64 | **Guise.** Good morrow to your majesty.

66 | **K. Henry.** Good morrow to my loving cousin of Guise:
68 | How fares it this morning with your excellence?

70 | **Guise.** I heard your majesty was scarcely pleased,
That in the court I bear so great a train.

72 | **K. Henry.** They were to blame that said I was displeased;
74 | And you, good cousin, to imagine it.
'Twere hard with me, if I should doubt my kin,
76 | Or be suspicious of my dearest friends.
Cousin, assure you I am resolute,
78 | Whatsoever any whisper in mine ears,
Not to suspect disloyalty in thee:
80 | And so, sweet coz, farewell.

82 | *[Exit Henry with Epernoun.]*

84 | **Guise.** So;
Now sues the king for favour to the Guise,
86 | And all his minions stoop when I command.
Why, this 'tis to have an army in the field.

88 Now, by the holy sacrament, I swear,
 As ancient Romans over their captive lords,
 90 So will I triumph over this wanton king;
 And he shall follow my proud chariot's wheels.
 92 Now do I but begin to look about,
 And all my former time was spent in vain. —
 94 Hold, sword, for in thee is the Duke of Guise's hope.

96 *The Third Murderer comes forward.*

98 Villain, why dost thou look so ghastly? Speak.

100 **3rd M.** O, pardon me, my lord of Guise!

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

104 **3rd M.** O my lord, I am one of them that is set to
 murder you!

106 **Guise.** To murder me, villain!

108 **3rd Murd.** Ay, my lord: the rest have ta'en their
 110 standings in the next room. Therefore, good my lord,
 go not forth.

112 **Guise.** Yet Caesar shall go forth.
 114 Let mean conceits and baser men fear death:
 But, they are peasants; I am Duke of Guise;
 116 And princes with their looks engender fear.

118 **1st M.** [*Within*]
 Stand close; he is coming; I know him by his voice.

120 **Guise.** As pale as ashes! nay, then 'tis time
 122 To look about.

124 *The First and Second Murderers come forward.*

126 **1st and 2nd M.** Down with him, down with him!

128 *[They stab Guise.]*

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

132 **2nd M.** Then pray to God, and ask forgiveness of the king.

134 **Guise.** Trouble me not; I ne'er offended him,
 Nor will I ask forgiveness of the king.

136 Oh, that I have not power to stay my life,
 Nor immortality to be revenged!

138 To die by peasants, what a grief is this! —

140 Ah, Sixtus, be revenged upon the king,
Philip and Parma, I am slain for you!
Pope, excommunicate, Philip, depose
142 The wicked branch of cursed Valois his line!
Vive la messe! Perish Huguenots!
144 Thus Caesar did go forth, and thus he died.

146 [Guise dies.]

148 *Enter the Captain of the Guard.*

150 **Capt.** What, have you done?
Then stay a while, and I'll go call the king,
152 But see, where he comes.

154 *Enter King Henry, Epernoun, and Attendants.*

156 My lord, see, where the Guise is slain.

158 **K. Henry.** Ah, this sweet sight is physic to my soul!
Go fetch his son for to behold his death. —

160 [Exit an Attendant.]

162 Surcharged with guilt of thousand massacres,
164 Monsieur of Lorraine, sink away to hell!
And, in remembrance of those bloody broils,
166 To which thou didst allure me, being alive,
And here in presence of you all, I swear,
168 I ne'er was king of France until this hour.
This is the traitor that hath spent my gold
170 In making foreign wars and civil broils.
Did he not draw a sort of English priests
172 From Douay to the seminary at Rheims,
To hatch forth treason 'gainst their natural queen?
174 Did he not cause the King of Spain's huge fleet
To threaten England, and to menace me?
176 Did he not injure Monsieur that's deceased?
Hath he not made me, in the Pope's defense,
178 To spend the treasure, that should strength my land,
In civil broils between Navarre and me?
180 Tush, to be short, he meant to make me monk,
Or else to murder me, and so be king.
182 Let Christian princes, that shall hear of this,
(As all the world shall know our Guise is dead),
184 Rest satisfied with this, that here I swear,
Ne'er was there King of France so yoked as I.

186 **Eper.** My lord, here is his son.

188

Enter Guise's Son.

190

K. Henry. Boy, look, where your father lies.

192

Gu.'s Son. My father slain! who hath done this deed?

194

K. Henry. Sirrah, 'twas I that slew him; and will slay
Thee too, and thou prove such a traitor.

196

198

Gu.'s Son. Art thou king, and hast done this bloody deed?
I'll be revenged.

200

Guise's Son offers to throw his dagger .

202

K. Henry. Away to prison with him! I'll clip his wings
Or e'er he pass my hands. Away with him!

204

206

[Some of the Attendants bear off Guise's Son.]

208

But what availeth that this traitor's dead,
When Duke Dumaine, his brother, is alive,
And that young cardinal that is grown so proud? –

210

[To the Captain of the Guard]

212

Go to the governor of Orleans,
And will him, in my name, to kill the duke.

214

[To the Murderers]

Get you away, and strangle the cardinal.

216

[Exeunt the Captain of the Guard and Murderers.]

218

These two will make one entire Duke of Guise,
Especially with our old mother's help.

220

222

Eper. My lord, see, where she comes, as if she drooped
To hear these news.

224

K. Henry. And let her droop; my heart is light enough.

226

Enter Catherine the Queen-Mother.

228

Mother, how like you this device of mine?
I slew the Guise, because I would be king.

230

232

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

234

236

K. Henry. Nay, he was king, and countermanded me;
But now I will be king, and rule myself,

238 And make the Guisians stoop that are alive.
239
240 **Cath.** I cannot speak for grief: – When thou wast born,
241 I would that I had murdered thee, my son!
242 My son? Thou art a changeling, not my son:
243 I curse thee, and exclaim thee miscreant,
244 Traitor to God and to the realm of France!
245
246 **K. Henry.** Cry out, exclaim, howl till thy throat be hoarse!
247 The Guise is slain, and I rejoice therefore.
248 And now will I to arms. – Come, Epernoun,
249 And let her grieve her heart out, if she will.
250
251 *Exit Henry and Epernoun.*
252 **Cath.** Away! leave me alone to meditate.
253
254 *[Exeunt Attendants.]*
255
256 Sweet Guise, would he had died, so thou wert here!
257 To whom shall I bewray my secrets now,
258 Or who will help to build religion?
259 The Protestants will glory and insult;
260 Wicked Navarre will get the crown of France;
261 The Popedom cannot stand; all goes to wrack;
262 And all for thee, my Guise! What may I do?
263 But sorrow seize upon my toiling soul!
264 For, since the Guise is dead, I will not live.
265
266 *Exit.*

SCENE XXIV.

*A Prison at Blois.
24 December 1588.*

Enter two Murderers, dragging in the Cardinal.

1 **Card.** Murder me not; I am a cardinal.

2
3 **Ist M.** Wert thou the Pope, thou mightst not 'scape from us.

4
5 **Card.** What, will you file your hands with churchmen's blood?

6
7 **2nd M.** Shed your blood? O lord, no! for we intend to strangle
8 you.

9
10 **Card.** Then there is no remedy but I must die?

11
12 **Ist M.** No remedy; therefore prepare yourself.

13
14 **Card.** Yet lives my brother Duke Dumaine, and many mo,
15 To revenge our deaths upon that cursèd king;
16 Upon whose heart may all the Furies gripe,
17 And with their paws drench his black soul in hell!

18 **Ist M.** Yours, my Lord Cardinal, you should have said. –

19
20 *[They strangle him.]*

21 So, pluck amain: he is hard-hearted;
22 Therefore pull with violence. –
23 Come, take him away.

24
25
26 *[Exeunt with the body.]*

SCENE XXV.

An Apartment in the House of Dumaine, in Lyon.

December 1588 (lines 1-15).

July 1589 (lines 17-46).

Enter Duke Dumaine, reading a letter, with others.

1 **Dum.** My noble brother murdered by the king!
 2 O, what may I do for to revenge thy death?
 The king's alone, it cannot satisfy.
 4 Sweet Duke of Guise, our prop to lean upon,
 Now thou art dead, here is no stay for us.
 6 I am thy brother, and I'll revenge thy death,
 And root Valois his line from forth of France;
 8 And beat proud Bourbon to his native home,
 That basely seeks to join with such a king,
 10 Whose murderous thoughts will be his overthrow.
 He willed the governor of Orleans, in his name,
 12 That I with speed should have been put to death;
 But that's prevented, for to end his life,
 14 And all those traitors to the Church of Rome
 That durst attempt to murder noble Guise.

Enter the Friar.

18
 18 **Friar.** My lord, I come to bring you news that your
 20 brother the Cardinal of Lorraine, by the King's consent,
 is lately strangled unto death.

22
 24 **Dum.** My brother Cardinal slain, and I alive!
 O words of power to kill a thousand men! –
 Come, let us away, and levy men;
 26 'Tis war that must assuage this tyrant's pride.

28 **Friar.** My lord, hear me but speak.
 I am a friar of the order of the Jacobins,
 30 That for my conscience' sake will kill the king.

32 **Dum.** But what doth move thee, above the rest, to do
 the deed?

34
 36 **Friar.** O, my lord, I have been a great sinner in my
 days, and the deed is meritorious.

38 **Dum.** But how wilt thou get opportunity?

40 **Friar.** Tush, my lord, let me alone for that.

42 ***Dum.*** Friar, come with me;
44 We will go talk more of this within.

46

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XXVI.

*Saint-Cloud, a Council-Chamber.
1 August 1589.*

Drums and Trumpets.

*Enter King Henry, the King of Navarre,
Epernoun, Bartus, Pleshé, Soldiers and Attendants.*

1 **K. Henry.** Brother of Navarre, I sorrow much
2 That ever I was proved your enemy,
3 And that the sweet and princely mind you bear
4 Was ever troubled with injurious wars.
5 I vow, as I am lawful King of France,
6 To recompense your reconcilèd love
7 With all the honours and affectiöns
8 That ever I vouchsafed my dearest friends.

10 **Nav.** It is enough if that Navarre may be
11 Esteemèd faithful to the King of France,
12 Whose service he may still command till death.

14 **K. Henry.** Thanks to my kingly brother of Navarre.
15 Then here we'll lie before Lutetia-walls,
16 Girting this strumpet city with our siege,
17 Till, surfeiting with our afflicting arms,
18 She cast her hateful stomach to the earth.

20 *Enter a Messenger.*

22 **Mess.** And it please your majesty, here is a friar of the
23 order of the Jacobins, sent from the President of Paris,
24 that craves access unto your grace.

26 **K. Henry.** Let him come in.

28 *[Exit Messenger.]*

30 *Enter Friar, with a letter.*

32 **Eper.** I like not this friar's look:
33 'Twere not amiss, my lord, if he were searched.

34 **K. Henry.** Sweet Epernoun, our friars are holy men,
35 And will not offer violence to their king,
36 For all the wealth and treasure of the world. –
37 Friar, thou dost acknowledge me thy king?

40 **Friar.** Ay, my good lord, and will die therein.

42 **K. Henry.** Then come thou near, and tell what news thou
bring'st.

44 **Friar.** My lord,
The president of Paris greets your grace
46 And send[s] his duty by these speedy lines,
Humbly craving your gracious reply.

48 *[Gives letter to Henry.]*

50 **K. Henry.** I'll read them, friar, and then I'll answer thee.

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

54 *The friar stabs the king with a knife as he reads
56 the letter; and then the king gets the knife,
and kills him.*

58 **Eper.** O, my lord, let him live a while!

60 **K. Henry.** No, let the villain die, and feel in hell
62 Just torments for his treachery.

64 **Nav.** What, is your highness hurt?

66 **K. Henry.** Yes, Navarre; but not to death, I hope.

68 **Nav.** God shield your grace from such a sudden death! –
Go call a surgeon hether straight.

70 *[Exit an Attendant.]*

72 **K. Henry.** What irreligious pagans' parts be these,
74 Of such as hold them of the holy church!
Take hence that damnèd villain from my sight.

76 *Attendants carry out the friar's body.*

78 **Eper.** Ah, had your highness let him live,
80 We might have punished him to his deserts!

82 **K. Henry.** Sweet Epernoun, all rebels under Heaven
Shall take example by his punishment,
84 How they bear arms against their sovereign. –
Go call the English agent hether straight:

86 *Exit an Attendant.*

88

90 I'll send my sister England news of this,
And give her warning of her treacherous foes.

92 *Enter a Surgeon.*

94 *Nav.* Pleaseth your grace to let the surgeon search your wound?

96 *K. Henry.* The wound, I warrant ye, is deep, my lord. –
Search, surgeon, and resolve me what thou seest.

98 [The Surgeon searches the wound.]

100 *Enter the English Agent.*

102 Agent for England, send thy mistress word
104 What this detested Jacobin hath done.
Tell her, for all this, that I hope to live;
106 Which if I do, the papal monarch goes
To wrack, and [th'] antichristian kingdom falls:
108 These bloody hands shall tear his triple crown,
And fire accursèd Rome about his ears;
110 I'll fire his crazèd buildings, and enforce
The papal towers to kiss the holy earth. –
112 Navarre, give me thy hand. I here do swear
To rinate that wicked church of Rome,
114 That hatcheth up such bloody practices,
And here protest eternal love to thee,
116 And to the Queen of England specially,
Whom God hath blest for hating papistry.

118 *Nav.* These words revive my thoughts, and comforts me,
120 To see your highness in this virtuous mind.

122 *K. Henry.* Tell me, surgeon, shall I live?

124 *Surg.* Alas, my lord, the wound is dangerous,
For you are stricken with a poisoned knife!

126 *K. Henry.* A poisoned knife! what, shall the French king die,
128 Wounded and poisoned both at once?

130 *Eper.* O, that that damnèd villain were alive again,
That we might torture him with some new-found death!

132 *Bart.* He died a death too good:
134 The devil of hell torture his wicked soul!

136 *K. Henry.* Ah, curse him not, sith he is dead! –
O, the fatal poison works within my breast! –

138 | Tell me, surgeon, and flatter not – may I live?
 140 | **Surg.** Alas, my lord, your highness cannot live.
 142 | **Nav.** Surgeon, why say'st thou so? The king may live.
 144 | **K. Henry.** Oh no, Navarre, thou must be King of France.
 146 | **Nav.** Long may you live, and still be King of France!
 148 | **Eper.** Or else, die Epernoun!
 150 | **K. Henry.** Sweet Epernoun, thy king must die. – My lords,
 Fight in the quarrel of this valiant prince,
 152 | For he is your lawful king, and my next heir;
 Valois's line ends in my tragedy.
 154 | Now let the house of Bourbon wear the crown;
 And may it never end in blood, as mine hath done! –
 156 | Weep not, sweet Navarre, but revenge my death. –
 Ah, Epernoun, is this thy love to me?
 158 | Henry, thy king, wipes off these childish tears,
 And bids thee whet thy sword on Sixtus' bones,
 160 | That it may keenly slice the Catholics.
 He loves me not [the most] that sheds most tears,
 162 | But he that makes most lavish of his blood.
 Fire Paris, where these treacherous rebels lurk. –
 164 | I die, Navarre: come bear me to my sepulchre.
 Salute the Queen of England in my name,
 166 | And tell her, Henry dies her faithful friend.

168 | [Henry dies.]

170 | **Nav.** Come, lords, take up the body of the king,
 That we may see it honourably interred:
 172 | And then I vow for to revenge his death
 As Rome, and all those popish prelates there,
 174 | Shall curse the time that e'er Navarre was king,
 And ruled in France by Henry's fatal death.

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

182 | **FINIS.**

The Collier Leaf.

A fragment containing an alternate version of lines 1-29 of our Scene XXI appeared in the early 19th century, and it has been postulated that this quarto page of text may have constituted a part of the true original text of the play, being perhaps a prompter's copy. We pass no judgment on the question, but simply reproduce this version of Scene XXI.1-29 below.

Enter a Soldier with a musket.

Souldier. Now, sir, to you that dares make a duke a cuckold, and use a counterfeit key to his privy-chamber: though you take out none but your own treasure, yet you put in that displeases him, and fill up his room that he should occupy. Herein, sir, you forestall the market, and set up your standing where you should not. But you will say you leave him room enough besides: that's no answer; he's to have the choice of his own free land; if it be not too free, there's the question. Now, for where he is your landlord, you take upon you to be his, and will needs enter by default: what though you were once in possession, yet coming upon you once unawares, he frayed you out again; therefore your entry is mere intrusion: this is against the law, sir: and though I come not to keep possession (as I would I might!), yet I come to keep you out, sir.

Enter Minion.

You are welcome, sir: have at you!

[*He kills him.*]

Minion. Traitorous Guise, ah, thou hast murdered me!

Enter Guise.

Guise. Hold thee, tall soldier: take thee this, and fly.

[*Exit Soldier.*]

Thus fall, imperfect exhalation,
Which our great son of France could not effect;
A fiery meteor in the firmament:
Lie there, the king's delight and Guise's scorn!
Revenge it, Henry, if thou list or dar'st:
I did it only in despite of thee.

Fondly hast thou incensed the Guise's soul,
That of itself was hot enough to work
Thy just digestion with extremest shame.
The army I have gathered now shall aim,
More at thy end then extirpation;
And when thou think'st I have forgotten this,
And that thou most reposest in my faith,
Then will I wake thee from thy foolish dream,
And let thee see thyself my prisoner.

[*Exeunt.*]
