

# The Maid's Tragedy by Francis Beaumont & John Fletcher

M/F S&S, BS, SmS, R&D, QS

## Maids Tragedy, The

King Come, my dear and kiss me;  
I'll be thy Mars. To bed, my queen of love  
There thou shalt know the state of my body better.

Evadne I know you have a surfeited foul body,  
And you must bleed.

K Bleed!

E Ay, you shall bleed. This steel  
Comes to redeem the honour that you stole,  
King, my fair name, which nothing but thy death  
Can answer to the world.

K How's this, Evadne?  
Thou dost not mean this; 'tis impossible  
Thou art too sweet and gentle.

E No I am not. Once I was lovely 'til thou,  
Thou foul canker didst poison me.  
Made me give up mine honour, for which.  
King, I am come to kill thee.

K No!

E I am!

K Thou art not!  
I prithee speak not these things, thou art gentle.

E If thy hot soul had substance with thy blood,  
I would kill that too.

K Thou soul of sweetness, hear! I am thy king

E Thou art my shame!

K Hold Evadne!  
I do command thee, hold. What bloody villain  
Provok'd thee to this murder!

E Thou, thou monster!

K Oh, Evadne, pity me.

E     Hell take me then! This, for my Lord Amintor!  
      This, for my noble brother, and this stroke  
      For the most wronged of women!

K     Oh! I die.

E     Die all our faults together! I forgive thee.