



[Sc. xxiv]

*Sound drum and trumpets, and enter the KING OF FRANCE, and NAVARRE, EPERNOUN, BARTUS, PLESHÉ and Soldiers [and Attendants].*

*K. Henry.* Brother of Navarre, I sorrow much  
That ever I was prov'd your enemy,  
And that the sweet and princely mind you bear  
Was ever troubled with injurious wars.  
I vow, as I am lawful King of France, 5  
To recompense your reconciled love  
With all the honours and affections  
That ever I vouchsaf'd my dearest friends.  
*Nav.* It is enough if that Navarre may be  
Esteemed faithful to the King of France, 10  
Whose service he may still command till death.  
*K. Henry.* Thanks to my kingly brother of Navarre.  
Then here we'll lie before Lutetia walls,  
Girting this strumpet city with our siege,  
Till, surfeiting with our afflicting arms, 15

Sc. xxiv.] *Bullen.* 13. Lutetia] as *Dyce*; Lucrecia O; Lutetia's *Oxberry*.

*Scene xxiv.]* The historical events portrayed here took place in 1589 at St Cloud, near Paris. The text does not make clear the full reasons for the alliance of Henry III and Navarre and their combining in this attack on Paris (which favoured the cause of the Guises): Henry was glad of Navarre as an ally because, after the murder of Guise, both the Sorbonne and the Pope had declared Henry to be no longer King of France. (This is why Henry asks his question at l. 26.) Generally speaking, Marlowe keeps close to history in this final scene except that Navarre was not present when the King was murdered.

11. *Whose*] i.e., Navarre's.

*he*] i.e., the King.

13. *lie*] lay a siege, encamp.

*Lutetia*] the old name of Paris. The proper name is used attributively, as often in *Dido*.

14. *strumpet*] so called because it had proved faithless to the King, by espousing the cause of Guise.

15-16.] The image—not perfectly appropriate—is of the city's being given a surfeit or 'overdose' of warfare and therefore vomiting up its stomach (with a probable quibble on 'stomach' in the sense of 'pride'). For

She cast her hateful stomach to the earth.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* And it please Your Majesty, here is a friar of the order of the Jacobins sent from the President of Paris, that craves access unto Your Grace.

*K. Henry.* Let him come in. [Exit Messenger.] 20

*Enter Friar, with a letter.*

*Eper.* I like not this friar's look:

'Twere not amiss, my Lord, if he were search'd.

*K. Henry.* Sweet Epernoun, our friars are holy men  
And will not offer violence to their King  
For all the wealth and treasure of the world. 25  
Friar, thou dost acknowledge me thy King?

*Fri.* Ay, my good Lord, and will die therein.

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

*Fri.* My Lord, the President of Paris greets Your Grace and sends his duty by these speedy lines, humbly craving 30 your gracious reply. [Gives letter.]

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

*Fri.* *Sancte Jacobe*, now have mercy upon me!

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

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

*K. Henry.* No, let the villain die, and feel in hell 35

20. *S.D.] Dyce.* 29-31.] as *O*; My lord, / . . . grace, / . . . lines. / . . . reply. *Oxberry.* 31. *S.D.] Dyce.* 33. *Jacobe] Dyce; Iacobus O.* 35-6.] as *Oxberry*; probably *prose O.* (No, . . . hell, / iust . . . trechery.)

'cast' cf. *H5*, III. ii. 57; 'hateful' may mean both 'hated' and 'full of hate'. 26.] See note above on scene xxiv.

30. *speedy*] possibly 'hasty, quick-written' (Bennett); more probably 'prompt'.

33. *Jacobe*] Again, as at viii. 11, Marlowe's Latin has been 'corrected'. Conceivably, however, *O* is right, in that Latin proper names, in semi-colloquial use, may not have been inflected in the vocative case.

Just torments for his treachery.

*Nav.* What, is Your Highness hurt?

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

*Nav.* God shield Your Grace from such a sudden death! 39

Go call a surgeon hither straight. [Exit an Attendant.]

*K. Henry.* What irreligious pagans' parts be these

Of such as hold them of the holy church!

Take hence that damned villain from my sight.

[Attendants carry out the Friar's body.]

*Eper.* Ah, had Your Highness let him live,

We might have punish'd him to his deserts! 45

*K. Henry.* Sweet Epernoun, all rebels under heaven

Shall take example by his punishment

How they bear arms against their sovereign.

Go call the English agent hither straight.

[Exit an Attendant.]

I'll send my sister England news of this, 50

And give her warning of her treacherous foes.

[Enter a Surgeon.]

*Nav.* Pleaseth Your Grace to let the surgeon search your wound?

*K. Henry.* The wound, I warrant ye, is deep, my Lord.

Search, surgeon, and resolve me what thou see'st.

The Surgeon searcheth [the wound].

Enter the English Agent.

Agent for England, send thy mistress word 55

What this detested Jacobin hath done.

Tell her, for all this, that I hope to live,

40. *S.D.*] *Dyce.* 43. *i.*] *Dyce.* 46-8.] as *Oxberry*; *prose O.* 47. *his*] *Oxberry*; their *O.* 49. *i.*] *Dyce.* 51. *i.*] *Oxberry.* 52. *wound*] *wound. O.*

41. *parts*] traits, characteristics.

42.] for men who consider themselves to belong to the holy church.

45. *to*] to the full extent of.

52. *search*] examine by probing (*O.E.D.* v. 8).

54. *resolve*] inform, tell.

Which if I do, the papal monarch goes

To wrack, and antichristian kingdom falls.

These bloody hands shall tear his triple crown 60

And fire accursed Rome about his ears.

I'll fire his crazed buildings, and incense

The papal towers to kiss the holy earth.

Navarre, give me thy hand: I here do swear

To ruin that wicked Church of Rome 65

That hatcheth up such bloody practices,

And here protest eternal love to thee,

And to the Queen of England specially,

Whom God hath bless'd for hating papistry.

*Nav.* These words revive my thoughts, and comforts me, 70

To see Your Highness in this virtuous mind.

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

*Surg.* Alas, my Lord, the wound is dangerous,

For you are stricken with a poison'd knife.

*K. Henry.* A poison'd knife! What, shall the French King die 75

Wounded and poison'd both at once?

*Eper.* O that that damned villain were alive again,

That we might torture him with some new-found death!

*Bar.* He died a death too good: the devil of hell

Torture his wicked soul! 80

*K. Henry.* Ah, curse him not, sith he is dead.

O, the fatal poison works within my breast.

58-9.] *conj. Malone, Oxberry*; Which . . . wrack, / . . . falles. *O.* 59. anti-christian] *O*; th'antichristian *Dyce*<sup>2</sup>. 62. incense] *O*; enforce *Dyce*<sup>2</sup>. 63. holy] *O*; lowly *Dyce*. 70. comforts] *O*; comfort *Oxberry*. 73-4.] as *Oxberry*; *prose O.* 74, 75, 76. poison'd] *poysoned O.* 77. as *O*; O, that / That . . . *Dyce*. 79-80.] *This ed.*; *prose O*; He . . . good; / . . . soul! *Oxberry*. 81-3.] as *Oxberry*; *prose O.*

62-3.] These lines are almost certainly a garbled version of two from a speech in *Ed. II* (i. iv. 100-1, with further conflation from v. i. 13). The *O* lines, however, make some sense and must stand. See Introduction, pp. lvi-lvii and lxxvi.

62. *crazed*] unsound, shaky.

66. *practices*] plots, conspiracies.

78. *new-found death*] newly invented method of killing.