

**CHRISTOPHER  
MARLOWE**

MASSACRE AT  
PARIS

**Christopher Marlowe**  
**Massacre at Paris**

*[http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio\\_book/?art=35007641](http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=35007641)*

*Massacre at Paris:*

# Содержание

DRAMATIS PERSONAE	4
THE MASSACRE AT PARIS	6
[Scene i]	7
[Scene ii]	11
[Scene iii]	16
[Scene iv]	19
[Scene v]	23
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	26

# Christopher Marlowe

## Massacre at Paris

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

CHARLES THE NINTH—King of France

Duke of Anjou—his brother, afterwards KNIG HENRY THE

THIRD

King of Navarre

PRINCE OF CONDE—his brother

brothers

DUKE OF GUISE

CARDINAL OF LORRAINE

DUKE DUMAINE

SON TO THE DUKE OF GUISE—a boy

THE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL

DUKE OF JOYEUX

EPERNOUN

PLESHE

BARTUS

TWO LORDS OF POLAND

GONZAGO

RETES

MOUNTSORRELL

COSSINS,—Captain of the King's Guard

MUGEROUN

THE CUTPURSE

LOREINE,—a preacher

SEROUNE

RAMUS

TALEUS

FRIAR

SURGEON ENGLISH AGENT

APOTHECARY

Captain of the Guard, Protestants, Schoolmasters, Soldiers,  
Murderers, Attendants, &c.

CATHERINE,—the Queen Mother of France

MARGARET,—her daughter, wife to the KING OF

NAVARRÉ

THE OLD QUEEN OF NAVARRÉ

DUCHESS OF GUISE

WIFE TO SEROUNE

Maid to the Duchess of Guise

# **THE MASSACRE AT PARIS**

**With the Death of the Duke of Guise.**

## [Scene i]

Enter Charles the French King, [Catherine] the Queene Mother, the King of Navarre, the Prince of Condye, the Lord high Admirall, and [Margaret] the Queene of Navarre, with others.

CHARLES. Prince of Navarre my honourable brother,  
Prince Condy, and my good Lord Admirall,  
wische this union and religious league,  
Knit in these hands, thus joyn'd in nuptiall rites,  
May not desolve, till death desolve our lives,  
And that the native sparkes of princely love,  
That kindled first this motion in our hearts,  
May still be feweld in our progenye.

NAVAREE. The many favours which your grace has  
showne,  
From time to time, but specially in this,  
Shall binde me ever to your highnes will,  
In what Queen Mother or your grace commands.

QUEENE MOTHER. Thanks sonne Navarre, you see we  
love you well,  
That linke you in mariage with our daughter heer:  
And as you know, our difference in Religion  
Might be a meanes to crosse you in your love.

CHARLES. Well Madam, let that rest:  
And now my Lords the mariage rites perfourm'd,  
We think it good to goe and consumate  
The rest, with hearing of an holy Masse:  
Sister, I think your selfe will beare us company.

QUEENE MARGARET. I will my good Lord.

CHARLES. The rest that will not goe (my Lords) may stay:  
Come Mother,  
Let us goe to honor this solemnitie.

QUEENE MOTHER. Which Ile desolve with bloud and  
crueltie.

[Aside.]

Exit [Charles] the King, Queene Mother, and [Margaret]  
the Queene of Navar [with others], and manet Navar, the  
Prince of Condy, and the Lord high Admirall.

NAVARRE. Prince Condy and my good Lord Admiral,  
Now Guise may storme but does us little hurt:  
Having the King, Queene Mother on our side,  
To stop the mallice of his envious heart,  
That seekes to murder all the Protestants:  
Have you not heard of late how he decreed,  
If that the King had given consent thereto,

That all the protestants that are in Paris,  
Should have been murdered the other night?

ADMIRALL. My Lord I mervaile that th'aspiring Guise  
Dares once adventure without the Kings assent,  
To meddle or attempt such dangerous things.

CONDY. My Lord you need not mervaile at the Guise,  
For what he doth the Pope will ratifie:  
In murder, mischeefe, or in tyranny.

NAVARRE. But he that sits and rules above the clowdes,  
Doth heare and see the praiers of the just:  
And will revenge the bloud of innocents,  
That Guise hath slaine by treason of his heart,  
And brought by murder to their timeles ends.

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

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

**Exeunt**

## [Scene ii]

Enter the Duke of Guise.

GUISE. If ever Hymen low'r'd at marriage rites,  
And had his alters decks with duskie lightes:  
If ever sunne stainde heaven with bloody clowdes,  
And made it look with terrour on the worlde:  
If ever day were turnde to ugly night,  
And night made semblance of the hue of hell,  
This day, this houre, this fatall night,  
Shall fully shew the fury of them all.  
Apothecarie.—

Enter the Pothecarie.

POTHECARIE. My Lord.

GUISE. Now shall I prove and guerdon to the ful,  
The love thou bear'st unto the house of Guise:  
Where are those perfumed gloves which late I sent  
To be poysoned, hast thou done them? speake,  
Will every savour breed a pangue of death?

POTHECARIE. See where they be my Lord, and he that  
smelles

but to them, dyes.

GUISE. Then thou remainest resolute.

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

GUISE. Thanks my good freend, I wil requite thy love.  
Goe then, present them to the Queene Navarre:  
For she is that huge blemish in our eye,  
That makes these upstart heresies in Fraunce:  
Be gone my freend, present them to her straitte.  
Souldyer.—

Exit Pothecaier.

Enter a Souldier.

SOULDIER. My Lord.

GUISE. Now come thou forth and play thy tragick part,  
Stand in some window opening neere the street,  
And when thou seest the Admirall ride by,  
Discharge thy musket and perfourme his death:  
And then Ile guerdon thee with store of crownes.

SOULDIER. I will my Lord.

Exit Souldier.

GUISE. Now Guise, begin those deepe ingendred thoughts  
To burst abroad, those never dying flames,  
Which cannot be extinguisht but by bloud.  
Oft have I leveld, and at last have learnd,  
That perill is the cheefest way to happines,  
And resolution honors fairest aime.  
What glory is there in a common good,  
That hanges for every peasant to atchive?  
That like I best that flyes beyond my reach.  
Set me to scale the high Peramides,  
And thereon set the Diadem of Fraunce,  
Ile either rend it with my nayles to naught,  
Or mount the top with my aspiring winges,  
Although my downfall be the deepest hell.  
For this, I wake, when others think I sleepe,  
For this, I waite, that scorn attendance else:  
For this, my quenchles thirst whereon I builde,  
Hath often pleaded kindred to the King.  
For this, this head, this heart, this hand and sworde,  
Contrive, imagine and fully execute  
Matters of importe, aimed at by many,  
Yet understoode by none.  
For this, hath heaven engendred me of earth,  
For this, the earth sustaines my bodies weight,  
And with this wait Ile counterpoise a Crowne,  
Or with seditions weary all the worlde:  
For this, from Spaine the stately Catholic  
Sends Indian golde to coyne me French ecues:

For this have I a largesse from the Pope,  
A pension and a dispensation too:  
And by that priviledge to worke upon,  
My policye hath framde religion.

Religion: O Diabole.

Fye, I am ashamde, how ever that I seeme,  
To think a word of such a simple sound,  
Of so great matter should be made the ground.  
The gentle King whose pleasure uncontrolde,  
Weakneth his body, and will waste his Realme,  
If I repaire not what he ruins:

Him as a childe I dayly winne with words,  
So that for prooffe, he barely beares the name:  
I execute, and he sustaines the blame.

The Mother Queene workes wonders for my sake,  
And in my love entombes the hope of Fraunce:  
Rifling the bowels of her treasurie,  
To supply my wants and necessitie.

Paris hath full five hundred Colledges,  
As Monestaries, Pories, Abbyes and halles,  
Wherein are thirtie thousand able men,  
Besides a thousand sturdy student Catholicks,  
And more: of my knowledge in one cloyster keep,  
Five hundred fatte Franciscan Fryers and priestes.  
All this and more, if more may be comprisde,  
To bring the will of our desires to end.

Then Guise,

Since thou hast all the Cardes within thy hands  
To shuffle or to cut, take this as surest thing:

That right or wrong, thou deal'st thy selfe a King.  
I but, Navarre. Tis but a nook of France.  
Sufficient yet for such a pettie King:  
That with a rablement of his hereticks,  
Blindes Europs eyes and troubleth our estate:  
Him will we—

Pointing to his Sworde.

But first lets follow those in France.  
That hinder our possession to the crowne:  
As Caesar to his souldiers, so say I:  
Those that hate me, will I learn to loath.  
Give me a look, that when I bend the browes,  
Pale death may walke in furrowes of my face:  
A hand, that with a graspe may gripe the world,  
An eare, to heare what my detractors say,  
A royall seate, a scepter and a crowne:  
That those which doe behold them may become  
As men that stand and gase against the Sunne.  
The plot is laide, and things shall come to passe,  
Where resolution strives for victory.

**Exit**

## [Scene iii]

Enter the King of Navar and Queen [Margaret], and his [olde] Mother Queen [of Navarre], the Prince of Condy, the Admirall, and the Pothecary with the gloves, and gives them to the olde Queene.

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

OLD QUEENE. Thanks my good freend, holde, take thou this reward.

POTHECARIE. I humbly thank your Majestie.

Exit Pothecary.

OLD QUEENE. Me thinkes the gloves have a very strong perfume,  
The sent whereof doth make my head to ake.

NAVARRE. Doth not your grace know the man that gave them you?

OLD QUEENE. Not wel, but do remember such a man.

ADMIRALL. Your grace was ill advise to take them then,  
Considering of these dangerous times.

OLD QUEENE. Help sonne Navarre, I am poysoned.

QUEENE MARGARET. The heavens forbid your highnes  
such mishap.

NAVARRE. The late suspition of the Duke of Guise,  
Might well have moved your highnes to beware  
How you did meddle with such dangerous giftes.

QUEENE MARGARET. Too late it is my Lord if that be  
true

To blame her highnes, but I hope it be  
Only some naturall passion makes her sicke.

OLD QUEENE. O no, sweet Margaret, the fatall poyson  
Doth work within my heart, my brain pan breakes,  
My heart doth faint, I dye.

She dyes.

NAVARRE. My Mother poysoned heere before my face:  
O gracious God, what times are these?  
O graunt sweet God my daies may end with hers,  
That I with her may dye and live againe.

QUEENE MARGARET. Let not this heavy chaunce my

dearest Lord,

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

ADMIRALL. Come my Lords let us beare her body hence,  
And see it honoured with just solemnitie.

As they are going, [enter] the Souldier [above, who]  
dischargeth his musket at the Lord Admirall [and exit].

CONDY. What are you hurt my Lord high Admiral?

ADMIRALL. I my good Lord, shot through the arme.

NAVARRRE. We are betraide, come my Lords, and let us  
goe tell  
the King of this.

ADMIRALL. These are the cursed Guisians that doe seeke  
our death.

Oh fatall was this mariage to us all.

They beare away the [olde] Queene [of Navarre]  
and goe out.

## [Scene iv]

Enter [Charles] the King, [Catherine] the Queene Mother, Duke of Guise, Duke Anjou, Duke Demayne [and Cossin, Captain of the Kings Guard].

QUEENE MOTHER. My noble sonne, and princely Duke of Guise,

Now have we got the fatall stragling deere,  
Within the compasse of a deadly toyle,  
And as we late decreed we may perfourme.

CHARLES. Madam, it wilbe noted through the world,  
An action bloody and tirannicall:

Cheefely since under safetie of our word,  
They justly challenge their protection:  
Besides my heart relentes that noble men,  
Onely corrupted in religion,

Ladies of honor, Knightes and Gentlemen,  
Should for their conscience taste such ruthes ends.

ANJOY. Though gentle minces should pittie others paines,  
Yet will the wisest note their proper greefes:  
And rather seeke to scourge their enemies,  
Then be themselves base subjects to the whip.

GUISE. Me thinkes my Lord, Anjoy hath well advise  
Your highnes to consider of the thing,

And rather chuse to seek your countries good,  
Then pittie or releev these upstart hereticks.

QUEENE MOTHER. I hope these reasons mayserve my  
princely, Sonne,  
To have some care for feare of enemies.

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

QUEENE MOTHER. Thankses to my princely sonne, then  
tell me Guise,  
What order wil you set downe for the Massacre?

GUISE. Thus Madame.  
They that shalbe actors in this Massacre,  
Shall weare white crosses on their Burgonets,  
And tye white linnen scarfes about their armes.  
He that wantes these, and is suspect of heresie,  
Shall dye, or be he King or Emperour.  
Then Ile have a peale of ordinance shot from the tower,  
At which they all shall issue out and set the streetes.  
And then the watchword being given, a bell shall ring,  
Which when they heare, they shall begin to kill:  
And never cease untill that bell shall cease,  
Then breath a while.

Enter the Admirals man.

CHARLES. How now fellow, what newes?

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

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

Exit Messenger.

What shall we doe now with the Admirall?

QUEENE MOTHER. Your Majesty had best goe visite  
him,  
And make a shew as if all were well.

CHARLES. Content, I will goe visite the Admirall.

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

Exit Guise.

Enter the Admirall in his bed.

CHARLES. How fares it with my Lord high Admiral,

Hath he been hurt with villaines in the street?  
I vow and sweare as I am King of France,  
To finde and to repay the man with death:  
With death delay'd and torments never usde,  
That durst presume for hope of any gaine,  
To hurt the noble man his sovereign loves.

ADMIRALL. Ah my good Lord, these are the Guisians,  
That seeke to massacre our guiltles lives.

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

**Exeunt omnes**

## [Scene v]

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

GUISE. Anjoy, Dumaine, Gonzago, Retes, sweare by  
The argent crosses on your burgonets,  
To kill all that you suspect of heresie.

DUMAINE. I sweare by this to be unmercifull.

ANJOY. I am disguise and none nows who I am,  
And therfore meane to murder all I meet.

GONZAGO. And so will I.

RETES. And I.

GUISE. Away then, break into the Admirals house.

GETES. I let the Admirall be first dispatcht.

GUISE. The Admirall,  
Cheefe standard bearer to the Lutheranes,  
Shall in the entrance of this Massacre,  
Be murdered in his bed.  
Gonzago conduct them hither, and then

Beset his house that not a man may live.

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

And at ech corner shall the Kings garde stand.

GONZAGO. Come sirs follow me.

Exit Gonzago and others with him.

ANJOY. Cossin, the Captaine of the Admirals garde,  
Plac'd by my brother, will betray his Lord:  
Now Guise shall catholiques flourish once againe,  
The head being of, the members cannot stand.

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

Enter [above Gonzago and others] into the Admirals  
house, and he in his bed.

ANJOY. In lucky time, come let us keep this lane,  
And slay his servants that shall issue out.

GONZAGO. Where is the Admirall?

ADMIRALL. O let me pray before I dye.

GONZAGO. Then pray unto our Ladye, kisse this crosse.  
Stab him.

ADMIRALL. O God forgive my sins.

GUISE. What, is he dead Gonzago?

GONZAGO. I my Lord.

GUISE. Then throw him down.

[The body is thrown down. Exeunt Gonzago and rest above.]

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

GUISE. Cosin tis he, I know him by his look.  
See where my Souldier shot him through the arm.  
He mist him neer, but we have strook him now.  
Ah base Shatillian and degenerate,  
Cheef standard bearer to the Lutheranes,

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.