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SIR FRANCIS BACON'S  
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CIPHER STORY

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Bacon born 1561

S<sup>t</sup> Bartholemew's day 1572

Death of Queen Mary

Robert Dudley ? = Earl of Leicester

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J. Bacon

SIR FRANCIS BACON'S  
CIPHER STORY.

DISCOVERED AND DECIPHERED BY  
ORVILLE W. OWEN, M. D.

BOOK IV.

DETROIT AND NEW YORK:  
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1894.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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*"It had bene a thing, we confess, worthie to have bene wished, that the Author himself had liv'd to have set forth, and overseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to have collected & publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diverse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious imposters, that expos'd them: even those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived thē. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you; for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade yourselves, and others. And such readers we wish him.*

JOHN HEMINGE.  
HENRIE CONDELL."

(London, 1623.)

Mankind may now echo the words of this introduction to the 1623 Edition of the Shakespeare Plays, with a broader meaning. The contents of this book have been as much a surprise to those who have deciphered it as it will be to the world.

That FRANCIS BACON should write portions of the "history of his father, his mother, and the Queen of Scots, as a Play, and mask it in Plays" to prove his authorship of them all, is an accomplishment such as the greatest admirers of that great genius could have thought hardly possible; but that in doing so he should conceal in the Cipher a Play so sustained, so dramatic, so powerful, so historically concise, as is the "Tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots" here transcribed, marks a genius capable of unparalleled literary achievements.

In this book is found *the motive* for the CIPHER, in the crushing by his mother, the Queen, of the youthful ambitions and aspirations of his broadening mind. Now we know why he was never permitted to leave England after his visit to France, and was kept within the circle of the Court, lest he enter upon a course which might sway the world and array the powers against the Queen.

"At twenty I was subdued to their yoke. \* \* \* \*  
My mother learned that I wrote Hamlet  
Prince of Denmark, and then I was lost."

The interview which followed this discovery was most fateful to the world, circumscribing the free scope of that mighty intellect, and forcing the hiding of its best work under masks and CIPHER, only to be revealed three hundred years later.

What prouder flight of ambition's fancy, than that in which the boy appeals to the Queen, for liberty to follow a literary career.

\* \* \* I am your son—I have not wings,  
I am a creeping thing—but yet my thoughts  
Do find me out: prophet-like, they speak to me  
And champion me to the utterance. I will create  
Strange Tragedies for mine eternal jewel,  
And th' stately Thebe, who, amongst her nymphs  
Doth overshadow the gallantest dames of Rome,  
Shall make the glistening of the noblest poets stale;  
And I shall make the seeds of kings, to bandy  
With renowned Warwick, who spake aloud:—  
"What scourge for perjury can this dark monarchy  
Afford false Clarence?" Aye, I hope to frame  
The noble sister of Publicola  
The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle,  
That, candied by the frost from purest snow  
Hangs on Diana's temple, as she, with no crime  
Defil'd, did wend among her peers; and make  
The hard-hearted usurper, proud Macbeth,  
Approach the field with warlike ensign spread,  
To meet unnatural Tambourlaine;  
And hoist aloft on Neptune's hideous hills,  
He that of old did scorn fair Dido's arms:  
In fair Bohemia I shall use my wings,  
And speak of Perdite and Florizell;  
And of the bloody-minded Neapolitan queen,  
Who led calm Henry, though he were a king,  
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,  
Command an argosy to stem the waves;  
Noble Titus and his sons, and gracious  
Lavinia, rich ornament of Rome,  
Shall speak to Hamlet of his father's foul  
And most unnatural murder: and, if you be pleas'd  
With this my sudden thought, and do applaud my choice,  
Behold! Day, night, ride, time, work, play, I will, alone,  
Advance you 'bove the measure of the jealous queen  
Of heaven, and make posterity fall before you—  
Our lovely, fair-fac'd Queen! I will, though hell  
Itself should gape, climb to the heavenly streets,  
Where the gods feed the sacrificial fire,  
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky:

And, if I live, I will indeed, make you outstrip  
The general curse of death, and live i' th' minds,  
Voices, and hearts of all posterity.  
I do beseech you, make not my device  
A whip to beat me with.

"The queen sat mute and dumb, whilst I did tell  
This short tale, and unto her did give my hope."

"Fool, I have heard this mangled tale. Hamlet's a prince  
Out of thy star, and thou art not well skill'd enough  
To prate of little Ned Plantagenet,  
Clarence, Rivers, Vaughan, Hastings, and others,  
And hadst thou power, my son, it is not fit  
That thou shouldst point me forth, if it be so as I fear  
Thou hast; thou play'dst most foully to show the death  
O' th' Danish King and Hamlet to my enemies.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thou wilt not personate the lad Simon,  
Who troubled Henry the Seventh! That king was  
Improvident, but we have piec'd it better.  
Thou wast taken out of thy cradle, convey'd away  
In thine infancy, then thou wast brought up in court,  
Where infinite eyes have been upon thee.  
I have inly wept, but the case required that thou  
Shouldst always live in grief: that heaviness  
Is gone, my tears fall no more, because  
It pleaseth God that we should rule this land;  
Therefore cease, forbear thy intent! To tell  
Our people of the factious times, when the House  
Of Lancaster did fight the house of York, would give  
To our proud adversaries in Ireland,  
Strong bent to fight. And if thou put into their minds,  
Margaret's battles, Warwick, Rivers, Henry, Edward  
And Clarence, they, conceiving little of our deeds,  
Will look upon us as Brutus did on Cæsar—  
"The mighty monarch of the triple world:"—  
And to further thine intent, these gentlemen,  
In hatred of our birth, integrity,  
And uprightness, will call thee, my son, to be  
England's King. Shall we for love, let thee speak  
Treason to our face?"

In deciphering this book, every Shakespearean Play, and the other masks—Greene, Peele, Spenser, Marlowe and Burton—all have given forth portions of this hidden history which has been so long and deeply buried within them.

The next volume will contain a continuation of Bacon's life in France, including the romance of his love for Queen Margaret, outlined in Romeo and Juliet, which names are used as masks for "Bacon" and "Margaret." This will be followed by the "TRAGEDY OF MY BROTHER, ROBERT, EARL OF ESSEX," (son of Queen Elizabeth), which in the form of a play will give the inner history of the attempts of that most interesting character to gain the throne of England, and the part taken by Francis Bacon in defeating the conspiracy, and in the trial, final overthrow, and death of the Earl, his brother.

ORVILLE W. OWEN.





## BOOK IV.

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### Sir Francis Bacon's Life at The Court of France.

(CONTINUED.)

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“The father of this lady and her brother,  
Charles the Ninth, having both quitted this country  
Up to heaven, (the father, Henry Second,  
Kill'd in a duel, being slain upon  
A course at tilt, the splinters of the staff  
Of Montgomery going into his beaver;  
His son her brother poison'd,) left the younger prince,  
Who was King of Poland, th' true King of France.  
His mother sent for him, and, like a thief,  
He stole away and fled from th' kindly power  
That put his brows within a golden crown  
And called him king, and he was proclaim'd king  
Of this country. That such a crafty devil  
As his mother should yield the world such an asse!  
A woman that bears all down with her brain,

And this, her son, cannot take two from twenty  
For's heart, and leave eighteen. It is a recreation  
But to be by, and hear him mock the Frenchman ;  
For this princely son, Henry the Third, is so foul  
A wrong that it were mockery to call  
Him peasant. Profane, sworn brother to the traitors,  
(The principal Catholic persons of France)  
That for recreation's sake have ta'en the sacrament,  
And interchangeably set down their hands  
To kill his cousin, the King of Navarre,  
The lion of the champions who, in God's name,  
Threw down the gage of battle to the pope.

“ The marriage of this gracious couple, Margaret  
And th' Prince, a couple that 'twixt heaven and earth  
Might have stood, begetting wonder, sounded  
The vain illusions of this flattering, dark  
Conspiracy, led so grossly by meddling priests  
And Catherine. A marriage feast kept with baying  
Trumpets, loud churlish drums, clamours of hell,  
And slaughtered men. It was a two-fold marriage—  
'Twixt th' crown and Margaret, and 'twixt Navarre  
And his wife. It promised a mighty fruit,  
A yielding in the looks of France unto  
The Huguenots, making with them a peace.  
But th' feast, alack, was made a mourning feast,  
The tears of lamentation raining down ;  
And then such crimson tempests did bedrench  
The fresh green lap of fair King Charles' land,  
That greenest grass did droop and turn to hay.  
If ever Hymen lowr'd at marriage rites,  
And had his altars deck'd with dusky lights ;  
If ever sun stain'd heaven with bloody clouds,

And made it look with terror on the world;  
If ever day were turn'd to ugly night,  
And night made semblance of the hue of hell;  
That day, that hour, that fatal, fatal night,  
Did fully show the fury of them all.  
The angels that did bless that wedding night  
Were the commissioners of Pope Gregory;  
Satan was their guide; the flesh, their instructor;  
Hypocrisy, their counselor; vanity,  
Their fellow soldier; their wills, their law;  
Ambition, their captain; custom, their rule;  
Temerity, boldness, impudence, their art;  
Toys, their trading; their religion, terror,  
Revenge, and massacres. The black prince of darkness,  
The devil, moved the King to drop upon his kingdom  
Club law, fire and sword, and with fists, and not  
With disputation, to compel the heretics  
To stop their mouths. I know not how many  
Were consumed, whole families and cities perish'd,  
Because the pope won the King, and told him  
That it was for his country's good, and common  
Profit of religion, to plant himself,  
With such authority as not a man might live  
Without his leave; then should the Catholic faith  
Of Rome flourish in France, and none deny the same."

"Was it done for the gospel's sake?"

"Nay for the pope's sake and for his own benefit,  
To plant the pope and popelings in the realm,  
And bind it wholly to the See of Rome.  
Paris had full five hundred colleges,  
Monasteries, priories, abbeys, and halls,  
Wherein thirty thousand able men were hid,

Beside a thousand and more sturdy Catholic  
Students. Five hundred fat Franciscan friars and priests  
In one cloister alone, kept festival.

“The watchword being giv’n, a bell was rung,  
And a peal of ordnance shot from the tower,  
At which, all they, the Catholics in disguise,  
Did issue out, and unjustly did set  
Upon th’ great troop of lords and ladies that  
Accompanied the young King of Navarre.  
Without the white scarf that each wore, they would  
Have killed the King’s assistants i’ th’ close night.  
The Duke of Guise gave orders to let none  
Of the Huguenots escape murder, and then  
‘Tuez, tuez, tuez, let none escape!  
Down with the Huguenots! murder them, kill them!  
Kill them! strangle the serpents!’ was the cry.  
The rousèd game flee wildly through the streets,  
And in and out from house to house they fly.  
Encaged in so small a verge, whose compass is  
No bigger than are Lud’s Town walls, the savageness  
Which burneth in these fellows’ hearts against  
The heretics, bursts forth. Boys, with reed voices,  
Strive to speak big; the very beadsmen learn  
To bend their bows of double, fatal eugh; *yew*  
Yea, distaff women manage rusty bills,  
And clap their female joints in stiff unwieldy arms,  
Against the Puritans, who hide their heads  
Like cowards, and fly here and there.

“The Mother-queen did insinuate with the King,  
And, as a child, daily won him with words,  
So that for truth he barely bore the name,—  
’Twas she did execute and he sustain’d the blame.

For this she had a largess from the pope,  
 Rifling the bowels of his treasury,  
 A pension, and a dispensation, too ;  
 And by that privilege to work upon,  
 Her policy did frame religion."

"Religion! O *diabole!* fie, I'm asham'd!"

"The Protestants (i' remembrance of those bloody  
 broils,

In which the Guise, the pope, and king did set them-  
 selves

To tread them under foot, as traitors to the Church  
 Of Rome, and true religion rend from out this land,)  
 Were joyful that this royal marriage portended  
 Such bliss unto the matchless realm. The King  
 Sent from the court to bid all come without delay,  
 And see these sweet nuptial-rites solemniz'd.  
 They, thus misled, did march in triumph to the feast  
 But to be betrayed, mocked, and killed.  
 O, fatal was this marriage to them all!

"As I do live, so surely Catherine,  
 Surcharg'd with guilt of thousand massacres,  
 Did have her will in France, and by sufficient counsel,  
 Did undertake to wear the royal crown.  
 For that she did, the pope would ratify,  
 In murder, mischief, or in tyranny,  
 And while she livèd, Catherine would be queen.

"As th' time for th' massacre to begin drew on,  
 The King was much distress'd, and sorrowful of heart,  
 To see what heinous stratagems these damnèd wits  
 Contriv'd, and lo, alas! how like poor lambs  
 Prepar'd for sacrifice, they hale to their long home  
 These tender lords!

“ But thus she spake to him :—

‘ My son, consider of the thing, I pray,  
And rather choose to seek your country’s good,  
Than pity or relieve these upstart heretics.  
I hope these reasons may serve your highness,  
To have some care for fear of enemies.’

“ ‘ Well, madam, I refer it to your majesty  
And to my cousin here, the Duke of Guise:  
What you determine I will ratify.’

“ ‘ Thanks to my princely son. Then tell me, Guise,  
What order will you set down for the massacre ?

“ ‘ Thus, madam. They  
That shall be actors in this massacre,  
Shall wear white crosses on their burgonets,  
And tie white linen scarfs about their arms :  
And he that wants these, is suspect of heresy,  
And be he king or emperor, must die.  
The Switzers keep the streets and at each corner,  
Stands the King’s guard. The plot is laid and things  
Shall come to pass. Thus all shall die.’

“ ‘ My noble son, and princely Duke of Guise,  
We may perform as we have thus decreed.  
Now let the Admiral be first dispatched :  
The Admiral, chief standard bearer to the Lutherans,  
Shall in the entrance of this massacre  
Be murder’d in his bed.  
Soldier! stand in some window opening near the street,  
And when you see the Admiral ride by,  
Discharge your musket and perform his death ;  
And then I’ll guerdon you with store of crowns.’

*(A messenger to the King.)*

“ ‘ How now, fellow, what news ?’

“‘An it please your grace, the Lord High Admiral,  
Riding the streets, was traitorously shot,  
And most humbly entreats your Majesty  
To visit him sick in his bed.’

“‘Messenger, tell him I will see him straight.  
What shall we do now with the Admiral?’

“‘Your Majesty were best go visit him,  
And make a show as if all were well.’

“‘Content, I will go visit the Admiral,  
And I will go take order for his death.’

“‘How fares it with my Lord High Admiral?  
Hath he been hurt by villains in the street?  
What, Admiral, are you hurt?’

“‘Aye, my lord, shot through th’ arm.’

“‘I vow and swear, as I am King of France,  
To find and to repay the man with death  
Delay’d, and torments never us’d,  
That durst presume for hope of any gain,  
To hurt the noble man their sovereign loves.’

“‘Ah my good lord, these are the Guisians,  
That seek to massacre our guiltless lives.’

“‘Assure yourself, my good Lord Admiral,  
I deeply sorrow for your treacherous wrong,  
And that I am not more secure myself  
Than I am careful you should be preserv’d.  
Cousin, take twenty of our strongest guards,  
And under your direction, see they keep  
All treacherous violence from our noble friend,  
Repaying all attempts with present death  
Upon the cursèd breakers of our peace.—  
And so be patient, good Lord Admiral,



And every hour I will visit you.'

"'I humbly thank your royal Majesty.'

"The King, having returned to his court,  
Presently gave this order to his officers:—  
'Anjou, Dumaine, Gonzago, Retes, swear  
By the argent crosses on your burgonets,  
To kill all that you suspect of heresy.'

"'We swear by this, that we'll not be partial,  
But slay as many as we can come near.'

"'Anjou, Gonzago, Retes, if that you three  
Will be as resolute as I, and Dumaine,  
There shall not a Huguenot breathe in France.  
Away then, break into the Admiral's house!  
Gonzago, conduct them thither, and then  
Beset his house, that not a man may live.'

"'I will, my lord.'

"'And now, my lords, let's closely to our business.  
Anjou will follow you, so will Dumaine.'

"'I swear by this to be unmerciful;  
I am disguis'd, and none know whom I am,  
And therefore mean to murder all I meet,' said Anjou.

"'And so will I,' said Guise.

"'Come then,  
Let's away, and when this just revenge is finished,  
Unto Mount Falcon will we drag his corse,  
And he, that living, hated so the cross,  
Shall being dead, be hang'd thereon in chains.  
Sirs, follow me.'

"Then do these men of war,  
Disguising, with such double face, their force,  
Gather to a head, their numbers multiply,

And Guise doth beat his brains how he, in his trap,  
 Can catch the House of Bourbon. He hath pitch'd  
 A deadly toil, and the Catholics basely  
 Destroy the Protestants. Guise doth give order:—

“Mountsorrell, go shoot the ordnance off,  
 That they which have already set the street,  
 May know their watchword; then toll the bell,  
 And so let's forward to the massacre.’

“Cousin, the captain of the Admiral's guard  
 Plac'd by my brother, will betray his lord.  
 Now, Guise, shall Catholics flourish once again:  
 The head being off the members cannot stand.  
 But look, my lord, there's some in the Admiral's house!  
 In lucky time: come let us keep this lane,  
 And slay his servants that shall issue out.  
 Where is the Admiral?’

*(The Admiral was by them discovered in bed.)*

“O let me pray before I die! O God, forgive my  
 sins!’

“Then pray unto Our Lady; kiss the cross.’

*(Stabs him.)*

“Gonzago.’

“What?’

“Is he dead?’

“Aye, my lord.’

“Then throw him down.’

*(The body of the Admiral is then thrown down.)*

“Now, cousin, view him well:

It may be 'tis some other, and he escaped.’

“Cousin, 'tis he; I know him by his look.’

“Then throw him into the ditch.’

“No, no, to decide all doubts, be ruled by me;

Let's hang him here upon this tree.'

“‘Agreed.’

“‘No, by my faith, no! Sirs,  
Take him away, and throw him in some ditch.  
Ah, Chatillon, base and degenerate,  
Chief Standard-bearer to the Lutherans,  
Thus in spite of thy religion  
The Duke of Guise stamps on thy lifeless bulk!  
See where my soldiers shot him through the arm;  
He miss'd him near, but we have struck him now.  
Away with him! Cut off his head and hands  
And send them as a present to the pope.  
What fearful cries come from the River Seine?’

“‘My Lord of Anjou, there are an hundred Protestants

Which we have chas'd into the River Seine,  
That swim about and so preserve their lives.  
How may we do? I fear me they may live.’

“‘Go, place some men upon the bridge  
With bows and darts to shoot at them they see,  
And sink them in the river as they swim.’

“‘’Tis well advis'd. Dumaine, go see it straight be done.’

“‘And in the meantime, my lord, could we devise  
To get these pedants from the King Navarre,  
That are tutors to him and the Prince of Condé—’

“‘For that, let me alone: cousin, stay you here,  
And when you see me in, then follow hard.’

“‘Fly, Ramus, fly, if thou wilt save thy life!’

“‘Tell me, Takeus, wherefore should I fly?’

“‘I fear the Guisians have pass'd the bridge.’

“‘And mean once more to menace me?’

“‘They’re hard at thy door and mean to murder us.  
Hark, hark; they come! I’ll leap out at the window.

“‘Sweet Talæus, stay.’

“‘Who goes there?’

“‘’Tis Talæus, Ramus’ bedfellow.’

“‘What art thou?’

“‘I am, as Ramus is, a Christian.’

“‘O let him go, he is a Catholic.’

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

“‘Who have you there?’

“‘’Tis Ramus, the King’s professor of logic.’

“‘Stab him.’

“‘Wherein hath Ramus been so offensive?’

“‘Sirrah, kill him! Ramus shall die, I say.’

“‘Come, Ramus, more gold or thou shalt have the  
stab.’

“‘Alas, I am a scholar! how should I have gold?

All that I have is but my stipend from the King,  
Which is no sooner receiv’d but it is spent.

Not for my life do I desire this pause, but—’

“‘Why suffer you that peasant to declaim?

Stab, I say, and send him to his friends in hell.

Ne’er was there collier’s son so full of pride. *(Stabs him.)*

Now for Loreine, Loreine! follow Loreine!’

“‘Are you a preacher of these heresies?’

“‘I am a preacher of the word of God;

And thou a traitor to thy soul and Him.’

“‘Show him this dagger.’

“‘O, Monsieur de Guise,

Hear me but speak !'

“‘No, villain, no, that tongue of thine  
That hath blasphem'd the Holy Church of Rome,  
Shall drive no complaints into the Guise's ears,  
To make the justice of his heart relent.’

“‘O let me pray, before I take my death !’

“‘Despatch, then, quickly.’

“‘O Christ, my Savior !’

“‘Christ, villain !

Why darest thou presume to call on Christ,  
Without the intercession of some Saint ?

Sancta Jacobus, he's my Saint ; pray to him.

Let me begin “Dearly Beloved” thus 'tis written—'

“‘O let me pray unto my God.’

“‘Then take this with you.           *(He stabs Lorraine.)*

Come, drag him away and throw him in the ditch ;

Now stab these stragglers and drag them away !

Now, sirs, for this night let our furies stay.

Yet will we not that the massacre shall end :

Gonzago, post you to Orleans ;

Retes, to Dieppe ; Mountsorrell, unto Rouen ;

And spare not one that you suspect of heresy.'

“The prince, bravely clad in silk sits in his study,  
And as the signal bell begins to sound,  
A secret friend in Court runs up to say :—

‘My lord,

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,

And meteors 'fright the fixèd stars of heaven ;

The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,

And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change ;

Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—

The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,  
 The other, to enjoy by rage and war:  
 These signs fore-run the death of kings.  
 My lord, for heaven's sake, then, take special care. Fare-  
 well.'

“‘Stay, I conjure thee, remain; I cannot believe  
 That the King meaneth treachery to me.’

“‘’Tis true, ’tis true, Prince Henry, for my life.’

“‘Darest the King—’ and then he did advance  
 To the fring’d curtains of his room, and did pull them  
 Apart and look about. He carries a brave form  
 But when he brought to light, (as in a glass  
 Prospective, where men see their thoughts,) alas!  
 The discord and death, and how the poniard  
 Did end their lives, he, pale as ashes cried:—  
 ‘O Lord, have mercy on me! Lord, have mercy!  
 Shall I ne’er see again my own dear realm?  
 The cursed Guisians do seek my death—  
 Ah, fool was I to seal on Cupid’s name my death!  
 Was I, but for the grave, wedded, to begin  
 And end my married state before the night be out?  
 O fool, to invite my friends to supply with sport  
 The old Italian fox! I am, indeed, her tool!

“‘Remit, my God, the folly of my youth,  
 My grievèd spirit attends Thy mercy seat:  
 Did not my dearest mother’s death speak loud  
 In solemn and lamenting sound, of this—  
 This melancholy hacking and hewing?  
 The earth wallows in her own blood! For slaughter’s  
 sake,

The queen-mother hath brought about this wedding.  
 She is as hard as steel. It is not possible—

It cannot be the King doth join with her, and yet,  
I see and hear (if this be not a dream)  
The King, with mighty and quick raised power,  
Under her colors doth effect this massacre.  
Away, I prithee, tell my wife that I  
Would speak with her.'

“O, my lord, she will not  
To this place come in person.'

“Jesus preserve me!

Who's that that knocks? I prithee, sirrah, see.  
O Lord Jesus, receive my unworthy soul.'

“My lord, the princess and the King do wait on  
thee.'

“Ah, lovely Margaret, thou gladdest me!

“How now, my lord, how fare you? (said the King.)

“My lord, they say, (answerèd Prince Navarre,)

That all the Protestants are massacred.

“Aye, so they are; but yet, what remedy?  
I have done what I could to stay this broil.'

“But yet, my lord, the report doth run  
That you were one that made this massacre.'

“Who, I? You are deceiv'd—

But hist! my lord, here comes my gracious mother,  
Frame yourself orderly, and let go by  
No 'vantage to beguile her. See, she's here  
At th' very door.'

“Welcome, your Majesty.

Right glad am I to kiss your hand.'

“Soft, sir,

My daughter and his Majesty promis'd  
This hour to visit me, and I do think,  
Both are come hither mask'd.'

“‘It is most true; your daughter  
 And her brother, the King, are both here, madam.  
 Did I today not with your daughter marry?  
 And am I not your son-in-law? Why stand you? Sit.  
 Now mean I to requite thee for these massacres.’

“‘What! Kill me?’

“‘Aye, faith!’

“‘How now? let me go!’

“‘Could not thy wisdom aid thee to discover,  
 That, as my friends are in combat hard by,  
 That if thou cam’st within my power, I would  
 Not let thee go? I mean to keep thee, madam.  
 Look within the glass and tell me what thou seest yond.  
 Discern’st thou not these brave and lusty men?  
 And, seeing them, all thy magic and thine art  
 Shall fade and end at once, as thou shalt find.’

“‘What brutes! What shallow fools! Hear me thou  
 false,

Effeminate, base coward. I have posted men  
 About, that hearing me call out, will overmatch  
 Thy roisterers and shall convey them hence.  
 And thou, base villain, mark I will appoint thee  
 Unto some fatal end.’

“‘Impossible,

I possess thee and I’ll requite thee well;  
 Though hell hath trembl’d at thy deep, commanding  
 spells

Now doubt thou not that I will hold my hand.  
 Thy glory here an end shalt have.’

“‘Villain,

Stand on thy guard; I cannot scold it out,  
 But if thou kill me, think I have a son



That lives, and traitor, before Charles doth sleep,  
That famous prince will 'quite thee.'

“ ‘Better die,

Than live disgrac'd. Madam, thou didst entrap  
My friends, and 'twill be bruited through the world,  
That Henry, in the King's house, gathered  
His sworn brothers to see his marriage  
With thy daughter Margaret, but to let thee triumph :  
Honor bids me this deep disgrace repair,  
For madam, 'twill be noted through the world,  
An action bloody and tyrannical,  
Chiefly, since under safety of our word  
They justly challenge their protection.  
So, thou must perish on my rapier's point, thou seest.'

“ ‘Art thou determined to end my life?'

“ ‘Surely.'

“ ‘Good sir, far too much pains thou layest out  
For purchasing but trouble. Spare thy threats!  
The bug, that thou wouldst fright me with, I seek.  
Unvenerable forever be thy hands,  
If, with my blood, thou stain them. Therefore stay.'

“ ‘Fie, fie, how wayward foolish is this spirit,  
That, like a testy babe will scratch the nurse,  
And presently all humbly kiss the rod.  
Come, gentle friends, aid me in this—'

“ ‘Stop, sir,

I'll show thee how to live, and let me live.'

“ ‘Say on.'

“ ‘Know, worthy prince,

My heart relents that noble men should die,  
And gentle minds should pity others' pain.  
Yet will the wisest note their proper griefs,

And rather seek to scourge their enemies,  
 Than be themselves base subjects to the whip:  
 But if thou'lt purge thyself, recant and thou shalt live,  
 And I will recompense thy reconcilèd love,  
 With all the honor and affection  
 That ever I vouchsaf'd my dearest friends.  
 And now, my lord, since that the marriage rites  
 Are performèd, go thou, and consummate  
 The rest with hearing of a holy mass.'

“‘ Will your highness swear to that?’

“‘ By the mighty potentates of hell, I will.

Aye, and I then will end this long suspense,  
 And will not cut you off. I much commend me to you.

“‘ Noble majesty, I'll put my trust in thee.’

“‘ Then thou'lt amend thy life?’

“‘ Aye, and it like your worship.’

“‘ Harry, give me thy hand. Come when I send for  
 thee;

Follow my counsel—I've chalk'd forth the way.'

“‘ Then she did steal away. Her gentle daughter  
 Stept forth when Catherine was gone and said:—

“‘ Tell me, is't true that thou, my lord, wilt thus  
 Forswear thy faith?’

“‘ Aye, I will.’

“‘ O, what magic! But why stands Condé here so  
 mute?’

“‘ O, strange, strange stratagem! I have drunk  
 poison

Whiles he uttered it. If you bethink you,  
 'Twas bravely done to turn him from his friends.  
 This courageous resolution to disport himself  
 Amongst the people who hate him so deadly,

Is almost necromancy—'

“‘Wilt thou dispute him?’

“‘No, but he's green that hath chosen to live,

As one made privy to the plot to massacre

All his friends, who glory in their love for him.’

“‘Thou wrong'st thy prince.’

“‘God's wounds,

Henry, let us three, like lions, guard these doors;

Within this roof live all your grace's enemies;

And cousin, trust me, if we with the rage

Of furious beasts, that without reason run

On their own death, run on this damnèd wretch,

This perjurd King, and make him yield due homage

Unto your excellence, God will pour down

Showers of sharp revenge, and we will plant,

In you, the true succession of the crown.

Your way is ready and this path is right.’

“‘But what have I to gain by the King's death?

I have the love of lovely Margaret to myself,

And she, alone, is gluttèd with golden gifts,

And worthy of her parentage; i'faith,

I do give thanks for Margaret, and am

Repentant for the follies of my youth.

Come, cousin, there's measure in everything.

Come, I know that we are held as outlaws,

Hence it is for our advantage to change

The faith wherein we were rear'd.’

“‘I see plainly,

As heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,

That you, my lord, have chang'd, and worship th' pope

And are become one of the votaries of Rome.’

“‘Alack! this attempt must not now be made;

Charles, and fair princess, with all respect and duty,  
I attend you; Cousin we will here abide,  
And so farewell good brother King, adieu;  
Sweet wife, farewell.'

“‘Now fair befall thee, good cousin Harry.’

“‘I perceive thou art not over fond of my answer  
Unto the queen. Are we to be servants of Rome?  
Are we committed to worship the pope?

“‘O, thou, my lord, hast lost by this, a kingdom.’

“‘No, no, my lord, I’ve got two worlds by it—  
I have deceiv’d even your very eyes.

Wisdom must go ’fore majesty. My life  
Hangs in th’ uncertain balance of proud Time,  
And this is th’ only way to countervail the Duke,  
And hold the false King’s sacrilegious mother  
In place. Why! ’fore the morning sun has blaz’d,  
The traitor King had resolved to stab me.  
And think not, sir, that they will even spare  
So brave and wise a gentleman as art thou.’

“‘Never shall you see that I will beg a ragged  
And forestalled remission. I do arm  
Myself to welcome the condition of the times,  
Which cannot look more hideously upon me,  
Then I have drawn it in my fantasie.  
If truth and upright innocency fail me,  
I’le to the King of Heaven, my Master, Christ,  
And tell him who hath sent me after him.’

“‘Nay! Not too hot. Now poor and mangled Peace,  
From fertile France puts up her lovely visage!  
Alas, she hath from France too long been chas’d,  
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,  
Corrupting in its own fertility;

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,  
Unpruned dies; her hedges, even-pleach'd,  
Like prisoners wildly o'ergrown with hair,  
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas  
The darnel, hemlock, and rank femetary  
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts  
That should deracinate such savagery;  
The even meads, that erst brought sweetly forth  
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and sweet clover,  
Wanting the scythe withal, uncorrected, rank,  
Conceive, by idleness, nothing but hateful docks,  
Rough thistles, keksyes, burs, losing both beauty  
And utility; and all our vineyards  
Fallows, meads and hedges, defective  
In their natures, my lord, grow to wildness.  
Even so, our houses and ourselves and children  
Have lost, and do not learn for want of time,  
The sciences that should become our country,  
But grow like savages, as soldiers will,  
That nothing do but meditate on blood,  
To swearing and stern looks, devis'd attire,  
And everything that seems unnatural.  
'Tis bitter! Still, till I with swiftest wing of speed,  
Have stolen away from France and am beyond  
His reach, I will bear with his Majesty.'

“Fair cousin, if heart presages be not in vain,  
I may be stabbed, but no person, place or time,  
Or circumstance, shall slack my love's affection  
From th' truth and true profession of the faith.  
No, no, it cannot be, my heart will not confess.’

“Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,  
That to their everlasting residence,

Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet.  
The King will taste this action, and shall wipe  
His tables clean, and to his memory  
Keep no tell-tale that ever may repeat  
And history his loss to new remembrance.  
Full well he knows, he cannot so precisely weed  
This land as his misdoubts present occasion :  
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,  
That plucking to unfix an enemy,  
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend  
So, that this land, like an offensive wife  
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,  
As he is striking, holds his infant up,  
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm,  
That was uprear'd to execution.  
Besides, the King hath wasted all his rods  
On late offenders, that he now doth lack  
The very instruments of chastisement ;  
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,  
May offer, but not hold our faith.  
Martyrs in love shall be so winnowèd,  
And with so rough a wind, that even our corn  
Shall seem as light as chaff, and good from bad  
Find no partition.'

“ 'Tis very true, but I'm not here 'gainst peace,  
But that the time, misordered, doth crowd us  
And crush us to this monstrous form, to hold  
Our safety up. My lord, the King hath broke  
Oath upon oath, committed wrong on wrong,  
And, in conclusion, seeks to drive us out  
And to entrap us. Therefore be assur'd  
If our atonement now we make not well,

The King, by dint of sword and spear and shield,  
Under the counterfeited zeal of heaven,  
Will wage an instant trial, my good lord,  
Both 'gainst the peace of heaven and us.'

“‘I fear

The King's too weak truly to keep to us  
His word, and give us safety, and boldly outdare  
The danger of the time, for he wounds France;  
And at their mother's moisten'd eyes babes suck  
A nourish of salt tears; and in disgraceful,  
Wailing robes, the women wail the dead.  
Rather than, with intermissive miseries,  
Bedew with tears an effeminate prince,  
I'll fight in my steel'd coat. Now, by my sword,  
I will kill all his coats, and, piece by piece,  
I'll murder all his wardrobe, for ere night pass,  
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm—  
Defy him and tell him so. Alas! there is  
No mercy in the King. Cousin, I think  
Thou art enamour'd of his follies. If we live,  
We live to tread on kings; if die, brave death,  
When kings die with us; but God in mercy  
So deal with my soul, as I, in duty, will repay  
This King, that seeks to overthrow religion,  
And suppress the prince—the shepherd o' th' flock.  
As surely as my soul intends to live,  
I do believe, to free us from his wrathful curse,  
We must, upon the life of this dread king,  
Lay violent hands; the deed is meritorious,  
And necessary to preserve our lives,  
Therefore, 'tis suddenly to be perform'd,  
But with advice and silent secrecy.

With his heart-blood let my own sword be stain'd,  
 Or may these bones be laid in an unworthy urn,  
 Tombless, with no remembrance over them,  
 Our grave not worshipt with a waxen epitaph,  
 And force, perforce, will make him yield the crow;  
 Maine and Anjou I'll win from France or else be slain.

*(Knocking within.)*

But who knocks so loud?'

“I can well guess

The French King, Charles, desires to speak with you.'

“‘Bid them come in.'

*(Enter the Captain of the Guard.)*

“My good lord,

The King desires some private speech with you.'

“Come cousin.'

“At thy request I am content to go

And meet with him.'

“I'll make him scratch his beard,

For I shall boldly stand and front him to his face.

Within this hour, if he be capable

Of things so serious, he shall know, my lord,

That his highness shall in this business fail.

Let us to the King.'

“My lords,' said the King,

'I'll give thee opportunity to save your lives.'

“False King, why hast thou broken faith with us?

King did I call thee? No, thou art not king—

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes;

That head of thine doth not become a crown;

Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,

And not to grace an awful, princely sceptre;

Thy robes, as a child's bearing cloth, I'll use



To carry thee out o' this place. Thou hast beguil'd  
Us with a counterfeit, resembling majesty;  
Thou art forsworn, forsworn; but God, we know,  
Will put them down, that lift themselves against  
The perfect truth, which I'll maintain so long  
As life doth last.'

“‘Tush, tush, thou honeysuckle villain;  
Pray wilt thou kill God's officers and kings?  
Thou art a honey-seed. But hear me speak:  
One of them, that is set to murder thee,  
Is now in the next room; therefore, be thou content  
To make a virtue of necessity, *Amour: 10*  
And go not forth. An oath is of no moment.  
For a kingdom may any oath be broken.  
Aye, I would break a thousand oaths to reign  
One year; and strengthen my authority  
With powerful policy, and win the way  
Against th' disturbers of the faith, thus bringing them  
To civil discipline.'

“‘A king's oath, then,  
Is but the vain breath of a common man?  
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of fair France?  
You're more inhuman, more inexorable—  
Oh! ten times more—than tigers of Hyrcania!  
This day ever, in France, shall be a day  
Of shame, oppression, perjury. Let not the hours  
Of this ungodly day wear out the days of peace!  
Let wives with child pray that their burthens may  
Not fall this day!

“‘Like captives, bound to a triumphant car,  
Shall we forever curse the planets of mishap,  
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow.

Hung be y' heavens with black; yield day to night;  
 Comets, importing change of times and states,  
 Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,  
 And with them scourge the bad, revolting stars,  
 That have consented to this marriage.  
 E'en as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,  
 With shining, checker'd slough doth sting a child,  
 That for the beauty thinks it excellent, so we  
 More dazzled, did prepare to witness this marriage.  
 False King, what low'ring star now envies thy estate?  
 What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee  
 To mischiefs manifold?'

“My lords, I am forc'd,  
 Perforce, compell'd to have you thus trod down;  
 The plot is laid by noblemen, and, in the name  
 Of God and France, and in the full assurance  
 Of desired success, we shall proceed, religiously,  
 To th' extirpation of the Protestants;  
 A dog, a leg, shall not return to tell  
 What crows have pecked them here. Construe the times  
 To their necessities, and you shall say,  
 Indeed, it is the time, and not the King  
 That doth you injuries. Look, who's at the door there?  
 Ho! who knocks?

*(Enter a Messenger.)*

How now, sirrah, what news?

“Save your grace,  
 So please your Majesty, the bloody work begins  
 Amain, to bring the will of our desires to end.’

“O base King,’ said the prince, “What is thy news?”

“Sir, I will not thy vain excuses hear  
 But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed, make speed

From hence. Captain lead this good gentleman  
Unto his privy chamber. Take him hence.  
Go, sir, and if thou lov'st thy life, stay there.'

“‘And why not death rather than life in torment?’

“‘Begone.’

“‘Fair cousin of Navarre, now are we well  
Prepar'd to let you know our good pleasure,  
Because you are my brother-in-law, therefore  
Above the rest we parley to you thus,  
What say you, will you be of us henceforth?  
Of our true faith? And will you live as we do?  
Cease to lament for that you cannot help,  
And study help for that which you lament.  
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.’

“‘May it please your Majesty to give me leave,  
Freely to render what I've on my heart?  
What you will have, I'll give and willing, too,  
For we must do what force will have us do.  
I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads,  
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage,  
My gay apparel, for an almsman's gown,  
My figured goblets, for a dish of wood,  
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking staff,  
My subjects, for a pair of carvèd saints,  
And my large kingdom for a little grave,  
A little, little grave, an obscure grave.  
Or, I'll be buried in the King's highway,  
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet  
May hourly trample on their Sovereign's head:  
But whilst I live, I'll give my heart and soul  
Unto the Holy Mother of God and Heaven,  
Consigning to them all my good intents.

No prince, or peer, shall have just cause to say,  
 My legs can keep no measure in delight,  
 When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief.  
 I will tell tales of sorrow or of joy—  
 Of either, or of neither, my good lord;  
 For if of joy, being altogether wanting,  
 It doth remember me the more of sorrow:  
 Or if of grief, being altogether bad,  
 It adds more sorrow to my want of joy.'

“Gracious fair cousin, you debase your princely  
 knee,  
 And make the base earth proud with kissing it.  
 Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,  
 Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.  
 Up, cousin, up! your heart is up, I know,  
 Thus high, at least, although your knee be low.  
 For th' safety of your royal person, you shall stay  
 With me, where you'll be safe I think.  
 But go not out. What is it but to make your sepulchre,  
 And creep into it far before your time?

“Such safety then, my lord, I'll have, as finds  
 The trembling lamb environèd with wolves.  
 O gracious God, what times are these!  
 My mother poison'd here before my face,  
 While Guise hath gatherèd a power of men,  
 Which he doth swear shall kill the Puritans;  
 But 'tis the House of Bourbon that he means.  
 O grant, dear God, my days may end.  
 What can my tears or cries avail me now?  
 The King for favor sues unto the Guise,  
 What can I do?

“The many favors which your grace hath shown,

Shall bind me ever to your highness' will.  
I will be rul'd by you, make a discharge  
Of all my council, straight; and I'll subscribe  
My name, and seal it straight.'

"I pray thee, did he follow  
The commands of the Queen-mother?"

"Aye."

"I shame to hear thee speak.

O monst'rous traitor! Had I been there,  
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,  
Ere I my lord would have forsworn the colours  
Of my loving father. O timorous wretch,  
That did divorce himself from th' good esteem  
Of reverend lords, and by their sufferance,  
To entail his worthless head unto the crown,  
Did foul disgrace his soul!"

"Be not aggriev'd,  
Did he not see, with eyes of heavy mind,  
His mother murder'd by his enemies?  
This gentlewoman, spouse o' old Anthony,  
And Queen of Navarre, was poisoned by gloves."

"How did she meddle with such dangerous gifts?  
Suspicion of the Duke of Guise might well have mov'd  
Her highness to beware of perfum'd gloves, and poison."

"Her Majesty, the old Queen Catherine,  
Presented them to her; the scent thereof  
(A very strong perfume) did make her head ache;  
The fatal poison work'd within her head,  
And the poor Queen a long time did not linger.  
Her brain-pan brake; her heart did faint and fail,  
And she, before the face o' her son, did die.  
Pardon him, then, that they enforc'd him

To abjure his religion."

"This is true, but it is a huge blemish  
In our eye, which courage might have saved.  
Ah, what a shame! Ah, what a fault were this!  
O, 'tis a fault too, too unpardonable!  
Marry, my lord, he broke his solemn oath!  
Heaven keep me from such a double king."

"I know it, and myself do not oppose  
Against your will, but, to be brief, see this main end.  
The French King's sister did hang twenty years  
About his neck, (for she did lose her lustre,)  
And his marriage scatterèd dangers, doubts,  
Wringing of the conscience, and despairs,  
And the King hid his head."

"'Tis most true, these news were everywhere,  
Every tongue spoke them, and every true heart  
Wept for it all, that dar'd look into these affairs.  
Alack! the heavy day, when such a sacred king  
Should hide his head! But I say, still, the King  
Did break his oath with zeal, and crackt the league  
Between the holy conclave as you know  
And, my good lord, angels do love good men,  
But not a man that hath broken unity."

"Your reasons are too shallow and too quick."

"O, no, my reasons are too deep, the nurse  
Of judgment (by your noble self invited)  
Hath made me dive into th' King's secret soul."

"Might there not be a charity in sin,  
To save his life?"

"Admit there was no other way  
To save his life, I subscribe that such person  
Should suffer under th' terms of death, rather

Than, by redeeming life, should die forever.”

“There was no other earthly mean but this  
To save him from the manacles of the sentence,  
Pronounc’d by the law-building court of Rome,  
In the impartial judging of this business.  
I know we are all frail, and men to save  
The hazard of their graves, harp on it till  
The harp-strings break. So harp not on that string.  
If he thought good offer to make to Rome,  
And, by exchange of oath, stop the French massacre  
And civil wars, I must confess I think  
The clerks and all the noble learnèd ones,  
In Christian kingdoms should with orisons and praise,  
Pay this just prince, if he unable were  
The mighty force o’ th’ offer of the King—  
The pope’s commissioner—to withstand.”

“He was sharp enough, for he carried the business  
With great wisdom and semblance o’ holiness,  
Inasmuch as he, a most arch-heretic,  
A spleeny Lutheran, had crawl’d into the favor,  
And did lie in the bosom of the hard rul’d King.”

“O, my lord, press not a falling man too far!  
'Tis virtue! His faults lie open to the laws—  
Let them, not you, correct him! I forgive  
Him all those things, and there are many more,  
Which I leave to your own conscience, my friend,  
And will employ me next, in an account  
How Guise did burst abroad those never dying flames,  
Which could not be extinguish’d but by blood.  
This union, and religious league and massacre,  
Knit by those hands thus join’d in nuptial rites,  
Did fuel in the progeny of France

K 14. VIII.

Guise

Most bloody war. The stragglers did disperse  
 Themselves through France, and gather head again.  
 The native sparks of princely honour made it hard  
 To work their deaths, and the King's heart did break,  
 His sinews shrank, his brains turned upside down,  
 And he did faint and die. Then the Queen-mother  
 Did presently dispatch ambassadors  
 To Poland, and call'd Henry back again,  
 To wear his brother's crown and dignity.  
 In secrecy I was told that Navarre,  
 Pleshé and Condé, took this opportunity  
 And tried to steal from France and hie them home.  
 But th' time was all too short for so great enterprise,  
 And they did not achieve their resolution ;  
 Yet God always defends the right, and He  
 Did show His mercy and did preserve Henry,  
 And th' virtues of our true religion.

“ No more can you distinguish of a man,  
 Than of his outward show, which God he knows  
 Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.  
 Navarre's companions then were dangerous,  
 And he attended to their sugar'd words,  
 But look'd not on the poison of their hearts,  
 For they were much inclin'd to laughter, witty  
 And merry, conceited in discourse, pleasant  
 (If they be not far gone), much given to music,  
 Dancing, and to be in women's company.”

“ That were not much amiss. 'Tis said the King of  
 Spain,  
 Grenada never would have conquer'd,  
 Had not Queen Isabella and her ladies  
 Been present at the siege. It cannot be express'd



What lofty courage, in the ladies' presence,  
The Spanish knights did take, for a few Spaniards  
Did overcome a multitude of Moors.

Ariadne's love made Theseus so bold,  
And Medea's beauty, Jason so victorious,  
While Plato is of the opinion that the love  
Of Venus did make Mars so valorous."

"But let all men who in pursuit of their passions,  
Care not what price they pay for the indulgence of them,  
Know this, that whatever the object be  
Of their pursuit—be it honour, or fortune,  
Or love, or glory, or knowledge, or what it may—  
They are but paying court to things cast off—  
Things which men in all times have tried, and upon trial  
Rejected with disgust.

So I leave him, to tell how these civil wars  
And massacres in France (wherein thousands,  
By their own relations in twenty-four years  
Were kill'd) menac'd the current of our court.

"Rome, for th' undoing of the kingdom of England,  
Provoked wars, plagues, schisms, heresies and what not,  
And, under pretence that Mary had title  
To th' crown, stretchèd forth her malignant hand,  
And touch'd the bastardy of my mother  
To advance Mary's title to the crown.

The policy of France, and the ambitious strife  
Of Scotland's climbing peers, was, with factions  
To waste the richest commonwealth o' th' earth;  
And, as discord spoils the seat of mighty kings,  
To make dissension in the realm of England,  
And to claim the royal chair was empty,—  
The crown and empire unpossess'd,—the sword

*Court*

*Mary  
of Scots*

Unsway'd,—no heirs of York alive,—and that  
Elizabeth, (who was, as we have seen,  
Crown'd England's queen, anointed of the highest,)  
Was but a subject of the Queen of Scots,  
Who was the rightful Queen of England and Scotland.  
The pope announc'd:—' King Henry, our late sovereign,  
Sinn'd 'gainst the pope, in that his thread of life  
He join'd unto Anne Bullen, before the pope  
Did proclaim him free, and held it for certain,  
That when His Holiness did stay the judgment  
Of the divorce, it did not take place, and to the eye  
O' th' pope, the King was yet married to Katherine,  
And could not then bestow his royal hand upon,  
Nor marry, Anne Bullen, whom he late had made  
The marchioness of Pembroke; and that, therefore,  
The child callèd Elizabeth her daughter  
Was basely born—too base to be acknowledg'd  
Heir of the sceptre. But, upon your troth,  
And as you love your life and England's weal,  
Keep secret my confession. I have thought  
It good to make my story thus bewray  
My kindred's loose delights; and this doth touch  
Nearly, Henry and his daughter. The harp  
Struck with the accents of archangels' tunes,  
Wrought not more pleasure to the flower of Israel,  
Than this fair woman's tunes and notes did work  
To her husband's thoughts. The fairest of fair daughters,  
That obeys black Pluto, king of dark Avern,—  
Bright Bethsaba, who wash'd in David's bower,  
And for whom David did lay snares of death  
Unto Uria's life,—did not surpass  
The brave and gorgeous dame, the gem and jewel,

O' th' noble English court, sweet Anne Bullen.

“Lord Cardinal Wolsey first counsell'd the divorce  
From Katherine, daughter of Ferdinand, King of Spain.  
Upward of twenty years, a true and humble wife  
Had she been to Henry, and he had been bless'd  
With many children by her. The pretence for this  
divorce

*Wolsey*

Of that sweet Queen, was the wounded conscience  
Of th' King respecting his marriage with the dowager,  
Sometime his brother's wife. This shook the bosom  
Of his conscience, and as a cure, the King employ'd  
Th' Archbishop of Canterbury, with other learn'd  
And reverend fathers of his order, to call  
The queen before them. They held at Dunstable  
Full six miles off from Ampthill, where the princess lay,  
A late court, to which she was often cited  
By them, but appear'd not; and, to be short,  
For non-appearance and the King's late scruple,  
By th' main assents of all these learn'd men,  
She was divorc'd and the late marriage made  
Of none effect. She was removed to Kymmerton,  
Where three years afterward she died.

*Archbishop  
Canterbury*

“Wolsey was a man of unbounded stomach,  
And thought to marry the King to the French King's  
sister,

The Duchess of Alanson; and when he doth perceive  
The King tangled in affection to Anne Bullen,  
Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter, the Cardinal  
Coasts and hedges and doth entreat the pope  
To stop the trial. Rome sent a learn'd priest,  
One Cardinal Campeius, to bar the King;  
But Cardinal Campeius stole away to Rome,

And left the case of the King unhandled,  
 Yet Henry thought he posted as the agent  
 Of the Cardinal. When he found he had ta'en no leave,  
 The King cried 'Ha'!"

"How came the Cardinal's practices to light?"

"Most strangely. The letters of the Cardinal  
 To the pope miscarried and came to the King,  
 Whence the King read all his plot. Cromwell did give  
 The packet to the King in his bedchamber;  
 He looked o' th' inside o' th' paper,  
 And did digest this letter of the Cardinal's,  
 And perceiv'd all his tricks, and th' dilatory sloth  
 And tricks of Rome. The King was a cruel man,  
 And purpos'd his imprisonment, and proceeded  
 Under his hand and seal to summon him;  
 But the old man, broken with th' storms of state,  
 Gave up the strife. His weary bones were laid  
 Within the earth, but three nights after he  
 With sickness went to bed. He was unsatisfied  
 In getting (which was a sin), yet, in bestowing,  
 He was most princely ever. Witness for him  
 Those twins of learning that he raised up,—  
 Ipswich and Oxford, one of which fell with him,  
 Unwilling to outlive the good that it did.  
 So let him rest—may his faults lie gently on him."

"Sir, give me leave to speak of him. Ranking him-  
 self

With princes, by suggestion, he ty'de all the kingdom;  
 Simony was fair play, his own opinion  
 Was his law; untruths he'd say, and would  
 Be ever double, both in words and meaning.  
 But pardon me, my haste makes me unmannerly."

K.H VIII  
 IV.1

IV.2

K.H VIII: 1

“What follows, sir?”

“You left the king full of sad thoughts and troubles.  
The marriage with his brother’s wife did creep  
Too near his conscience, as it seems.”

“No sir,

His conscience crept too near another lady.  
The sad thoughts that might work too much upon him,  
You’ll find weigh’d not a hair. The King did love  
Mistress Anne Bullen, and ’twas for her  
That all this spice of hypocrisy was shown.  
Cranmer, too, was a deep and envious one,  
And out of malice to th’ good queen, and for revenge  
Upon the Cardinal, he married them,  
And was made an archbishop for it. After this marriage,  
God safely quit her of her burthen, for  
With gentle travail she was deliver’d  
Of a girl, heir to the throne of England.

“The peace between the French and us, after  
The hideous storm that followèd the League,  
Then budded out, but France flaw’d it and at Bordeaux,  
Attach’d our merchants’ goods. Then France suggested  
That Mary, Queen of Scotland, be call’d back  
To France, and hither sent into England,  
As the sovereign Queen of England.  
James the Fifth, King of Scotland, did in the year  
Of fifteen hundred thirty-seven, cross o’er the sea  
From Scotland into France, and did effect  
A marriage with the daughter of the Duke of Guise,  
Mary of Lorraine; this lovely maid of modest mind,  
Became the mother of two sons, that were  
When children, brought to death, and of one beauteous  
Daughter, Mary,—a notorious tool of Rome.

*Cranmer*

*Some fact  
May 30 1537*

1537

*Mary Queen*

This lovely creature was, in happy hours,  
Married to Francis Second, King of France.  
The King had bad humours on him, and as it chanc'd  
Did not live long, and thus it came to pass  
His wife, without issue, did come again  
Into Scotland, and there did take Lord Darnley  
To be the king of her false heart. The princess vex'd  
The noble Scottish peers, and did estrange  
All due allegiance and love from her,  
When she, this blemish of Scotland, did contract herself  
To this bold, bad man, who became sire to James  
The First of England. The proud, ambitious peers  
Seiz'd on him as he slept, murderèd him,  
And, afterwards, did substitute the son,  
For the mother; thus did this queen become  
A poor petitioner, a care-craz'd mother,  
A waning beauty and distressèd widow,  
Even in the afternoon of her best days:  
Fearing that the Scottish peers may yet prevail  
Against her life, she, cloaking craft with soothing,  
Did take her flight. Her intent was, I'm told,  
To fly to France, but that right sprightly Scot,  
Dowglas, encounter'd both her, and her friends  
Who had come abroad to save her from the terrors  
Of pursuit; then she, blindly and rashly, did crave just  
And lawful aid of us. At noon that day,  
She was taken from liberty to look  
On the business present. It help'd nothing  
To plead innocence, for that dye was on her  
Which made her whitest part show black. 'The will of  
heaven,'  
She said, 'be done in this and in all things,

And the queen's pleasure be by me obey'd.  
 Yet these exactions are most pestilent  
 To the hearing, and to bear them, the back  
 Is 'sacrifice to th' load.'

"If all obstacles had been cut away,  
 And her path even'd to the crown,  
 As the ripe revenue and due of birth,  
 Yet, so much was her poverty of spirit,  
 So mighty and so many her defects,  
 That she would better hide herself from greatness,  
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea.  
 Patience, courage and fortitude—she had  
 No relish of them, but she did abound  
 In the division of each several crime,  
 Acting in many ways; nay, had she the power,  
 She would e'en pour the sweet milk of concord  
 Into hell, unpour th' universal peace,  
 And confound all the unity on earth.  
 If such a one be fit to govern, speak."

"My lord, she should have staid in France, and  
 serv'd

In France; but he that stands upon a slippery place,  
 Makes nice of no vild hold to hold him up,  
 And strong reasons make strange actions."

"True. But little is the wisdom where the flight  
 So runs against all reason, for, my friend,  
 I have consider'd, with myself the title  
 Of this most renown'd Scottish princess  
 And, in my conscience, do repute her grace  
 The rightful heir to England's royal seat.  
 And, dearest coz, you know that the poor wren  
 (The most diminutive of birds) will fight,

Macbeth - IV

Mary's title  
as Queen

Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.”

“Hear me but speak, for even the breath of what I mean to speak shall blow each dust, each straw, Each little rub, out of the path which leads Directly unto England’s throne. Hear me With patience. All Elizabeth’s fear is nothing ; The times are cruel, there’s no pity sitting I’ th’ clouds; and so she set, with worms and flies, The net, the line, the pitfall and the gynne For this poor bird, that with such pleasing eloquence Sung sweet and varied notes enchanting every ear. Then was this sweet melodious bird torn forth From its pretty hollow cage and was martyrèd.”

“I pray you, school yourself, for you have blabb’d Much further, sirrah, than is noble, wise Or judicious. For all your saying ‘poor birds,’ They are not birds, but traitors, and that delightful Mother of a fatherless fool is dead. O, I fear, I fear! I dare not speak all my thoughts to you. It would be my disgrace and your discomfort.”

“Never fear, why should I buy and sell you? Speak, gentle cousin.”

“Yes, she is dead. My mother was a traitor, So was my father—oh, I shame to speak it, But truth is truth! Between my father and my mother, They botch her words up, their own thoughts to fit: Her winks, and nod, and gestures yield them power, For each move that the poor, disobedient wretch Did make, was with much ado set down. Her mourning And importunate tears incite murd’rous revenge, In the puppets that make collections of them. When she hears there are tricks i’ th’ world, she hems,



And beats her heart, spurns enviously at straws,  
Speaks things in doubt that carry but half sense;  
Indeed her speech is nothing, my good lord,  
But the unshapèd use of it doth yield  
The hearers o't the hold that they aim at.  
My father juggled with a servant o' the poor queen,  
By whose hands she sent letters to great France,  
And did privily relieve and maintain him.  
The rogue came to my father's home at night,  
With letters that she put into his hands  
To go to Paris. The villain, with his knee  
Bussing the stones, said, 'I have here a letter,  
My good lord, that the Queen of Scots gave me  
From th' king of France; and I have, locked in my closet  
At home, one that the queen receiv'd this night,  
From the king, which imports at full the present death  
Of Elizabeth, and Queen Mary's right to the crown  
Of England; everything is sealed and done  
That leans on the affair. Pray you make haste  
And, as thou holdest such great power, thou  
May'st set our sovereign free from th' blown ambition  
Of this cunning and false traitor.'

“‘Let's see these letters, sir.’

“‘My lord, I will go for them.’

“‘Away, delay not, and having fetch'd them,  
I will set forth in person and show them  
To our Queen.’

“Then the hard hearted devil ran  
To his father's house, and soon came with the letter.  
When he, with his bonnet in his hand, stood up to speak,  
He said, 'I am scarce in breath, my lord.'

“‘Sit you down and rest you. Let us see the letter.

By you in  
 ^ Leave, gentle wax.'

"Then did my father take and rip them open,  
 And calmly stand and read the papers through;  
 Then pocketed the letters, and commanded  
 His rogues to fetch the stocks forth, and inform'd  
 The knave that he was a fool, and to him said:—  
 'Come, you rascal, away, I have nothing to do  
 With you; go, or I'll carbonado your shanks so  
 That you'll not walk for a week, in upright fashion.  
 You rascal, come! you slave! you scurvy rogue!  
 Go! forget this letter, or I'll set you i' th' stocks.  
 Speak not; reply not; do not answer, fool;  
 My fingers itch to lay against your flesh;  
 I'll teach you, sir, to buy and sell your mistress.  
 When you gave me the rod and put down your own  
       breeches,  
 You were a fool and play'd bo-peep.'

"My father's temper, by this time torments him so,  
 He swears and strikes, insults, rails, and puts upon him  
 Such a deal of his displeasure, that the flattering slave  
 Cries: 'Help, ho! murder! help! murder, murder!'  
 In vain he challenges pity; my father's blood  
 Is hot, and he doth cry unto his vassals:—  
 'Keep you the door. Devil, you quite forget  
 I am a weeder out of cowards and braggarts,  
 Aye, and rogues. Have you no reverence for her?  
 Your dear, kind and forlorn princess. Hovel with swine,  
 You traitor. Think you I will buy with groats  
 Her sorrow? I will be a schoolmaster to you,  
 And teach you, sir, to lie against her loyalty.  
 Strike, strike the fool, you false dogs, strike!  
 Stand you all still?'

“Thus far my father spake, when happily  
The poor monkey did break the doors, and footed it  
Away; and with bare heads my father’s honest men  
On the trail, did run counter in full cry;  
Caps, hands and tongues, applauded to the clouds,  
As, hugger-mugger, out the gate they flew,  
And, in hot haste, into Saint Peter’s Church.  
The congregation did yawn and wonder,  
As they did enter in the sacred church,  
While th’ priest bade the man stay and speak his busi-  
ness.

“‘Save me for love of Jesu, let them not  
Murder me.’

“‘Ease thy heart. I promise thee,  
Thou diest not here. God help thee, what’s the matter?  
Here, keep ye peace upon your lives; stoop ye,  
And kneel, and thou shalt have mercy. He dies  
That comes an inch farther. Now speak, bold sir,  
Why art thou incens’d against this wight?’

“‘If you desire to know, there is division  
Between my master and this man, therefore,  
Busy not yourself, pray, with this device.’

“‘Go to thy gentle lord, bid him repair to me.’

“‘I will, and soon return again. Boys, you will bide  
With him, while I go tell my lord. Go to the door  
And stay there till I come. Tarry with him  
Until I ’turn again.’

“My father came himself  
And, to his soldiers who came with him, callèd out:—  
‘A halter soldiers, hang him on this tree,  
Get a ladder.’

“‘Good father, I beseech you on my knees

But t' speak a word, do not let him hang me.'

“‘Fie, fie, what! Art thou mad? Hang not the man.

Touch not the good man. I say, he shall live; I swear that he shall.'

“‘Well to please you, good sir, I'll let him live. May God give you good sense. Tempt me not again. Mark you speak not of this.'

“‘I thank you, my lord, I will not.'

“‘Away, sir; Let him go safely on.'

“Then my father let him go, and moved on To the queen; I myself, drew aside and almost Broke my heart with extreme laughter, to hear The reverend father tell to his good friends, My father did deserve a golden crown. Then they, the woolen vassals, for sudden joy, Did sing his charity and his temperance.

“My father, when he next beholds my true mother, The Queen, whispers into her ear that secret matter Had come from France about her death; and my father Brands, with shame, the harlot of Scotland, And doth infect my mother's ear with speeches Pestilent. ‘The certainty of your death's here, Dear royal mistress of my heart; this letter Doth record, that the vild king doth arrange With th' murdering enemies of England, To have you slain. There is no end, no limit, No measure, nor no bound, in that bloody mind, Confederate with his royal blood.'

“‘What rumour Hast thou of peace, or war? Approve me further,

Speak, man, what confederacy hast thou with th' traitors?  
 Thou shouldst not ruffle thus, and guessingly  
 Speak to me of my death. Do not fear our person;  
 There's such divinity doth hedge a king,<sup>11</sup>  
 That treason can but peep to what it (feign) would act,' } *Hamlet, Act 5*

“ With that, my father drew out the letters mention'd  
 And put them within the Queen's hand. Despite  
 Her bravery, at the tidings she almost sounded,  
 And cried: ‘Should the effects he writes of here,  
 And on me the fleshment of this exploit succeed,  
 Things will float upon a wild and violent sea,  
 In this kingdom. Of necessity, by my death,  
 You will all be buried, unless you swear  
 Allegiance to Rome and Rome's mistress.’

“ ‘When I forget thee and thy gifts my life shall end.  
 The least of thy unspeakable deserts,  
 I'll tell thee madam, is the cordial to mine age,  
 And if the gods are just, thou wilt outlive  
 Thy father's days and fam'd eternal date,  
 A gracious triumph in th' eyes of Rome.’

“ ‘Thanks, thanks, my gentle, noble lord, I must embrace thee.

Thou'st spoken right—how proud I am of thee,  
 And thy fealty. To glad my heart, thou'st spoken  
 Words more noble than ever blessed heaven,  
 The gentle gods did tender. When I'm dead,  
 Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,  
 Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head.  
 But we do know our enemies' minds, and, by great God,  
 I swear that I will cure me of this green-sickness.  
 On a hurdle will I drag this baggage,  
 This carrion, to execution ;

And here I swear, contemning Rome shall have  
 Good cause to rue this foul stroke of mischief.  
 If I die for it, (as no less is threaten'd me)  
 I will, maugrè all the whole world, keep safe  
 This chaste, unsmirchèd, innocent lady.  
 Oh, oh, my heart will burst! O, monstrous words!  
 Look! my lord, the letter speaks of my dead corpse!  
 O barbarous, beastly villain! I will doom her  
 To death for this, before all th' world, and th' friends  
 Of Rome that can proclaim me bastard shall smoke for 't.'

“Then madam stand resolv'd and you will draw  
 Both friends and foes, winner and loser. None, but Rome,  
 Speaks well of this bold Roman queen; all despise her.'

“We'll be revengèd for these injuries.  
 Hie thee to her, show her this letter, let her know  
 That we the bloody wrongs done us, shall 'quite upon  
 her,

And that we publicly will call our tribunal  
 To hear her pledges unto France.'

“Shall I write the warrant, madam?  
 I pray you give me leave to have her sentenc'd.'

“We will! we will! My lord, give me the papers!  
 All false traitors we'll hang, aye, every one!  
 And, my dangerous cousin, when thou'st pass'd  
 The melancholy flood, with that sour ferry<sup>2</sup>-man  
 Which poets write of, unto the kingdom  
 Of perpetual night, we will survive, to make  
 Thy son tremble under our threat'ning looks;  
 This festering joint cut off, the rest rests sound,  
 This let alone will all the rest confound.

This do we know. But go, farewell, farewell.'

“I take my leave of you,' my father said,

And made his way unto the Queen of Scots."

"What did he do?"

"Speak'st thou with all thy wit?"

"Aye, faith, with wit enough for thee."

"Nay, then,

I'll cease,—and yet, I'll not. I will keep on.

"My father did at once call for his horses,

And did the letter take to that vile hole

I' th' country, where the Queen of Scotland lay,

And with happy fate achieved the journey.

Whenas he had arriv'd, he said: 'Go, captain,

From me, greet th' Queen of Scots. Tell her that I

Would speak with her.'

"Good sir, you cannot speak with her ;

She is indeed distract ; her mood will needs be pitied.'

"My father's blood was mov'd by his insolent speech.

Then he rages and says: 'She must speak with me.

Hence! away! delay not, back with you, or else

I'll cleave a passage in. Open the door,

Foolhardy villain, open the door, or I

Will break it open ; words may not a whit

Prevail to stay me long upon this cause !

Knave, is the queen's messenger so slightly valued,

That you have him thus restrainèd? She needs

Must take it ill to have her gentleman

Assaulted and abus'd.'

"Here the fellow lets him in.

"Bring me instantly to the room o' th' Queen of  
Scotland.'

"Sweet lord, my mistress is in her bedchamber.'

"I do beseech thee, send for the lady

And let me speak to her.'

“‘I’ve sent to her,  
And when she is array’d in fresh garments,  
She’ll call for you.’

“‘Soon the messenger did return  
Unto my father, when he, with his train,  
Led by the fellow that first did stay him,  
Climb’d upward to the room, where ’pon a little, soft,  
Smooth cushion before the holy cross, near which  
Tapers burn’d bright, and holy water in the vessel  
Of peace doth stand in readiness for the priest,  
The Queen, on her knees, with holy prayers solicits heaven.  
At last, amen is spoken and she rises.  
Poor Queen, she doth but greenly, thus to kneel  
Before the Roman gods in sight o’ my father.  
He, at once, did greet the hands of the princess,  
And as he look’d her in the face, coldly did say:—  
‘Do you pray for your foul sin? If you do, pardon me,  
          madam.’

“‘My lord, let me beseech your grace to tell me  
Your motive for this’ irreligious speech.  
I pray for the forgiveness of my sins.’

“‘You are like a dull actor, now, madam,  
And have forgot your part.’

“‘What makes you think so?’

“‘What letters have you late from France? We  
          know the truth,  
From one late in your employment. He has  
Perfidiously betray’d your business,  
And given up, for certain golden gifts,  
Matters that concern the good of both kingdoms.’

“‘You take my breath from me; pray you, what  
          letters?’



“‘Letters writ by traitorous murtherers,  
That have set down, in note, amongst the rest,  
That th’ King of France would have England’s great  
Queen

Slain, and that you, madam, approv’d his counsel.’

“‘This is a dream of thine! There are liars  
And swearers enow to speak; there want not buzzers  
To talk; bring me to their sight.’

“‘Be now awake,  
Chief architect and plotter of these woes,  
Look, behold, behold these letters!’

“‘This may be simple answered; I very late  
Did give the king offence, and it hath pleased him  
To strike at me. Upon misconstruction,  
He, to vex my soul, has done all this and more.’

“‘For shame! This note, writ back to him by you,  
Will shorten your life. Her royal majesty  
Will’d me to let you know she had concluded  
To call your highness, (for this foul abuse)  
Before a jury of our English lords.’

“Then my father doth the letters show which th’ queen  
Writ to France; she eyes it, and begins straightway  
Like a lunatic to rail on th’ Lord’s anointed:—

“‘Ah! cut my lace asunder, that my pent heart  
May have some scope to beat, or else I swoon  
With this dead-killing news. Destruction dogs my heels!  
I do remember them, too well, that kill’d my husband.  
I see that from this slaughter house I may not leave:  
Yet who shall bar me? I am Scotland’s royal Queen,  
And from the reach of hell I’ll go. I had rather be  
A country servant maid, than your despis’d  
And basely cozen’d Queen. O good God, remove

*the lacing  
of her dress*

This pitiful, swollen, ulcerous disease  
 Of England; hang thy medicine on my lips, I pray,  
 And let me 'scape the rage and yoke of these  
 Bad bondmen; of this silver'd Cleopatra,  
 Th' unlawful issue of lust; this Tamora  
 That play'd the cheater to her father; this mistress  
 Of an accursed Moor; she, who oped her arms  
 To embrace me as a friend, and now unkindly  
 Takes advantage to deliver to the grave.  
 Why dost not speak? Why deaf? Not a word! If thou  
 Art not stupid with age and altering rheum,  
 Speak, bold man, and acquaint me of my evil sentence.  
 I fain would learn the manner of my death;  
 I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course;  
 May be, sir, thou art to be our deathsman;  
 Who was thy tutor to instruct thee in this sport?'

"Come, madam, too long I've borne your blunt up-  
 braidings

And bitter scoffs. By heaven, I will acquaint  
 Her majesty of these gross taunts I have endur'd!  
 Small joy have I in being the Queen's messenger,  
 When, first, I have your gates shut on me, then  
 Am so baited, scorn'd and storm'd at. You do small  
 respect

And show too bold malice, against the grace  
 And person of my mistress, in your rebellion.'

"Speak not to me! Get thee gone! Thy name is  
 ominous!

Hie thee, hie thee, from me! How shall I die?  
 I'll not be hang'd! If it be possible for thee,  
 Prevail with her, my lord, to displace my head;  
 I'll thank thee, if thou wilt.'

“Be of good cheer, madam,  
You shall have, in your behalf, all advantage,  
And England's Queen, full of wise care in this,  
Will see that you shall have some reverend looker-on,  
To bear the blame and take the office of your counsel.’

“Oh, unpleasing news! Oh, most despightful tidings!  
Oh, Queen of sad mischance! O God, teach me  
How to curse my enemies, and in the breath  
Of bitter words, my damnèd son to smother!’

“If these English woes will teach you how to curse  
Your sweet son, madam, then be not tongue-tied;  
Be copious in exclaims. But, meantime, I  
Am guiltless of your death; and I can stay no longer:  
I must leave you and hence to London. Adieu, farewell.’

“And, unsaluted, forth the place my father turning  
Did lead the way, and back again unto the city  
He did return. His pages blush'd at him,  
And men of heart look'd wond'ring at each other,  
When before them all he would not re-salute  
The Queen of Scotland: Courtesy, if not  
A fair deserving, should have made him sink his knee  
To th' earth: By this my father is forever sham'd.  
What say you!’”

“Nay, nay, ask me not, my lord;  
I will not blame you that you do not love  
Your mother dearly, but is't possible  
That you are angry at your lord and father?  
Between the child and parent, the child (being flesh  
Of mother and father) ought all duty show;  
Thus you should not speak against your father's white  
flakes,  
Though he be oppos'd against you.”

" You do me wrong, you are mistaken, sir.  
 I am proclaimed, even to full disgrace,  
 The foul flesh of my most noble mother,  
 While before the world my ungrateful father  
 Doth stand up blest—nay, godded indeed :  
 Therefore, before I'll show them the deep duty  
 Of common sons, I'll let the mutinous winds  
 Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun  
 Of heaven, murd'ring impossibilities,  
 Or let the pibbles on the hungry beach  
 Fillip the stars. Now that my sweet revenge has come  
 I will get a leaf of brass, and with a gad of steel,  
 I'll write the words and lay it on the sands,  
 Where th' angry northern winds will blow 't abroad,  
 Like Sybil's leaves."

" You speak something wildly  
 And improperly—leave impression that you  
 No softer are than th' flint. Sure, you must have  
 A motive for't. What is it pray? You should  
 Exchange charity."

"'Tis true, the wheel has come full circle;  
 I'm here and it is time to speak. List a brief tale,  
 And when 'tis told let sorrow split my heart,  
 If I but print my royal mother or  
 My father true. I lost all by mine own folly :  
 Ere I was twenty-one, I was a pack-horse  
 In his great affairs; to royalize his blood,  
 I spent mine own much better blood than his,  
 And, though he was a liberal rewarder  
 Of his friends, he forgot his own poor son,  
 And, like the bees who are nurtur'd for their sweet taste,  
 My pains yield him engrossments to the bitter end.

I shall not spend a large expense of time  
With my dead happiness, that two smother'd  
With living woe, but I will tell the tale  
In gentle and brief words, for I'm in haste  
To speak again of my most pleasing stay in Paris,  
And tell the story of the Scottish Queen.

"First, I did lose a fair goddess—a princess  
Whom I most dearly loved. Ah! woe is me!  
And then they put the name of king upon me,  
And hail'd me father to a line of kings;  
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,  
And put a brazen sceptre in my grip,  
Thence to be wrench'd by an unlineal hand."

"Pray you be careful, sir. These are strange things  
Not safe to say. You were enthron'd?"

"Aye, between them in chairs of gold,  
I' th' common show-place i' th' tower."

"What tower?"

"The one we now call Julius Cæsar's Tower,  
Where Richard slaughterèd his brother's babes,  
And drown'd his brother Clarence that fought for him."

"You say your mother forcèd you to yield the  
throne?"

"I do; alas! my heart will burst if I speak not!  
They did propose the words which made me a subject;  
By my father's mouth I did resign the chair,  
And my mother cast me from my condition  
But to be strook more blows, as you shall see,  
Than Troy, with opportunity of sharp revenge,  
Gave to the Thracian tyrant in his tent.  
The fruit of bastardy my father laid upon me,  
And roughly rated and rebukèd me."

? Queen  
of France

“But sir, are you not, then, a bastard?”

“You’re a fool.

I marvel what kin you are to your father?

I am no less in blood than you. I am

My father’s son and born in wedlock, sir.”

“Your father dar’d not call you son! He must  
Have recompens’d you very nobly.”

“My poor services, sir, for some cause he let go.

In short, he first restrain’d my mother from me,

And then he did mistake me for a traitor,

So I was stayèd in my poverty.

At twenty, I was to their yoke subdued,

And this forehead which should (if right were right)

Be hid with a golden crown, was branded

With treason by the clamorous report

Of a slave, a villain, a toad. This toad did tell

My mother that when I was late in France,

(Banishèd, as your highness knows) I was strangely

By treacherous people visited, and that

I did espouse the part o’ th’ Scottish Queen,

And so the Earl made me follow the law,

And did set bounds between the kingly title

And me. I’m bound, by oath, on my peril,

Not to alter my condition, and forbid

To say I am the child of royalty,

And, should I tell, I would be hang’d: but this,

Like hectic in my blood, did rather exasperate

Than make me afraid, and I was importunate.

My mother learn’d that I wrote Hamlet, Prince of Den-  
mark,

And then I was lost. My father found I had collected,

(Whiles I was busy in th’ administration

Of law) scenes in stage plays and masks, and that  
I, in disguise, had train'd the brethren.

My noble father, one night, pried through  
The crevice of the garret wall where we rehears'd  
Our play, and laughed so heartily that both his eyes  
Were rainie. Then he, looking near, saw who  
Did instruct each scholar for his part. Two nights  
together,

Did he hear me deliver instructions  
To Marcellus and Barnardo on their watch;  
And in the dead waste and middle of the night,  
My father saw a figure arm'd at all points  
Exactly, *cap-a-pie*, appear and with solemn march  
Go slow and stately before them—my ghost, alas!  
My father, with an attent ear did for awhile  
Season his baleful discontent, till I  
Did to the gentlemen give tongue; then he  
Presently, all inspir'd with rage, doth run about  
T' my door and intercepts me, curses me  
Awhile, calls me a most unnatural fool,  
And roundly utters to me his complaint.

“For heaven's love, have you divorc'd your wits?  
I pray you, if you've hitherto conceal'd this play,  
Let it be treble in your silence still.”

“Do you, my lord, question me as an honest man  
Should, for my simple true judgment? If so,  
I know of those that are reputed wise  
For saying nothing, when if they should speak,  
I'm sure they'd almost damn those ears which hear them.”

“At this he bade me hold my peace.

“Solomon says,  
“The fool receiveth not the word o' th' wise,

Ham. Act I

Unless thou speak the very things that are in 's heart;"  
 And, if you had the best qualities of man,  
 You would espouse the love of your great mother:  
 I know she loves you, boy.'

"'Aye, when she banish'd me,  
 And put to death a citizen, only for saying  
 She had a son, heir to the crown, well did I know  
 Her grace lov'd me! She's your wife, but have you been  
 king?

She usurps the regal title, and the seat  
 Of England's true and lawful king, and how am I,  
 Your son, advancèd by the Queen? But, sir,  
 By those books and my wit, I shall make all  
 Nations canonize me, over courts of kings,  
 And state of pomp, and proud audacious deeds.  
 To be plain, my grief shall be eased, and if  
 Gracious words can yield relief, I will revive  
 My drooping thoughts, and give my tongue-tied sorrows  
 Leave to speak. And, therefore, I, the poor son  
 Of this renownèd Queen, with act and scene,  
 Will write and speak, my lord, to sight and ear.'

"Then my father, full of majesty in sight  
 Spoke in this wise: 'Refrain;' (quoth he) 'peace, wilful  
 boy,

Or I will charm your tongue; untutor'd lad,  
 You are too malapert; cease these your tears and plaints,  
 And these your idle words and vain requests;  
 You see and speak in riddles. All that you speak  
 Is nothing.'

"'Why then, my lord, give me but leave to speak.'

"'Do not play the sophister! It boots you not to  
 fret;



You must speak fair; they that do try to prove  
By angry war this wounding trouble, must  
Wade up t' th' chin in blood.'

“‘Why, my father,

If chance will have me king, why chance may crown me  
Without my stir; for, too well do I know  
The people's favour, to commit my cause,  
My fortunes, and my loving friends, in their balance  
To be weighed: I here dismiss mine own ambition,  
And my fault is past.—Farewell, my lord.'

“My father leaves me, and stirred with rage  
Goes to the Queen, my mother, and tells her  
I playèd with the idle company,  
And that I 'came th' philosopher to fool my friends.

“‘I do assure your majesty,' said he,  
'I saw him yesternight, in a most murd'rous play  
Take part, and I beseech your royal majesty  
To let him have all th' rigour of the law,  
Because this same boy's full of burning zeal  
To mend the time, and do our country good.  
I would that Jove esteemèd him too good for earth,  
And would raise him to higher pomp than this.  
And, madam, please you, he spake against duty  
And obedience due to you.'

“Having by this speech  
Been moved to't, her grace sent to warn me  
Unto her presence, and I came at the height  
Of her anger.

“‘How now? come hither to me!  
Pray you, walk near; retire with me, I'll speak  
With you; follow me!' said she, 'Depart the chamber,  
Leave us here alone!' Then did she lock herself

And me from all, which done, her scorn burst forth  
And she upbraided me.

“‘ You personate our person,  
Do you, among the city wits and act  
Your mother's death? You, the immediate heir of Eng-  
land,

(For let the world take note, you are the most  
Immediate to our throne and with no less  
Nobility, our chiefest courtier and our son,)  
To retrograde, and in unforc'd accord,  
To rouse the bad blood of liars and swearers,  
And, compounding differences, do give you favour  
To discontent, and impatient breaking forth  
From reasonable affairs! O, by strangling you, my son,  
I might have had some surety in the present!  
You came on earth to make the earth my hell;  
A grievous burden was your birth to me,  
Tetchy and wayward was your infancy;  
Your school days frightful, desperate, wild and furious,  
And now your manhood's daring, bold and venturous:  
What comfortable hour can you name  
That you have ever grac'd me with? Alack, alack!  
'Tis wonder that you've not sent me to increase  
The number of the dead! I grieve at knowing  
O' your choice: you smooth'd the frowns of war, with  
peaceful looks,

And perform'd the form of treason, in the brotherhood  
Of law; with cunning speeches you dismay  
Their minds, and breed suspicion in their hearts;  
How can you satisfy me of this business?  
Such an unfilial wrong—to make a dullard of me!  
It hath pleasèd you to forget my place,

The majesty and power of my authority ;

Nay, more :

To profane, spurn at, and disdain royal dignity.

The Lord hath surely stricken me ! Suppose

That I arrest you for my surety, and turn

You to your foes ? They will revenge me home !'

“‘ Your highness, I do not understand thee.’

“‘ You lie, sirrah !’

“‘ I salute your grace, I lie not.

I would your highness would teach me what I have done ;

Think not that I am frighten'd with thy words,

But, since these words are razors to my wounded heart—

I swear that these reproachful words do stab my heart—

I ask in what serious matter I offend ?’

“‘ Upon the witness of your father, my Lord Leicester,

You, my son, were seen the night last gone by,

Among the worst company in the kingdom,

Attempting to make them instruments to plague us ;

But there's a remedy to medicine

Destruction to this lawless tribe,—a prescription

Of rare and prov'd effect,—and I'll bestow it

On them ; we'll have them whipp'd, and among them,

My son, I will fitly bring you to your knees ;

This surgery betimes will cure you, sir.’

“‘ Again, what is the matter ? I'm too old

To learn such healing benediction

Even with your grace for my doctor.’

“‘ Sir, there's a crew of wretched souls, that stay

My cure. Their malady convinces me, the touch

They'll have of me will most mirac'ulous work :

Such sanctity hath heaven given my hand,

They will all presently amend, and I

In heedfullest reservation, this strange virtue will,  
In fellowship with them, express reward on you.'

“‘If I be so disgracious in your eye,

Let me away and not offend you, Madam.’

“‘Are you so hasty? God knows I have stay’d for  
you

In torment and in agony, and you

Must for my pleasure, of compulsion

And necessity, stay here a space. Are you my son?’

“‘Aye, I thank God, my father and yourself.’

“‘Ho, villain! speak you now?

Your exclamations I will drown with tears.’

“‘Oh, madam, I’ve a touch of your impatience,  
That cannot brook the accent of reproof!’

“‘How now! you crack’d wanton, think you I fear  
your storm?’

“‘Sweet mother, tell me some reason why you  
Take offence without cause. I do beseech you,  
The envious tongue of slander believe not,  
Or, if I be accus’d on true report,  
Bear with my weakness. I’m not forgetful  
Of the affection and the courtesy  
Which belongs to your most gracious majesty,  
From me, your son: you are beguiled, for I  
Can conceive no offence in what I’ve done.  
From wayward sickness, oft’ my health and strength  
Is in a ticklish and unsettled state,  
Easy t’ receive distempers and mutations,  
Therefore, your majesty, why should I work  
Thus to import to others sour woe,  
As if woe enough had not followed me?  
Was I not banish’d? Think you in behalf

O' ten thousand public eyes I would be banish'd  
Again? Pardon me and patiently bear  
My impatience; I prithee hear me speak:  
I think it scorn to be accus'd; I bear  
Not patiently to be called a traitor,  
Which doth proceed from no ground but malice  
Of my Lord Leicester, my father: as God  
Is my witness, I falsely am accus'd  
By the villain! What have I done that misbecame  
My place, my person or my sovereign?  
It's true that, like a pleasant traveler,  
I break a jest upon the company  
I overtake, but I pray you tell me,  
Have I in speech been surly oft', or apt  
To vulgar compliments? O, I must speak  
In passion! For charity help me.'

“‘Speak son.’

“‘O mother, you do lesson me as if I were  
A young child! View this well—it is a truth divine—  
That you are fairer than rock of pearl and precious stone,  
The only paragon of English hearts.  
Your eyes are brighter than the lamps of heaven,  
Your speech more pleasant than sweet harmony;  
With but your looks, you clear the darkening sky  
And calm the rage of thund'ring Jupiter;  
How can you suffer these indignities  
To swallow up your child,  
And I in but the April of my age?  
See where these men wait here about the court,—  
To angle for the fish, which, being caught,  
Strikes him that takes it dead,—thinking a counterfeit  
Profession's better than unseen hypocrisy!

There is more safety in a tiger's jaws,  
 Than in a man grown to unspeakable estate!  
 Ah, pardon me! grief makes me lunatic,  
 Yet have I words left to express my love;  
 The shepherd, nipp'd with biting winter's rage,  
 Frolics not more to see the painted spring,  
 Than I, when I behold your majesty.'

“Well hast thou lesson'd us! We ne'er will spend  
 Our fury on a child, though had we so resolv'd,  
 Thou'dst still have worn the petticoat and ne'er again  
 Have stolen the breech! Thou shalt be governed!  
 Kneel where thou standest whilst we speak, thou traitor!  
 What's worse than murder, that we may name it,—  
 Butcher, villain, bloody cannibal;  
 Thou partly hope thy father got thee not.'

“That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed,  
 So th' sins o' my mother should be visited upon me!  
 The sins o' th' father are t' be laid upon the children,  
 Therefore, I fear I'm damn'd both by father and mother.'

“My mother stops the passage of my speech  
 With a passionate oath.

“Base dunghill and mechanical villain,  
 We'll have thy head for this thy treach'rous speech!

“Good my mother, I humbly thank your highness;  
 I do not beg my life, as it's too poor;  
 But there's a differency between a grub  
 And a butterfly; yet your butterfly was once  
 A grub. I am your son—I have not wings,  
 I am a creeping thing—but yet my thoughts  
 Do find me out; prophet-like, they speak to me  
 And champion me to the utterance. I will create  
 Strange Tragedies for mine eternal jewel;

And th' stately Thebe, who amongst her nymphs  
 Doth overshadow the gallantest dames of Rome,  
 Shall make the glistening of the noblest poets stale;  
 And I shall make the seeds of kings, to bandy  
 With renownèd Warwick, who spake aloud :—  
 "What scourge for perjury can this dark monarchy  
 Afford false Clarence?" Aye, I hope to frame  
 The noble sister of Publicola,  
 The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle,  
 That, candied by the frost from purest snow,  
 Hang's on Diana's temple, as she, with no crime  
 Defil'd, did wend amongst her peers; and make  
 The hard-hearted usurper, proud Macbeth,  
 Approach the field with warlike ensigns spread,  
 To meet unnatural Tambourlaine;  
 And hoist aloft on Neptune's hideous hills,  
 He that of old did scorn fair Dido's arms:  
 In fair Bohemia I shall use my wings,  
 And speak of Perditæ and Florizell;  
 And of the bloody-minded Neapolitan queen  
 Who led calm Henry, though he were a king,  
 As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,  
 Command an argosy to stem the waves:  
 Noble Titus and his sons, and gracious  
 Lavinia, rich ornament of Rome,  
 Shall speak to Hamlet of his father's foul  
 And most unnatural murder: and if you be pleas'd  
 With this my sudden thought, and do applaud my choice,  
 Behold! Day, night, ride, time, work, play, I will, alone,  
 Advance you 'bove the measure of the jealous queen  
 Of heaven, and make posterity fall before you,—  
 Our lovely, fair-fac'd Queen! I will, though hell

*Coriolanus V.*

Itself should gape, climb to the heavenly streets,  
 Where the gods feed the sacrificial fire,  
 Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky;  
 And, if I live, I will indeed, make you outstrip  
 The general curse of death, and live i' th' minds,  
 Voices, and hearts of all posterity:  
 I do beseech you, make not my device  
 A whip to beat me with.'

"The Queen sat mute and dumb, whilst I did tell  
 This short tale, and unto her did give my hope.'

"'Fool, I have heard this mangled tale. Hamlet's a  
 prince  
 Out of thy star, and thou art not well-skill'd enough  
 To prate of little Ned Plantagenet,  
 Clarence, Rivers, Vaughan, Hastings, and others.  
 And hadst thou power, my son, it is not fit  
 That thou shouldst point me forth, if 't be so, as I fear  
 Thou hast; thou playedst most foully to show the death  
 O' th' Danish King and Hamlet to my enemies.  
 (They murdered their king in the heaviness of sleep)  
 And th' violent harm, that the chiefest princes  
 Of Rome did put upon their emperors,  
 I doubt not shall be put on me.'

"'No, no, madam;  
 God forbid! That will never be; do not fear.'

"'Why, how wilt thou, I pray thee, who art so weak  
 Of courage and in judgment, hold mine enemies  
 That, malcontent, do take offence at me?  
 What likelihood, when thou dost fill their ears  
 With such dissentious rumours? When mine enemy's  
 Dog hath bit me, a kiss will not repair it,  
 Even at thy solemn words. To beautify



Thy triumphs, are we to be brought to the dark  
Dim monument? Thou must not,—thou shalt not,  
Thou traitor,—spend thy days in silly hazard  
Of our safety and our greatness. Are we a picture  
For all the beasts of this commonwealth to look upon?  
I'll have thy head, if thou dare witness of our worth!  
Had we as many sons as we had hairs,  
We'd hang them all, before we would be measur'd  
By every dog, that, like thyself, for sport  
Doth trim us so. Hearest thou? No son of mine,  
Whose faculties untimely have stirr'd up  
The thoughts of butchers, shall ever be counted  
England's king. Upon my life, ere thou so hit me,  
We'll pluck down justice from our awful bench,  
Trip the course of law, blunt the sword that guards the  
peace,  
Set decrees at naught, fall on thee, and with our bare  
hands,  
Take away thy life!

“By the holy rood, thou proud,  
Subtle and cunning boy, if this bruit prove true,  
I will cut off thy hands and cut thy tongue,  
As Chiron and Demetrius, sons of Tamora  
The queen of Goths, that murdered Bassianus,  
Wash't, cut and trimm'd the ravished Lavinia,  
The daughter of victorious Titus.  
Thou wilt not personate the lad Simon,  
Who troubled Henry the Seventh! That king was  
Improvident, but we have piec'd it better.  
Thou wast taken out of thy cradle, convey'd away  
In thine infancy, then thou wast brought up in court,  
Where infinite eyes have been upon thee.

I have only wept, but the case required that thou  
 Shouldst always live in grief: that heaviness  
 Is gone, my tears fall no more, because  
 It pleaseth God that we should rule this land;  
 Therefore cease, forbear thy intent! To tell  
 Our people of the factious times, when the House  
 Of Lancaster did fight the House of York, would give  
 To our proud adversaries in Ireland,  
 Strong bent to fight. And if thou put into their minds  
 Margaret's battles, Warwick, Rivers, Henry, Edward  
 And Clarence, they, conceiving little of our deeds,  
 Will look upon us as Brutus did on Cæsar—  
 "The mighty monarch of the triple world:"—  
 And to further thine intent, these gentlemen,  
 In hatred of our birth, integrity  
 And uprightness, will call thee, my son, to be  
 England's King. Shall we for love, let thee speak  
 Treason to our face? Speak to thy mother, boy;  
 Canst thou not speak?"

"Madam, I never thought  
 To speak again; I'm husht at your wise words!  
 Good mother, I desire not to become  
 England's king; I hate you not, and would not, indeed  
 Work you worser miseries; too well I love you  
 To do you harm; I adore you, and I do confess,  
 I labour to garnish and beautify  
 Your thrice happy gifts of body, mind and fortune.  
 You have wrong'd me to think that I incline toward blood,  
 Or that I level at your life; indeed I joy  
 That gold doth round in-girt those brows of thine  
 Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear  
 Is able with the change to kill and cure;

Your hand is one to hold a sceptre up,  
And with the same to act, controlling laws  
Which shall be bale and bane to those that come  
Amain to shed your blood. No, no, madam,  
I am not equal for so foul a deed;  
You much mistake my purpose. Whom have I murder'd?  
Question your royal thoughts; make the case yours;  
I used the person of Hamlet and th' kings of Denmark,  
But you do know the Danish sword is but a jest.  
My joys are yours; what cause have I to show  
Here in England, to favor my desires,  
The House of York and th' House of Lancaster in quarrel?  
The House of York doth entail to its right heirs  
This kingdom and the crown; the issue, madam,  
O' th' House of York, must either stand assured,  
Or, by a total disinherison,  
By th' limitation of the heirs, free the entail:  
But, leaving that unto the law to decide,  
You are, I think, assur'd I love you not,  
And that I mock your workings, your most royal image,  
And your person; think you I would commit  
An ill-deed? There is no man in the world,  
More bound to his mother than I! Good Madam,  
Be you contented; you do live, and I,  
Your son, will obey you, and will not see  
E'en your most dreadful laws loosely slighted.  
Were it as sure a card as ever won  
A set, I would not do you such a wrong;  
The duty I inherited from your grace  
Towards England, is most giant-like, and I  
In all my best shall obey you, madam.'

“‘ Why this is a loving and a fair reply!

Let me now, my son, see how thou hast perform'd  
 The slaughter of the prince that ow'd the crown,  
 And the dire death of the Danish king.  
 Now that thou speakest boy, like a good child,  
 And a true gentleman, I'll ope my arms thus wide,  
 And will, with cheer and comfort, throw to earth  
 This unprevailing woe. Hie to thy chamber,  
 Find thy toys; I'll remain here. Prithee go.'

“‘My mother dost pardon me;’ I muse, and I imagine  
 My humble and smooth answer was like oil  
 Unto the wound, whereby it ’gan to heal,  
 And that she was mollified. I lookèd upon  
 My griefs as banishèd and ended, so .  
 As a personal favor to my mother, I brought  
 My cause of sorrow (the first copy of Hamlet)  
 To the palace. When I brought to her  
 The best of my matter, she, ere my hand  
 Had settled down, in passion did tear it  
 From my bosom, and without even reading it,  
 Tore it in twain, and sans remorse, put it  
 Into the fire. Then her majesty stroke me,  
 Whereon I gave bold way to my crack’d heart,  
 And did defy her, my father, and the crook-back,—  
 I call’d him a long-tongued, mis-shapen dastard,  
 And a treacherous coward, and yet not satisfied,  
 Said so much to her majesty, that she  
 Call’d in my father.’

“‘Leicester,’ said her grace,  
 ‘Sorrow and grief makes him speak fondly, like  
 A frantic man. Away, sir! Avoid our presence!  
 Thou shalt know I am Queen yet; I will make thee curse  
 The words thou hast spoken.’

“‘Hear me speak.’

“‘Hold, close thy lips; give limit to thy tongue,  
Or we’ll speak t’ thee through scars; if thou obey us not,  
We call the gods to witness, we will break thee  
Like a twist of rotten silk. Get thee gone!’

“I, in most pitiful condition,  
Leave this pair of friends and return unto my chamber.  
How I got there, alack, I know not, but  
Never was one so curs’d as I. And now,  
When th’ sun doth settle in the West, I don  
My ugly hide and discontented sit,  
A miserable man; and, all enrag’d, I dream  
Of those sweet ornaments whose circling shadows  
Do crown my head, and then I wake to see  
What I have lost; then pray I unto God  
To let some planet strike me down, that I  
May slumber in eternal sleep, where stern,  
Ungentle hands strike not the mild and gentle,  
And where the slaughter of the blood-bespotted wretch,  
Will trouble me no more, and where no humble speech  
Nor moan may move the fixèd stint. Whom God  
Hath join’d together ’twere pity to sunder,  
And, for mocking me, God forbid that I  
Should wish them severèd in hell! They that  
Do yoke so well together here, I know,  
Will go to their father, the eternal devil,  
The common enemy to man! When she chid me  
And bade me to be still, my mind was fill’d with rancor;  
So I have made an audience of the world,  
And through these plays, speak to the multitudes;  
For the fools see perform’d the damnèd, dwarfish  
Villain, and my false father’s very air,

While my fair mother's part in this business, is  
 In every city (all indirectly)  
 By some handsome stripling, freely counterfeited.

“Because I could not flatter and look fair,  
 Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cogg,  
 Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,  
 They did me wrong, and I will not endure it.  
 Between them all, a plain man could not live  
 And think no harm, when his simple truth was abus'd  
 By silken, sly, insinuating jacks,  
 Who could be quiet scarce a breathing, while  
 In presence, but with lewd complaints, complain  
 Unto her majesty, setting aside their betters.  
 All the unbak'd and downy youth of th' nation  
 Flatter her majesty, and some there are  
 Entreat her, by marriage, to change her state.”

“What! why, my lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?  
 By heaven, I charge you speak! Is not Dudley,  
 Your father, husband of the Queen? Answer!”

“O sir, in sooth, in good sooth, you are very rude!  
 Do not you break into these deep extremes:  
 Is not my sorrow deep enough, having  
 No bottom, without your horrible thoughts?  
 Queen Elizabeth was my father's wife, and my mother.  
 Come! you know, my lord, it is not the first time  
 I have had to scold your judgment. I marvel at it!”

“Pardon me my lord, I did forget myself.”

“Tut, speak whatso you will, I pardon you.”

“Your pardon's quickly got.”

“Do you still suspect me?”

“That you are not the son of her highness?”

“No, that I am baseborn.”

"I know you're not,—I am sure of that."

"Speak freely what you think, then."

"To tell you plainly what I think, hasty marriage  
Seldom proveth well. Are you offended?"

"Not I."

"Yet you stand pensive."

"Marry sir, no jocund thought  
Sits smiling in my heart; I mourn in black.  
All that did witness their spousal are dead,  
And never shall revive; my father, on the occasion  
Of his journey between his castle and the city,  
Was slain by poison in a cup of sack;  
My reputed father died of a cold  
Before my return out of France; his wife,  
The lady Anne Bacon, was greatly mov'd  
At his sad death, and on a sudden fell  
Into a sadness, then into a fast,  
Then to a watch, thence into a weakness,  
Thence to a lightness, and by this declension  
Into a madness, (whereon we all wail'd)  
And then she pass'd away, and so her knell  
Is knoll'd. Now what remains?"

"Truly, to speak plain to you,  
If your mother murder'd your father, you are gone.  
You may, by agitation of this matter, my lord,  
Turn th' anger of your mother against you."

"Shall I better approve myself by silence  
Than by speech?"

"On such a matter, look you, you should leave  
Me out. It is impossible to speak my mind;  
It's not for me to call this princely train  
To judgment for their acts, yet what coward would not

*His father*  
*for*

*My reputed*

Fight for such a prize? Fight, all courageously,  
And be you king!"

"Go to, go to, you are inhuman!

'Tis impossible I should prevail! No, no,  
I will not attempt it."

"Why?"

"Lend your serious hearing to what I shall unfold."

"I am bound to hear it."

"So are you, when you hear it, to tell the world.

My brother, for love of me, did begin a contention  
Looking toward the succession, and you shall be mov'd  
By me when I begin and say how he died,  
For you shall hear it all.

But before I come to that, let me return to the narration,  
Concerning the fate of the Queen of Scotland.

"My father, thanks to our fair slippery Queen  
That rules and sways the Albion diadem,  
Provideth so, that Mary was kept long  
In doubt as to her freedom. The two Queens  
Cherish'd the most malignant, fatal, and deadly  
Envy toward each other.

"King Henry the Seventh  
Married his eldest daughter, Margaret,  
To King James the Fourth of Scotland, and there  
Was born unto this king a son, who was christen'd  
By th' name of James, and who, shortly after  
The Scottish king died, was at Melrose (an abbey  
Of the Cistercians) made king of Scotland,  
As James the Fifth: he became lord and husband  
Of the Lady Mary, daughter of the Duke of Guise.  
The fair and peerless Queen of Scots of whom  
We speak, was the fruit of this marriage;



Therefore our Queen, and the Queen of Scotland,  
In blood were equal, for they both depend  
Upon England's great king, Henry the Seventh,  
Who was their grandsire. The doubt of Elizabeth's  
Legitimation, was, out of political  
Consideration, kept open by Scotland  
The better to continue alliance  
With Spain and France: this provok'd Queen Elizabeth  
(Who was the proudest Queen that England ever knew),  
So that to be revenged for the scandalous words  
Spoken against Mistress Ann Bullen (her mother)  
And herself, she pent up close the hapless Queen."

"What did she say?"

"That her bond of chastity  
Was quite crack'd by incestuous and similar guilts  
Of virtue that she practicèd; and that  
Her issue was, by the deliberation  
And act of parliament, nothing less or more  
Than a subject of the crown, and truly owed  
Obedience, or allegiance, to the power  
And laws of Mary; and that Elizabeth  
Did usurp the title of her lawful sovereign.  
This dreadful saying of the Scottish Queen  
Was, by her enemies, t' Elizabeth  
Read over, and much about the same time,  
Came the malicious letter of which I speak,  
And which approves her an intelligent party  
(As th' words themselves do show) to the unnatural  
Dealing of the French king, with similar proof  
Enough to justify the queen (without  
Any other recital) in the enforcement  
Of th' statute law upon the trait'rous Scottish Queen.

# The Tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots.

*Actus Primus. Scena Prima.*

*(Audience Room of the Palace).*

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, reading a letter, and  
MASTER FRANCIS BACON.*

*Queen Elizabeth.* Master Bacon, if it is true that the Scottish Queen hath said and written thus, what particular and convenient laws have we to tame this wanton?

*Francis Bacon.* Madam, if it be believed that her grace doth allege this, it is merely sophistry. Still, for your honor and your safety, I would surely prove upon her person, these heinous and many manifest treasons. I grieve to hear of her seeming murderous deeds,

“But if the lamb should let the lion way,  
By my advice, the lamb should lose her life.”

*Q. E.* She shall give me but way.

*F. B.* But yet I would be fully satisfied she spake thus.

*Q. E.* My lady for this tale, is bespoken by the deathsmen.<sup>1</sup>

*F. B.* I'm sorry for't; but as a counsellor, I may not in any way sustain her. You are our only rightful sovereign, and according to the laws of England, the minute whosoever speaks in tropical and abused sense, about the succession, is in the statute law upon evidence, please your Highness, a traitor: and if any subject, or person in England, send in secret, letters unto an opposed King; or instruct, consent, or seek to make away, remove, place in peril, or murder their true sovereign Queen; or touch to her prejudice her good person; or pry into the

1. “Said the queen, (I remember it for the efficacy of the phrase,)

[Note discourse between Bacon and the Decipherer at end of first act. In deciphering, the explanatory words of Bacon, found in the numbered foot notes, occur at points in the play, indicated by like numerals.]

princes' title, they are guilty of treason, and are rebels recreants and traitors. And if they advise, or suffer to be made, approaches upon England, either by invasion or interruption of traffic; or enter into league with foreign princes without the sovereign's will or state's allowance, they shall be apprehended as traitors and rebels, and answer to the attainder. And in this dangerous suspect, dread sovereign, this gilded serpent in mine opinion lies. Nay, more; if that her Majesty while within this kingdom, hath stirred up or made suit unto the King of France, and doth challenge your Majesty's right to be, by the grace of God, Queen of England, France and Ireland, she is a silly woman, and doth show a weak mind: for she, by my troth, is placed in the double and odious position of a neutral, charged with treachery and rebellion; and it is the law that such a person is a traitor, and may suffer death by hanging or the sword, according to the will of the court.

*Q. E.* Yea, is it so? I will myself speak with this woman.

*F. B.* Save your grace! What means your grace? To have conference with your cousin alone?

*Q. E.* Aye, I do so. I will, by visiting this sweet Queen—this subtle-witted, life-rendering politician—find out her attributes. 'Shrew my heart! ere I taste bread, I will unto this planetary plague.

Is she as tall as me?

*F. B.* She is not, madam.

*Q. E.* Didst hear her speak?

Is she shrill tongued or low?

*F. B.* Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced.

*Q. E.* That's not so good.

What majesty is in her gait, remember  
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty?

*F. B.* Dread madam, she hath an inferior form to you.

*Q. E.* Let not thy lips skip one word.

*F. B.* Then I say, look not upon her but when you  
are well pleased.

*Q. E.* Hold your peace! if this prove true, she shall  
pay for't. By mine honor, I would see her though I knew  
I would be damned for't. Go have my Lord Leicester  
here: I would speak with him.<sup>2</sup>

*(Enter Leicester.)*

My lord, all hail! we would visit the virtuous lady, Queen  
of Scotland, at the poor castle where she lies, that she may  
boast she hath beheld the English Queen.

*Lord Leicester.* Good madam, have you eaten on the  
insane root that takes the reason prisoner?

*Q. E.* What, my lord! Must we fear this red-tailed  
bumble-bee, and fall down and knee the way unto her  
mercy, and in humbleness speak her praise and glory?  
Excellent! She, of all alive, is most worthy to be praised,  
being derived by descent from Henry Seventh, and that  
doth call us the issue of our mother's womb, but none of  
our father's kind, and not of his begetting. Didst thou note  
the last shameful speech of this modest lady? That we  
are a bastard, and raised out of the dust to be sovereign  
of England? These twenty years have we suffered by her  
arts—we fear her not. But, my lord, speak the truth  
truly. Hast thou never found the way to the forefended  
place?

*L. L.* No, by mine honor, madam, I never could  
endure her?

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2. "Said she, when I had brought him to her,—

---

*Q. E.* Then be not familiar with her.

*L. L.* Madam, I looked on her, but I noted her not.

*Q. E.* Thou tellest us to keep at home. Suppose, sir, we should have thee wedded unto this mortal Venus, this heart-blood of beauty, this love's invisible soul?

*L. L.* Who, thy cousin Helen?

*Q. E.* No sir, Cressida; thou art not Paris, thou art Troilus. How likest thou our choice?

*L. L.* Sweet Queen, you are pleasant with me, but, dear Queen, be not my lord Pandarus.

*Q. E.* Sweet Queen, sweet Queen! that's a sweet Queen, i' faith, and to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence, but that shall not serve thy turn, that shall it not, la. We care not for such words. No, no, my lord, make no excuse, my dear honey-sweet lord, thou shalt not bob us out of our melody with broken music. We'll hear thee sing—wilt thou have us go without thee, my lord?

*L. L.* No, no! No such matter, you are wide.

*Q. E.* Yet thou makest excuse, my lord; is the fair forlorn Queen of Scotland sole possessor of thy love? Is this the cause that thou fail us? Thou art undutiful and perjured; by Holy Paul, we tell ye, we will (be assured) confer with her, in spite of thee or any of thy faction. A plague upon ye all that hath not honesty or grace!

*L. L.* Your grace speaks against your meetest vantage; you mistake the matter; the tender love I bear your grace, makes me most forward in this princely presence. I fear for you; should the discontented men who owe allegiance to the Scottish Queen, take note of your bold trust, they will by interception, strike at your life.<sup>3</sup>

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3. "The queen started, a little and said:—

*Q. E.* By my faith, my lord, I thank you; yet I will go maugre Scotland's might. Hie away as swift as swallow flies, and furnish me conveyance. Come! away! away! I will go even now! in God's name away! and lose no time.

*L. L.* Fair Queen, your fair cousin is not here in London.

*Q. E.* How! Not in London? I see you make sport of me.

*L. L.* May it please your Highness to hear me speak?

*Q. E.* Yes, sir, yes.

*L. L.* Your Majesty would not suffer your cousin to come.

*Q. E.* Well said, my lord; I do remember; but can you not bring her hither, where I may have chance to speak to her?

*L. L.* Aye, I promise you; I'll send for her to my house; and then if your Highness vouchsafe to sup with me, you may without public proceedings, (if your royal grace wish) come to speech of her.

*Q. E.* Pray ye, my lord, go. <sup>4</sup>

*L. L.* Here, Talbot; (*Enter Talbot.*)

Go you to Queen Mary and most affectionately say, I, to make atonement between us, humbly beseech her grace to come in secret to my house. And be sure you be not robbed of this lovely lady; have soldiers to attend you on horseback; ride post, and fetch her to my house; hem her train in that not a man or woman escape. Away!

*Talbot.* My lord, I'll go tonight.

*L. L.* Good! I have trust and faith in you.

Fare you well! (*Exit Talbot.*)

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4. "My father, losing no time, calleth one of his valiant gentlemen and saith to him:—

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*Scena Secunda.*<sup>5</sup>

(*Banquet Room in LEICESTER'S House.*)

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS and the EARL OF LEICESTER at table.

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH in disguise ; hides behind statue.*

*Queen Mary.* Better were it this woman Elizabeth died ;

And, noble lord, I prithee join with me  
In my attempts, and I, in marriage will  
Confer myself on you, if you, my lord,  
Will accept me. I am young, and apt, and fair  
As is the youngest maid ; and of descent  
As good as this old fox : be pitiful  
Dear lord, and grant my suit. The child that shall descend  
From the true fountain of our marriage,  
Will then be heir unto the lines of France,  
Scotland and England.

*L. L.* But your own son doth wear the crown of  
Scotland.

*Q. M.* What though he do ? By act of Parliament,

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5. "The servant bringeth the poor soul (with a small number of friends) to my father's house, where my father doth greet her and bid her into supper ; then he sends to the Queen and she hies her in all post there, and, like a cunning and professed tyrant, she (after her custom), comes soft into my father's house, and maskt by one of the statues placed in the room, hears my lord dissemble with her grace. This banquet did prove as ominous to Mary, as Progene's to the adulterous Thracian king, that fed upon the substance of his child ; for his foxship led her into blindness with base thoughts. The savour of the celestial food of love, on which my lord fed her, caused her to beg relief of him. Said she:—

We will blot him out. Sir, when the Scottish lords,  
 Did break their oaths to me, and drave me hence,  
 (For by their consent, and for his sake,  
 I was made to yield the crown and fly,  
 My love did turn to hate : therefore, my lord,  
 'Tis but reason that I yield you my hand :  
 You shall have all.

*L. L.* But if your title to the crown be weak,  
 As may appear by your son's good success,  
 Then were I loath to link myself with you.  
 James now doth live in Scotland at his ease,  
 And the houses of York and Lancaster  
 Uphold the arm of Queen Elizabeth ;  
 On neither law nor right rests your estate ;  
 You are an exile, and so must you stay  
 Until your son is brought within your power.  
 By this alliance what shall I win ?

*Q. M.* Aye, good my lord, they have through  
 treachery,  
 Bestow'd the kingdom on my abortive son.  
 But I tell thee, I will requite it on them ;  
 If that thy friends will pawn their swords for me  
 And my enfranchisement, demand thy fill.  
 If thou wilt marry me, as man and wife  
 Being two, are one in love, so we'll combine  
 In one the French, English and Scottish realms :  
 I swear to thee, that thou shalt be the king  
 Of these kingdoms ; then unsheathe thy sword,  
 And give just sentence on this bastard Queen,  
 Who in the regal throne of England sits,  
 Which, in God's name, my lord, we will ascend.  
 Choose thou for thy bride, a loving handmaid



For thy desires, and not the old bastard daughter  
Of that harlot-strumpet, Anne Bullen.  
What sayeth my sweet lord? <sup>6</sup>

(ELIZABETH, with a cry comes forth.)

*Q. E.* Doth Scotland make your Majesty our judge?

*Q. M.* Alas! I am undone; it is the Queen!

*Q. E.* Nay, answer us what thou hast said of us. <sup>7</sup>

Why! how now, Queen? What is the matter now?  
By th' rood, thou didst speak vilely of us, even now,  
But we'll proclaim thee, out of hand, our sovereign,  
And thou shalt reign; and thy son and heirs may claim  
our realm.

Thou hast disinherited thine only son  
But thou shalt yet have children by my lord;  
To him we'll yield obedience, as to a king:  
Why should we not? Pray, pardon us sweet Earl;  
Thy grace, like good Pierce of Exton,  
(Who with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land,)  
Can rid this fair and spotless innocence  
Of her foul foe.

Thou scarlet sin; when thou didst speak so rash,  
Thou knewest not that we were within hearing;  
Thou hast undone thy life!  
Thy dearest heart-blood we will have, foul wretch!  
By heaven! when thou in hateful practice spak'st against  
Our mother's honor, know'st thou not thou gav'st  
The warrant to the executioner for thy head?  
Thou, that rob'st me of my lord—

---

6. "At this, Elizabeth did cry out, and straightway came forth and said:—

7. "When death's approach is seen, 'twill not look so terrible as did Elizabeth.

*Q. M.* Madam, 'tis you that rob me of my lord.

*Q. E.* Be still! Speak not! On capital treason,  
We will arrest thee and, in thy arrest,  
Foul traitor, thou wilt come to know our mind.

*Q. M.* May't please your highness to resolve me now?

*Q. E.* Aye then, madam, since thou enforceth us,  
We will satisfy thee: thy neck must stoop.  
We'll have thy head and set it on our gates,  
So thou may'st overlook the town.<sup>8</sup>

*Q. M.* How! what? no, no, noble madam, you speak  
In sport I know; Your grace's words, forsooth,  
Are stern, but yet no outward actions show  
That you intend to wed me unto Death.  
This is the English, not the Turkish court:  
You'll let me live—I am too young to die!  
You speak in merriment to frighten me!  
Do you not speak in jest?

*Q. E.* Thou wretch! With idle tongue thou questionest.

Speak we no English but gibberish, or rather such,  
As in old time, Evander's mother spake?  
Had we not seen thee and heard thee speak,  
With show of virtue daub'd with vice,  
These very words that did infer our bastardy,  
We could, i'th' Lethe of our angry soul,  
Drown the remembrance of those wrongs, which thou  
Hast done to us; but that our ears should hear thee  
Telling my lord the reasons why our father,  
Who now hath done his shift, did slay our mother—  
By God's Mother, thou shalt post to heaven!  
Think'st thou we jest now?

---

8. "The poor innocent thus began:—

*Q. M.* Oh! Inspeakable injustice!

Oh, monstrous, miserable, moth-eaten judge!  
Dame Atropos to thee resigns her fatal knife,—  
Although, no doubt, the murd'rous knife is dull and blunt  
Till it be whetted on thy stone-hard heart,—  
To revel in the entrails of tender lambs!  
False to thy God, thy father and thy brother;  
Conspirant 'gainst thy sister; well I wot,  
Whoever got thee, thou hast thy mother's guilt!  
Had but thy father, Henry,  
Match'd according to his state,  
Thou hadst been an anointed queen;  
But when he took a beggar to his bed,  
And grac'd thy mother with her bridal day,  
His honor then he cast away.  
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,  
Thy mother took into her blameful bed,  
Some stern untutor'd churl; and thus her stock  
Was graft with crab-tree slip, whose fruit thou art.

*Q. E.* What! thou foul strumpet!

But that I should rob the deathsman of his fee,  
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,  
(For the foul guilt of murder bucklers thee,)  
I would false murd'rous woman, on thy knees,  
Make thee beg pardon for thy passèd speech,  
And say it was thy mother, that thou meant'st,—  
That thou, thyself, was't born in bastardy;  
And after all this fearful homage done,  
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell!  
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men,  
Thou'rt branded with this odious epithet!  
By heaven, thou wretch,

Dost think to ruffle in this commonwealth,  
**And to attain, by thy adultery,**  
 Our father's chair?

*Q. M.* But that thy face is, vizard-like, unchanging,  
 Made impudent with use of evil deeds,  
 I would assay, proud Queen, to make thee blush.  
 To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom derived,  
 Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shame-  
 less.

Proud Queen, the adage must be verified,  
 That "beggars mounted run their horse to death."  
 Thou art a pestilence that doth infect  
 The air with death. England shall think itself  
 Accurs'd the day thou shedd'st my blood;  
 Contempt and clamour 'll be thy knell;  
 Thy subjects all will hiss thee to thy grave.

*Q. E.* How now! What madam! are thy wits thine  
 own,  
 That thou darest abraid us in our land?  
 By our life! Must we bow low to thee, who art  
 From th' extremest upward of thy head  
 To the descent and dust below thy feet,  
 A most toad-spotted traitor?  
 Hadst thou been meek, we might in pity still have slept,  
 But when thou boldly dost deny our title,  
 Damn our gentle mother and claim our crown,  
 Thy blood upon thy head!  
 And in this resolution, we're not willing  
 A longer conference to hold with thee.  
 The vile abuse of our most gentle mother,  
 Whose innocency gave her holiness,  
 Hath left thee naked! We'll destroy thine heir,

And leave, nor name, nor issue, on the earth of thee;  
We will take order that thy son shall fall;  
The plough shall furrow where thy palace stood,  
And fury shall enjoy so high a power,  
That mercy shall be banish'd from our sword;  
For we will put each mother's son to death,  
And lay thy cities level with the ground:  
So will we quench the sparkle that is left  
Of thy false son! Aye, as the Lord doth live,  
We will chastise him; and our English banner  
Shall flout the sky, and fan thy people cold.  
'Fore God, thy tongue hath cost thee now thy life.'

(ELIZABETH *would have left the room.*)

*L. L.* Stay, Princess, wage not war! A privy grudge  
'Twixt such as you, most high in majesty,  
Afflicts both nocent and the innocent.  
How many swords, dread Princess, see I drawn—  
The friend against his friend, a deadly feud,—  
A desperate division in these lands I see!  
To God alone belongs revenge;  
O, keep those many, many bodies safe  
That live and feed upon your majesty;  
The single and peculiar life is bound  
With all the strength and armour of the mind,  
To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more  
That Spirit, upon whose spirit depends and rests  
The lives of many. The cease of Majesty  
Dies not alone but like a gulf doth draw  
What's near it, with it. It is a massy wheel  
Fixt on the summit of the highest mount,

---

9. "And the incensed Queen would have left, but my father said:—

To whose huge spokes, ten thousand lesser things  
Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd which, when it falls,  
Each small annexment, petty consequence,  
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone  
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

*Q. E.* Why! how now! dare you speak for this  
'curs'd woman

Who dares to claim the English crown?

*L. L.* Dread monarch, this is but a lunacy,  
Which grief hath brought this woman to.

*Q. E.* False peer,  
Thy father was a traitor to the crown,  
And thou art traitor to the crown!  
In foll'wing this usurping Queen,  
Belike thou, too, aspire to the crown,  
But neither thou, nor he that loves thee best,  
The proudest he that holdest up this doll,  
Dare stir a wing, if Elizabeth shake her bells.  
I'll have more lives for this  
Than drops of blood were in my mother's veins!  
How she held up the bill, the neb to thee,  
And arm'd her with the boldness of a wife  
To her allowing husband! Already  
Inch thick, knee deep, o'er head and ears in love!  
Blunt witted lord, ignoble in demeanor,  
Every word thou speak'st in her behalf,  
Is slander to our royal dignity.  
Come woman, kneel and do us homage,  
Or, by heaven we swear  
We'll force thee do it, maugre all thy pride!  
Oh we have physic for a fool!  
Pills for a traitor that doth wrong his sovereign!

Most holy and religious fear, will we  
Ourselves, provide for thy interious hatred.  
What hand made thee, thou proud, ambitious man?  
Who gave thee, thou detestable villain,  
Thy coronet? Nay, think thou; thy renown,  
Thy orient pearls, thy dear bought movables,  
Thy jewels and thy treasure comes from us,  
And yet thou makest great account, my lord,  
O' th' curs'd usurper who doth defame us,  
And hath conspir'd with the French king to kill us.  
This man hath eat bread from our royal hand—  
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him—  
Yet notwithstanding, he would commit  
All unlawful actions, contemning God and men,  
Friends and country, and all for this lovely leman.  
There is no truth or justice to be found in men!  
When they are poor and needy, they seek riches;  
And when they have them, they covet princely royalty  
And hold their manhoods cheap.  
Sir, when thou wast ready to be starv'd,  
A silly and contemptible sloven,  
Ragged in coat and in thy whole apparel,  
Did we not load thee with our grace and princely care?  
Have we not made thee Master of the Horse,  
Besides the most remark'd man i' th' kingdom?  
We have with more preferments pursued thee  
Than can be well remember'd. Yet, behold!  
Thou dost demand this very, very, fair  
Sweet Queen to be thy pillow! Oh, how sweet  
A plant is this that thou hast cropt! Thine eyes  
We thought, did prophesy a royal marriage!  
Aye, my lord, all thy knavery we witness'd:

If with this thing it be thou art in love,  
 Thou shalt have her; we'll gratify thy worth;  
 We give her frankly unto thee forever,  
 And ye shall both rake hell for company:  
 Yet we have heard it in a proverb said:—

“He that is old and marries with a lass,  
 Lies but at home and proves himself an asse.”

See her wither'd face, deform'd, diseased; cankered complexion;

She hath a rotten carcass, viperous mind and epicurean soul:  
 We pray thee take her; if thou complainest,  
 By our crown, we swear,  
 By jarring torture will we cut thee off.  
 Yea, thou shalt die; for if upon the earth  
 Any man doth deserve to lose his head,  
 My lord, thou art that man.<sup>10</sup>

*L. L.* God save your majesty; never I am sure,  
 Have I unto your majesty giv'n cause  
 To treat me thus: nothing o' th' sort hath happen'd here.  
 And if it please your majesty to speak,  
 I do beseech you, madam, to discover  
 The special cause why you let slip  
 Such dreadful pudder o'er our heads.  
 I confess, in sober sadness, marriage is a bondage,  
 A yoke, a thraldom and a hindrance, too,  
 To all good enterprises; (this you know)  
 And this illustrious princess and myself  
 No such intent could have. On my head fall the blame  
 And not on hers, if I was half the wooer.<sup>11</sup>

10. “My father said:—

11. “With which words, he excited such excessive jealousy and alarm in my mother that she broke forth into a passionate speech:—

*That keep this great  
 head and cut them every  
 with that last within the*



*Q. E.* Oh, thou liest! I will prove it on thy heart.  
I say thou art enamour'd of this lady,—  
This silken-coated, honey-tonguèd jade.  
Oh, I want friends; I am alone, alone!  
I am a poor servant; what shall I do? <sup>12</sup>

(*ELIZABETH laughs and weeps*)

*L. L.* Oh, I beseech you, madam, pardon me!  
For Heaven's sake pardon! See, a beggar begs,  
That never begg'd before; love and not fear  
Begets my penitence; my happiness  
Is in that love, and it doth harrow me  
With pain when you, our kingdom's pearl, sit weeping;  
But I am crownèd with all joys of love,  
When you, O goddess, banish tears away.  
Come, madam, come; take me out of the grave;  
You are a soul in bliss, but I in desire am bound;  
I pray you, madam, speak to your poor knight;  
I do beseech your grace to pardon me.

*Q. E.* Thou perjur'd man,  
Scotland's beauty doth stale thy heart,  
So go with thy fair love and share her jail. <sup>13</sup>

*L. L.* If you did love me, as I do you  
Thus cruelly you would not let me die,  
Devourèd in my love; within this place,  
If you pardon me not, and trust me not,

---

12. "My mother did, with this, laugh and then wept with grief; such stores of tears she forth did pour, as if she all to water would have gone; when my father saw her sad stower and how she did weep and wail and make exceeding moan, he, descending from his stage-like greatness, said:—

13. "This made him quickly reinforce his speech, and her beseech, in humble manner, thus:—

I'll die: but what a fool am I, to talk  
 Of pardon, for your majesty, I know,  
 Will let me pine away with grief and care!  
 What have I ever done but love you, Queen?  
 And yet, I am content the world shall see  
 How well, if needs, an English earl can die.  
 Here to your grace, I do bequeath my lands,  
 My castles, and what holds of me in chief,  
 And I put your grace in full possession.  
 If that your grace will not poor Robin pardon,  
 I am content, for then, you will promise me  
 The remnant of my fortune to enjoy.<sup>14</sup>

(ELIZABETH *laughs in his face.*)

*Q. E.* Nay, nay, my lord! this shall not hedge us out.  
 No, thou ill-nurtured, sly and bloody man!  
 Thou art blunt of speech, and in conclusion hasty  
 So blame us not if we do trust thee not.  
 No, no, sir, we heard her hail thee king,  
 And we did hidden stand and watch thy pleasure.  
 Thou slave! down on thy knees and tremble!  
 Thou caitiff! We will shake thee to pieces.<sup>15</sup>

*L. L.* Alack, alack! pity me, God!  
 I am a man more sinn'd against than sinning.  
 Let the great gods observe my soul, and if  
 I do not love you with a goodly, cordial love,  
 Let them unkennel on my naked head  
 The thunderbolt, that, with sulphur chargèd,  
 Through the wide cheeks a' th' air doth rive the oak.  
 Great sovereign, you believe me not;

---

14. "In high despight, the Queen laughed in his face and said:—

15. "My lord at this cried out:—

Against me you have conceived displeasure,  
Yet I love you with a precedent passion,  
And witness, Heaven, how dear you are to me.<sup>16</sup>

(ELIZABETH smiles and speaks him fair.)

Q. E. I would entreat you, Robin, speak three wise  
words,

For I promise you, none have you spoken here.  
I'll freely pardon you after death ;  
Therefore, speak no more.

I'm sorry you unto this traitor, base,  
Have given ear, but as you, willingly,  
And of your own accord, have concluded thus  
A league between you, I sir, will requite you,  
And cut your vital thread in twain.<sup>17</sup>

L. L. Madam, my sovereign,  
Long and happy be your days !  
If it please your majesty, give consent  
To straight dispatch me, as it sorteth not with me  
To live in pain of your perpetual displeasure.  
My heart will break ! How I may be censured  
That nature thus gives way to loyalty,  
Something fears me to think ; but I prefer  
The freedom of divine liberty, more  
Than the mortality of imprisonment.  
Therefore, as I am bound to die, let me  
Die here, where my judge is present ;  
The gods of heaven forbid that I should e'er  
Desire, or wish you to yield your crown to me.

Q. E. And wherefore, then, did you debate this  
business ? Speak !

---

16. "So he whined and roared away, until the witty Queen smiled and spoke him fair :—

17. "He answered :—

*L. L.* For to espy this lady's own intent,  
And do a service to your grace.

*Q. E.* Perhaps!

'Tis bravely spoke, and yet I like it not  
That you make choice of friends, that hope to trip me:  
My lord you have deservèd death, but I  
Will pardon you. If you could e'er find out  
A country, where but women were that had  
Receivèd so much shame, you might begin  
A new nation.

*L. L.* I thank your majesty.

*Q. E.* Hark, sir! speak not! Await you my good  
pleasure.

Good Princess Mary, art thou dumb, or doth  
My presence so perturb thy mind, that thou  
With a prophetic spirit, do divine  
Thy downfall? Nay, nay, Princess, lament not,  
He shall enjoy his life and shall abide in safety.  
Aye, noble madam, though he hath indeed,  
Trimm'd up thy praises with a princely tongue,  
Spoke thy deserving like a chronicle,  
But still dispraising praise, valued with thee,  
Which became him not; yet, because he is  
My husband and the father of my sons,  
And, withal, loves thee not, I'll pardon him:  
But thee I'll bring to justice, thou proud forkèd one, /  
I'll have thee presently dispatch'd. Thy speech  
May not be wash'd in Lethe and forgotten.  
My lord, go take her back, and let her not escape;  
If she, who for the grave is mark'd, should fly,  
I surely will behead thee. Dost thou hear?  
Use diligence, therefore, in her return.

*of a king's grace!*

Post speedily! Farewell.

*Q. M.* Farewell, proud Queen ;  
You wrong my lord—my honorable friend—  
And, with dishonor to yourself, between  
Compulsion and respect, do offer him  
The honour of marriage with me. Is he childish  
In reason? Has he a white beard? Lies he  
Bed-rid? Or has he grown incapable?  
Again, being old, does he dispute his own  
Estate? If not, then why should he not choose  
Himself a wife? This land is mine, and I,  
With honor and respect, offer him  
These territories, for this day's princely service done  
To Scotland, and will make him  
My husband without asking your good will ;  
E'en at your door, I will, with my good lords,  
And harness'd troops revel in your nation's chambers.  
Sorry am I that you are so old!  
I'll have you, England's sometime queen, as you  
Affect a sheep's hook, married to my shepherd,  
And you shall milk my ewes and weep. Farewell.<sup>18</sup>

(*ELIZABETH smiles and drops Mary a curtsie.*)

*Q. E.* Then thou compell'st this Prince to wear the  
crown?

But, sir, how often shall I bid thee bear her hence?

*L. L.* Come wend with me, and we will leave.<sup>19</sup>

*Q. M.* Let me but stay and speak ; I will not go.

*L. L.* Come, come away!

I pray you give me leave to lead you forth.

---

18. "The Queen did smile at this, and, with excellent courtesy, said:—

19. "Said my lord:—

*Q. M.* Back, sir; lay not your hand on me!  
I wonder much that you, a mighty man,  
Should be a traitor unto me, your Queen;  
'Tis more than God or man will well allow.

*L. L.* Come.

*Q. M.* Oh, let me live! Set down my ransom!  
King James will make it good.

*L. L.* Pray, speak no more.

I beseech your grace to return with me;  
Come, and if I live, I will promise  
Not to bewray you, but ere the sunset,  
To see you plac'd safely in the castle  
From whence you came original.

*Q. M.* Oh! your desert speaks loud, and I should  
wrong it

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,  
When it deserves, with character of brass,  
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time,  
And razure of oblivion! My faith, my lord,  
In your integrity stands without blemish.

*L. L.* Now is your time; give me your hand; kneel  
Before Elizabeth and pray for mercy.

*Q. M.* You bid me seek redemption of the devil.  
If I would speak, she'd mock me into air;  
Oh! she would laugh me out o' myself; press me  
To death with wit: therefore let the old witch,  
The hag—who's neither maid, widow, nor wife,—  
With all ill-meaning, spill my blood.  
I will not trouble more with gentle words,

---

20. "There she stopped, with tears; her swollen heart her speech seemed to bereave. The Queen, with fell look and hollow deadly gaze, stared on her: while, as one astound, my lord not one word had to speak, and, by outward signs, showed his great amaze:—

This degenerate bastard of a strumpet mother.<sup>20</sup>

(MARY stops with tears.)

My lord, my lord, thou cruel lord!

What frayses ye, that were wont to comfort me?

Of this vile strumpet art thou then afraid?

She, who on my life dot<sup>t</sup> feed—who sucks the blood,

Which from my heart c<sup>o</sup> ch bleed! Confess the truth,

And say by whose advice I here did come.

Thou dost smile at this, Lord Robert.

*L. L.* By my troth, thou speakest truth! the Queen,

Conceiving great fear of my frail safety,

Will'd me to bring thee here.

*Q. M.* O, you most blessèd ministers above,

Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time

Unfold the evil, which is here wrapt up

In countenance. Look you, my lord, did you

As you've confess'd, know that within this chamber,

Her highness was conceal'd? Is it true?

*L. L.* It is true.

*Q. M.* O hear me, Justice,—

*L. L.* Oh, heavens! the vanity

Of wretched fools! oh, hear her not, your highness,

For she will speak most bitterly and strange!

*Q. M.* Most strange, but yet most truly will I speak,

That Leicester is foresworn; is it not strange?

That Robert is a murderer, is't not strange?

That Dudley is an adulterous thief,

An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,

Is it not strange, and strange?

*Q. E.* Nay, it is ten times strange.

*Q. M.* Then this is all as true as it is strange:

Nay, it is ten times true, (for truth is truth) *one*

*1638*

*Marian for 11 years*  
*5.*

*Leice*  
*Robt*  
*Lord*

To the end of reckoning.)

*Q. E.* Away with her! Poor soul,  
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

*Q. M.* I conjure thee, as thou believest  
There is another comfort than this world,  
That thou neglect me not with that opinion  
That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible  
That which but seems unlike; 'tis not impossible  
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,  
May seem as shy, as grave; as just, as absolute  
As he; even so may he, your majesty,  
In all his dressings, caracts, titles, forms,  
Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal Princess  
If he be less, he's nothing, but he's more,  
Had I more name for badness.

*L. L.* Darknèss and devils! saddle my horses;  
Call my train together. By mine honesty,  
If she be mad, as I believe no other  
From these idle words, 'tis time she were away.

*Q. E.* Away with her; she is a courtesan,  
And truly will devise some villainous slander  
To stain and impoison you, my lord. I'll curb  
Her mad and headstrong humour and give her justice.

*Q. M.* Lead me whither thou wilt, even to my death.  
I have, my lord, heard much of thy hospitality,  
But I see, this Queen, that the kingly sceptre bears,  
Resting in jealous dread, thinks best  
To remove me somewhere away.  
Prepare my horses, marble-hearted friend—  
More hideous than the sea-monster—  
I'll strive no longer, but will follow thee:  
Come, come, away! I'll follow thee, my lord,



Unto my prison, where I may wail and weep  
All that I may. Give leave, madam,

That these slaves of thine may take me to my death.

*Q. E.* Go! feed not thyself with fond persuasion.  
Assuredly thou shalt not a succession  
Or a successor upon us impose.

*Q. M.* I know not that, but of this I am assur'd,  
That death ends all, and I can die but once!  
Leicester, farewell.

*L. L.* Not yet, your grace, I'll bear you on your way.

*Q. E.* Stop, my lord, this must not be!  
Thou may'st not take this railer into Shrewsbury.  
Where are the warriors brave, that with this plague-  
Did come? Let them amain towards Shrewsbury march,  
And take this great-grown traitor with them:  
Hence with her! Come, sir, thou must walk by us,  
While we do bend our course unto the Tower;  
After this night's perilous task, good supporters must we  
have,

On other hand, our soldiers that are below.

Come, sir, away! Farewell, thou plague.<sup>21</sup>

(*ELIZABETH starts to leave, leaning on the shoulder of LEICESTER—MARY springs from her seat.*)

*Q. M.* My lord, I tell you that you're a base-born  
And abject swain, and weel I wot, you seem  
Like to the almanac of the old year with the new.  
You coward! to save your paltry life you have made  
Me smart. Surely, all the glory you have won

21. "And the ruthless, unrelenting Queen would have left the poor, foolish and pernicious woman sitting on the floor. As soon as she beheld the Queen pass, leaning on the shoulder of his lordship, from the ground lightly upstarting, she did begin, with nods and smiles to scorn him:—

By your insulting tyranny is guilty shame.  
Oh, monstrous treachery, can this be so  
That in alliance, amity and oaths,  
There should be found such false, dissembling guile?  
Life's sweet to me: oh, shame to you, base knight!  
You dastard, that before a stroke is given,  
Like to a coward squire doth run away!  
For your malicious practices, your foes  
Should tear the garter from your craven leg,  
Because unworthily you are install'd  
In that high degree. Such cowards as you, I vow,  
Ought not to wear that ornament of knighthood:  
Yea, when the truth is known, the world will say,  
That I was thus surpris'd, was infamous,  
And ill-beseeming any man, in fact,  
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.  
When first this Order was ordained,  
Knights of the Garter were of noble birth;  
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,  
Such as were grown to credit by the wars:  
Not fearing death nor shrinking for distress,  
But always resolute in most extremes:  
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,  
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,  
Profaning this most honorable Order,  
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,  
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain,  
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.  
Ignoble lord, stain to your countrymen,  
Follow, I pray, your desperate paramour,  
As Icarus did of old his sire of Crete;  
Yet, what a peevish fool was that of Crete

That taught his son the office of a fowl!  
 Indeed, for all his wings the fool was drown'd:  
 Rather am I Dædalus; you, the poor boy  
 Icarus; and she, the sun that seared  
 The wings of that sweet boy, or else the sea,  
 Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.  
 Sure am I, sir, you are well kiss'd, and that  
 She will dissolve you yet: her sister slew  
 The Earl of Northumberland, your father,  
 And, coupled in bonds of perpetuity,  
 Two Dudleys, soon, will through the lither sky  
 Have wing'd their flight.<sup>22</sup>

(ELIZABETH laughs in scorn.)

Q. E. Lo, my dear lord,  
 These words of hers draw life-blood from our heart!  
 Art weary of thy life? If thou dost make us stay,  
 'Tis but the shortening of thy life one day!  
 Thou hear'st thy doom; be packing, therefore, straight;  
 Thou tempt'st the fury of our three attendants—  
 Lean famine, quartering steel and climbing fire:  
 Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,  
 Thy nation's terror and their bloody scourge,  
 The period of thy tyranny approaches.  
 Moved with compassion of thy country's wrack,  
 Together with the pitiful complaints  
 Of such as thy oppression feeds upon,  
 We have, upon a special cause, concluded  
 To root thee up, and spill the base,  
 Contaminated, misbegotten blood  
 Of thine that is polluted with thy lusts,  
 Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,

22. "Here Elizabeth laughed in scorn and said:—

Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices :  
 And then, with colours spread to march  
 With all our English troops following after us,  
 To lay thy stately, air-braving towers even with the earth,  
 And give unto thy son chastisement for this abuse,  
 And let him perceive how ill we brook his mother's  
 treason.

My lord, take leave of this fair giglot wench ;  
 Come, side by side together will we leave.

*Q. M.* Go ; do what you will ! I command you, go !  
 Flight shall not clear you from this murd'rous stain !  
 No more can I be sever'd from your side,  
 No more can you yourselves in twain divide.

*(The EARL'S servants form a lane,  
 through which the QUEENS make exit.)*<sup>23</sup>

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23. "At the Queen's going away, the Earl's servants stood in a seemly manner in their livery coats, and cognizancies, ranged on both sides, and made the Queen a lane; then forth, through the city to the Tower gates, they marched; from whence, unto the valiant Earl of Shrewsbury, their fair prisoner was straight dispatched.

(BACON AND THE DECIPHERER.)

“ Now sir, if you, the writer of this narrative, will again read o'er the lines, you will see that I have changed my style, and compiled this tragic history as a play, and, act by act, tell the event.”

“ How many acts are there ? ”

“ Five, wherein I purpose to speak actively, without dilating or digressing. Turn backward, and single out the play and the players.”

“ What am I to do when I find out where the tragedy begins ? ”

“ Bring it forth. Faithfully transcribed, it discloses the author of the plays, because, if I, Master Francis Bacon, set down the history of my father, my mother, and the Queen of Scots, as a play, and did mask it in plays, then I did write them all. In my judgment, though some may speak openly against my books, when they come to read the play—which is of a self-same colour as King John, Henry the Fourth, Henry the Fifth, and Henry the Sixth on the one side, and Cæsar, Othello, and the Comedies on the other,—it will prove me, Francis Bacon, to have been the author of these narrations, and satisfy the mountebanks, that represent you as full of knavish impostures. When your auditors hear and see this play, in which are lines, that with the most excellent of the others are parallel, they will leave no sour annoy for you. Even the youths that thunder at a play-house will, with their loud applause and aves vehement, cut off all ill-affected speech. And here, I hope, begins your lasting joy; aye, in my heart of hearts I do; for behold! you, yourself, do take a taking part.”

“ What's here? I take no part in this, but that of the maid's—I dance to another's music.”

“ Not so. One scene of it, you will find, is Bacon with his scholar; the lines his pupil speaks are no other than the

Cipher's key; that part is yours, and so, you shall convert the world to single thinking, with your own voice."

"I love the people, but I do not like to stage me to their eyes. Though it do well, I do not relish well this childish sport; I will not represent my own image."

"Well then, let me speak."

"I stay upon your leisure."

"O stand forth, and, with bold spirit, relate what you, most like a careful subject, have collected out of my misplac'd books. Speak it, as I pronounce it to you, trippingly on the tongue: if you mouth it, as many players do, I had as leave the town crier spoke my lines. Do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently: for you must acquire and beget a temperance. Now, my lord, I desire to give you, by parallels, the secret that deludes them all."

"It is impossible."

"I say nay to that, my lord, I know that you are a king of learning, and that, prompted and incited by the nature of your education, you have done the work of a servant, and yet thereby your well-deserved Honour and Reputation is certain. No doubt, without your eyes, these stories, (disclosing the greatest mysteries of this Isle,) could never have been resolved; but now you will bring to a happy issue, the exact solution of my riddle, which argues your wisdom and your love. And, I hope good Fortune, will give you hours of happiness without number; and that, wearing the garland I have presented you, you will take your place on the seat of the poets; and I hope your name will go with mine through all ages. Your scope is as mine own, so to enforce the laws as to your soul seems good. May the heavens give safety to your purposes; and, to the hopeful execution of your commission do I leave you. Once more, give me your hand, and I'll lead you forth and bring you back in safety. Take my blessing; God protect you, into whose hands I give my life. Fare you well."

"I thank you. Farewell."

*Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.*

(Street in front of the Tower gates, London. Time, midnight.)

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, EARL OF LEICESTER and train, with torches.

Q. E. My lord,  
Nobly and sumptuously hast thou entertain'd  
This fair rebel. Oh, how much art thou like  
Mark Antony, who kiss'd his orient pearl  
With many double kisses!  
And thou, my brave Mark Antony, hast  
In immodest love, with many a joyful kiss  
And melting tear, embraced this vain castaway,  
"Whose flow'ring pride, so fading and so fickle,  
Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle."  
High-minded Cleopatra, sovereign of Egypt,  
With stroke of asp did sting herself to death;  
And Sthenebœa bold, with wilful cord  
Did choke herself for wanting of her will;  
But thou false knave, this worthless mistress o' thine,  
Can do no more than backbite my good name.  
Ha! hie thee home to bed,  
Thou subtle, perjurd, false, disloyal man.  
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,  
To be seduced by thy flattery?  
Thou hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows,  
That thou thinkest thou art sure of me.  
Thy bones are hollow, and impiety  
Hath made a feast of thee; which of thy hips,  
Has, sir, the most profound sciatica?  
Nay, but I know thee; I am priz'd so slight  
That thou hast forsworn me thus shamelessly.

Think'st thou thy oaths will compass thy least wish?  
Though each particular saint they would swear down,  
My good lord, I would not now believe them.

Oh! I have fed upon this woe, already,  
And now excess of it will make me surfeit;

Even as one heat another heat expels,  
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,  
So the remembrance of thy former love  
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

Nay, more;

All th' cunning manner of my death's determin'd of,  
And all the means are plotted and 'greed on:

I know how she must from her window climb,  
At th' midnight hour, and that thou, for her flight,  
Will have all necessaries that she must use,—

The ladder of cord is made, and now is in  
The chamber of mine enemy. Believe me,  
Were I of evil disposition, sir,

Within three days thy head would be chopp'd off;

But after all, I am in this, thy wife,

And at the hazard of my friends and state,

I'll use thee gently. From henceforth, from me

And from thy friends, my lord, thou art banish'd;

Thy falsehood, cowardice and poor descent—

Three things that women highly hold in hate—

I will forget, and in dumb silence bury

The slander and the shame thou'st put on me;

And now begone; I'll presently deliver

Thee thy commission.<sup>24</sup>

---

24. "The Earl, when great Cynthia's displeasure brake,  
with wonderous skill did plain, and move for her to take him  
to her grace again; said he:—



*L. L.* You are void of pity,  
If you do banish me. O pity me,  
My love, and pardon me, sweet Queen!

*Q. E.* My stubborn smart  
Thou dost not aught assuage, but more annoyance breed.  
Therefore, speak not! Thy best appointment make with  
speed,—

To-morrow you set on. Go! Fare thee well.

*L. L.* Is there no remedy?

*Q. E.* None but such remedy  
As, to save a head, to cleave a heart in twain.

*L. L.* But is there any?

*Q. E.* Yes, there's a devilish mercy in thy judge  
If thou wilt implore it, that will free thee  
From banishment, but it will fetter thee till death.

*L. L.* Perpetual durance?

*Q. E.* Aye, just perpetual durance;  
A restraint through all the world's vastidity.

*L. L.* Oh! I do fear thee, and I quake!  
O let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand,  
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;  
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,  
To wash away my woful monument.  
Oh, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,  
That thou mightest think upon the seal,  
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!

*Q. E.* Get thee gone! Speak not to me! Even now,  
begone!

*L. L.* Oh, go not yet; even thus two friends con-  
demn'd,  
Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,  
Loather a hundred times to part, than die:

Yet now farewell, and farewe'll life with thee;  
 Thus is poor Robin ten times banishèd—  
 Once by his fault, and three times thrice by thee.<sup>25</sup>

(ELIZABETH thrusts him away,  
 enters the palace gates, which close.)

*L. L.* I'll empty all these veins, and drop by drop,  
 Shed my dear blood in' th' earth, ere I will go!  
 Let my soul want mercy, if I do not join  
 In her behalf with Scotland! She is fair,  
 And not a scurvy, old cozening devil,  
 Who, like the sanctimonious pirate  
 That went to sea with the ten commandments,  
 Scrap'd out of the table—"Thou shalt not steal;"  
 I have heard that her grace, hath razed  
 A commandment to leave her free. (VII.)  
 God-a-mercy! If I do speak or laugh  
 Familiarly with such or such woman,  
 Then presently she is, without a cause,  
 So jealous and suspicious, that she doth  
 Vulgarly and personally let slip,  
 Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,  
 That goeth out to prey.

*F. Bacon.* But she loves you,  
 And love, you know, is full of jealousy.

*L. L.* What! what fellow was that that dared to  
 speak?

*F. B.* My lord, 'twas I.

*L. L.* What man art thou?

---

25. "She would not hear and stoutly thrust him away, and did enter in the tower gates; when my lord saw that all hope was gone, and all that he had foolishly lost by game of tick-tack, he did unloose his tied-up tongue and damned the woman that wronged him; he said:—

*F. B.* Son to your noble lordship.

*L. L.* Well done, my boy. What hath called thee here?

*F. B.* I came to see thyself.

*L. L.* What seek ye, Francis?

*F. B.* My lord, cheer up your heart. Your foes are nigh,

And this soft courage makes your followers faint.

*L. L.* Hold, villain! hold! Should I suspect Thou wouldst betray me, I would murder thee.

*F. B.* I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;  
Upon her grace, be thou reveng'd and let me live;  
But kill me with thy weapon, not with words,  
Or, rather, use thy sword to rid thee of thy foes;  
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,  
Than can my ears, among this company,  
Hear thee so make our gracious Queen thy theme!  
If thou please, let us hence, and thus avoid  
Her ill-timed suspicion. Bitter fear  
O'er-shades me; it is folly, in the streets  
So to babble and talk. Thy fingers to thy lips,  
And I will respect thee as a father,  
But thy discretion better can persuade,  
Than I am able to instruct or teach;  
Therefore let us go cheerfully together,  
And digest thy angry choler on thine enemies.  
If thou forsake our gracious Queen,  
To waste thyself upon a fugitive,  
Thou art not worthy, sir, of preservation.

*L. L.* Boy, by my soul, she knew not what she did  
When thus she spake to me. Knowest thou  
That I am banished? Ah! hadst thou heard

Her foul reproaches, full deeply then,  
Thou hadst divin'd my unqualified shame.

*F. B.* My lord, I have heard and seen all.

*L. L.* Well then,

Should I not ease my heart, even if it be  
With hazard of my head? I prithee, boy,  
Trouble me no more.

*F. B.* What valor were it, when a cur doth grin,  
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,  
When he might spurn him with his foot away?  
To take all vantages, is no impeach  
Of valor, sir. What would your lordship do?  
Make stand against the Queen?  
My lord, so strives the woodcock with the gynne,  
So doth the connie struggle in the net.

*L. L.* So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty.

*F. B.* So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatcht.  
Wrath makes you deaf; you talk like one that doth  
Upon a mole-hill stand, and reach with outstretcht arms,  
At rocky mountains, yet, when all is done,  
Hath parted but the shadow with his hand.  
Come, your father's, Northumberland's, head—  
After many scorns, many foul taunts—they took,  
And on the gates they set the same, and there  
It did remain, the saddest spectacle  
That ere was view'd: and, ten to one, she'll do  
To you as was unto Northumberland done.

*L. L.* I know it well; yet blame me not.  
She forbade my tongue to speak, and boy,  
I' th' presence of my servants, aye, with outstretcht throat,  
Did tell the world aloud my privy faults.

*F. B.* The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb;

Dismiss your followers and abate your wrath.  
I grant that oft she puts her tongue to speech  
Not fit for Albion's sovereign; but for you,  
My lord, it had been better you had kiss'd  
Your three fingers, than with your tongue to tell  
The passion of your heart. She is your Queen,  
And heedful ears may chance to find you out;  
Then will thick darkness and the gloomy shade  
Of death environ you, till mischief and despair  
Drive you to break your neck, or hang yourself.

*L. L.* Peace, peace!

Boiling choler chokes the passage of my voice!  
I'll plant the Scottish Queen even in the chair of state.  
This answer (at my dearest cost) I will  
Return to her.

*F. B.* My gracious lord, the cedar,  
Whose arms give shelter to the princely eagle,  
Under whose shade the ramping lion sleeps,  
Whose top-branch overpeers Jove's spreading tree,  
And keeps low shrubs from Winter's powerful wind,  
Yields to the axe's edge: those eyes,  
That now are piercing as the mid-day sun  
To search the secrets of the world,  
Will then be dimm'd with death's black veil;  
The wrinkles on your brows, which have been liken'd oft  
To kingly sepulchres, with blood be fill'd;  
Your glory smear'd in dust and blood; your parks,  
Your walks, your manors, be delivered  
Unto your foes; and of all your lands,  
Naught will be left but your poor body's length.  
Dig not your grave! turn not to earth and dust!  
Away, away! live, rule and reign!

Turn th' leaf and read, and in the interim,  
Having weigh'd it, recover all your loss again.  
Think what hath chanc'd, is but new honors come  
Upon you, which like to strange garments, fit  
Not to their mould but with the aid of use.  
Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament.

*L. L.* Thy speech shows fair; be thou my advocate  
With the angry Queen.

*F. B.* What would you have me plead for, my lord?

*L. L.* As thou lovest and tenderest me,  
Dissuade the Queen from having me banish'd.  
Oh! banished!—that one word—banished!  
It presses to my memory,  
Like evil deeds to dying sinners' minds!  
Plead for me that I be not exiled.

*F. B.* My lord, your lordship knows, it lies  
Not in my power to dissuade the Queen;  
But I will testify my zeal unto the crown,  
And, as I bear your name, with show of zeal  
Will speak in your behalf. Why look you still  
So stern and tragical?

*L. L.* Thou wilt be repuls'd.

*F. B.* It may be very likely; but I hope  
That words, sweetly placed and modestly directed,  
Will change her mind and save you from exile.  
Come, my lord, break not now into passion,  
But speak her fair and flatter, most obsequious  
And willing.

*L. L.* Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse,  
It is not well, thus boldly to whip me!  
Yet I, in silence, will keep in, and if  
There yet remains of thy persuading art

A little remnant, why, appease, I pray,  
Our jealous Queen.

*F. B.* My lord, I will plead well  
Your fair deserts, and be assur'd I will  
Repeal you, or adventure to be banished  
Myself. But look, my lord, our torches die.

*L. L.* Do not light them.  
I'll lock thy worthy counsel in my breast,  
And what I do imagine, let it rest.

(*Exeunt.*)

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*Scena Secunda.*

(*Audience Room of the Palace.*)

QUEEN ELIZABETH and MASTER FRANCIS BACON.

*Queen Elizabeth.* Well pleadest thou, for this great  
peer,  
But tell me, sith that thou and I are here,  
How is't t' enrich the storehouse of thy powerful wit,  
That this great bagpipe man, that roars so loud  
And thunders in the night, comes not himself?

*Francis Bacon.* He hath sent me in his stead, and  
As did Aeneas old Anchises bear,  
So bear I, upon my manly shoulders,  
My father's fame; but Aeneas bare a living load,  
Nothing so heavy as these woes of his.  
Uncurable discomfit reigns within  
His heart, and he doth entreat your grace, that  
Have into monstrous habits put the graces  
That once were his, with charity to interpret

His well-disposèd mind; and weeping forth  
His welcomes, asks of thee forgiveness.

*Q. E.* Hark! dare not speak too loud, lest that thy  
speech

Shall to our flaming wrath be oil and flax.

We will not have to do with pity.

The well-disposèd mind growing once corrupt,  
Turns noble benefits to vicious forms,

Ten times more ugly than ever they were fair.

This man so complete, who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders,

That when he spoke, we almost with ravish'd list'ning,

Could not find his hour of speech, a minute;

He, fit indeed to use in all assays—

Whether for arms and warlike amenaunce,

Or for a wise and civil governaunce—

Doth, in his courting of this strange princess,

Invite us aye, to act in cruelty.

Into as many gobbits will we cut

That fatal screech-owl to our house,—

That nothing sings but death to us and ours,—

As wild Medea, young Abisirtis did.

Death will stop her dismal threatening sound,

And her ill-boding tongue no more shall speak:

Dark cloudy death will overshadow her beams of life;

And we'll surely blast thy father's harvest.

Take heed lest that sweet Death doth reap thee, too!

We'll banish him on pain of death.

*F. B.* Forgive my presumption.

*Q. E.* Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst  
presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to be attorney

For this base ignoble wretch.



God knows thou art the first fruit of my flesh,  
But hast thy father's heart. Thy parentage  
Thou canst not e'er deny, fill'd as thou art  
With all thy father's vicious qualities.  
I did bear thee, but he did beget thee.  
Begone, thou graceless boy! get thee from my sight.

*F. B.* Here on my knee, I beg mortality  
Rather than life preferr'd with infamy!  
If I, to-day, die not with thy fell rage,  
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age!  
That my father might be saved, to thee I come;  
O twice my mother, twice am I thy son;  
Thou gav'st me life, and rescued me from death,  
I give to thee my sword, my soul, my breath;  
Rather than ill shall shame my mother's womb,  
All my fair hopes shall lie in one dark tomb:  
No power have I to speak for him, I know,  
And so farewell. I and my griefs will go.

*(Enter a messenger.)*

*Mess.* Your grace, the Earl of Leicester  
Doth crave to be admitted to your presence.

*Q. E.* What means his grace, that he so plain and  
blunt

Doth audience demand? Let him come near.

*(Enter Leicester.)*

I' God's name, lord, how darest thou attend on us?  
Go home; return unto thy house; there bow  
Thy stubborn knees and pray for her whom thou  
Hast vow'd to serve.

*Leicester.* I am the wofullest man that ever liv'd,  
For I in oblivion and hateful griefs  
Must live. Dearer than life art thou to me!

Now my soul's palace is become a prison ;  
 Ah ! would it break from hence, that this, my body,  
 Might in the ground be closèd up in rest :  
 For never, henceforth, shall I joy again,  
 Never, oh, never shall I see more joy !  
 To thee I pray, sweet Queen, O pity me  
 Before I take my death ! I never did thee harm !  
 Why wilt thou slay me ?

*Q. E.* Silence thine idle tongue ! I'll set thee up a  
 glass,

Where thou mayst see the inmost part of thee.  
 Lay not the flatt'ring unction to thy soul,  
 That not thy trespass but my anger speaks :  
 It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,  
 Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,  
 Infects unseen. Confess thyself to heaven ;  
 Repent what's past ; avoid what is to come ;  
 And do not spread the compost on the weeds,  
 To make them rank. Sir, I saw the wanton  
 Pinch thy cheek, call thee her mouse, and slyly,  
 Whilst paddling in thy neck with her damn'd fingers,  
 Give thee a pair of rechie kisses.  
 Had I her brethren here, their lives and hers  
 Were not revenge sufficient for me :  
 No, if I digg'd up her forefathers' graves,  
 And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,  
 It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.  
 The sight of her or any of her house,  
 Is as a fury to torment my soul ;  
 Until I root out her accursed line  
 And leave not one alive, I live in hell.  
 Therefore, begone.

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*L. L.* O thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

*Q. E.* O throw away the worser part of it,  
And live the purer with the other half.  
Thou hast out-paramour'd the Turk.

*L. L.* Your highness, it is no blot or foulness,  
No unchaste action or dishonor'd step,  
That hath depriv'd me of thy grace and favor.  
It is but this: that jealous of my love,  
To work my fortune's ill with foul suspicion,  
The gallants stuff thy ears,—  
Oh! monstrous villainy,—when they know  
Sooner would I the fiery elements  
Dissolve, and make thy kingdom in the sky,  
Than this base earth should shroud your majesty.

*Q. E.* I bear an honourable mind, and am  
Not carried with the common wind of courts,  
Nor do I after tattling fables fly.  
Restrain thy apprehension; I will lay  
Trust upon thee, and thou shalt find I will  
Preserve and love thee; I've conferred on thee  
The commandment of mine army beyond the sea.  
Now, my lord, to the council follow me.

*L. L.* I will attend upon your highness.<sup>26</sup> (*Exeunt.*)

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26. "Unto the council chamber they have gone, thence will we, therefore, to look on and see, how in their counsels, they do all agree:—"

*Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.**(Council Chamber of the Palace).**Lords seated at Table. QUEEN ELIZABETH on a raised throne.*

*Queen Elizabeth.* My lords, Philip of Spain,—the foul, accursed minister of hell,—hath joined with the Frenchmen, our baleful enemies, and in league with Burgundy, gathers strength. Their armies that were divided into two parts, are now conjoined in one, and presently mean to give battle to the states of Christendom. Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils, we trust the proffer we have made unto the rightful Lord Protector of the Low Countries, will give you all content. This letter doth contain it. This it is. We have begged my lord to accept this, our servant, whom we send as image of our power, to be the captain of our victorious, armèd Englishmen, that now war with him against our enemies. Judge then, great lords, if we have done amiss in this. Speak freely, we cannot hear too much in matter of such moment: my good Lord Chancellor, speak thou as free as mountain wind.

*Lord Chancellor.* Your grace, it is not meet that he should be sent as your grace's image, for that he was a traitor to the crown. His father shook hands with death, and will you pale your head in the son's glory, and rob your temples of the diadem? For he doth hope to reign. He hath gelded the commonwealth, and made of it an eunuch, and should your majesty put about his neck the scarf, and in his hands the staff, no good will come of it.

*Lord Leicester.* I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

*Q. E.* By the eternal God, whose name and power thou tremblest at, answer what we shall ask. Thou shalt not pass from hence but to execution, till thou dost speak the truth.

*L. L.* Ask what thou wilt.

*Q. E.* Think'st thou to rise from beggar's state unto this princely seat? Hast thou intent to destroy the realm and slay your sovereign?

*L. L.* 'Tis their intent to slaughter me.  
Oh, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,  
That I, in rage, might shoot them at their faces!  
Grant me th' commission, gracious sovereign,  
And you may behold confusion of your foes.  
So help me righteous God, against this state  
I have no thought; with pure, unspotted heart,  
Never yet taint with aught but love, I have,  
O gentle Princess, ever sought to be  
A faithful servant t' mine anointed Queen:  
Your grace doth know, it is because no one should sway,—  
No one but he, should be about your grace,—  
That doth engender thunder in his breast,  
And makes him roar his accusations forth;  
But he shall know I am as good as he.

*L. C.* No, my good lords, it is not that offends,—  
It is not that, that hath incensed me!  
Thou lordly sir, and what art thou, I pray,  
But one imperious in another's throne?  
And if thy thoughts were sifted, I fear me  
The Queen, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt  
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.  
For such is thy audacious wickedness,—  
Thy lewd, pestif'rous and dissentious pranks,—

As very infants prattle of thy pride.

*L. L.* I do desire thee, sovereign, and lords,  
Vouchsafe to give me hearing what I shall reply.  
If I were covetous, ambitious or perverse,  
As he will have me, how am I so poor?  
Or how haps it I seek not to advance  
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted colour?  
And for dissensions, who preferreth peace  
More than I do—except I be provok'd?  
Mark the intent o' this nimble-witted councillor,  
Who, in cold considerance hath sentenc'd me!  
He knows the game, how true he keeps the wind.

*Q. E.* Silence! Be patient, lords! Why stand ye on nice points? My lord Earl, we have made thee Master of our Forces. Stoop, and bend thy knee. Swear that thou wilt, whilst thou enjoyest this royal dignity, ease thy country of distressful war; and though in foreign land, when dreadful danger feeds his doubtful humour, and is wont all zeal of justice to cut off, that thou wilt hold up our warlike sword, and for St. George and victory fight: and that thou wilt live and die for England's fame, and be true liegeman to our crown. Take thou thy oath.

*L. L.* So help me God, I will, your majesty.

*Q. E.* Take thy commission then, as General of the Forces.

Success unto our valiant general,  
And happiness to his accomplices.  
As time and our concernings importune,  
We shall write to thee how it goes with us:  
And so, my lord, with all the speed thou mayst,  
Set on towards thy commandment.  
The justice of the quarrel and the cause,

Much honor will engrave upon thy brows.  
This sudden execution of our will,  
We know thou wilt excuse, for till thou dost return  
We rest perplexed with a thousand cares.  
But we, as erst Princess Andromanche,  
Seated amidst the crew of Priam's sons,  
Have liberty to choose where best we love.  
Then be not sad, for 'tis our right,  
To name our captain and our knight.<sup>27</sup> (Exeunt.)

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*Scena Secunda.*

(Council Chamber of Palace, twelve months later.)  
Lords of the Council and QUEEN ELIZABETH.

*Queen Elizabeth.* Lords, take your places. Lord Chamberlain, where are our notes? Behold, my lords, the sly conveyances of Scotland's Queen unto Henry King of France. She here doth claim our crown by right, and we pray you all, proceed from this true evidence. God forbid any malice should prevail, or that faultless, you condemn her. Pray God she may acquit her of suspicion but if she be approved in practice culpable, then we intend to try her grace.

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27. "Now I slide over twelve months space: I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing, as you had slept between. My tale is now about the Lady's death."

"Were your eyes witness of her attainder and her death?"

"No, but I was in the beaten track of that I tell you of."

"Thou soulderest close impossibilities, and make them kiss, that speakest with every tongue, to every purpose; let us on."

"Good my lord, look then. Officers and counsellors are in place. The Queen begins:—

*Lord Chancellor.* Great Sovereign, vouchsafe to hear me speak, and let your chancellor's counsel now prevail. I bend my knee against the Queen, that in thus aiming at your life hath tempted judgment. I, and the rest that are your counselors, with a general consent, demand that articles shall forthwith be drawn touching the rank treason of the Queen. Before my God, I might not this believe, without the sensible and true avouch of mine own eyes, but I have viewed these treasonable abuses of her grace, and madam, I would have her, in private, ascend to heaven. Granted scope of speech, will she not swear false allegations to o'erthrow the state? Then let her be sent to heaven, without the acclamations and applauses of the people.

*Q. E.* Heaven forbid! My lords, at once the care you have of us, to mow down thorns that would annoy our foot is worthy praise. We thank you. These words content us much, but shall we speak our conscience? God forefend that Mary be done to death in secret. There are such proofs of the Queen's treason, letters from the King of France found in her boxes, the bold-faced, bloody, devilish practises upon our life, with many other evidences of deep deceit that proclaim her with all certainty, to be a fox in stealth, false in heart and bloody of hand, but we can give the loser leave to chide; and we will not contrary to law, devise strange death for her; and we heartily beseech you, dishonor not your sovereign: therefore call home again the noble Earl, and in the balance of our English peers, let her be weighed: If she weigh light then she needs must fall. Here are your commissions. And now, my gentle lords, fair duty to you all. Look into the bottom of this troublesome evil, for know,



under our seal we have with special and displayèd mind, lent you our terror, dressed you with our love, and to you, given all the organs of our power. We think you will solemnly bear at full, our grace, honor and wisdom.

*L. C.* Always obedient to your grace, we will not warp the ample power that your highness hath possessed us with, against our oaths and true allegiance sworn.

*Q. E.* On Thursday next, thou shalt set forward. The Clerk of the Crown hath begun the penning of your lordships' letters of commission, which are fac-similies of this. Forty peers, knights, captains, lawyers and gentlemen, we shall employ to try this o'er-topping woman's treason, and to dispose of her as they think good. To-night, we hold our solemn supper, and we request the presence of our friends.

*All.* Let your highness command us.

*Q. E.* God's benyson go with you all. Farewell.<sup>28</sup>

*(Exeunt.)*

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28. "In conduct of the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Queen of Scots had, within the realm of England, been at Coventry, Wingfield, Sheffield, and Shrewsbury, but was a short time before her trial, by will and warrant of our gracious sovereign, removed to Fotheringay Castle, in Northamptonshire. Of those summoned to serve, thirty-four answered. My lords of Derby, Pembroke, Rutland, Worcester, Northumberland, Shrewsbury, Kent, Lincoln, Oxford, Stafford, Gray and Warwick, the Lord Treasurer, the Knights Montague, Hatton, Walsingham and many other lords and gentlemen appeared at the castle, and on the eleventh of the eighth month, and for some twelve days thereafter, diligently applied themselves to the cause. The Lord Chancellor called Mary before them, and as a prisoner she was brought to the bar, and, in view of the commission, spake to this effect:—

*Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.**(Room in Fotheringay Castle.)**Lords, Knights, Captains, Lawyers and Gentlemen in attendance.**QUEEN MARY at the Bar.*

*Queen Mary.* My learned lords: there is a fault amongst you, and I speak it to your shame. I am the Queen of Scots, and yet none dare speak for me: and further, be it in more shame spoken, the English Queen, Elizabeth, is not here. Hear then, my resolution: the French King's sister and mother of the King of Scots, doth crave the presence of the English Queen.

*Lord Chancellor.* Madam, our Queen hath, in her absence, elected us to supply her great countenance and place; there is our commission.

*Q. M.* Then hear me, mighty lords, ye wish my ruin: Is this your Christian counsel? Out upon ye! Heaven is above ye all yet; there sits a Judge That no king can corrupt.

And shall the figure of God's majesty—  
His captain, Stewart, deputy elect,  
Anointed, crown'd, and planted many years,—  
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath?  
Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye,  
And all such false professors!  
By heaven, my lords, I speak to subjects,  
And I'll not tarry here, nor ever more  
Upon this business, my appearance make  
In any of your courts.

*L. C.* The Queen is obstinate,  
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it,

And disdainful to be tried by 't.  
She's going away. Call her again.

*Crier.* Mary, come into court.

*L. C.* Madam, pray you pass not out: I require your  
highness,

That it shall please you to declare, in hearing  
Of all these ears, what fault you find with us.

*Q. M.* Now the Lord help me! you vex me past my  
patience!

I'm robb'd and bound by subjects. Thieves are not  
judg'd

Except in presence of the judge and their accusers.  
Elizabeth is not present, and I

Do beseech your lordships, that in this case of justice,  
My accusers (be what they will) may stand  
Forth, face to face, and freely urge against me.

*L. C.* Nay, that cannot be; we shall give you  
The full cause of our coming. If your grace  
Could be brought to know our ends are honest,  
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,  
Upon what cause, wrong you? Alas! our places,  
Our professions, are against it.

*Q. M.* My life is innocent from meaning treason  
To any royal person, my good lord,  
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove:  
But I do know, upon far-fetch'd pretence  
Without legal proceeding, this council  
Is,—in the interest of your Queen, who is  
Asham'd to look upon my hapless death,—sent hither  
To work my downfall, and to take away my life.  
I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture  
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart;

Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden,  
 For selfsame wind that I should speak withal,  
 Is kindling coals that fires all my breath,  
 And burns me up with flames that tears would quench.  
 Call hither, I say, bid come before me, the false thrall  
 That hath deluded you: bring forth the gallant:  
 Let me hear him speak. Ah! what's more dangerous  
 Than fond affiance in a servant?  
 Seems he a dove, his feathers are but borrow'd,  
 For he's dispos'd, as is the hateful raven:  
 Is he a lamb, his skin is surely lent him,  
 For he's inclin'd, as is the ravenous wolves,  
 Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit.  
 Take heed, my lords, time will bring to light, faults  
 Now unknown, in the fraudulent man, that hath  
 To save his life, a tale of evil told.

*L. C.* O foolish Queen, by this talk, these prattling  
 speeches, you have undone yourself, We are the Queen's  
 subjects and must obey: so, please your highness, the  
 Queen being absent, we entreat you let us begin. My  
 Lord of Lincoln, will you be counsel for her grace? Be  
 pleased to say.

*Lord Lincoln.* Nay, my good lord,  
 For no dislike i' th' world; against the person  
 Of the good Queen, I may not execute the charge.  
 With all the rev'rend fathers and learn'd doctors  
 Of the land in this court, by particular consent,  
 The daring'st counsel, madam, may be yours.

*Q. M.* Even so.  
 But when I put my sick cause into hands  
 That hate me, what can hap to me but death?  
 I have no staff, no stay to lean upon.

*Lord Oxford.* Stay, gentle Queen,  
And hear me speak : vouchsafe to listen what I say,  
Perhaps I shall be acceptable to you.

*Q. M.* My lord,  
I do not need your help ; if my actions  
Were tried by ev'ry tongue, if every eye saw 'em,  
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,  
I know my life, believe me, could not be  
Blotted, but with vile, base and foul abuse.

*L. C.* Wilt thou accept my Lord of Pembroke?

*Lord Pembroke.* Your grace,  
If my weak oratory can win your highness' safety,  
Let me be commanded.

*Q. M.* My gracious lord,  
I will submit my cause to your nobility.

*Pemb.* May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw  
Into your private chamber ; I would speak with you.

*Q. M.* Speak it here ;  
There's nothing I have done yet, o'my conscience,  
Deserves a corner : would all other women  
Could speak with as free a soul as I do, my lord.

*Lawyer for the Crown.* My Lord Chief Justice,  
Fie ! what an indirect and peevish course  
Is this of hers ! With a foul traitor's name,  
Stuff I her throat ! She looks not like a thing  
More made of malice than of beauty, though  
A parent guilt may well be seen in her.  
Oh, that in a Christian climate, souls so refin'd  
Should show so heinous, black, obscure a deed as this !  
But, thanks be to God,  
They accomplish'd not that which they did broach for.  
This sweet gentleness did attempt our Sovereign's life,

As is apparent by this letter, writ  
 In a strange tongue unto the King of France.  
 In obscure words—full of courtesy, grace  
 And wit, but empty of matter—she masks her thoughts.  
 This is unwonted. 'Tis a sign of league  
 With France, when, with incomparable deep foresight  
 And dexterity, a mighty monarch  
 Doth send a messenger to deliver to King Henry such  
 a message.

*Q. M.* Will you credit

This base drudge's words that speaks he knows not what?

*L. C.* Aye, marry will we.

The investigation of this labyrinth,  
 Doth bring forth two such black monsters, as scarce  
 Are besmeared in hell.

*Q. M.* Take good heed

You charge not, in your spleen, a noble King,  
 And spoil your soul.

*L. C.* Let him on. Go forward.

*Crown Lawyer.* On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
 I grieve at what I speak, and am right sorry  
 To repeat what follows: most unwillingly I speak.  
 Would God that this most noble lady had  
 Had naught to do, with these numberless offences  
 'Gainst the English Queen. Beauty's princely majesty is  
 such,

That it confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough,  
 And as the sun plays on the glassy stream,  
 Twinkling another counterfeited beam,  
 So seems this gorgeous beauty, to the eyes  
 Of the weak men who have ta'en oath, to kill  
 Our royal mistress. She hath a witchcraft

And over them hath cast a spell.  
We have found out matter in her letters,  
That forever mars the honey of her beauty.  
She hath a pretty foot, a cherry lip,  
A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue,  
But she her honey hath steepèd in gall,  
And full of great envy and fell jealousy,  
To win the crown and usurp the place of our noble Queen,  
Hath made suit unto the French King.  
The common men she sent, not knowing whom to trust,  
Did show her highness' message to the noble Earl  
Of Leicester, who spurr'd fast unto our Queen :  
Then was this vile treason and outrageous shame,  
Which she kindled, unloos'd 'gainst our dread Queen ;  
The proof of all this cursed plot and traitorous  
Design, wherein she hath aspired to deprive  
Elizabeth of her crown, betimes hath been  
Discovered; the actors have won the meed  
Meet for their crimes, and are shut up in prison.  
What tongue, my lords, can smooth out, first,  
The dissimulation of her grace  
And her deep designs against the Queen?  
And second, Elizabeth's not being true queen,  
The which she doth affirm? And to conclude,  
She must die, or Elizabeth goes down.

*Q. M.* Good my lords,  
By some putter-on, I am honor-flaw'd!  
Command him to come here! Bring him to the court!  
Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.  
Oh, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,  
I am so angry at these abject terms of scorn,  
That this saucy merchant, who loves to hear

Himself talk, hath in his dull and long-continu'd speech,  
Branded me with. This is excellent sport,  
Y-faith, that I practiced the Queen's death.  
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew,  
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have  
That honorable grief lodg'd here, which I, my lords,  
Beseech you all, may so qualify your thoughts  
And charities, as shall best instruct you.  
Grief and sorrow hath mortified my mind,  
Quenching its fire; but let me speak, myself,  
Since virtue finds no friends. The cause, I know,  
Of all this array, is to rid me of my life;  
It boots not then what I may do. To murder me,  
To end my life by subtlety, is the drift  
Of this your court; my accuser is my servant,  
And when I did correct him for a fault  
The other day, he vow'd upon his knees  
He would be even with me. I have good witness  
Of this, therefore, let him come into my presence.  
The rascal shar'd my bounty, yet he did rob  
And pill me: "Let God," said he, "if it please Him,  
Care for the many; I for myself must care  
Before all else." And now he would betray me  
To my tomb, in hope of gain.

*Burleigh.* Doleful dame,

Let not your grief impeach your reverence for truth.  
Let her in naught be trusted: the world reports  
Ever for speaking false, she hath been noted.

*Q. M.* My gracious Lord High Treasurer,  
You are a councillor, and by that virtue,  
No one dare accuse you. But sir, hear me!



I would you and I knew where a commodity  
O' good names were to be bought. When I, in happy  
peace,  
Possess'd the crown of Scotland, you were my sworn ser-  
vant,  
And made no scruple of taking pieces of gold  
From my fingers. You promis'd me to let me pass  
Through England unto Paris, and you then betray'd me.  
Truly, I dare say without vain glory,  
I am far truer spoke than you.

*Bur.* My lords,

She'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day.  
Is it well such losers may have leave to speak?

*Q. M.* Beshrew the winners, for they play me false!

My heart is drown'd with grief, whose flood begins  
To flow within my eyes. Witness my tears,  
My body round engirt with misery,  
For what's more miserable than ruin of my peace?  
False peer, you once did set me up in hope—  
For full of prosp'rous hope, by your fair promises,  
I into England came. When that rebel Douglas  
And his traitorous rout, with a mighty and a fearful head,  
Did cast me off, how prettily you play'd  
The orator, my lord, and proffer'd peace!  
Did I not enter England's ground upon  
The offer of your sovereign's love? But you  
Shall rue the tears I shed! Upon my death,  
My uncle, the French Duke, will become your foe.

*Montague.* What if both James and Henry be ap-  
peas'd

By such invention as she can devise?  
To have joined with France in such alliance,

Would more have strengthened this commonwealth  
Against foreign storms, than any home-bred device.

*Burleigh.* Why, know you not, Montague, that of  
itself

England is safe, if true within itself?

*Mon.* But th' safer, when 'tis back'd with France.

*Bur.* 'Tis better using France, than trusting France:  
Let us be back'd with God and with the seas,  
Which He hath given for 'fence impregnable,  
And with their helps only, defend ourselves;  
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.  
The love I bore you, lo, full again I speak of,  
Madam; think you we would let you in France,  
An army raise, and as a conqueror return here?  
This is no place for Henry's warriors.

*Q. M.* Therefore

You played the whole thing! You say nothing, you vil-  
lain!

Hard is the choice, when one is thus compell'd,  
Either by silence to die with grief,  
Or by speaking, to live with shame.

*Bur.* You do me wrong.

I have no spleen against you, nor injustice  
For you or any: how far I have proceeded,  
Or how far further (shall) is warranted  
By my commission. My lords, I will be bold  
With time and your attention: mark I pray,  
Th' ingratitude of this unworthy woman,  
Whose head stands so tickle on her shoulders  
That a milkmaid may sigh it off; I will  
Acquaint you with the danger to the state:  
We may excuse this woman's petty faults

And small offences done, but 'tis impossible  
To guard the state, if wayward women shall  
Against the realm, reach out rude hands of war.  
Sustained by the King of France, and strengthened  
By Burgundy and Spain, she hangs o'er our heads,  
As did the murd'ring blade o' th' Syracusian King;  
The welfare of us all hangs on the cutting short  
Of this most cunning traitor. Proof that she  
Hath sought the death of our sovereign,  
Thine eyes shall see:  
Here is a letter written by herself—  
Within, a happy composition, cunningly  
Uniting her true policy. Her suit,  
In this device, is to th' deceitful King  
Of France, and th' measure of his love is here.  
Behold the witness of the aid he promises  
Which doth justify her death.

*Q. M.* Monster!

Com'st thou with déep, premeditated lines—  
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd  
Against my life? If thou canst accuse,  
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,  
Do it without invention, suddenly,  
As I with sudden and extemporal speech  
Purpose to answer thee. Read my letter:  
If it could speak, it would inform your worship  
Of my regard of your great Queen.

*Bur.* Silence,

Thou proud bawd! Peace, impudent and shameless  
woman!

I have ever wish'd the sleeping of this business,  
Never desir'd it to be stirr'd, and have

Hindered oft, the passages made towards it;  
 But now, I know the secret of thy fraud,  
 Thy wanton dalliance with a paramour,  
 The lust o' thy proud cold heart, and how thou hast  
 By secret means, used intercession  
 To obtain a league, to take away the life  
 Of England's royal Queen; I know how thou,  
 With unlawful oaths, didst get rebellious subjects  
 To the crown of England, to swear allegiance  
 To thy majesty; to save our subjects  
 From massacres and ruthless slaughters, such  
 As are daily seen in France, we are proceeding  
 In hostility to thee, and to thy uncle,  
 The Cardinal of Rome. And let me here  
 Recount before your grace, how that saucy priest,—  
 A prelate of the Church,—in a castle keeps  
 As an outlaw, and useth his spiritual function  
 To patronage his theft. He hath stept in,  
 In blood so far, that should he wade no more,  
 Returning were as tedious as to go o'er:  
 And thou hast like a baby, ta'en his tenders  
 Which are not sterling, for true pay; for thee  
 There's no more sailing by the star of Rome.

*Q. M.* Who should be pitiful? Who should study  
 To prefer peace, if not the consistory of Rome?

*Bur.* And yet, these holy churchmen take delight in  
 broils;

At their beck, have they not troops of soldiers?  
 Belike, this good cardinal set on this wretched woman.  
 Oh, cunning enemy, that t' catch a saint,  
 With saints doth bait thy hook. Thou, that became  
 A murtherer for thy lascivious wanton—

*Q. M.* My lord!

Have you upon these slanders well determin'd?

Are you well warranted with your injuries?

Unless you are, accuse me not of fornication,  
Adultery and all uncleanness.

I slew not my husband.

*Bur.* Oh, illegitimate construction!

I warrant thee I will, out of thine own

Confession, show I have not slander'd thee.

*Q. M.* Well will you play with reason and discourse,  
And can persuade the lords,

Murder and lechery are my conditions.

*Bur.* Foul fiend and hag of all despite, encompassed

With thy paramours, didst thou not in thine eye,

Thy hand, thy tongue, bear welcome to beguile

Thy husband to his death?

And didst thou not look like th' innocent flower,

But wast thou not the serpent under it?

*Q. M.* Oh, that my nails were anchor'd

In thine eyes! Justice, oh, Justice heaven!

Against this politic sin and wickedness!

*Chief Justice.* How now!

What mean you by these outcries in the court,

Where naught should sound but harmonies of speech?

*Q. M.* A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear, my  
lord:

I want that glib and oily art to speak,

Which is the dowry of this saucy, scurvy fellow,

That hath most wrongfully accusèd me

O' concealèd guilt. Ere I learn to utter English,

This flattering engine of my speech will make void my  
suit.

*C. J.* What plague afflicts your royal majesty?

*Q. M.* A prone and speechless dialect my lord:  
I would not, else, stand under grievous imposition;  
Could I speak fair, what I know is true and false,  
I'd bribe you to be an impartial judge.

*C. J.* How! bribe me? you have marr'd all.

*Q. M.* Aye, with such gifts  
That heaven shall share with you;  
Not with fond sickles of the tested gold,  
Or stones whose rate are either rich, or poor  
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,  
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there  
Ere sunrise: prayers from preservèd souls,  
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate  
To nothing temporal.

*C. J.* Stand aside! This is no time  
To jar; you in your frantic mood,  
Use speeches which might better have been spar'd.

*Q. M.* Yet, do you not judge this same time to be  
A season to requite the injury  
That's offer'd? Heaven shield thee from such woes  
As I, thus wronged, receive from this meddler here.

*C. J.* Stop, your grace; we cannot thus permit  
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall  
On him so near us: never yet did he  
Misreport your grace.

*Q. M.* Thieves for their robbery  
Have authority, when judges themselves do steal.  
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once,  
And He that might the vantage best have took  
Found out the remedy: how would you be,  
If He, which is the top of judgment, should

But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that,  
And mercy then will breath within your lips!

*C. J.* Grant that her words bewitch not the commis-  
sion.

'Tis a needful fitness that we  
Adjourn this court till further day.

*Q. M.* I do perceive these men trifle with me.  
My lords of the Council, I will not hence  
Till with my talk and tears, both full of truth,  
I make him tell, even upon his conscience,  
With all dissembling set aside, the truth.  
My lord, you must tell why I did desire you  
To give me secret harbor.

*C. J.* Madam, art thou not asham'd  
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

*Q. M.* You prove my former speeches: judges give  
Judgment according to their own advantage,  
Doing to poor innocence manifest wrong.

*C. J.* What's this? what's this?  
How now! What means this passion?  
Tell me madam, what folly reigns in you?  
'Tis a passing shame that you should censure thus,  
These lovely gentlemen! To utter foul speeches  
And to detract, will not recover your freedom;  
I beseech your majesty not to proclaim us false;  
Do no stain to your own gracious person,  
Therefore be advised, defaming men  
Of good life will not hide your crime;  
(If crime it be,) th' dearest o' th' loss is yours.

*Q. M.* My lord, the truth you speak doth lack  
Some gentleness, and time to speak it in;  
You rub the sore when you should bring the plaster.

Indeed, you've spoken truer than you purposèd:  
 Life I prize not a straw, but I would free mine honor.  
 You know, my lord, for sixteen years, most villainously  
 I have been dragg'd about, denied all privilege  
 Which doth belong to royalty, and lastly,  
 Have been hurried to this place, and all alone,  
 Unhappy, am enforc'd to speak for truth:  
 And I appeal to all the English lords  
 And barons here, to be impartial,  
 As are the gods of destiny; and if  
 They speak, speak not in my dispraise, but say  
 "I'm sure she is not false, and did not purpose  
 To seize on England's Queen;" I crave but this,  
 For I am as free from touch or soil 'gainst her,  
 As is the high imperial type of this earth's glory,  
 With report of it. For my sake, pity me;  
 My fainting words do not warrant death.

*C. J.* Her words

Enforce these tears, and I shall pity her  
 If she speaks again. Away with her!  
 Madam, I grieve at your declining fall;  
 Farewell, fair Queen; weep not! 'Tis the Queen's will  
 That you are subject to this trial; we commit  
 You to your chamber, until further trial  
 May be made thereof, if you be guilty.  
 Come, officer, dismiss the court; I'd fain be gone.  
 What! are you waking? Do you not hear me speak?  
 Break up the court I say. Set on.<sup>29</sup> (*Exeunt.*)

29. "And then the court arose and from thence did return to London, and shortly afterwards the peers met within the tower these reverend fathers, men of singular integrity and learning, yea, the elect o' th' land, assembled to plead the cause of the lovely Queen of Scots. This in effect was the Lord Chancellor's speech:—



*Scena Secunda.*

*(A room in the Tower of London.)*

*Lords and Gentlemen Assembled.*

*Lord Chancellor.* Noble peers,  
The cause why we are met, is to determine  
O' th' falsehood and subtle guile of Scotland.  
Ye are the fount that makes the brooks to flow,  
And ye are honest men, therefore,  
Through your wise speeches and grave conference,  
Our sovereign will speak unto the world.  
She hath commanded me to say to you,  
As you do say shall be, so shall it be;  
And in your wisdom she doth trust.  
First,—  
This woman hath accused the Queen's mother  
Of corrupt virtue; you may uprightously  
Do a poor wrong'd lady a merited benefit,  
And redeem her name if, peradventure, you  
Void not, my lords, this accusation;  
Then,—  
She hath sent over to the King of France  
To discover what power the King hath levied there,  
Wherewith to march against the throne of England.  
What Christian soldier is there, that will not be  
With a religious emulation touch'd,  
When he the fierce and manly King of Spain,  
Doth see approaching? The heaven's lightning flames  
And thunders now, o'er the Low Countries' fatal fields;  
And this foul, ambitious woman it is,  
Whose wily brain and tongue, with smoothest speech,

Hath tied and tangled him in a dangerous war.  
 Blood will have blood, and foul murder shall 'scape no  
 scourge.

To make away with th' Princess Elizabeth,  
 (For she doth aspire to the succession)  
 Is her desire; her inconsistency  
 And treachery is vain, sith, noble lords,  
 We've found the proof that her grace did entreat,  
 With flattering style, St. Peter's chair to talk  
 Of her title to the English crown,  
 And did entreat the Pope to aid and succour her.  
 For those great wrongs, those bitter injuries,  
 Which she hath offered to England's majesty,  
 Let Justice put his armour on, and slay her,  
 Before her chaps be stain'd with crimson blood.  
 Pray do not stand on quillets how to kill her,  
 Be it by gynnes, by snares, by subtlety,  
 Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,  
 So she be dead, for that is good deceit,  
 Which mates her first that first intends deceit.

*Burleigh.* Thrice noble lord, 'tis resolutely spoke.

*L. C.* Not resolute, except so much were done,  
 For things are often spoke, and seldom meant,  
 But here my heart accordeth with my tongue.  
 Then sage, grave men,  
 Let your counsels sway you in your policy;  
 Say as you think, and speak it from your souls.

*Montague.* My lords,  
 This be a solemn thing, and should not be  
 Contemptibly spoken of. Ere she obtain  
 The crown, to which we humble 'beisance yield,  
 She first must land here as a conqueror:

And we, in justice, cannot well deny,  
That she came not in stealth to hide, but came  
In love. I need not cite to you, my masters,  
How, when she was a suppliant, that you,—  
I speak to you, and you, sir,—you commanded her  
To close prison, with many bitter threats  
Of biding there. Heaven, it knows, I would  
Not have her prove false traitor to our Queen,  
But I'll contend, our sovereign's sword will be  
Able her sceptre to maintain, without  
Touching this poor shadow of a painted Queen.  
My noble lords, think not to find me slack  
Or pitiful, if she's not fair of faith;  
But since your faithful zeal lets me speak, I'm sure  
You'll pause awhile, till you are full resolv'd  
Of the nature of her defects of grace.  
She that you hurt, is of great fame,  
And therefore, my gentle lords, history  
With full mouth, shall speak freely of our act;  
As the matter now stands, if she  
Committed fornication in another country,  
I must needs say, that though it's not commendable,  
Yet it be not odd: even if this is her fault,  
Who sinneth most, the tempter or the tempted?  
Bethink you!  
Who is it that hath died for this offence?  
There's many have committed it.

*L. C.* Aye, aye, well said.

*Mont.* Those who have taken upon them to make  
The law of nature a thing of evil, have not been  
Effective in quenching and stopping it,  
And have done more harm than good. Pray you, look!

We so wipe the justice of our laws away,  
 That woman now, is an abhorred slave;  
 Where is the antique glory which was wont  
 In woman to appear? Where be the brave  
 Achievements done? Where be the battles? Where  
 The shield and spear? Bin they all dead and laid  
 In doleful hearse, or do they only sleep,  
 And shall again awake to force men to put forth  
 His best advantage? Fair lords, to the plea  
 Of traitor, there must be verification,  
 And what I speak, I'll maintain with my sword,  
 In my mind we have but trivial argument,  
 More than mistrust, that shows her worthy death.

*L. C.* So that, by this, you will not have her die.

*Mont.* The sharp and thorny points of my reason  
 Do drive me forward, and my learnèd lord,  
 If your grace mark every circumstance, you have  
 Great reason to do her right, especially  
 Since, with a flag of truce, she came to us.

*L. C.* Betwixt ourselves,  
 My friends and loving countrymen,  
 I fear this token serveth for a hollow heart.  
 See here, Lord Montague, you speak you know not what,  
 And all too confident. Tut, tut! is she  
 Too virtuous, mild, or too well given, to dream  
 Of allegiance with the Pope? Her very cheeks  
 Would to cinders burn up modesty! I pray  
 You set to this, yes and the practice of't,—  
 The letters, to the Kings of Spain and France.  
 Hath she not deserv'd more than a prison?  
 Or is there any print of goodness in her?

*Mont.* The court must show, this writing of the Queen.

*L. C.* Enough, sir!

By her writ our Queen hath certified  
To us, (which is a matter of record)  
This letter, which indeed, we ought to credit :  
In our eyes, it may well stand up against  
This pretended reason of yours.

*Mont.* My lord,

I am sorry for your displeasure, but having  
Prerogative of speech thus cast on me,  
Come what may come, I will speak stoutly for her.  
All will sure be well, for if you only fasten  
Your ear to my advisings, I do make  
Myself believe, that th' voice and true decision  
Of this commission will be rendered  
In humanity, and no execution  
Done on Mary through suspicion,  
Dissimulation, superstition or pride.

*Bur.* My lord, right sore aggriev'd am I at this  
So sharp reproof, and with most painful feeling  
Of your speech, I will learn to begin.  
No labor, nor no duty, have I left  
Undone. How blind you are! against all sense,  
You importune for her: your suit's unprofitable.  
We are poisoned by her climbing followers  
Who count religion but a childish toy,  
And hold there is no sin but ignorance.  
I am ashamed to hear such foolery :  
She is our enemy, and shall die.  
Ha! Doth she not tempt? Lo, saw you that creature  
Who for loving this virtuous Queen, to his death hath gone,  
You would not intrude her virtue on us.  
We have strict statutes and most biting laws,—

The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,—  
 And I beseech you, let her be condemn'd to die.  
 Let not this childishness move you; it is  
 But a soft murmur, and confusèd sound  
 Of senseless words, which his reason doth impeach,  
 For guiltiness will speak, though tongues were out of use.  
 The deeds committed 'gainst the commonwealth  
 By this red plague, may not be razèd out  
 Nor longer borne.

She is a murderer; her childhood stain'd,  
 With blood remov'd but little from her own;  
 And now doth she stain our great sovereignty,  
 And hath, in likeness of the adder, stung  
 (By the very pangs of malice) our wise Queen,  
 And will, like an eagle in a dove-cote, strike our people.  
 If thus forewarned, in due prevention  
 You default, you are not guiltless of crime,  
 And evermore, all of you deserve blame.  
 Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,  
 In reverence of Elizabeth's noble name I beg.  
 Again I pray you, purge all infection  
 From our air; let not her cheeks make soft  
 Your trenchant swords, and spare not her, whose dimpled  
 smiles

From fools exhaust their mercy; let not this  
 Hog in sloth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness,  
 Lion in prey, plague you with incessant wars.  
 Do not in obstinacy, cavil at this course;  
 Ten to one we shall not find like opportunity  
 Again; therefore, take ye this flattering sin,  
 Foul as she is and full of sinful blame,  
 And like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,

Absolve her with the axe.

*L. C.* My lords, what say you?

*All.* Guilty! guilty!

*Kent.* Quick, quick, my lord! I long  
To write my name, to urge her punishment  
And loudly call for judgment.

*Bur.* Oh, how joyful am I made by this:

So shall our Queen's wrongs be recompens'd.<sup>30</sup>

(*Exeunt.*)

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*Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.*

(*Palace of the Queen.*)

QUEEN ELIZABETH and her train.

*Queen Elizabeth.* Fie! what a slug  
Is Warwick, that he comes not to tell us  
Whether they will that she shall die or no!  
Ah! in good time here comes the sweating lord!

(*Enter Warwick.*)

Welcome my lord: what will my lords? what is the  
judgment?

*Warwick.* Your highness, give me leave to breathe;  
I have outrun my breath.

---

30. "Thus after many hours of speeches they did set forth the true way for the expiation and purging of the diseased soul, that deserved to die. The city of London, on receiving the report, in the very demonstration and fulness of their cry, put an end to the false report that they advised the counsel to spare her, and in their zeal, when they heard she was condemned to lose her head, did hail the sentence with such vehemency, that it was like to madness. The Queen in the palace staid the coming of the verdict:—

*Q. E.* Strive man and speak.

*War.* England hath put a face of gladness on,  
Triumphant London doth sing peans loud,  
And holy tunes, and sacrifice of thanks  
In honor of your name.

*Q. E.* Think of thy message, sir, and haste thy  
tongue.

*War.* The hideous law, as mice by lions did,  
Hath picked out an act, under whose heavy sense,  
Her life falls into forfeit:  
She's condemn'd, upon the act, to die.

*Q. E.* It is impossible!

*War.* Your grace, I tell you true.

*Q. E.* She is sentenced then to die!  
We will proclaim it, and let our subjects see  
And know the justice of our court.

*War.* Your grace, here comes the rest,  
Whom, in my haste I left behind.

*(Enter Lords of Council.)*

*Q. E.* My Lord Chancellor, and Lords,  
Thank God, in pity of our hard distress,  
And wary in thy studious care, ye have,  
In politic council, fixed the Houses  
Of Lancaster and York, like a mountain  
Not to be removed; our mother's honor ye've redeem'd,  
And have again install'd me in the diadem;  
Our love and largest bounty we extend to you,  
Who are sealed in approbation for thy kind pains.

*L. C.* Your grace,  
Here is the warrant for her death,  
Which I tender to your grace, to receive  
Your approbation, and may it please you here



To write your princely name.

*Q. E.* My lord, I promise

To note it cunningly—but hither come

Th' ambassadors of our brothers of France and Spain.

I know their embassy, and can with ready guess

Declare it, before the Frenchmen speak a word of it.

They crav'd audience, and the hour I think is come

To give them hearing. Is it four o'clock?

*L. C.* It is.

*Q. E.* Well then, upon this instant we will hear them.

*(Enter Ambassadors.)*

Welcome, my noble lords; you're come to us

In happy hour! Heard you the happy tidings,

How mine honest Council have this day, prov'd their  
virtues,

And after trial, have condemn'd injurious Mary

To the sharpest kind of justice? Heard you that?

*French Ambassador.* Indeed, 'tis true it hath been told  
me.

*Q. E.* What think you of it?

*Fr. Am.* Alas, I know not what to say.

*Q. E.* Answer in the effect of your reputation

And satisfy us, sir.

*Fr. Am.* Oh, royal Queen,

In my King's name I am commanded,

By your leave and favor, humbly to kiss your hand;

And if you'll condescend to give me liberty

To speak, I will answer your grace.

*Q. E.* Speak what thou wilt. We did expect thy  
coming.

*Fr. Am.* Madam, thus speaks my King:—

Treason is a vice that most I do abhor,

And most desire should meet the blow of justice,  
 For which I would not plead, but that I must,  
 For which I must not plead, but that I am  
 At war 'twixt will, and will not.  
 Now you are heir to England's throne, therefore enjoy it:  
 But I do fear, the rigour of the statute  
 Too close you follow, to make example of her.  
 Your right depends not on her life or death;  
 Then seeing this, with reverence be it said,  
 It resteth in your grace quietly to enjoy your own,  
 Free from oppression and the stroke of war;  
 For, if you please, I'll undertake your grace  
 Shall well and quietly enjoy your realm,  
 Upon condition I may ransom her; and so  
 Shall you be happy, free, as England's royal Queen.

*Q. E.* That is, if we deliver her up to Henry?  
 We give thee kingly thanks!  
 To be a queen in bondage, is more vile  
 Than is a slave in base humility.  
 Dost thou not know the army of this Queen  
 Means to besiege us? Dost thou not know  
 That naught but gall, venom and wicked words,  
 That God and men offend, is in her lying tongue,  
 Which in two parts divided is, and both the parts do speak?  
 And as her tongue, so is her heart,  
 That never thought one thing but doubly.  
 Therefore, the bloody knife shall play the umpeere,  
 Arbitrating 'twixt our extremes and us!

*(Enter Messenger.)*

But stay! what news? Why comest thou in such post?

*Mess.* It is rumor'd the King of Spain's great navy  
 Doth land at Milford Haven.

*Q. E.* How say you, my lord Ambassadors?

We turn to thee, my Lord of Spain;  
Let us hear your grant or your denial.

*Spanish Ambassador.* Madam,

It is not true; if it were true, the salve  
For such a sore would be but to be wise,  
And shut such neighbors out of door.

*Q. E.* We see thy wit,

But answer straight, and not with foolish boldness.

*Sp. Am.* In regard, then, of the great force that  
rumour

Doth land upon your kingdom,—rumour is  
Full of surmises, jealousies, conjectures,  
And when commenced on this ball of earth,  
Doth grow like hydra's head,—on my honor, gentle lady,  
King Philip, my master, hath not set forth  
War for Britain, for had he left my native country  
T' depose your grace, if I should stand before you,  
To cry you mercy for the meanest of your land,  
I should be forsworn. I' God's name, turn me away,  
And let the foul'st contempt shut door upon me,  
If you believe our trumpets clamorous speak,  
Harbingers of blood and death, within your realm.  
Pardon my answer, madam, if it appear not civil,  
But if you've any justice, any pity,  
If you be anything but a tyrant,  
Pluck not away the life of a lady  
Of the blood of France.

*Q. E.* It is the law, not I, condemns her.

*Sp. Am.* Yet show some pity, madam.

*Q. E.* I show it most of all when I show justice:  
For then I pity those I do not know,

Which a dismiss'd offence would after gaule.  
 Many had not dared to do evil,  
 If the first that did the edict infringe  
 Had answer'd for his deed. Now the angry law's awake,  
 Takes note of what is done, and like the prophet  
 Looks in a glass that shows what future evils,  
 Either now, or by remissness, new conceiv'd,  
 And so in progress to be hatch'd, and born,  
 Are now to have no successive degrees,  
 But here they live to end.

*Fr. Am.* If she be guilty, as 'tis published,  
 Nor prince nor peer may deny your grace's right,  
 However sinister the doom,  
 To send her unto judgment; but who are they  
 That accuse her of fornication?  
 Wretches who are no more but instruments  
 Of some more mighty member that sets them on.  
 Let me have way, your grace, to find this practice out.

*Q. E.* Aye, with my heart,  
 And punish them to your height of pleasure.

*Fr. Am.* Madam, may I then write unto my king  
 That your highness will pardon her?

*Q. E.* My lord,  
 She hath confessed to the vile encounters  
 They have a thousand times, in secret had.  
 They are not to be named, my lord—not to  
 Be spoken of—there is not chastity enough  
 In language, without offence to utter them.

*Fr. Am.* I know not how to pray your patience,  
 Yet I must speak: choose your revenge yourself;  
 Impose on me what penance your invention  
 Can lay upon my sin, but by my soul,

I'm forced to speak for her.

*Q. E.* Aye, but we fear  
You speak upon the rack, where men, enforc'd,  
Speak anything.

*Fr. Am.* I should be guiltier  
Than my guiltiness, to think I can be  
Undiscernable! I perceive your grace, like power divine,  
Hath look'd upon my secret counsel. My King  
Hath show'd himself sensible and almost  
Prescient of this event, and he hath, with full line  
Of his authority, imposed upon me  
Absolute power.

*Q. E.* We must confess, we have heard so much,  
And thought to have spoke thereof, but being overfull  
Of self affairs, our mind did lose 't. But come,  
You speak as having power! Look you that you  
Do arm yourself to fit your fancies to our will,  
Or else the law of England yields you up,  
Which by no means we may extenuate,  
To death. Be well instructed, and prepar'd  
How to carry yourself in this your embassy:  
Keep to a moderate carriage and bearing,  
Or we will undertake to make you. We will take  
You hence to th' rack and towze you joint by joint!

*Fr. Am.* Madam, you are unjust; you dare no more  
Stretch this finger of mine, than you dare rack your own!  
I'm not your subject nor provincial here.

*Q. E.* Do you tax us with injustice? Do you so, sir?

*Fr. Am.* Madam, you have bereft me of all words;  
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins,  
And there is much confusion in my powers.

*Q. E.* Hark, sir! Would you

Close now, after you accuse us  
 Of injustice? Oh, this false woman misus'd us  
 Past the endurance of a block! an oak  
 With but one green leaf on it would have answer'd her;  
 And now you wonder much that we should put  
 This shame and trouble from us. Set her free?  
 If now 'twere fit to do't,—after th' imperious  
 Language of your King,—by Holy God, we would not  
 free her!

No, faith, not if he and all his lords came here  
 To succour her. Goodness is never fearful!  
 We have a spirit to do anything  
 That appears not foul, and in the truth of our spirit,  
 Virtue is bold. She's worthy of death—fire cannot melt  
 That opinion out of us—and you waste all  
 In making question of her innocence!  
 'Tis almost five o'clock, and so, farewell.  
 Yet ere you go, my lords of France and Spain,  
 We have some private schooling for you both;  
 You cannot climb o'er the house to unlock the gate,  
 Therefore, to study now to free her is too late.<sup>31</sup>

(*Exeunt.*)

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31. "Thus my mother broke up the audience, and stayed not for an answer. And yet, nor scroll nor parchment, bears the Queen's warrant for the death of Princess Mary, though she was beheaded."

"You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace. Why, what a truthless thing is this! How was the warrant obtained?"

"By treachery. Lo, sir, here's the three crafty men that bewrayed the fair lady."

"Who are they, sir?"

"The most redoubted peers in England: William Cecil, Lord High Treasurer, my father, the Earl of Leicester, and M. Secretary of the Queen. Stand thou aloof and hear how the matter grows:—

*Scena Secunda.*

(*Street in London.*)

*Enter my LORD OF BURLEIGH and Secretary of the Queen on one side and my LORD OF LEICESTER on the other.*

*Lord Burleigh.* Fairly met, my old and faithful friend,  
I am glad to see you, my good earl.

*Lord Leicester.* Many  
And hearty thankings to you both.

*Bur.* My lord, I crave you  
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,  
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

*L. L.* Faith, my lord, go to your knees and make  
ready.

*Bur.* I spoke it but according to the trick ;  
Would't please you that the Princess Mary perish ?

*L. L.* Oh, my good lord,  
They say best men are moulded  
Out o' faults, and for the most, become much more  
The better for being a little bad ;  
I think she's so out of love with life  
That she will sue but to be rid of it.  
But, my lord, I have no superfluous leisure ;  
My stay must be stolen out of other affairs.  
Farewell.

*Bur.* Hold! Might you dispense with your leisure,  
I'd have some speech with you.

*L. L.* I will attend you.

*Bur.* Very good, let us in this house here.

(*Enter a Constable.*)

Ha! constable,  
What house is this ?

*Constable.* It be a bawd's house, sir.  
It is a naughty house. She be a woman  
Cardinally given that lives here, sir.

*Bur.* Hold here! Inquire of her if gentlemen  
Can lodging have to speak privately.

*(Exit Constable.)*

My good lord, will you sit it out here, or go home?  
If this occasion was not virtuous  
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

*L. L.* I've sworn to stay with you, my lord.

*Bur.* Behold where Madam Mitigation comes.

*(Enter Bawd.)*

*Bawd.* And 't please you, my lords, enter.

*Scena Tertia.*

*(Room in BAWD'S HOUSE.)*

LORDS BURLEIGH, LEICESTER and SECRETARY DAVISON.

*Burleigh.* My lord,

For her death I had a written warrant once,  
But by great misfortune, late it lost; and this  
To remedy, I have bid Davison,  
Who has a valiant mind,—which makes me love,  
Admire and honor him,—to write another.  
How say you?

*Lord Leicester.* I say, wisdom wishes to appear  
Most bright, when it doth tax itself,  
As black masks proclaim an enshield beauty  
Ten times louder than beauty could display'd;



But I will speak more gross, and I know this  
To be true; our dear lady, within this hour, said:—  
“Oh woe is me, all too long this peril  
To the state doth 'scape the scourge that waits on death.  
I wonder it should be thus! I burn to hear  
That she is dead! then will I be content.”

*Secretary.* Why do you put these sayings upon me?

*L. L.* Because you are secretary—there's the plain  
truth—

And can, if it shall pleasure you, cure the disease  
And remove the chief cause that concerns her grace.

*Sec.* Believe me, I'm not glad that this is so;  
I dare not, my lord, serve you in this.

*Bur.* What! canst thou object?

*Sec.* I do beseech your grace to pardon me:  
I am earnest in your service, but, my good lord,  
Honor and policy like unsevered friends  
I' th' wars, do grow together.

*L. L.* Grant that, yet  
For your best ends, will you adopt this policy;  
Because it now lies on you to displant this woman  
Who doth rear high her head, like a luxuriant plant  
That comes of the lust of the earth without  
Any formal seed, against her majesty.

*Sec.* My lord, you push me hard; I say I dare not.  
Have you no poison mixed, no sharp ground-knife,  
No sudden mean of death?

*L. L.* How sir! Think'st thou  
I am an executioner? There is a kind  
Of character in thy life, that to th' observer  
Thy history fully unfolds; thyself  
And thy belongings are not thine own; thy virtues

Are rubbish. Now I'll speak to be understood.

*Sec.* Speak on.

*Bur.* Forbear sharp speeches, my lord.

*L. L.* This matchless virtue angers me; let him  
Give ear to our request, and show devotion  
And a right Christian zeal, to his sovereign  
And th' business of the state, and in addition,  
So earn our love, and not our deadly spite.

*Sec.* My lord,

What is your gracious pleasure? Dare you speak it?

*Bur.* That you sign this warrant, which is  
The order for her overthrow.

*Sec.* Why then,

Your grace would make me write the Queen's name!  
I shall suffer death!—for certain I will!

*L. L.* Stay, fear not!

We, of evil deeds, must choose the least,  
And to save her grace, for I tender the safety  
Of my Queen, it is our duty to rid her of her foes;  
It is no murder in a Queen, to end  
Another's life to save her own.

*Sec.* Aye, lords,

Thou art i' th' right, and I will do't although  
I lose my life.

*Bur.* I thank you! But why lose we time?  
Here is the warrant, and I pray you, sign  
Her royal name unto it. Hoa, there! fetch me  
Pen and ink. *(Enter maid with pen, ink and paper.)*  
So, set it down and leave us.

*(Exit maid.)*

Write here. But I do bend my speech to one  
That can teach me. *(Secretary signs the Queen's name.)*

Sec. There, please your honors, I think  
If you are not critical, that will do.

Bur. I am sure it will. Here is my hand. The deed  
Is worthy doing.

L. L. And so say I.

Sec. And I.

Bur. And now we three have spoke it,  
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.  
But now, sir, away, away!

(Exit Secretary.)

Come my lord,  
Wend we to th' court; I'll tell thee more of this  
Another time as I need not fish more  
With this bait, for this fool gudgin;  
You were bold in your foolery.

L. L. Oh! he is but an asse unpolicied.<sup>32</sup>

(Exeunt.)

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32. "Now, my lord, repair with me to the castle where  
dwelleth the fair lady; for my lords with their trains are now  
in progress, and if we delay, we shall not see her die."

"I obey you, sir. When must she die?"

"As I do think, tomorrow."

"Then all the help of Scotland should be bent to rescue  
her."

"True, but they know not of the intent. But, my lord,  
here is her prison; let us unto her chamber:—"

*Scena Quarta.**(Chamber in Fotheringay Castle.)*

QUEEN MARY and Maids. Enter a Gentleman.

*Queen Mary.* How now?*Gentleman.* And't please your grace, the English  
Lords

Wait in the presence.

*Q. M.* Would they speak with me?*Gent.* They willed me to say so, madam.*Q. M.* Pray their gracesTo come near. What can be their business  
With me a poor weak woman, fallen from favor?  
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.*(Enter English Lords.)*

Welcome, my lords; why do you come? is't for my life?

*Lord Shrewsbury.* 'Tis now dead midnight and by  
eight tomorrow,

Thou must be made immortal.

*Q. M.* How, my lord!

Tomorrow? tomorrow? Oh, that's sudden!

Oh, this subdues me quite! Oh, fie upon thee,  
Slanderer, I know it is not true!*Lord Kent.* It is true,Or else I am a Turk; therefore, prepare  
Yourself for death; do not your resolution  
Satisfy with hopes that are fallible;  
Tomorrow you must die.*Q. M.* Why then, thou art  
An executioner! and so I am to die.

Well, if I must die, I will encounter darkness  
As doth a bride, and hug it in my arms.  
Good friend, I remember thee by th' sound o' thy voice ;  
I met thee at the trial ; I would fain  
Have come to me some holy friar.

*Kent.* Dame,  
Not e'en for all this land would I be guilty  
Of so great a sin. God forbid we should  
Infringe upon the holy privilege  
Of blessed God.

*Q. M.* Sir, even for our kitchens,  
We kill the fowl of season ; shall we serve heaven,  
With less respect than we do minister  
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, if I  
Must die tomorrow, let me have some reverend  
Person t' advise, comfort and pray with me.

*Kent.* Ere we can take due orders for a priest,  
You will be dead. I would desire you, madam,  
To clap into your prayers, straightway, for, look you,  
The warrant's come.

*Q. M.* I will have more time to prepare me—  
I am not fitted for death. O sir, spare me,  
I beseech you! spare me! spare me, ye English peers,  
Until my ghostly shriver give me shrift!

*Kent.* Be silent!  
I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,  
And try your penitence, if it be sound,  
Or hollowly put on.

*Q. M.* I'll gladly learn.

*Kent.* Look you, get you a prayer-book in your hand,  
And stand between two churchmen of our profession,  
And then for mercy kneel at the feet of God.

*Q. M.* Have done, my lord.  
 The Church of Rome forefend  
 That I should be author to dishonor it!  
 But where is thy warrant to approach my presence?

*Kent.* Look thou, here is the hand and seal o' th'  
 Queen;

I doubt not thou knowest the character,  
 And th' signet is not strange; until that thou  
 Canst rail the seal from off this warrant,  
 Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.

*Q. M.* Slander  
 To thy dismal seal! We give to thee our guiltless blood,  
 Thou unreverend and unhallowed hound!  
 Of many heinous crimes thou stand'st condemn'd;  
 May heaven lay on thee my curse!

*Kent.* Unhallowed or holy,  
 The Queen, and Parliament, hath physic for your rank-  
 ness!  
 I stand for law.

*Q. M.* And for standing by, let the devil  
 Be honor'd for his burning throne! away!  
 Call my gentlewomen! hardly shall we have time,  
 To wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns  
 And number our Ave-Maries with our beads,  
 And our devotions tell, before the hour  
 Shall be here when my head must fall; therefore,  
 Get you gone, my lords, and leave me 'mong my maids.<sup>33</sup>  
 (*Exeunt.*)

33. "Come, my lord, let's quit this chamber and see the ingenious way these torturers did use to express the same. Here is the room, which for forty days hath been hung in

*Scena Quinta.*

(Hall of Fotheringay Castle, hung with black. Platform and block at one end.)

*English peers, Executioner and Assistant.*

*Enter QUEEN MARY, dressed in a black and red velvet gown.*

*Executioner.* Pray, mistress, pardon me! I never  
have cut off

A woman's head; but thou wilt feel no pain.

*Queen Mary.* Oh, God forgive my sins, and pardon  
thee!

I offer thee, hoodwinked as thou art,  
My hand to kiss, because thou art not void of pity:

black, with nothing in it but the platform and the block. Not content with this, they very oft have waked her, as if to carry her to execution, and showed her a seeming warrant."

"I will lay myself in hazard that she, whom here they have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than she who hath sentenced her. Methinks her execution is nothing less than bloody tyranny."

"Silence, speaking the truth is dangerous in this fair age."

"By heaven, I cannot flatter, I defy the tongue of soothers, but a braver place in my heart's love hath no man than yourself. Nay task me to my word. Approve me, lord."

"Thou hast redeemed my lofty opinion of thee, and showed thou makest some tender of my life in this speech. But the Queen is here at hand, and you must not speak; stand you awhile aloof. Yet see, sweet lord, how royally, and yet with what simpleness she is arrayed. See her red-black, three-piled, velvet gown, wrought with great care, that like covered fire, doth make the rare beauty of her face appear, which is as a book, where men may read strange matters practiced. O never more shall sun see that fair face! For through high heaven's grace, which favours not the wicked gifts 'gainst loyal princes, she with shadows of vain hope inspired, is here brought to her sad doom. Lo, where comes her train, and the common executioner:"—

And I desire thee make thou quick dispatch ;  
 And do not wrong me as a slaughterer doth,  
 Who giveth many wounds when one will kill.

*Ex.* Upon my faith and troth, believe me,  
 I'll be as sure and speedy in your end,  
 As all the poisonous potions in the world.

*Q. M.* My lords, I pray ye attend ! Ye charge me that  
 I have

Blown a coal of war, between France, Spain and England :  
 And that I laid a trap as well,  
 To take your Queen's life ; I do deny it :  
 I never dream'd upon this damnèd deed :  
 Remember how under oppression I do reek,—  
 Shut up ; forbid to speak the ceremonial rites  
 Of Rome ; no priest, no prelate, no holy father  
 To tell of peace to my sick soul, attends me ;  
 No prayers nor masses to resolve my sins,  
 And to give ease unto my smart and wounds,—  
 It is not to be endur'd ! and if you tell  
 The heavy story right, upon my soul,  
 The hearers will shed tears ; yea, even my foes  
 Will shed fast falling tears, and say it was  
 A piteous deed to take me from the world,  
 And send my soul to heaven ! My blood upon your  
 heads !

And in your need, such comfort come to you,  
 As now I reap at your too cruel hands.  
 I pray you will present to th' Queen of England,  
 A handkerchief steep'd in my blood ; and say to her,  
 That it did drain the purple sap from my sweet body,  
 And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.

*Kent.* Have done, have done ; this cannot save you.



*Q. M.* I blush to see a nobleman want manners.

*Kent.* I had rather want those than want my head.

*Q. M.* Good my lord, I pray you, speak not;  
What mischief and what murder, too, alas  
Hath been enacted through your enmity.

*(She kneels and prays.)*

Oh God, have mercy upon me, and receive my fainting soul again. Oh, be thou merciful! And let our princely sister be satisfied with our true blood, which, as thou knowest, unjustly must be spilled! O God, send to me the water from the well of life, and, by my death, stop effusion of Christian blood, and 'stablish quietness on every side! Let me be blessèd for the peace I make.  
Amen.

*(Rises.)*

Lords, I have done, and so I take my leave:

And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu,

Sweet Shrewsbury and my loving Montague, to you.

And all, at once, once more farewell, farewell.

Sweet lords, let's meet in heaven.

Good my lord of Derby, lead me to the block.

*(To the Executioner.)*

Sirrah, take good heart; cheer thy spirits,

And strike my head off with a downright blow:

Come, mortal wretch, be angry and dispatch.

*(Exeunt Omnes.)*

“My lord, why look'st thou pale? Why trembl'st thou?”

What's the matter?”

“Even at this sight, my heart  
Is turn'd to tears. This deed unshapés me quite;  
Makes me unpregnant and dull to all proceedings.  
By these ten bones, your lordship knows that she they  
kill'd,  
Was a perfect woman and unparallel'd.”

“Too true, my lord. I was much afearèd  
That, once or twice, thou wert about to speak  
And then would I have been undone.”

“I was about to speak and tell them plainly,  
To kill her was but murder.”

“Go to,  
Thou art a foolish fellow. It was well  
Thou didst not speak. What's gone and what's past help  
Should be past grief.”

“But the poor woman had done no wrong.  
'Twas black envy that made her grave; Elizabeth  
Was jealous of her.”

“Most esteemèd friend  
Full true thou speakest. But how could Eliza be  
But jealous to see her husband and her cousin  
(Who had been a most notorious bawd time out of mind,  
So familiar? Under pretence of changing air  
Her cousin was sent to the Wells, and my lord made  
A joyful journey to see her there. Four things  
Cause jealousy: a mighty state, a rich treasure,  
A fair wife, or where there's a crack'd title.  
How jealous was our King Henry the Fourth  
Of King Richard the Second, as long as he liv'd

After he was depos'd, and of his own son, Henry,  
In his latter days, which the prince well perceiving,  
Came to visit his father (in his sickness)  
In a watchet velvet gown full of islet holes,  
With needles sticking in them, (as an emblem  
Of jealousy) and so after some speeches  
And protestations which he used to that purpose,  
He pacified his suspicious father.  
Trajan said, of the vain jealousy of kings,  
"There was never king that did put to death his successor."

"I know they two were rival enemies,  
But hatred's far from jealousy, and I say truly,  
I think the Queen did crack her credit by this murder."

"Hast thou forgot, my master, that her highness  
Never intended her death?"

"Aye me, my good lord, I do remember."

"I am sure you remember it.

I will be bold, sir, and by the way communicate  
To you the design of the council. The truce  
Between England and Scotland had twice or thrice  
Been cut by th' wrathful spite o' th' towns that lay  
Upon the edge o' th' kingdom, and the council  
Fear'd the extreme lovers of Mary would ne'er sit  
And wail their loss, but seek how to redress their harms.  
Therefore, the great lords and wise men who had slain her  
Without the knowledge of Elizabeth,  
Made th' secretary their bell, and his tongue the clapper,  
And in the end, with great dexterity,  
Drew on him the rage of the Queen, who (not without  
Some scandal to the crown,) sent him to prison  
For his accurs'd offence. She did not dare hang him  
As too many great persons were in th' enterprise.

“ But come, my good lord, go with me once more  
 Unto the Queen. Let us steal in and hear  
 The motion of peace her grace proffers  
 To France and Scotland, and then I'll again  
 Speak of the strife in France; after which comes  
 The interlac'd account of th' Earl of Essex.  
 I spin the thread of his life and death as a play  
 And will deliver to you, how, with bloody shears,  
 The sad Fates shore his thread of silk in twain.  
 I cannot here continue it, but sir, hereafter,  
 When a season more secure shall bring forth fruit,  
 This muse shall speak in bigger notes to you.  
 So let us go.”

“ I wait upon your pleasure.”

“ The Queen's about to speak.”

*Queen Elizabeth.* I had a dream of fear  
 Tonight: I dream'd, for certain, that the Queen of Scot-  
 land  
 Had been murder'd, and my unquiet soul  
 Was with the fearful dream so terrified,  
 I could not rest. It is strange I should have  
 Such visions and be so tormented.  
 Richard the Third had fearful dreams; Herod,  
 Louis Eleventh, Charles Eighth, and Alphonsus,  
 King of Naples, were so tortur'd with dreams,  
 But why is't I dream on my sister's death?  
 If it were not for shame, well could I leave  
 The court to sleep awhile. How now! What is't, fair ladies?  
 Whither away so fast? I' th' name of God,  
 My noble Earl, what sin have I committed  
 That hath so affrighted and unsettled all the court?

*Lord Leicester.* Madam,  
If it be not known to you, I would fain speak  
With you alone.

*Q. E.* Nay sir, speak here; proceed,  
And that without delay. Why dost thou look so ghastly?

*L. L.* Your grace,  
I speak your pleasure. It is general current  
Through th' city, that your royal cousin's vital thread  
Hath at last, by warrant of your grace, been cut.  
To tell you plain, she's dead.

*Q. E.* My cousin slain?  
What direful chance, arm'd with avenging fate,  
Or cursed hand hath play'd this cruel part?  
I long have dreamèd that I was a Queen,  
But I'm the presentation of what I was,—  
The flattering index of a pageant,—  
One heav'd on high to be hurled down below,  
A dream of what I was: I was about to weep,  
But my drops of tears I'll turn to sparks of fire!  
For this foul murder, there are some shall lose their heads.  
Oh the devil!—

“Why hath she stoppèd? Look!  
Amazement on thy mother sits.”

“The fury of her passion hath bereav'd  
Her sense and memory at once; she speaks  
She knows not what; she doth grow lunatic  
And knits her brows; see, she hath tumbled headlong  
down

And the gentlemen of the privy chamber  
Have gently lifted her; there is much fresher air  
In the next chamber; they will carry her there.  
Let's speak to her.”

“How is't with you? alas! How is't with you,  
That you do bend your eye on vacancy?”

*Q. E.* I am dying, dying; give me some wine.  
O heaven! they did me too much injury  
That ever said I hearken'd to her death!  
If it were so, I might have let alone  
The insulting hand of Douglas, and savèd  
The treacherous labour of her bloody death,  
O, that I could but call this dead to life!  
But by what means got they power and jurisdiction?  
Who hath made bold with the great seal, and who  
Hath inscribèd my name?

*L. L.* Your servant, th' secretary,  
Brought the warrant to us, the great seal stamp'd upon 't.

*Q. E.* Then there was a league between you to hasten  
her  
Untimely date; because, by my troth, never  
Have I dreamed upon this murder! There's the villain!  
He shall to th' Tower and die in bolts!  
Here, here, captain!  
Hence with the traitor! Hence with the murderer!

*Secretary.* Madam,  
I entreat let me speak one little word.  
Your highness need not fear my suit is for my life.  
I shall be well content with any choice,  
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.  
But I humbly sue unto your excellency,  
That the two great lords that caus'd your seal to be  
Stampèd upon the warrant, shall be sent  
To prison to prepare the way for me.

*Q. E.* Hark thou! abuse thou not our friends, bold  
sir!

No lesser villain than thyself stands in the gap:  
Thou speakest of two better traitors than thou art?  
Who are they, sir?

*Sec.* Why, my lord Treasurer brought me the warrant,  
And my Lord of Leicester gave consent that she  
Should die. 'Gainst me, it was unequal odds.

*Q. E.* To say the truth the odds were great, but sir,  
The carrion lying by the violet in the sun  
Does not the flower corrupt. Who mov'd thee to 't?

*Sec.* Heaven witness, in my course of loyalty  
I have at all times been conformable to you;  
And in this work, God and good men have labour'd,  
With unfeign'd love and zeal for you, our peerless dame,  
And my lords, to have a goodly feast concluded,  
Thought her death the only means.

*Q. E.* Are we a Queen  
Of shreds and patches? Or are we a royal Queen?  
Thou counterfeit, cowardly knave! Darest thou not  
Avouch thy deeds? O get thee from our sight!  
Hence, breathe thou not where princes are! Hence, hence  
with him!

No man shall see thee again unbound. Away with him!

*Lord Chamberlain.* Madam,  
The great ambassadors from foreign princes,  
Have left their barge and landed. They do seem  
A noble troop of strangers.

*Q. E.* Good Lord Chamberlain, go give them wel-  
come.  
Pray receive them nobly, and conduct them here.  
Call in th' ambassadors.

“My lord, the French Ambassador, is about to speak.”

*French Ambassador.* Your highness,  
May God and his angels guard your sacred throne,  
And may you long become it.

*Q. E.* Sure we thank you;  
We pray you to proceed and let us hear  
The desire of your king concerning us.

*Fr. Am.* Then hear me, gracious sovereign; the king  
my master, th' sooner to effect and surer bind the knot  
of amity between the kingdoms of England and France,  
as well as for your own quiet, doth implore that you no  
longer withhold straight alliance with your two neighbour  
states, France and Scotland. Under the assurance of  
treaty and league, the realm of France will keep back the  
powers of good King Philip, whom some call the Catholic  
King.

*Q. E.* We fear thy faith will not be firm, but disagree  
with thy profession. What shall become of those that  
propagate the fame of Spain, and plant religious truth  
within the Netherlands?

*Fr. Am.* Spain hath a vent for them and their sup-  
plies, and is ready to embark himself for Italy.

*Q. E.* Flanders, I fear shall feel the force of Spain.  
True or false, thy king commands our favour, and his  
several suits have been considered and debated on. And  
his purpose is both good and reasonable, therefore are we  
certainly resolved to draw conditions of a friendly peace,  
which, by our lords—ambassadors we mean—shall be  
transported presently to France. But now, our joy at  
this peace and amity with France, our ancient enemy, is  
gone. We are informed the virtuous lady, Scotland's  
Queen, is slain, and we do mix our sadness with some  
fear. Your prince will think we are the author of her



death, but we have been deceived; we had no part in the Queen's death. To make you understand this, our dangerous and savage council most cruelly have slain her. To rectify the deed, we have here written to the King of Scotland what pranks werè played on us, and told him that his mother has been murdered, and that we mean for his insubordination, to hang our secretary.

*Fr. Am.* It is far out of our king's thought, to express his mind upon these questions. I have received no instructions touching the same. They are too great matters for me to speak of, having no commission, but I will send forthwith, and justly and religiously unfold your grace's affection to my lord and master, and from the king, all jealousy remove.

*Q. E.* We are most obliged. And, as the place of her burial is too base for her, impart to him we will have her removed and buried in some rich and enduring place. God save you, good den.

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“Now, my lord, I will turn back to Paris,  
And in this conquering vein, all will be yours.

“How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!  
A strife 'gan rise between the Prince and Duke,  
For both did make love to the same lady,  
And thus the ardour of their friendship cool'd—  
Friendship which in the former times had been  
Like to the love of Pylades and Orestes,  
Whose statues are adored in Scythia—  
Grew faint and languish'd for a time. 'Tis clear,  
Friendship is constant in all other things

? Conde  
Su

Much ado  
II, 1

Save in the office and affairs of love.

“The prince most ardently did woo her for himself,  
 Not for the Duke, and Catherine well knew it,  
 But smil'd to see him so amuse himself,  
 And said, ‘He’ll be content now at the Court.’  
 I’ truth, he openly declar’d his passion,  
 And to the Duke thus hotly did deliver:—  
 ‘Alanson, thou dost overween in all,  
 And so in this do bear me down with braves;  
 ’Tis not the difference of a year or two  
 Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate;  
 I am as able and as fit as thou,  
 To serve, and to deserve my mistress’ grace,  
 And that, my sword upon thee shall approve,  
 And plead my title to the lady’s love.’

“Madam, glad to embosom Henry’s vile affection,  
 Did all she might, more pleasing to appear,  
 And yet, she hates their lives, and they, their own;  
 Such strife still grows where sin the race prefers,  
 And heaven finds means to kill our joys with love:  
 For love is but a golden bubble, full of dreams,  
 That waking breaks and fills us with extremes.

“He gave her gold and purple pall to wear,  
 Which all above besprinkled was throughout,  
 With golden aygulets that glister’d bright  
 Like twinkling stars, and all the skirt about  
 Was hemm’d with golden fringe; rich ’broidery  
 Adorn’d most costly silks and cloth of gold;  
 And all her gown enwoven was with gold,  
 And wrought full low adown with purest pearl;  
 Rich cloths of purple, set with studs of gold,  
 Embellishèd with all the pride of earth,

Were spread for this *madam* to sit upon,  
 So look'd she lovely as a royal queen.  
 Upon her eyelids many graces sate  
 Under the shadow of her even brow,  
 Working belgards and amorous retrait,  
 And every one her with a grace endow'd;  
 And everyone with meekness to her bowed,  
 Gazing upon the beauty of her looks."

"Why, that's the privilege that beauty bears:  
 Thus young men will adore and honour beauty,—  
 Nay, kings themselves I say will do it,  
 And voluntarily submit their sovereignty  
 To a lovely woman."

"Thus Henry found,  
 By proof, the privilege of beauty true,  
 That it had power to countermand all duty,  
 And, with its amorous reflection,  
 Bereave of sense each rash beholder's sight,  
 Albeit against the conscience and the soul."

"'Tis easy to pronounce this sentence, then,  
 Women may fall when there's no strength in men."

"It shall as level to your judgment pierce,  
 As day does to your eye.  
 He was a slave whose easy borrow'd pride  
 Dwelt in the sickly grace of her he follow'd;  
 To him she did her liking lightly cast,  
 And woo'd him her paramour to be;  
 From day to day she woo'd and pray'd him fast,  
 And for his love promis'd him liberty;  
 She feign'd, an earnest suit for him she made  
 Unto the Queen, his freedom to have gain'd,  
 But that she could not her thereto persuade,

So prayed him to accept her service evermore,  
 And ever him advis'd, himself to anchor  
 Upon the amity and good will of the King.

“This was he glad, upon occasion,  
 To put in practice, and did call the king  
 His patron and protector, (these very words  
 The king repeats, when he did certify  
 Of the loving behaviour of the prince at Court)  
 And what else he could devise to express  
 His love and his observance to the king.  
 With affability the king did say to him:—

“We have willing dames enough—there cannot be  
 That vulture in you to devour so many—  
 As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
 Finding it so inclin'd. Hoodwink the time:  
 Rest you merry with all these admir'd beauties,  
 And her, that lady fair whom thou so lovest.’

“To whom the Burbon, blushing half for shame:—  
 ‘That shall I unto you,’ quoth he, ‘bewray:  
 Haply I may be blam'd for having been too gay—  
 These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.’

“The name of Burbon is well known and far-re-  
 nown'd,  
 And I'll not chide thee, nor cry, “Wantons down”;  
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;  
 I do not bid the thunder-bearers shoot,  
 Nor tell tales of thee to high judging Jove:  
 End when thou canst, be better at thy leisure,  
 Yet live thou still, and though thy speech doth fail,  
 One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace,  
 (And one to woo thy love—so rest content)  
 The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.

Heaven be thou gracious, to none alive,  
If Bourbon doth want mercy at thy hands.  
Religion groans at it!’

“‘Name not religion, for I love the flesh,  
And ne’er throughout the year to church would go,  
Except it were to pray against my foes.  
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers  
I should repent the evils I have done.’

“‘Ah cousin, one may smile and smile and be a  
villain.’ *Henr.*

“‘Aye, yet I would not be a villain that thou think’st,  
For this whole space and the rich East to boot.’

“‘Why, right! you are i’ th’ right, my good Navarre,  
And so, without more circumstance at all,  
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:  
You as your business and desire shall point you,  
For every man hath business and desire  
Such as it is, and for my own poor part,  
Look you, I will go pray. Adieu, sweet coz.’

“‘Adieu, I kiss your hand. But what is here?  
Gold, yellow, glittering, precious gold?  
I am no idle votarist I see! Ha, no!  
Thus much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;  
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant;  
Ha, cousin! why this? what this, Henry? Why this  
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;  
Pluck stout men’s pillows from beneath their heads;  
This yellow slave will knit and break religions,  
Bless the accurst, make the hoar leprosy  
Ador’d, place thieves and give them title, knee,  
And approbation with the men of power:  
Accept my humblest thanks, cousin; adieu.’ *Gold*

"But as he went he said unto himself:—  
 'Misery and contempt! who'd be so mock'd,  
 Or live but in a dream of friendship here,  
 To have his pomp and all what state compounds  
 But only painted like his varnish'd friends?  
 Vile, vile am I, brought low by mine own heart;  
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert me,  
 Is vile as I. O, madam, madam,  
 I love thee better now than e'er I did—  
 I hate thee worse! O say,—'Thou art a catiff!'  
 But no, thou flatterest, and thou dost seek me out,  
 And please thyself in't though I vex thee, sweet,  
 And always do a villain's office or a fool's.  
 If I did put this sour cold habit on,  
 To castigate my pride 'twere well; but I  
 Do it enforcedly; I'd courtier be again,  
 Were I not beggar; willing misery  
 Out-lives; incertain pomp, is crown'd before:  
 The one is filling still, never complete;  
 The other, at high wish! What a god's gold,  
 That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple  
 Than where swine feed! 'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark  
 And plough'st the foam; settlest admirèd reverence  
 In a slave: to thee be worship, and thy saints for aye  
 Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!

"Henry hath almost charm'd me from my love,  
 But by persuading me to it. 'Tis in  
 The malice of mankind he thus advises me,  
 And not to have me thrive in my pursuit:  
 I will believe him as an enemy,  
 And, like a man, dispute him to the death;  
 But I must also feel it like a man:

I cannot but remember such things were  
 That were most precious to me: my sainted mother—  
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet—  
 Did heaven look on and would not take her part?  
 O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
 And braggart with my tongue. ~~But~~ gentle heaven,  
 Be this the whetstone of my sword: let grief  
 Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

“Said he, “I prithee live and love—” but well I  
 know

Not till the Duke and I are dead, will he breathe free.  
 Doubt and suspect, alas, are placèd in my breast  
 Too late: I should have fear'd false times, when I did  
feast:

But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in  
 To saucy doubts and fears; but the Duke's safe.  
 How basely did I speak to him but now,  
 Of th' offices of religion and the church!  
 But he grates me. May God forgive me!

“The glorious majesty of God above,  
 Shall ever reign in mercy and in love;  
 The earth shall quake if aught his wrath provoke;  
 Let him but touch the mountains and they smoke:  
 As long as I have being, I will praise  
 The works of God and all his wondrous ways.”

“The main blaze of the war was past, 'tis true,  
 But a small thing would make it flame again,  
 The Protestant nobles receivèd so to heart  
 The wrongs to their religion. This resentment  
 Forever doth lie glowing, I can tell you;  
 Burns under feignèd ashes of forg'd love,

Mac I

Mac III

And will at last break out into a flame.  
Nor was the king himself led all this while  
With mere credulity, as was supposed;  
Facility of belief was not his error,  
So much as an ill meaning of the forces  
Of the Duke's party, for (as was partly  
Touchèd before) the king had 'pass'd the business  
Thus with himself; he took it quite for granted  
In his own judgment that the present war,  
Could not speedily come to a period.  
He chose rather to seem to be deceiv'd  
And lull'd asleep, than to be backward in himself  
To make hot war upon the Duke, his brother,  
And on Condé (that prince, warlike and potent,)  
Who, he made account, would give succours roundly  
To the Duke and other lords, whom he, (the king)  
As Christian prince and blessed son o' th' holy church,  
Taketh as enemies divine and human.

“The king was link'd in friendship with his sister,  
And in his secret heart lov'd Navarre, too:  
Yet, by reputed of his high descent,  
(As next the king he was successive heir,  
After the Duke's death, which occurr'd later,)  
And by the Guise's malicious whispers in his ear,  
The king was ill at ease. Thus said the Guise:—

“‘Meseemeth that it is no policy,  
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,  
And his advantage following your decease,  
That he should come about your royal person,  
Or be admitted to your highness' counsel.  
You should have men about you that are fat;  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights:



Navarre's no longer such. He's greatly chang'd:  
 He cares not for the pleasures of the Court;  
 Is much alone; reads much, and thinks too much:  
 Such men are dangerous.'

"The king, in fear,  
 Said: 'Tell me truly what thou think'st of him.'

"'He is a great observer, and he looks  
 Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,  
 As thou dost, gracious majesty; he hears no music:  
 Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,  
 As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit  
 That could be mov'd to smile at anything.  
 He's often silent. Yester night, at supper,  
 He suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
 Musing, and sighing, with his arms across:  
 And when I ask'd him what the matter was,  
 He star'd upon me with ungentle looks:  
 I urg'd him further; then he scratch'd his head,  
 And too impatiently stamp'd with his foot:  
 Yet I insisted, but he answer'd not;  
 But with an angry wafture of his hand,  
 Gave sign for me to leave him: so I did,  
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience,  
 Which seem'd too much enkindled, and, withal,  
 Hoping it was but an affect of humour,  
 Which sometime hath its hour with every man.  
 It will not let him eat, nor talk, nor sleep;  
 And could it work so much upon his shape  
 As it hath much prevail'd on his condition,  
 I should not know him.'

"'He hath some sick offence within his mind,  
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,

Incl. Cass  
 I. 2

I ought to know of. What think you on't, my lord?  
 This something settled matter in his heart,  
 Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus  
 From fashion of himself. Is it not so?'

“‘I can full well, my gracious sovereign,  
 Make you acquainted with his cause of grief.  
 Such men as he be never at heart's ease,  
 Whiles they behold a greater than themselves :  
 And therefore are they very dangerous.  
 I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,  
 Than what I fear; for always I am Guise.  
 Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
 I do not know the man I should avoid  
 So soon as that Navarre, though he be noble,  
 Aye, and the spouse of thy belovèd sister.  
 Danger knoweth full well that Navarre is  
 More dangerous than he; pray mark my words :  
 He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,  
 Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;  
 By flattery hath he won the general heart,  
 And when he please to make commotion,  
 'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.’

“Yet was the king ever most slow to act,  
 And little did regard his courteous Guise,  
 But car'd more for his favorite's carolings  
 Than all that he could do or ere devise;  
 Nor was the Guise devoted to his king:  
 In truth he was but ill-affected to him,  
 And, as descendant of great Charlemagne,  
 Claim'd that the throne by right pertain'd to him :  
 Yet this he darèd not hint to the king.

Quoth he:—'So Guise must sit, and fret, and bite his  
tongue,

While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.

Methinks the realms of France, England, and Ireland,

Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,

As did the fatal brand, Althea burnt

Unto the princes' heart of Calidon.

A day will come when Guise shall claim his own;

And therefore I will take the Valois' part,

And make a show of love unto the king,

And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,

For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:

Nor shall proud Henry long usurp my right,

Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,

Nor wear the diadem upon his head,

Whose church-like humours fits not for a crown;

(Better were it he should a monastery grace,

And he shall yet be brought to it, I swear.)

Then Guise be still awhile, till time do serve:

Since thou hast all the cards within thy hands

To shuffle or cut, take this as surest thing,

That right or wrong thou deal thyself a king.

That like I best that flies beyond my reach!

Set me to scale the high Pyramides

And thereon set the diadem of France,

I'll either rend it with my nails to naught,

Or mount the top with my aspiring wing,

Although my downfall be the deepest hell;

For this I wake when others think I sleep.

As ancient Romans o'er their captive lords,

So I will triumph o'er this wanton king,

And he shall follow my proud chariot's wheels.'

Las Vegas, or in  
Amoris - no  
Jul 30, 1

Curdy

“O thou that hold'st this raging blood-hound,  
 Within the circle of the silver moon  
 That girds earth's center with its watery bound,  
 Limit the counsels of this wily duke,  
 And turn his wisdom into foolishness!

“His wisdom was consum'd in confidence;  
 He carried anger as a flint bears fire,  
 That, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark  
 And straight is cold again.

“The King often did muse  
 On the succession, and often mutter'd:—  
 ‘The Duke Alanson's name blisters my tongue.  
 I'm young, but may untimely meet my death.  
 By him that shall succeed me, my poor country  
 Shall have more vices than it had before;  
 More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever.  
 Great tyranny! yet in myself I know  
 All the particulars of vice so grafted,  
 That when they shall be open'd, black Anjou  
 Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state  
 Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd  
 With my confineless harms. I grant him bloody,  
 Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
 Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin  
 That has a name: but not in all the legions  
 Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd  
 In evils to top myself. I must appease  
 Just heaven and rid my soul of guiltiness.’

“Ah what a sigh was there! The heart is sorely  
 charg'd:

I would not have such a heart in my bosom  
 For all the dignity of the whole body.

Now does he feel his title hang loose about him,  
Like a giant's robe upon a dwarfish thief.  
Who, then, shall blame his pester'd senses to recoil,  
When all that is within him does condemn itself  
For being there? 'Tis bitter cold, but he  
Doth never fag in doing due penance:  
'Tis his main hope. Attir'd in simplest weeds,  
He and his favorites march through the streets,  
Giving themselves fierce blows and furious lashes,  
That would, without good armour underneath  
The sack-cloth robes, the flesh hack from the bones.  
This is however but his Lenten entertainment,  
For still he keeps his favorite knights and squires—  
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold,  
That e'er his court, infected with their manners,  
Shows like a riotous inn; Epicurism and lust  
Makes it more like a tavern, or a brothel,  
Than a grac'd palace. Yet some of his train  
Are men, indeed, of choice and rarest parts,  
That all particulars of duty know,  
And in the most exact regard, support  
The worships of their name. Would all were so!

“The king returns to vain, voluptuous pleasures,  
That fail, alas! to honour in men's eyes  
His high profession spiritual. 'Tis shame  
Such wrongs are borne in him, a royal prince,  
And many more of noble blood, in this  
Declining land. The king is not himself,  
But's basely led by flatterers. Time's golden thigh  
Upholds the flowery body of the earth  
In sacred harmony, and every birth  
Of men and actions makes legitimate;

Being used aright, the use of time is Fate,  
But idleness turns men to women's state.

“About this time, the Pope, who lovèd best  
Those princes that were furthest off, (with whom  
He had least to do) and taking thankfully  
The king's late entrance into th' League, of which  
He declar'd himself the head, did remunerate him  
With an hallow'd sword sent by his Nuncio.  
But it was not receivèd in that glory  
That was intended by his holiness,  
For Henry very lightly did regard it.  
It was a time, besides, as you may know,  
When th' various appearance to his thoughts of peril,  
Of several natures and from divers parts,  
Did make him judge it was his best and surest way  
To keep his strength together, in the seat  
And center of his kingdom; for naturally,  
He did not love the barren wars with *Politiques*.  
And undertook them but to free himself  
From imminent dangers, paying no heed  
To th' point of obligation he might owe  
In any way unto the Duke, his brother:  
As afterwards appear'd, he much desir'd  
To make a peace to be call'd the King's Peace,  
And quite forgot his ready promises  
Made when the Peace of Monsieur was concluded.

“Wars worse than civil on these fertile plains,  
And outrage, strangling law and people strong,  
We sing, whose conquering swords their own breasts lanc'd.  
Armies allied, the kingdom's league uprooted—  
Ay me! the lust of war hath made these drunk with  
blood!

Frenchmen, will ye wage war for which you shall not  
triumph?

How many noblemen have lost their lives,  
In prosecution of these cruel arms,  
Is ruth and almost death to call to mind.

O what a world of land and sea might they have won,  
Whom civil broils have slain in every land!

As far as Titan springs, where night dims heaven;  
Aye, to the torrid zone where mid-day burns;  
And where stiff winter, whom no spring dissolves,  
Fetters the Euxine Sea with chains of ice;  
Scythia and wild Armenia had been yok'd,  
And they of Nilus' mouth, if there live any:  
France, if thou take delight in impious war,  
First conquer all the earth, then turn thy fury  
Against thyself. As yet thou want'st no foes.

“Navarre grew ill at ease. He mourn'd his mother  
Whom he did always tenderly revere,  
And his sister especially he lov'd  
Whom he resembled too, in countenance,  
As far as a man's face can be compar'd  
To that of a very beautiful girl.  
She, too, was at the court, but took no part  
In any of its pomps and gaities,  
Renouncing all to cherish silent grief  
For her dear mother's loss, and for the wounds  
So lately given there to her religion.  
The Prince studied to work his liberty,  
And now his lover's sonnets turn'd to holy psalms,  
Dear to his mother and the people of her faith.  
His prayers also were taught him by no priest:

*Navarre*

Humbly upon his bended knee he crav'd  
 Help from above, but never from Christ's mother,  
 (Albeit that jay of Italy, the Queen-mother,  
 Did make him swear an oath false to his conscience.)  
 He oped the windows toward his distant realm,  
 Calm'd was the crystal air, his voice I heard:—

“O Lord we have defacèd in ourselves  
 The sacred image imprinted in us  
 By creation; we have sinn'd against heaven,  
 And before Thee, and are no more worthy  
 To be called Thy children. O, admit us  
 Into the place of hired servants, Lord.  
 Thou hast form'd us in our mothers' wombs,  
 Thy providence hath hitherto watch'd over us,  
 And preserv'd us unto this period  
 Of time: O stay not the course of Thy mercies  
 And loving kindness towards us: have mercy upon us  
 For Thy dear Son Christ Jesus' sake,  
 Who is the way, the truth and the life.  
 In him, O Lord, we appeal from Thy justice  
 To Thy mercy, beseeching Thee in His name,  
 And for His sake only, Thou wilt be graciously  
 Pleas'd freely to pardon and forgive us all  
 Our sins and disobedience, whether  
 In thought, words, or deed, committed against  
 Thy divine Majesty: and in His precious  
 Blood-shedding, death, and perfect obedience,  
 Free us from the guilt, the stain and punishment,  
 And dominion of all our sins, and clothe us  
 With His perfect righteousness. There is mercy  
 With Thee, O Lord, that Thou mayest be fear'd;



Yea, Thy mercies swallow up the greatness  
Of our sins: speak peace to our souls and consciences,  
And that, O Lord, not for any merits of ours,  
But only for the merits of Thy Son,  
And our alone Saviour Jesus Christ,  
To whom, with Thee and the Holy Spirit, be ascrib'd  
All glory evermore: Amen.'

“His noble Christian thoughts did not rest here,  
But all his hope and resolution grew  
Soon to escape from his imprisonment,  
Or forc'd detention at the court of France.  
Now shame and sorrow, duty, love and fear,  
Present a thousand sorrows to his martyr'd soul.  
Oft did he ask himself, in humble wise,  
'Whence springs this deep despair? What cause doth  
fill

Mine eyes with tears, and stops my tongue,  
While heart is drown'd in cares? Shall I, like Mars  
Courting the queen of love, so drive away  
This melancholy fit? Shall I, in dalliance  
Lie in my lady's lap? Deck my body  
In gay garments, and witch sweet ladies  
With my words and looks? Miserable thought!  
I will forswear my love. She never gave so much  
But more she took away. That which I've lost,  
I've lost by her. I' faith I will away—  
Not that I love to go, but fear to stay.  
And now ye wanton loves and young desires,  
And vanity, the mint of strange attires,  
Ye lipping flatteries and obsequious glances,  
Relentful musics and attractive dances,

Ye shall rule me no more; I will, forthwith,  
Peaceably return into my own kingdom,  
Contenting myself only with the glory  
Of so honourable an enterprise as flight.'

*wane*  
fo  
"Ere long he quit his fortunes at the court,  
As shall be plainly told elsewhere, my friend,  
And, borne by destiny against his inclination,  
He to the hazard of incertainties  
Himself commended, no richer than his honour,  
Which that bold hand (with courage that his heart  
Did lend) in acts, divinely clear, writ out.  
O what a lovely, proper man he was—  
Another Hector or an Alexander—  
A goodly man, a demigod! How sweetly  
He carried himself! With how comely a grace  
He sat upon his gaily prancing steed!"

"Pray tell me speedily of his escape,  
I wish to hear how it was compassèd."

"Catherine promis'd him she would bestow  
Large bounties on<sup>o</sup> him, make him the prime man  
Of the state, Lieutenant General of the kingdom,  
And employ him where high profits might come.  
Her highness never kept her word in this,  
And he grew discontented; much he heard  
That serv'd to whet his anger 'gainst the Queen:  
One of her gentlewomen told to him,  
How Catherine and the knights were wont to laugh  
Because he listen'd to her promises,  
And took her words for truth. They callèd him  
A carpet-knight, a faithless heretic;  
And the Queen-mother said: 'Lords, look you, when  
This candle burns not clear, 'tis I must snuff it,

Then out it goes: what though he be my son-in-law—  
The husband of my daughter—if he be  
Not wholesome to our cause, why, he must exit.  
We'll deem it as the sentence of an oracle—  
A law like those o' th' ancient Medes, unchangeable.'

“To whom Henry, the king, made answer thus:—  
'Madam, myself have lymed a bush for him,  
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,  
As he will light, to listen to the lays,  
And never mount to trouble you again.'

“All of which I report because such shreds  
Or fragments, are of no little importance  
And serve as samplers of the entire piece.  
Then, in her heart, she scorned his poverty,  
Though well she knew she had help'd to make him so,  
And vaunted 'mongst her minions, I am told,  
The very train of her worst wearing gown  
Was better worth than all his father's lands,  
Till she had given two dukedoms with her daughter,  
With which she did invest them jointly.

“So fitly now here cometh next in place,  
The proof of prowess in which he most excell'd;  
For with all graces, nature did insert  
Thrice-valiant courage in his noble heart.  
I can remember, well, how we together  
With Margaret and his friend, the good Count M.,  
Devis'd all things, and all things did, that might  
Prepare the way thereto and aid his flight.

“Monsieur sent him a letter, at this time,  
Wherein he writes how happily he lives,  
How well belov'd, and wishing him to be  
The partner of his fortunes, which, no doubt,

Did serve to hasten on his expedition.  
I heard the letter read, and begg'd it of the Prince  
For my own purposes—I'll give it here.

“This Count of M., a noble lord of France,  
Whose private loyalty unto the Duke  
Was unguess'd by the king, encounterèd Navarre.

“‘Let me bid thee welcome, my lord,’ quoth he.

“‘Welcome, Count, I would speak with thee.  
Knowest thou the news abroad? the whisperèd ones  
I mean for they are yet but ear-kissing  
Arguments?’

“‘Yes, doth the news hold good?’

“‘Aye, it is all too true.

O full of danger is this sickly land,  
For emulation, who shall now be nearest,  
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.’

“‘Why so? His grace with politic grave counsel,  
No doubt will govern well.’

“‘No, no, look you to see  
A troublous state; the enemy increaseth  
Every day. Would all were well for France's peace  
And quietness, but we do know that they already  
Begin, in troops, to threaten civil war  
And openly exclaim against their king.  
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,  
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,  
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:  
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,  
Meet in one line, and vast confusion waits,  
(As doth a raven on a sick fall'n beast)  
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.’

“‘This news is bad indeed! aye, such as puts

Divers young bloods into a sudden fury.  
 May God forbid our lord, the king, should so,  
 With civil and uncivil arms, be rush'd upon.  
 Doth the Duke send thee this news?'

"Aye, but now;

I tell thee keep it to thyself, he hopes  
 To find me forward upon his party.'

"Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,  
 But I will give my voice on the King's side.  
 Canst thou guess that the Duke aims at the crown?'

"I know not at what unless it be that.  
 Will you hear this letter with attention?

"As we would hear an oracle; such is  
 The simplicity of man to hearken  
 After the flesh. *Que dit il?*'

"Great Deputy, the Welkin's Vice-gerent,  
 And sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's  
 Earth's God, and body's fostering patron:—

"I commend to thee the events since my escape,  
 That draw from my snow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink  
 Which here thou viewest.

"I have sent to thee, a man  
 Of good repute, carriage and estimation,  
 To tell false Henry he will shortly prove  
 That I'm his sworn and mortal foe.

"Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous  
 To my brother, the King, which will set us  
 In deadly hate, the one against the other.  
 Should he learn my intent, he would this day  
 Cause me to be close mewèd up, but in  
 Mature time, when this ungracious paper

Shall strike his sight, an armèd guard will be  
Appointed, tendering my person's safety.

“Belike his majesty, for those injuries  
Done me at my depart, meaneth to be,  
For civil prudence, more advis'd in our affairs,  
And will beg that I return. Pray tell him that  
'Tis all amiss employ'd; he's done me wrong,  
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.  
I must to arms, I cannot brook delay;  
I cannot rest until I'm thus employ'd.  
I, with my sword, what think'st thou that I fear?  
What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?  
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;  
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
Whose conscience, with injustice, is corrupted.

“I, with the mightiest power of this land,  
Will seek revenge. Why, what a brood of traitors,  
My noble kinsman, have we here!  
Look in a glass and call thy image so.’

“‘Audacious boy,’ quoth Henry as he read,  
‘I’ll be at charges for a looking-glass;  
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,  
That I may see my shadow as I pass.’

“‘Leave and join with me. Together we  
Will reap the harvest of my high-swoll’n hate.  
You, Lord Henry Bourbon, are strong and manly,  
Come on our side, and you shall take command.  
Your brother kings, and monarchs of the earth  
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,  
As did the former lions of your blood,  
To win your right with blood, and sword, and fire.  
Go, then, and muster men: look that your heart

—  
Henry VI  
II: 3.2

Be firm; the King's assurance is but frail.  
Troops, secretly levied, have with my forces join'd,  
The news whereof, when it doth come to th' court,  
Will make him to be conscious of his peril.  
All th' northern peers intend here to proceed,  
And many more confederates in arms,  
Courageously disloyal to his majesty,  
Do dare him to set forward to the fight:  
All is mature for violent outburst.  
Then doubt not, coz, but I shall obtain that  
For which I fled the court. Yes, surely, yes,  
My fates have so decreed.

“What think you of this?”

Tell me your highness' pleasure, for I long  
For your answer. Alas! you know that you  
Are far from here: therefore do not delay.  
Devise a means to follow me, then shall  
You entertain my vows of thanks and praise.

“*Je vous supplié mon très-puissant Seigneur,*

*FRANCOIS,*

*Heretier de France.'*

“‘And how stand you affected to his wish?’

“‘What say you, Count?’

“‘I know how it will prove.’

“‘Yet not, perhaps, if I should him chastise.’

“‘From whom hast thou this great commission,  
To make thyself an head of the King's party?’

“‘Heaven be thank'd it is but voluntary—

A voluntary zeal, an unurg'd faith  
Religiously provokes that this, my arm,  
Strike at a time so needful as the present,  
I' th' King's behalf, to aid him to compose

The troubles sore, between him and his subjects.  
 But in truth, being loth to wave my sword  
 Against Anjou, I would desire to stand,  
 Both for the King, and Duke. Both are my kinsmen;—  
 The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath  
 And duty bids defend; the other again,  
 Is my kinsman, whom th' King hath wrong'd;  
 Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.  
 Well, somewhat we must do.'

“‘God bless thee, Prince, for duty and for loyalty.’

“‘Why do we linger thus? I'll to the King  
 And whet him to this enterprise.’

“‘I've reason

To conceive that the council would be wary,  
 To put the King into a war against  
 The heir-apparent.’

“‘Aye, Count, the counsels

Of this war would be very faint and slow,  
 Yet 'tis not possible but that the state  
 Of France, should be embroilèd with some troubles  
 And alterations, in favor of the Duke—  
 The causes of this war, surely he knoweth best.’

“‘Then hath your grace fit opportunity,  
 To show your love unto the King of France,  
 (Beshrew me friend it is not natural!)  
 Offering him aid against his enemies,  
 Which cannot but be thankfully receiv'd.’

“‘Will not King Henry let me speak with him?  
 In the devotion of a subject's love,  
 And free from other misbegotten hate,  
 Come I appealant to his princely presence.’



“All happiness unto my lord, the King,  
Pardon my liege that I have stay'd so long.’

“Nay, Henry, know that thou art come too soon,  
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art.’

“Most mighty sovereign, I humbly pray  
Give me an audience.’

“What news with you?’

“None good, my liege, to please you with y-hearing,  
Nor none so bad, but may be well reported.’

“Hoy-day, a riddle, neither good nor bad:  
What need'st thou run so many miles about,  
When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?  
Speak quickly what the cause may be, Navarre,  
That thou dost utter forth these words to me.’

“The news I have to tell your majesty  
Is this: most gracious sovereign, your brother is  
With many more confederates, in arms;  
And every hour more competitors  
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.  
I, by my friends am well advertised,  
That divers of your nation and of other,  
As constant report goeth, do intend  
To give battle sooner than you can look for them.  
And many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,  
Stirr'd up now by the Duke, do fly to him  
When they should serve their rightful sovereign.  
Therefore, to stop all sudden mutinies,  
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,  
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace  
Where and what time your majesty shall please.  
Hear me, good brother, for our cause is ripe,  
And the people are hot upon the business:

I know 'tis thought the lords are up in arms.'

“‘And 'tis likewise thought you favor 'em.

I fear thou art a counterfeit, Navarre,

Which being touch'd and tried, proves valueless :

'Tis but your policy, but I'll not trust you;

Thou wilt revolt and fly to him I fear—

Aye, aye, thou wouldst be gone to join with him.'

“‘I'll prove the contrary if thou'lt hear me speak.

What my tongue speaks, my right drawn sword shall  
prove,

And as I truly fight defend me heaven.

I go to force them to lay down their arms—

If thou dost choose I fight in thy defense—

This oath I take and willingly perform.'

“‘Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

Can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy

Be a good counsellor? I say no, no!

Heralds! away! and throughout every town

Proclaim them traitors, who do serve the Duke.

Fly to unthread this rude eye of rebellion!

Seek out, and hotly fall upon the lords

Of this discarded faith, and recompense

The pains you take by cutting off their heads!

Your speed withhold not, for if this I've heard

From Rumour's tongue be true, it makes occasion

To 'tempt the danger of our true defence.'

Hie thee: the hand of Time o'ermastereth—

Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:

Then fiery expedition be my wing,

Jove's Mercury, and heralds for a king!

Go, muster men; my counsel is my shield;

We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

I know their complot is to have my life :  
I dare be sworn, these dang'rous unsafe lunes,  
(Beshrew them) undertake to do rash deeds  
And then go boast of it. Here's for my oath,  
And here's to th' right: spare them not; lay it on;  
Quickly shall vengeance seek the traitors out.  
Strike off their heads and let them preach on poles,—  
No doubt such lessons they will teach the rest.  
Come, we will after them; we, God's wrathful agents,  
In righteous fashion will correct their proud contempt.  
O heinous, strong and bold conspiracy!  
Indeed, we must advance the royal colors  
For our advantage, and to cull these plots,  
Take the Duke first, and guard him sure: I would  
Desire to put him to execution,  
For certainly ought discipline be us'd,  
And I can do no less with wit and safety.'

“‘Let not thy hands be guilty of thy kinsman's  
blood :

Let him be gently usèd,' Margaret cried,  
'No word like pardon for kings' mouths so meet.  
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there,  
Or in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine ear,  
That hearing how my plaints and players do plierce,  
Plity may move thee, plardon to rehearse.  
Say pardon, King, let pity teach thee how.'

“‘To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?  
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.  
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?  
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.  
Forget to pity, lest thy pity prove  
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

This too much lenity, and harmful pity,  
 Must now be laid aside; and this bold boy,  
 That to my face doth threaten civil war,  
 Must have an answer he will understand.  
 This will I send, and something else more plain,  
 That shall express to him my true intent.  
 If ye be mov'd, revenge it if you can.'

“O liege, be thòu content to seize and gripe  
 Into thy hands, the royalties and rights;  
 Thou'rt King by fair sequence and succession,  
 The elder brother, and the king o'er him;  
 A puny subject strikes at thy great glory.  
 Deal mildly with his youth, for young hot colts,  
 Being 'ragèd do rage the more.'

“Your highness would do well to grant her suit;  
 It were dishonor to deny it her.'

“It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.'

“The color of the King did come and go  
 Between his purpose and his conscience.

“Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,  
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,  
 Tend'ring the precious safety of the Duke,  
 Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.  
 My swelling heart for very anger breaks!  
 Thou speak'st to me as if I were a baby.  
 Come, shall I be a playfellow? Nay, nay!  
 'Tis past enduring! I do know the scope  
 And warrant limited unto my tongue.  
 Let heaven be the record to my speech,  
 And mark my saying well; for what I speak,  
 My body shall make good upon this earth,

Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.'

“Now looks he like a king; behold his eye,  
As bright as is the eagle's lightens forth,  
While she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye on  
him.

“If I prove honey-mouthed, let my tongue blister,  
And never to my red-look'd anger be  
The trumpet any more! Shall I look on my wrongs  
With an indifferent eye? Forbid it Heaven!  
Let every man that he hath caus'd to lift  
Shrewd steel in gross rebellion me against,  
Look to taste the due meet for it; I swear it here,  
By all on earth that may be sworn or said,  
Then let them thank themselves and rue too late,  
If I be cruel, and grow tyrannous,  
Now that these wrathful nobles threaten war.  
How oft have I been baited by these peers,  
And dar'd not be reveng'd because their power is great.  
Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels  
Affright a lion? Henry, unfold thy paws  
And let their life-blood slack thy fury's hunger:  
For every stride he makes upon my land  
Is dangerous treason. Why should we be tender  
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us?  
The bier at door and the demand “Who is 't  
Shall die?” I'd say, “the Duke, my brother.”’

“‘Dost thou consent thy brother die?’ quoth she,  
‘Let me lament, with tears as sovereign  
As is the blood of hearts, that thou, my brother,  
Should ruthless spill the blood akin to thine.

Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?  
Hath love in thy own blood no living fire?  
My father's sons, whereof thyself art one,  
Were but as violles of his sacred blood.  
That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,  
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,  
Yet, art thou slain in him: thou dost consent  
In some large measure to thy father's death,  
In that thou see'st thy wretched brother die,  
Who was the model of thy father's life.  
And by the royalties of both your bloods,  
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,  
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd  
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,  
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.'

“Vex not yourself, and strive not with your breath,  
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.’

“My liege his railing is intolerable.’

“Then thus Navarre spake to his majesty:—  
‘If those that care to keep thy royal person  
From treason's secret knife, and traitor's rage,  
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,  
‘Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.  
Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch,  
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:  
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,  
And wolves are gnarling, who shall gnaw thee first.  
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!  
But good King Henry, thy decay I fear.  
Libels are cast against thee in the street;  
Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.

The love of brethren's like an arch of stones  
Where, if one be displacèd, all come down.  
When levity and cruelty play for a kingdom,  
The gentlest gamester is the soonest winner.'

“‘Why doubtest thou of my bold forwardness?  
I'll make a passage with my conquering sword,  
E'en though I wade knee-deep in Frenchmen's blood,  
And they that love my honor'll follow me.  
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,  
Wherewith, already, th' Duke is overthrown.  
Were you as resolute as is your king,  
The end would soon be reach'd.’

“‘Has the king secretly sown hydra's teeth,  
That rise up armèd men for the service  
Of this kingdom? All joy befall your grace,  
But th' power you have already, must needs soon  
Be drawn to head to push against th' invaders.  
Remain you here with your uncertainty:  
Let every feeble rumor shake your heart:  
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes  
Fan you into despair: have the power still  
To banish your defenders, till at length,  
Your ignorance (which finds not till it feels,  
Making but reservation of yourselves,)  
Deliver you from miserable disaster.’

“Burning with wrath, the king came up to him,  
Raging so fierce that none dare come about him,  
And put himself in posture as to strike.

“‘What, villain, scoff'st thou at the King? dost thou  
Join with the traitor, sir, and jointly swear  
Capital Treason 'gainst the King and crown?’

“Pale trembling coward I do fear thee not:  
Stamp, rage and threat, that I may sing and dance.  
Henry, unloose thy long imprison'd thoughts,  
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.  
Give place; by heaven! thou shalt rule no more  
O'er me, whom heaven created for thy ruler.’

“Your royal presences be ruled by me:  
I do entreat that you be friends awhile.  
For heaven's sake! how can you throw away  
Your self respect, by such a scene as this,  
So contrary t' th' crown and dignity of kings?  
I bid you entertain no more of it.’

“I know no cause why I should do thy bidding.  
How might a prince of my great hopes forget  
So great indignities? Thou wretched king,  
Thou breeder of thy country's ill, I have  
Some other things to say. What answer can'st thou  
make  
To this? When have I injur'd thee, when done thee  
wrong,  
That I must e'en be held a rancorous enemy?  
I am assur'd if I be measur'd rightly,  
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.’

“Thy words move rage and not remorse in me;  
I will not answer thee with words, but blows.’

“O Henry, let me plead for my gentle lord.’

“No more I say; if thou dost plead for him,  
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath. Leave me.’

“And yet he made fair weather with Navarre,  
And for a time seem'd satisfied. O' th' two  
He was himself, the greater dissembler.



“One day I saw the Prince approach the Count and  
say:—

‘Cousin a word with thee. Withdraw thyself awhile  
To th’ thick pleachèd alley; I’ll follow thee.’

“And then I heard them thus converse apart:—

‘By thee invited I present myself  
To be commanded. What wouldst thou with me?’

“‘I will resolve thee herein presently.’

“‘Be circumspect, seest not that boy close by?’

“But Navarre answered:—

‘I fear him not, I mean to use him, Count,  
That I may help have at a pinch. Look on him  
And let his manly face which promiseth  
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart  
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.  
Stay, boy, I will converse with thee. Come hither;  
Thou shalt for what thou com’st, acquainted be forthwith.  
Give me thy hand; much joy and favour to thee.’

“‘I’ll kiss thy hand in sign of league and amity.

You are so noble, my good lord Navarre,  
Your grace deserves all strangers’ loves and services.’

“‘My friend, with loving heart, I thee embrace.’

“Then to the Count:—

“‘I must forsake the court,

For I do see my favor here begins to warp.  
The King is angry with me and no doubt will be  
Shortly rid of me. Even now I met him  
With customary compliment, when he  
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling  
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and  
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,  
That changes thus his manners.’

“‘I dare not know, my lord.’

“‘How! dare not? do not?

Do you know, and dare not?

Be intelligent to me, ’tis thereabouts :

For to yourself, what you do know, you must,

And cannot say, you dare not.

Can you not see? or will you not observe

The strangeness of his altered countenance?

With what a majesty he bears himself;

How insolent of late he has become?

This day have I set down that I will not

Endure this yoke, and now when time shall serve,

I’ll crave his license to take leave awhile,

Good Count, to intend mine own affairs at home.

Changèd complexions are to me a mirror,

Which shows me mine chang’d too, for I must be

A party in this alteration, finding

Myself thus altered with it.’

“‘I feel his favor gone from thee, Navarre,

Yet know not how it went, but this, methought

I heard the King say: “The prince has smother’d long

His discontent and hatred, but ’tis breaking forth :

This alienation of my brother’s love,

And these seditions ’mong th’ nobility,

Declare his fault and also show my duty.”

“‘Ah! that but proves another spur, dear Count,

To my departure—for to be in peril

Instructs me to make haste. What resteth more

But that I seek occasion how to leave,

Yet the king be not privy to my drift?

What sayst thou now? Speak.’

“‘Your grace may do thy pleasure.’



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