

THE
MASSACRE
AT PARIS:

With the Death of the Duke
of Guise.

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

Written by *Christopher Marlowe*.



AT LONDON

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the little North doore of S. Paules
Church, at the figure of
the Gun.



THE
MASSACRE
AT PARIS.

With 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 with this vnion and religious league,
Knit in these hands thus ioyn'd in nuptiall rites,
May not detolue, till death desolue our liues,
And that the natiue sparkes of princely loue,

A 3

That

The Massacre

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

Nauar. The many fauours which your grace
hath showne,

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

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

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

Charles. Well Madam, let that rest:

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

Q. Mar. I will my good Lord,

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

Come Mother let vs goe to honor this solemnitic.

Old Q. VVhich Ile defolue with bloud
and crueltie.

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

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

That

The Massacre

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 aduenture 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, mitcheeffe, or in tyranny.

Na. But he that sits and rules aboue 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 Cardinal,
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 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:

A 4

If euer

The Massacre

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

Enter the Apothecarie.

Poth. My Lord.

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

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

Guise. Then thou remainest resolute.

Poth. I am my Lord, in what your grace
commaundes till death.

(*loue,*

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

Exit Poth.

Enter a Souldier.

Soul. My Lord,

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

Stand in some window opening neere the street,

And

at Paris.

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

Soul. I will my Lord.

Exit Souldier.

Guise. Now *Guise* begins those deepe ingendred
thoughts,

To burst abroad those neuer dying flames,
Which cannot be extinguisht but by blood.

Oft haue I leeld, and at last haue leard,
That perill is the cheefest way to happines,
And resolution honors fairest aime.

What glory is there in a common good,
That hangs for euery peasant to atchiue?
That like I best that flies beyond my reach,
Set me to scale the high *Peramides*,

And thereon set the *Diadem* of *Fraunce*,
Lle 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 quenches 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, aimed 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 lle counterpoise a Crowne,

Or

at Paris.

Or with seditions weary all the worlde:
For this, from Spaine the stately Catholickes,
Sends Indian golde to coyne me French ecues:
For this haue I a largesse from the Pope,
A pension and a dispensation too:
And by that priuiledge to worke vpon,
My policie hath framde religion,
Religion: *O Diabole.*
Eye, I am alhamde how euer that I seeme,
To think a word of such a simple sound,
Of so great matter should be made the ground.
The gentle King whose pleasure vncontrolde,
Weakneth his body, and will waste his Realme,
If I repaire not what he ruinate:
Him as a childe I dayly winne with words,
So that for prooffe, he barely beares the name:
I execute, and he sustaines the blame.
The Mother Queene workes wonders for my
sake,
And in my loue entombes the hope of Fraunce:
Rifling the bowels of her treasure,
To supply my wants and necessitie.
Paris hath full five hundred Colledges,
As Monestaries, Priories, Abbyes and halles,
Wherein are thirtie thousand able men,
Besides a thousand sturdy student Catholicks,
And more of my knowledge in one cloyster keeps,
Five hundred fatte Franciscan Fryers and priestes.
All this and more, if more may be comprisde,
To bring the will of our desires to end.

Then

The Massacre

Then *Guise* since thou hast all the Cardes,
Within thy hands to shuffle or cut, take this as
surest thing:
That right or wrong, thou deale thy selfe a King.
I but, *Nauarre, Nuarre*, tis but a nook of France,
Sufficient yet for such a pettie King:
That with a rablement of his hereticks,
Blindes Europes eyes and troubleth our estate:
Him will we *Pointing to his Sworde.*
But first lets follow those in France,
That hinder our possession to the crowne:
As *Cesar* to his souldiers, so say I:
Those that hate me, will I learn to loath.
Giue me a look, that when I bend the browes,
Pale death may walke in furrowes of my face:
A hand, that with a graspe may gripe the world,
An eare, to heare what my detractors say,
A royall seate, a scepter and a crowne:
That those which doe beholde, they may become
As men that stand and gase against the Sunne.
The plot is laide, and things shall come to passe:
Where resolution striues for victory. *Exit.*

*Enter the King of Nauar and Queen, and his Mother
Queen, the Prince of Condy, the Admirall, and
the Potheary with the gloues, and giues them to
the olde Queene.*

Pothe. Maddame, I beseech your grace to
except this simple gift.

Old

The Massacre

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

Porbc. I humbly thank your Maiestie. *Exit Po.*

Old Qu. Me thinks 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.

A. Your grace was ill aduise to take thē then,
Considering of these dangerous times.

Old Qu. He'p sonne *Nauarre* I am poysoned.

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

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

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

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

Nauar. My Mother poysoned heere before
my face:

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

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

For

at Paris.

For whose effects my soule is massacred)
Infect thy gracious brest with fresh supply,
To agrauate our sodaine miserie. *(hence,*

Ad. Come my Lords let vs beare her body
And see it honoured with iust solemnitie.

*As they are going, the Souldier dischargeth his
Musket at the Lord Admirall.*

Cordy. V What are you hurt my L. high Admirall?

Admi. I my good Lord shot through the arme.

Nauar. VVe are betraide. come my Lords,
and let vs goe tell the King of this.

Admi. These are the cursed *Guisians* that doe
seeke our death.

Oh fatall was this marriage to vs all.

They beare away the Queene and goe out.

*Enter the King, Queene Mother, Duke of Guise,
Duke Anioy, Duke Demayne.*

Queene Mother.

My noble sonne, and princely Duke of *Guise*,
Now haue we got the fatall stragling decrees:
V Within the compasse of a deadly toyle,
And as we late decreed we may perfourme.

King. Madam, it wilbe noted through the world,
An action bloudy and tyrannicall:
Cheefely since vnder safetie of our word,
They iustly challenge their protection:
Besides my heart relentes that noble men,
Onely corrupted in religion, Ladies of honor,
Knights

The Massacre

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

Anoy. Though gentle mindes should pittie others paines,

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

Guise. Me thinks my Lord, *Anoy* hath well aduilde,

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 here the Duke of *Guise*:
What you determine, I will ratifie.

Queene. Thanks 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.

And then the watchword being giuen, a bell shall ring,

Which when they heare, they shall begin to kill:
And neuer cease vntill that bell shall cease,
Then breath a while.

Enter the Admirals man.

King. How now fellow, what newes?

Man. And it please your grace the Lord high Admirall,

Riding the streetes was traiterously shot,
And most humble intreates your Maiestie
To visite him sick in his bed.

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

Exit Messenger.

What shall we doe now with the Admirall?

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

King. Content, I will goe visite the Admirall.

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

Exit Guise.

Enter the Admirall in his bed.

King. How fares it with my Lord high Admirall,
Hath he been hurt with villaines in the streete?

I vow and swear 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.

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 preferued.
Cofin, 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 patient 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,
Montforrell, and Souldiers to the massacre.*

Guise.

Anioy, Dumaine, Gonzago, Retes,

Sweare by the argent crosse in your burgonets,
To kill all that you suspect of heresie.

Dumaine. I sweare by this to be vnmmercifull.

Anioy. I am disguise 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.

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 wish him.

Anioy. Cofin, 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 cofin view him well, it may be it is
some other, and he escape.

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

B

See

The Massacre

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* stamper 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 coarfe:
And he that liuing hated so the crosse,
Shall being dead, be hangd thereon in chaines.

Guise. *Anioy*, *Gonzago*, *Retes*, if that you three,
Will be as resolute as I and *Dumaine*:

There shall not a Hugonet breath in France.

Anioy. I swear by this crosse, wee'l not be
partiall,

But slay as many as we can come neer.

Guise. *Mountforrell*, goes 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, *Exii. 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.

*The 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. Dearly 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 Mountforrell and knocks at Serouns doore.

Serouns wife. Who is that which knocks there?

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

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

Enter Seroune.

Seroune.

To speek with me from such a man as he?

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

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

Mount. Despatch then quickly.

B 2

Seroune.

The Massacre

Seronne. O Christ my Sauiour.

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

Seronne. O let me pray vnto my God.

Mount. I hen take this with you. *Stab him.*
Exit.

Enter Ramus in his studie.

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

Enter Talaus.

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

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

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

Ramus. Sweet *Talaus* stay.

Enter Gonzago and Retes.

Gonzago.

Who goes there?

Retes. Tis *Talaus*, *Ramus* bedfellow.

Gonzago.

The Massacre

Gonzago. What art thou?

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

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

Enter Ramus. *Exit Talaus.*

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

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

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

Enter the Guife and Anioy.

Anioy.

Who haue you there?

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

Guife. Stab him.

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

Guife. Marry sir, in hauing a smack in all,
And yet didst neuer sound anything to the depth.
Was it not thou that scoftes the Organon,
And said it was a heape of vanities?
He that will be a flat decoramest,
And seen in nothing but Epetomies:
Is in your iudgment thought a learned man.
And he forsooth must goe and preach in Germany:
Excepting against Doctors actions,
And *ipsi dixi* with this quidditic,
Argumentum testimonis est in arte fetialis.

B 3

To

The Massacre

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

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

Anioy. Well, say on.

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

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

Anioy. Nere was there Colliers 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 preferue 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

Guise. Tis well aduisde *Dumaine*, 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.

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

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

Enter Guise. (hence.)

Guise. Murder the Hugonets, take those pedantes
Na. Thou traitor *Guise*, lay of thy bloody hands.
Condy. Come let vs goe tell the King. *Exeunt.*

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

Rees to Deep, *Momme* forrell vnto Roan,

And spare not one that you suspect of heresy.

and now stay that bel that to y deuils mattins rings

B 4

Now.

The Massacre

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

Enter Anioy, with two Lords of Poland.

Anioy.

My Lords of Poland I must needs confesse,
The offer of your Prince Electors, farre
Beyond the reach of my desertes:
For Poland is as I haue been enformde,
A martiall people, worthy such a King,
As hath sufficient counsaile in himselfe,
To lighten doubts and frustrate subtille foes.
And such a King whom practise long hath taught,
To please himselfe with mannage of the warres.
The greatest warres within our Christian bounds,
I meane our warres against the Muscouites:
And on the other side against the Turke,
Rich Princes both, and mighty Emperours:
Yet by my brother *Charles* our King of France,
And by his graces counsell it is thought,
that if I vndertake to weare the crowne
Of Poland, it may preiudice their hope
Of my inheritance to the crowne of France:
For if th'almighty take my brother hence,
By due discent the Regall seat is mine.
With Poland therefore must I couenant thus,
That if by death of *Charles*, the diadem
Of France be cast on me, then with your leaues
I may retire me to my natiue home.

If your

The Massacre

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

Lord. All this and more your highnes
shall commaund,

For Polands crowne and kingly diadem.

Anioy. Then come my Lords, lets goe. *Exeunt.*

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. Oht will corrupt the water, and the water
the fish, and by the fish our selues when we cate
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.

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

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

Queene.

at Paris.

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

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

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

Guise. Downe with the Hugonites, murder them.
Protestant. O *Mounser de Guise*, heare me but
speake.

Guise. No villain, that tounge of thine,
That hath blasphemde the holy Church of Rome,
Shall driue no plaintes into the *Guises* eares,
To make the iustice of my heart relent:
Tue, tne, tue, let none escape: *kill them.*

So, dragge them away. *Exeunt.*
*Enter the King of France, Nauar and Epernounge stay-
ing him: enter Qu. Mother, and the Cardinall.*
King.

O let me stay and rest me heer a while,
A griping paine hath cealde 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.

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 neereft 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.
Epernoone, 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 hyc me to my home.

For

at Paris.

For heers no fastie 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 intend to labour for the truth,
And true profession of his holy word:
Come *Pleshe*, lets away whilst time doth serue,

Ezeunt.

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

*Enter Henry crown'd: Queene, Cardinall, Duke of
Guise, Epernoone, the kings Minions, with others,
and the Courtiers.*

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

Qu. Welcome from Poland *Henry* once agayne,
Welcome

The Massacre

Welcome to France thy fathers royall seate,
Heere hast thou a country voide of feares,
A warlike people to maintaine thy right,
A watchfull Senate for ordaining lawes,
A louing mother to preferue 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 youal. The guider of all
crownes,

Graunt that our deeds may wel deserue your louest
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,
Shal slacke my loues affection from his bent,
As now you are, so shall you still persist,
Remoueles from the fauours of your King.

Mugerown. We know that noble mindes change
not their thoughts

For wearing of a crowne: in that your grace,
Hath worn the Poland diadem, before
you were inuested in the crowne of France:

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

Mugerown. 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 Cuspurse eare, for cutting of the
golde buttons off his cloake.*

Henry. How meanst thou that?

Cuspurse. O Lord, mine eare.

Mugerown. 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, tourney, 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 leaue.
Then shall the Catholick faith of Rome,
Flourish in France, and none deny the same,

Car. Madam, as in secrecy I was tolde,

My

The Massacre

My brother *Guise* hath gathered a power of men,
Which as he saith, to kill the Puritans,
But tis the house of *Burbon* that he 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.

Enter the Duchesse of Guise, and her Maide.

Duch. Goe fetch me pen and inke.

Maide. I will Madam.

Duch. That I may write vnto my dearest Lord,
Sweet *Mugeronne*, 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 enforced to write,
That he may come and meet me in some place,
Where we may one inioy the others sight.

Enter the Maide 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.

That it might print these lines within his heart.

Enter the Guise.

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

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

Guise. I pray thee let me see.

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

Guise. But Madam I must see. *he takes it.*

Are these your secrets that no man must know?

Duch. O pardon me my Lord.

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

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

Or hath my loue been to obscurde in thee,

That others needs to comment on my text?

Is all my loue forgot which helde thee deare?

I, dearer then the apple of mine eye?

Is *Guises* glory but a cloudy mist,

In sight and iudgement of thy lustfull eye?

Mor de, wert not the fruit within thy wombe,

Of whose encrease I set some longing hope:

This wrathfull hand should strike thee to the hart.

Hence strumpet, hide thy head for shame,

And fly my presence if thou looke to liue. *Exit.*

O wicked sexe, periured and vniust,

Now doe I see that from the very first,

C

Her

The Massacre

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

Exit.

*Enter the King of Nauarre, Plethe and Bartus, and
they train, with drums and trumpets.*

Nauarre.

My Lords, sith in a quarrell iust and right,
We vndertake to mannage these our warres:
Againt the proud disturbers of the faith,
I meane the *Guise*, the Pope, and King of Spaine,
Who set them selues 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 incens'd the King,
To send his power to meet vs in the field.

Bartus. Then in this bloody brunt they
may beholde,

The sole endsuour of your princely
care,

To plant the true succession of the faith,
In spite of Spaine and all his heresies.

Nauarre.

at Paris.

Nauarre. The power of vengeance now
incampes it selfe,

Vpon the haughty mountains of my brest:
plaies with her goary colours 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.

Enter a Messenger.

How now sirra, what newes?

Mes. My Lord, as by our seoutes 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 incens'd the King,
To leaue armes and make these ciuill broyles
But canst thou tell who is their generall?

Mes. Not yet my Lord, for thercon doe
they stay:

But as report doth goe, the Duke of Joyeux
Hath made great sute vnto the King therfore.

Na. It will not counteruaile his paines I hope,
I would the *Guise* in his steed might haue come,
But he doth lurke within his droulic 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,

C 2

And

The Massacre

And place our selues in order for the fight.

Exeunt.

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

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

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

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

Guise. Health and hartly farwell to my Lord

Ioyeux.

Exit Ioyeux.

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

he makes hornes at the Guise.

Remember you the letter gentle fir, 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.

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 swear,
That villain for whom I beare this deep disgrace:
Euen for your words that haue incens'd me so,
Shall buy that strumpets fauour with his blood.
Whether he haue dishonoured me or no.

Par la mor deu, Il mora.

Exit.

King. Belceue me this iest bites sore.

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

Enter Mugeroun.

King. How now *Mugeroun*, mettst 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,
He make her shake off loue with her heeles.

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

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

Alarums within. The Duke Ioyeux slaine.

C 3

Enter

The Massacre

Enter the King of Navarre and his traine.

Navarre.

The Duke is slaine and all his power dispearst;
And we are grac'd with wreathes of victory:
Thus God we see doth euer guide the right,
To make his glory great vpon the earth.

Bar. The terrour of this happy victory,
I hope will make the King surcease his hate:
And either neuer manage army more;
Or else employ them in some better cause.

Na. How many noble men haue lost their
liues,

In prosecution of these cruell armes,
Is ruth and almost death to call to minde:
But God we know will alwaies put them downe,
That list themselves against the perfect truth,
Which Ile maintaine so long as life doth last,
And with the Q. of England toyne my forces.
To beat the papall Monarch from our lands,
And keep those relikes from our countrie coastes.
Come my Lords now that this storme is ouerpast,
Let vs away with triumph to our tents. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Souldier.

Soul. Sir, to you first that dares make the Duke
a cuckolde,
And use a counterfeit key to his
private Chamber doore: And although

you

at Paris.

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 gear holde: what are ye come so
soone? haue at ye sir.

Enter Mugeroun.

He shootes at him and killes him.

Enter the Guise.

Guise. Hold thee tall Souldier, take thee this
and flye. *Exit Soul.*

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

Take him away.

Enter the King and Epernourne.

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.

C 4

Guise.

The Massacre

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 *Valoyes* 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 friends,

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.

To overthrow those fexious 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 safetic and your enemies wrack.

King. *Guise*, weare our crowne, and be thou

King of France,

And as Dictator make or warre or peace.

Whilste I cry *placet* like a Senator,

I cannot brook thy hauty insolence,

Dismisse thy campe or else by our Edict,

Be thou proclaimde a traitor throughout France.

Guise. The choyse is hard, I must dissemble.

My Lord, in token of my true humilitie,

And simple meaning to your Maiestie:

I kisse your graces hand, and take my leaue,

Intending to dislodge my campe with speed.

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

Exit Guise.

Eper. But trust him not my Lord, for had
your highnesse,

Scene 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:

Nay,

The Massacre

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?

Enter one with a pen and inke.

Make a discharge of all my counsell strait,
And Ile subscribe my name and seale it straight.
My head shall be my counsell, they are false:
And *Epernounc* I will be rulde by thee.

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

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,

(he writes.)

And then Ile tell thee what I meane to doe.
So, conuey this to the counsell presently. *Exit one.*

And *Epernounc* 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 lue, so sure the *Guise* shall dye.

Exeunt.

Enter

at Paris.

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

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 France,

And there salute his highnesse in our name,
Assure him all the aide we can prouide,
Against the *Guistans* 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, adieu him. *Exit.*

Enter Pleshe.

Nauarre. *Pleshe,*

Pleshe. My Lord.

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

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

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

Pleshe. I goe my Lord.

Nauarre.

The Massacre

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.

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

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? ush, 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.

in Paris.

All. You will giue vs our money.

Cap. I, I, feare not, stand close, so be resolute:
Now fals the star whose influence gouernes
France,

Whose light was deadly to the Protestantes
Now must he fall and perish in his height.

Enter the King and Epernoune.

King.

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

Cap. They be my good Lord.

King. But are they resolute and armed to kill,
Hating the life and honour of the *Guise*?

Cap. I warrant ye my Lord.

King. Then come proud *Guise* and heere
disgorde thy brest,

Surcharge with surfet of ambitious thoughts:
Breath out that life wherein my death was hid,
And end thy endles treason, with thy death.

Enter the Guise and knocketh.

Guise.

Halla verlete hey: *Epernoune*, where is the King?

Eper. Mounted his royall Cabonet.

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

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

The Massacre

doth craue access vnto your highnes.

King. Let him come in.

Come *Guise* and see thy traitorous 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 excell-
lence?

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 Cousin to imagine it.
Twere hard with me if I should doubt
my kinne,

Or be suspitious of my dearest frends:
Cousin, assure you I am resolute,
Whatsoeuer any whisper in mine eares,
Not to suspect disloyaltie in thee,
And so sweet Cuz farwell.

Exit King.

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

And all his Mimions stoupe 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.

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

Enter one of the Murtherers.

Villaine, why dost thou look so gaskly?
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 forth.

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

1. 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
leau to speak.

2. Then

The Massacre

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 grieffe is this?

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

Philip and *Parina*, I am slaine for you:

Pope excommunicate, *Philip* depose,

The wicked branch of curst *Valois*
his line.

Vinc la messa, perish *Hugonets*,

Thus *Cæsar* did goe forth, and thus
he dyed.

He dyes.

Enter Captaine of the Guard.

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:

Surcharged with guilt of thousand
massacres:

Mounser of *Lorraine* sinke away to hell,

And in remembrance of thole
bloudy broyles:

To

at Paris.

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 Munk,

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.

King.

Boy, look where your father lyes,

Yong Guise. My father slaine, who hath done
this deed?

D

King.

The Massacre

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

Young 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 winges or ere he passe my handes, away with him.

Exit Boy.

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

Goe to the Governour of Orleans,
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 deuce 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.

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 staine, and I reioyce therefore:
And now will I to armes, come *Epernourne*:
And let her greeue her heart out if she will.

Exit the King and Epernourne.

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 toying 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.

D 2

Cars

The Massacre

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 a maine, he is hard hearted,
therfore pull with violence.

Come take him away.

Exeunt.

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

Dumaine.

My noble brother murdered by the
King,

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

The

in Paris.

The Kings alone, it cannot satisfie.
Sweet Duke of *Guise* our prop to leane
vpon,

Now thou art dead, heere is no stay
for vs:

I am thy brother, and ile reuenge thy
death,

And roote *Valoys* his line from forth of
France,

And beate proud *Burbon* to his natiue home.
That basely seekes to ioyne with such a
King.

Whose murderous thoughts will be his
ouerthrow.

Hee wil the *Gouernour* of *Orleance* in his
name,

That I with speed should haue beene put to
death.

But thats preuented, for to end his life.

His life, and all those traitors to the Church
of Rome,

That durst attempt to murder noble
Guise.

Enter the Frier.

Frier.

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

D 3

Dumaine.

The Massacre

Dumaine. My brother Carden all slaine and
I aliue?

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

Frier. My Lord, heare me but speak,
I am a Frier of the order of the
Iacobyns,

That for my conscience sake will kill the
King.

Dumaine. But what doth moue thee aboute the
rest to doe the deed?

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

Dumaine. But how wilt thou get opportu-
nitye?

Frier. Tush my Lord, let me alone for that.

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

*Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and enter the King
of France, and Nauarre, Epernourne,
Bartus, Plethe and
Souldiers.*

King.

Brother of *Nauarre*, I sorrow much,
That euer I was prou'd your enemy,
And that the sweet and princely minde you beare,
Was

at Paris.

Was euer troubled with iniurious warress
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 frends.

Nauarre. It is enough if that *Nauarre*
niay 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'll ye before Lucrecia walles,
Girting this strumpet Cittie with our siege,
Till surfeiting with our afflicting armes,
She cast her hatefull stomack to the earth.

Enter a Messenger.

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.

Enter Frier with a Letter.

Epernourne.

I like not this Friers look.

D 4

Twere

The Massacre

Twere not amisse my Lord, if he were
searcht.

King. Sweete *Epernoune*, our Friers are holy
men,

And will not offer violence to their
King,

For all the wealth and treasure of the world,
Frier, thou dost acknowledge me thy

King:

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

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

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

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

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

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

Epernoune.

O my Lord, let him liue a while.

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

Nauarre.

at Paris.

Nauarre. What, is your highnes hurt?

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

Nauarre. God shield your grace from such
a sodaine death:

Goe call a surgeon hether strait.

King. What irreligeous Pagans partes be
these,

Of such as holde them of the holy church?
Take hence that damned villaine from my
sight.

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

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

Goe call the English Agent hether strait,
Ile send my suster England newes of this,
And giue her warning of her trecherous foes.

Nauarre. Pleaseth your grace to let the Surgeon
search your wound.

King. The wound I warrant ye is deepe
my Lord,
Search Surgeon and resolue me what thou
seest.

The Surgeon searcheth.

Enter the English Agent.

Agent for England, send thy mistres word,

What

The Massacre

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.
He 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 Papelstry.

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 aliue
again,

That we might torture him with some new
found death.

Dav. He died a death too good, the deuill of hel
torture his wicked soule.

King

at Paris.

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.

Idye *Nauarre*, come beare me to my Sepulchre.

Salute

The Massacre

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

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

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

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

FINIS.

This is first that ever I say.