Maria Stuart, described as Schiller’s most perfect play, is a finely balanced, inventive account of the last day of the captive Queen of Scotland, caught up in a great contest for the throne of England after the death of Henry VIII and over the question of England’s religious confession. Hope for and doubt about Mary’s deliverance grow in the first two acts, given to the Scottish and the English queen respectively, reach crisis at the center of the play, where the two queens meet in a famous scene in a castle park, and die away in acts four and five, as the action advances to its inevitable end. The play is at once classical tragedy of great fineness, costume drama of the highest order—a spectacle on the stage—and one of the great moments in the long tradition of classical rhetoric, as Elizabeth’s ministers argue for and against execution of a royal prisoner.

Flora Kimmich’s new translation carefully preserves the spirit of the original: the pathos and passion of Mary in captivity, the high seriousness of Elizabeth’s ministers in council, and the robust comedy of that queen’s unplayed private life. Notes to the text identify the many historical figures who appear in the text, describe the political setting of the action, and draw attention to the structure of the play.

Roger Paulin’s introduction discusses the many threads of the conflict in Maria Stuart and enriches our understanding of this much-loved, much-produced play.

Maria Stuart is the last of a series of five new translations of Schiller’s major plays, accompanied by notes to the text and an authoritative introduction, and made freely available to read and download for free on the publisher’s website. Printed and digital editions, together with supplementary digital material, can also be found at www.openbookpublishers.com.

Cover image: Mary, Queen of Scots after Nicholas Hilliard (1578), oil on panel, public domain. Wikimedia, https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Mary,_Queen_of_Scots_after_Nicholas_Hilliard.jpg. Cover design: Anna Gäll.
Characters

ELIZABETH, Queen of England
MARY STUART, Queen of Scotland
ROBERT DUDLEY, Earl of Leicester
GEORGE TALBOT, Earl of Shrewsbury
WILLIAM CECIL, Baron Burghley, Lord High Treasurer
Earl of KENT
WILLIAM DAVISON, state secretary
AMIAS PAULET, knight, Mary’s keeper
MORTIMER, his nephew
Count AUBESPINE, French ambassador
Count BELLIEVRE, extraordinary emissary of France
O’KELLY, Mortimer’s friend
DRUOGEON DRURY, Mary’s second keeper
MELVIL, her steward
BURGOYNE, her physician
HANNA KENNEDY, her nurse
MARGARET CURLE, her lady-in-waiting
SHERIFF of the county
OFFICER of the bodyguard

French and English GENTLEMEN

GUARDS

COURTIERS of the Queen of England

ATTENDANTS of the Queen of Scotland
Tableau représentant Marie Stuart, reine de France et d’Écosse. Château de Blois. Wikimedia, CC BY-SA 4.0, https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Blois_-_tableau_Marie_Stuart.jpg
Act One

A room in Fotheringhay Castle

Scene One

Hanna Kennedy, nurse of the Queen of Scotland, in sharp dispute with Paulet, who is about to open a cabinet. Druegon Drury, his assistant, with a crowbar.

KENNEDY. Stand back, sir! What fresh impudence! Away from this chest!

PAULET. Who was it threw down all those jewels?

KENNEDY. Back, shameless man!

PAULET. Who? They were tossed down from the upper story.

KENNEDY. That language England’s enemy speaks.

PAULET. Idleness is handmaid to the devil.

KENNEDY. Of no importance, idle jottings to shorten the long, sad hours of her imprisonment.

PAULET. Of no importance, idle jottings to shorten the long, sad hours of her imprisonment.

KENNEDY. These papers are all in French.

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KENNEDY. These papers are all in French.

PAULET. These papers are all in French. (Pulling out papers)

KENNEDY. Of no importance, idle jottings to shorten the long, sad hours of her imprisonment.

PAULET. These papers are all in French.

KENNEDY. These papers are all in French.

PAULET. So much the worse!

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KENNEDY. These papers are all in French.

PAULET. So much the worse!
Intended for the Queen of England.

PAULET. I will deliver them. — Look here! What’s sparkling so?

(He has opened a secret compartment and lifts jewels from a hidden drawer.)

A royal coronet, all studded with stones,

Entwined and threaded by the lilies of France!

(He gives it to his companion.)

Take care of it, Drury. Add it to the rest!

(Drury goes off.)

KENNEDY. Disgraceful force that we have to submit to!

PAULET. While she still has possessions, she can do harm.

In her hands everything becomes a weapon.

KENNEDY. Have mercy, sir. Don’t take the last fine touch from our lives! Poor Lady! How she’s cheered by the sight of Old splendor. You have taken all else away.

PAULET. It’s in good hands. And it will be returned safely and surely when the proper time comes.

KENNEDY. Who’d think from these bare walls to find a queen living here? Where’s the baldachin above her chair? Must she not set her foot, accustomed to softness, on raw common flooring? With the coarsest pewter—plainest noblewomen would scorn it—they make bold to serve her table.

PAULET. That’s how she saw her husband served at Stirling, while she drank out of gold cups with her lover.

KENNEDY. The simplest looking-glass is even denied her.

PAULET. As long as she can still see her vain image she will not give up hoping—hoping and scheming.

KENNEDY. There are no books here to engage her mind.

PAULET. They gave her a Bible to improve her heart.

KENNEDY. Even her lute they took away from her.

PAULET. Because she used to play her love songs on it.

KENNEDY. Is that a fate for one who’s gently bred, who was crowned queen while still in the cradle, and then brought up at the court of a Medici amid all excess, every possible pleasure? Be it enough to rob her of her power.
Act One

Must one begrudge her little trinkets as well?
A great misfortune teaches the noble heart
To find itself, but it is painful to be
Entirely robbed of life’s every small beauty.

PAULET. They only turn the heart to idle things,
When it should turn inward instead and repent.
A life of vice and excess is atoned
Alone by want, abasement, and repentance.

KENNEDY. If her tender years of youth went astray, may
She settle her accounts with God and her heart.
In England there is no judge over her.\(^5\)

PAULET. She shall be judged where she committed her crimes.

KENNEDY. She is too tightly bound here to commit crimes.

PAULET. From these bonds she knew to extend an arm
Into the world and fling the torch of civil
War into the Realm and against our Queen,
God save her, and to arm mutinous mobs.
From inside these walls did she not incite
The villain Parry and then Babington, too,\(^6\)
To regicide, that damnable deed? Did iron bars
Keep her from catching Norfolk in her web?\(^7\)
The best head on this Island fell to the axe,
Sacrificed to her. Did this wretched example
Deter the madmen who now fling themselves in
Contest into the abyss on her account?
For her the scaffolds fill with ever new victims,
And that will not end till she, guiltiest of all,
Is sacrificed herself on a bloody scaffold.
Accursed the day when the hospitable shores
Surrounding this land received such a Helen!\(^8\)

KENNEDY. Hospitable English shores received my Lady?
Unhappy creature, who since she set foot in
This land, a supplicant entreating help and
Protection from her reigning cousin, sees
Herself, against her rank and common law,
Held captive, wasting her young years in confinement.
Who, having known the bitterness of prison,
Is summoned into court like a cut-throat and meanly
Accused on peril of her life—a queen!

PAULET. She came into this kingdom having murdered,⁹
Chased by her subjects and removed from her throne,
Which she had desecrated by her deeds.
Sworn against England’s fortunes now she came,
Intending to bring back the bloody times of
The Spanish Mary,¹⁰ making England Catholic,
Betraying England to the hopeful French.
For why disdain to sign the Edinburgh Treaty,¹¹
Renouncing all claim to the English throne
And opening a swift way out of her prison?
She’d remain captive, be maltreated, sooner
Than give up empty grandeur in a title.
Why did she do that? She preferred to trust plots,
The evil arts of schemes, conspiracies.
Spinning disaster, she dreams conquest. She’d
Conquer this Island from the depths of her cell.

KENNEDY. You surely mock us, sir. To hardship you add
Derision. She should cherish dreams of this kind,
Walled up alive here, whom no sound of comfort
Reaches, no voice of friendship from her home?
Who sees no human face but that of her jailer,
Who now has a new guard, your ill-mannered kinsman,¹²
And sees herself caged round in new iron bars?

PAULET. No iron bar protects from her perfidy.
Do I know if these bars have not been filed through?
If this floor and these walls that seem so solid
Have not been hollowed out inside, admitting
Treason while I’m asleep? A damnable office
I’ve gotten, guarding these wiles that hatch ruin.
Fear tosses me up out of sleep in the night,
I go about like a tormented specter,
Testing bolts on doors, good faith in the guards, and
Tremble each morning lest my fears have come true.
But to my great relief it’s soon to end,
For I would rather stand guard over the damned
Before the gates of Hell than over this
Queen full of intrigue, queen full of wiles!
KENNEDY. She’s coming there herself!
PAULET. The Christ in her hand
Vainglory and worldly pleasures in her heart.

Scene Two

Mary, veiled and carrying a Crucifix. As above.

KENNEDY (hurrying to meet her).
My Queen! Just look! They’re trampling us underfoot!
Of harshness and tyranny there is no end!
Every new day heaps sorrows, heaps new shame
On your crowned head.
MARY. Come now! Compose yourself!
And tell me what new thing has happened.
KENNEDY. Look here!
Your desk is broken open. All your writings,
Your last remaining treasure, salvaged at great pain,
The rest of bridal jewelry taken from France
Is now in his hands. Nothing royal is yours.
You have been robbed. There is now nothing left you.
MARY. Take comfort, Hanna. Tinsel such as this
Makes no queen. They can treat us basely but
They cannot abase us. Here in England I’ve learned,
Accustomed myself to much and this, too,
I can endure. (To Paulet) You, sir, have seized what I
Was minded to surrender to you today.
Among these writings you will find a letter
Intended for my royal sister of England.
Give me your word that you’ll deliver it
To her in honor and not into Burghley’s faithless hands.
PAULET. I’ll decide what is to be done.
MARY. You are to know the content, sir. In this letter
I sue for a great favor: I request
An interview with her, whom I’ve never seen.
One summoned me before a court composed
Of men whom I do not know as my equals,
Men who are known to me only as strangers.
Elizabeth is my kinswoman, my rank,
My kind. To her alone, my sister, a queen,
A woman, am I able to speak freely.

PAULET. Often, my Lady, you’ve entrusted your honor
And fate to men less worthy your respect.

MARY. I ask another favor. To refuse me
Were inhumane. Imprisoned, I’m denied
The comforts of my Church, the blessing of Sacrament.
One who’s robbed me of crown and freedom, indeed
Threatened my life, would not bar me from Heaven.

PAULET. If you desire, the local deacon would—

MARY (interrupting him sharply).
I’ll have no deacon. I demand a priest of
My Church. And scribes and notaries. I require to
Record my last will. Sorrow, wretched confinement
Shorten my life. My days are numbered, I fear,
And I consider myself bound for death.

PAULET. You do well. Such reflection much becomes you.

MARY. Can I be sure that no swift hand will speed the
Slow workings of my pain and grief? I wish
To make my will, dispose of what is mine.

PAULET. That you are free to do. The Queen of England
Would not enrich herself by robbing you.

MARY. I have been separated from the ladies
Attending me and from my servants. Where are they?
What fate have they met? I can spare their service;
I would be assured they do not suffer or want.

PAULET. Your servants have been well provided for. (He turns to go.)

MARY. You are about to go? You’d leave me again
And not relieve my heart’s uncertainty?
Thanks to your spies, I am removed from the world,
No news can reach me through these prison walls,
My fate lies in the hands of my enemies.
A long and painful month has passed since forty Commissioners ambushed me here in this castle, Erected barriers, with unseemly haste put Me, unprepared and without counsel, before A court no one had ever heard of, made me, Surprised and stunned, respond then and there to Sly legal points accusing me of grave crimes. Like specters they appeared and vanished again. From that day all men have kept silent before me, In vain I try to read your gaze and your glances: Whether my innocence, the efforts of friends, or My enemies’ foul influence has prevailed. Break your long silence, let me know at last: What must I fear—tell me—what dare I hope?¹⁴

PAULET (after a silence).
Settle all your accounts with Heaven, Madam.

MARY. I hope for Heaven’s mercy, sir, and from My earthly judges I hope for strict justice.

PAULET. Justice will be yours. Have no doubt of that.

MARY. My trial has been decided?
PAULET. I do not know.

MARY. I’ve been condemned?
PAULET. My Lady, I know nothing.

MARY. One goes to work with speed here. Is the assassin To ambush me just as my judges did?

PAULET. Assume as much. He’ll find you better prepared.

MARY. Nothing a Westminster court presumes to find, led By Burghley’s hate and Hatton’s zeal,¹⁵ shall shock me. I know too well what England’s Queen dare do.

PAULET. England’s great rulers need fear but their conscience And Parliament. What justice fearlessly has Spoken, their might will execute in plain view.
Scene Three

As above. Mortimer, Paulet’s nephew, enters, ignoring the Queen.

MORTIMER (to Paulet). You’re wanted, Uncle.

(He goes off in the same fashion. The Queen turns to Paulet, who is about to follow.)

MARY. Yet another request, sir.

If you have something you would say to me—

From you I suffer much; I honor your years.

The insolence of such a youngster I’ll not

Endure. Spare me his uncouth manners henceforth.

PAULET. What you would not endure endears him to me.

He’s plainly not among the feeble fools
Whom women’s lying tears can soften soon.

He’s traveled. He returns from Paris and Reims,
Bringing back home his loyal old-English heart.

On him your arts are lost entirely, my Lady. (He goes off.)

Scene Four

Mary. Kennedy.

KENNEDY. May that great boor say such things to your face?

Oh, it is hard!

MARY (lost in thought).

Back in our days of glory we heard flatterers
Too willingly. It’s meet to hear reproach now.

KENNEDY. So downcast, so discouraged, dearest Lady?

You, once so merry that you would console me?

I sooner had to scold your flightiness than
To chide your darker moods.

MARY. Oh, I know him!17

The bloody shade of Darnley rises raging
Out of the grave, to give me no earthly peace
Until my wretchedness has reached full measure.

KENNEDY. What sort of thinking—

MARY. You forget, dear Hanna,
But I remember faithfully. Just see!
The day comes round again, the fateful deed.
In memory of him I fast and atone.18
KENNEDY. Lay this ghost, send this specter back to the grave.
You have atoned by years of pain and remorse.
The Church and Heaven have long forgiven you.
MARY. Guilt long forgiven, bleeding afresh, rises
Again, young ever, out of its shallow grave.
My husband’s ghost demanding revenge—no Host
Raised in priest’s hand, no sound of the bell can send
It back down into its last resting place.
KENNEDY. No! It was not you! Others murdered him.
MARY. I knew about it, let the deed go forward,
I lured him, flattering his pride, into the trap.
KENNEDY. Your tender years soften your guilt. You were
So young still.
MARY. So young and yet burdened my
Tender years with a guilt so heavy, so grave.
KENNEDY. A bloody insult angered you and the
Presumption of a man your love had lifted
From deep obscurity, like the hand of God,
Whom you led from your bridal bed to the throne,
Whom you enriched by giving him both your
Own person and your born right to the Crown.
Could he forget his more than brilliant lot
Was the creation of your love and great heart?
Full well he forgot, offended delicacy
By low suspicion and crude practices.
Thus he made himself loathsome in your eyes.
The magic that had dazzled you went dark;
Enraged, you rose and fled his shameful embraces,
And laid him open to the general contempt.
And he? Did he try to win back your favor?
Or ask forgiveness? Throw himself at your feet,
Promise to mend his ways? Defiance he offered.
This man who was your creature wanted to play
Your king. And had the singer Rizzio, your favorite,
Run through before your eyes. And you, the Queen,
Avenged with blood a deed so bloodily done.
MARY. And bloodily will it seek revenge on me, too.
Comforting me so, you make me guilty of it.
KENNEDY. You were not yourself when you let it happen.
Madness of love, blind love, had seized you and put you
Under the yoke of that seducer, that Bothwell.
A man’s overweening willfulness let him
Rule over you, brew hellish potions that
Heated your senses—
MARY. He had no other arts
Than his strength of a man and my weakness.
KENNEDY. No, I say. One who numbed all your senses had
To call for help from all the demons in Hell.
You had no ear for warnings from a friend,
No eye for bearing that becomes a queen.
Modesty had forsaken you; your cheeks, once
Given to blushing, flamed now with desire.
You flung away the veil of reticence,
A man’s bold vice crushed your timidity.
Barefaced, you put your disgrace on display:
You had him, Darnley’s assassin, carry before you
The royal sword of Scotland through the streets
Of Edinburgh, cursed and scorned by the crowd; you
Surrounded Parliament with armed guards; in the
Temple of Justice you contrived his acquittal.
You did not stop there—God!
MARY. Go on and finish!
I married him, gave him my hand at the altar.
KENNEDY. May silence fall on such a deed! An outrage!
Worthy of one who’s lost. But you are not lost.
I brought you up, I know you, know your soft heart,
Open to shame. Your sole vice is foolishness.
I tell you: There are evil spirits that
Come over us, do something dreadful, then
Flee back to Hell and leave us marked and aghast.
But since this wanton deed, which blackens your life,
You have committed no crime, I am witness.  
Courage therefore! Make peace now with yourself!  
Whatever your regrets, in England you’re guiltless.  
Neither Elizabeth nor Parliament  
Can judge you. Force alone holds you. Before  
This insolent court you may take your place  
With all the courage of your innocence.  
MARY. Who’s coming there?

(Mortimer appears in the doorway.)

KENNEDY. It is the nephew. Go in.

Scene Five

As above. Mortimer, entering cautiously.

MORTIMER (to the Nurse).  
Go out. Keep watch before the door. I wish to  
Speak with the Queen.  
MARY (firmly). You stay here with me, Hanna.  
MORTIMER. You need not fear, my Lady. Know who I am.  
(He hands her a card.)  
MARY (reads the card and steps back in surprise). Ha!  
MORTIMER (to the Nurse). Go then, Dame Kennedy. See that my uncle  
Does not surprise us.  
MARY (to the Nurse, who hesitates). Go! Go! Do as he says.  
(The Nurse goes out, baffled.)

Scene Six

Mortimer. Mary.

MARY. The Cardinal of Lorraine, my uncle! He writes:  
“Trust him who brings this, Mortimer, a knight.  
You’ve no more loyal friend in all England.”  
(Looking at Mortimer in astonishment)  
It’s possible? No fraud? A friend so near, when
I thought myself abandoned by all the world—
I find him in my keeper’s nephew, in whom
I thought I saw my worst foe—

MORTIMER (throwing himself at her feet). Lady, forgive this
Despicable disguise that cost me much
But lets me come near you to offer you
Rescue and help.

MARY. Stand up. Oh, what a surprise!
How sudden this great leap to hope from despair!

Speak, sir. Am I to believe this happiness?

MORTIMER (standing up). We’ve little time. My uncle is coming soon.
A hateful man comes with him. Before their terrible
Errand surprises you, learn Heaven’s rescue.

MARY. These are the workings of Almighty God!

MORTIMER. Permit me to begin with myself.

MARY. Speak, sir!

MORTIMER. Brought up and taught in strictest duty, my Queen, and
Black hate of popery, I was twenty when a
Resistless desire drove me to the Continent.
I left the puritans’ airless closets of preaching
Behind in my homeland, crossed over France,
Seeking my precious Italy with my heart.
It was the festival time, all the ways
Were thronged with pilgrims, as if all humanity
Were wandering, making pilgrimage toward Heaven.
Their throng swept me along till I reached Rome.
What joy seized me, my Queen, as I arrived.
The victory arches and towering columns came
Toward me, the shining Colosseum embraced me,
A spirit of creation and high art
Enclosed me in a serene wonderland!
I’d never known the power of the arts.
The church that raised me hates the charms of the senses,
Suffers no image, only bodiless words. And
What joy to enter those churches! Music cascaded
From Heaven, figures sprang in fullness from walls
And ceilings: the Annunciation, the birth of
Act One

Our Lord, the blessed Virgin, the Three in One come
Among us, and the glorious Transfiguration.

The Pope in splendor celebrated High Mass
And blessed the people. What then is kings’ gold?
He only is divine, His house a Kingdom
Of Heaven, for these forms are not of this world.

MARY. Oh, spare me! Do not spread life’s carpet before me.
I am a prisoner deep in wretchedness.

MORTIMER. I too was one. The prison doors sprang open,
My spirit felt itself free, hailed life’s new day.
I cursed stale books, I swore to wreath my temples
And dedicate myself to joyful things.

Noble Scots, lively Frenchmen brought me to
Your worthy uncle, Cardinal Guise. What a man!
The model of a king’s priest, true Prince of the Church.

MARY. You saw him? Guide of my young years! Oh, say!
He thinks of me? Is still a rock of the Church?

MORTIMER. Graciously he became my teacher, showed me
That reason misleads, eyes must see, and that the
Faithful require a visible Head of the Church.
My childish notions vanished under his teaching
And his persuasion. I abandoned my error,
I believed, came back into the fold of the Church.

MARY. Thus you are one of thousands whom he moved by
His speaking, like the Preacher on the Mount,22
And whom he led to their eternal salvation.

MORTIMER. When he was called back to France, he sent me to Reims,
Where Jesuits trained priests and sent them to England.23
I met the exiles Morgan and Lesley, learned
Bishop of Ross, there,24 in whose parlor I
Then saw a woman’s portrait of such charm,
So gripping I could not contain my feelings.
The Bishop said: “Full well might you be touched.
The loveliest of women is the most pitiful.
She suffers for our faith—in your very country.”

MARY. An honest man! His constant friendship in
Misfortune shows me I have not yet lost all.
MORTIMER. He told me of your martyrdom, of your enemies’
   Bloodlust, of your descent from Henry Tudor,
   Your claim more strong than that false queen’s, a bastard
   Whom Henry himself denied. I consulted,
   Took counsel in law and heraldry. All things
   Confirmed: Your just right to England is your injustice.
   The Realm belongs to you, is your possession,
   Where, guiltless, you are held a prisoner.

MARY. Wretched right! The one source of all my sorrow!

MORTIMER. I learned you’d been removed from Talbot’s castle,
   Delivered to my uncle. I saw Heaven’s
   Rescue in this, fate’s call to lend you my arm
   And free you. All agree. The Cardinal gives me
   His blessing, teaches me the arts of disguise.
   I turn toward home and land here ten days ago. (He pauses.)
   I saw you, Lady, you yourself, no portrait.
   A treasure locked here in this castle—
   No prison, this, instead a hall of the gods,
   More brilliant than the royal court of England.
   Happy the man who breathes this air with you!
   Quite right that she should keep you hidden from view!
   England’s youth would all rise up, insurrection
   Sweep through the land, should Britons see their Queen.

MARY. Happy is she, should they see her with your eyes!

MORTIMER. Were they, like me, witness to your pain, your patience,
   Composure before unworthy things. A queen still,
   You go forth from all trials, your beauty still brilliant.
   Deprived of all things that make our lives sweet,
   You yet live bathed always in light and life.
   Just to behold you is torment and delight!
   But let me not delay yet longer. One must
   Decide, for danger presses. I’ll not conceal—

MARY. Judgment has fallen? I am able to hear it.

MORTIMER. Has fallen. Forty-two lords have found you guilty.
   Both the Lords and the Commons, London, too,
   Demand a speedy execution, only
   The Queen delays, a ruse so others will force her—
Not out of pity or intention to spare you.

MARY (composed). Sir Mortimer, you bring me no surprise,
No shock. I’ve long expected this outcome.
I know my judges. Given wrongs I have suffered,
One cannot set me free. I know what they aim for.
They’ll keep me in perpetual prison, bury
My claim to justice and my rightful revenge,
Along with me, in prison’s eternal night.

MORTIMER. They’ll not stop there, my Lady. Tyranny does its
Work thoroughly. As long as you live, the fear
Of England’s Queen lives on. No prison can bury
You deep enough. Your death alone saves her throne.

MARY. She’d dare lay my crowned head down on the block?
MORTIMER. She will dare. Do not doubt it.

MARY. She would so blot
Her majesty and that of all Europe’s kings?
Does she not fear revenge exacted by France?

MORTIMER. She’ll soon conclude an endless peace with France.
She’s offered the Duke of Anjou hand and throne.²⁵

MARY. The King of Spain will not declare war?

MORTIMER. She
Does not fear a whole world at war as long
As she can count on peace at home—with her people.

MARY. She’d offer such a spectacle to Britons?

MORTIMER. Britons, my Lady, have seen lately more
Than one fair woman leave the throne for the scaffold.
Elizabeth’s own mother went that way
And Catherine Howard and young Lady Jane Grey.²⁶

MARY (after a pause). Noble concern for me deceives you, Mortimer.
I fear no scaffold. Other means, more quiet,
Can assure England’s Queen peace from my claims.
A murderer is hired before a headsman’s found.
That’s what I fear. I never set a wine glass
To my lips but I think it spiced with her love.

MORTIMER. Secret nor open murder shall succeed here.
For twelve young noblemen of the land in my
Alliance swore this morning on the Host
To lead you from this castle by force of arms.

Count Aubespine, French ambassador, knows of our vow
And offers help. We gather in his palace.

MARY. I tremble, sir, and not for pleasure. Do

You know what you are doing? Babington’s
And Tichbourne’s bloody heads hoist up on pikes
On London Bridge—do they not warn you? Not
The countless others daring death like them?
Who only made my chains the heavier? Flee,
Misguided boy. Flee while there is still time. If
The sharp-eyed Burghley does not know of you,
Has not already set a traitor among you.
Flee from this realm! No happy man has ever

Saved Mary Stuart.

MORTIMER. Neither Babington’s
Nor Tichbourne’s bloody head hoist up on pikes
On London Bridge, nor countless others daring
Death can deter me. Did they not all find
Eternal fame? My joy is dying to save you.

MARY. In vain! No force nor ruse can save me. No help.

The foe is ever watchful, power is his.
Not Paulet, not his watchmen—no!—all England
Hovers, keeps watch and guards my prison’s gates.
Elizabeth alone, of her free will,
Can open them for me.

MORTIMER. Never hope that!

MARY. One man there is yet able to do so.

MORTIMER. Name him!

Name him!

MARY. Earl Leicester.

MORTIMER (stepping back, astonished). Leicester! Earl Leicester! Your

Bloodiest pursuer, favorite of Elizabeth—

MARY. If I am to be rescued, then by him.

Go to him. Tell him all. As proof that I sent you,
Give him this letter with my likeness enclosed.

(She takes a paper from her bosom; Mortimer hesitates.)
Do take it. I’ve long carried it—your uncle
Blocked every path. My angel sent you to me—
MORTIMER. My Queen, this riddle—
MARY. Earl Leicester will solve it.
If you trust him, he will trust you. — Who’s coming?
KENNEDY (entering hurriedly). Sir Paulet with a lord from Court.
MORTIMER. Lord Burghley.
Prepare yourself, Queen! Steel your heart for what he brings.
(He goes out by a side door; Kennedy follows.)

Scene Seven

Mary. Baron Burghley, Lord High Treasurer of England. Knight Paulet.
PAULET. Today you wished for certainty of your fate.
That my Lord Burghley brings you. Bear it with patience.
MARY. With dignity of innocence, I hope.
BURGHLEY. I come as emissary of the court.
MARY. Lord Burghley lent the court his mind. Dutifully
He now comes to me to lend it his mouth.
BURGHLEY. You speak as if you knew the verdict already.
MARY. Lord Burghley brings it. Therefore it is known.
To business, sir.
BURGHLEY. You have submitted yourself to
The court of two and forty lords, my Lady—
MARY. Forgive me that I break in here at the start.
“Submitted myself,” I hear you say? No wise
Could I submit, could I so much concede of
My rank, my people’s worth, and my son’s, and
The worth of all the princes of this world.
English law orders and prescribes that one
Accused be tried by jury of his peers.
What man of that tribunal was my peer?
My peers are kings, kings only.
BURGHLEY. You heard the articles
Of accusation read you, spoke to the
Maria Stuart

Point in court—

MARY. I let myself be misled
By Hatton’s bad faith. Believing my grounds good and
For honor’s sake I heard the accusation
And showed its bad grounds. This I did in respect of
The person of the lords and not of their office,
Which I reject.

BURGHLEY. That you accept or reject them
Is a formality, my Lady, no more,
And cannot hamper the proceedings of court.
You breathe the air of England, enjoy protection
Of England’s laws, are subject to its justice.

MARY. I breathe the air of an English prison. Is that
Protection of the laws? I hardly know
English law, never have consented to keep it.
I am no citizen of this realm but
Queen of another.

BURGHLEY. Holding license to sow
Dissension here among us? What then if
The sword of justice could not reach a royal
Stranger any more than a poor man’s bare head?

MARY. I have no wish to escape a reckoning;
I take exception only to my judges.

BURGHLEY. Your judges? Are they outcasts? Barkers? Shop boys?
Are they not men of the first order, truthful
And independent, above bribery and fear?
The men who rule a noble people, free
And just, whose names alone suffice to banish
Doubt and suspicion? At their head the Primate
Of Canterbury, the wise Talbot, who keeps the
Great Seal, and Howard, our Lord High Admiral?

MARY (after a silence).
I hear, astonished, the pure force of that mouth,
Ever for me a harbinger of doom.
How shall I, untaught woman, take up the challenge
A speaker of such eloquence throws down?
Fine! Were these lords as you describe them, I’d
Fall silent, my cause lost, should they find me guilty.
I see these men, whose names are meant to crush me,
Play roles quite different in the history of England.
I see high noblemen play seraglio slave to
The sultan’s moods of Henry Tudor, my uncle.
I see both the Lords and the biddable Commons
Make laws, revoke them, bind and loose wedlock to
King’s orders, disown princes’ daughters today, brand
Them bastards, and then crown them queen, come the morrow.
I see these worthy peers change their confession
Four times precisely, under four reigns.30

BURGHLEY. You call yourself a stranger to England’s laws,
England’s misfortunes are no stranger to you.
MARY. I would be just toward you, my Lord High Treasurer,
Be you no less so toward me. They say you
Are well-intentioned toward the State, toward your Queen,
Are incorruptible, watchful and tireless.
I believe it. You are ruled alone by interests
Of country and sovereign. For that reason, beware! Let
Interests of state not seem like justice to you.
I doubt not there are noble men beside you
Among my judges; they are Protestants;
Defending England’s welfare, they pass judgment
Upon me, Queen of Scotland and a Catholic.
Briton nor Scot is ever just toward the other.
That is proverbial. Neither may bear witness
Against the other. Ancient custom is honored!
Nature herself threw them together on
A slender plank in the sea, said, “Fight it out!”
The narrow Tweed presents too thin a boundary.
No foes press England whom Scots do not join,
On civil war in Scotland England heaps tinder.
Hatred will not die until one Parliament
Joins them, a single scepter rules this Island.

BURGHLEY. A Stuart is to bring this joy to the Realm?

MARY. Should I deny it? I admit: I dreamt of
Uniting both folk in the shade of the olive.
I never dreamt that I’d be sacrificed to
Their ancient hatred. Like my ancestor Richmond,
I wished to entwine the two kingdoms like roses.¹

BURGHLEY. You chose a crooked path to reach this end,
Gaining the throne through flames of civil war.

MARY. Never did I want that, by all that is holy!
When did I want that? Tell me! Where are the proofs?

BURGHLEY. I did not come here to dispute. It is proven.
Forty against two have concluded you broke
The Act of last year and are subject to justice.²
That law provides: “If tumult arise in the Kingdom
To the advantage and in name of one who
Asserts rights to the Crown, that person shall be
Arraigned and if found guilty, put to death.”

It being proven—

MARY. My Lord Burghley! I
Do not doubt that a measure framed expressly
For me, to ruin me, lets itself be applied.
Pity the victim when one same hand made law,
Then passes judgment. Do you deny, my Lord, that
This law was thought up to undo me?

BURGHLEY. Rather,
To warn you. It’s you have made it into a trap.
You saw the abyss before you and plunged in. You
Were one with Babington, the traitor, and
His henchmen, knew of everything, directed
The plot from prison.

MARY. When did I do that?
Produce the proofs.

BURGHLEY. All these were shown you in court.

MARY. Copies I saw! And in an unknown hand!
Let proof be brought that I dictated those notes
And in the form in which they were read aloud.
BURGHLEY. That Babington, before he died, attested
    Them in the form he had received.
MARY. And why
    Was he not brought before me? He was bustled
Out of the world beforehand. Why the great haste?
BURGHLEY. Your two scribes, Curle and Nau, assert on oath
    They wrote exactly as you told them to do.\footnote{33}
MARY. One damns me on the witness of my servants?
    Men who, betraying me, betray their duty?
BURGHLEY. You, too, declared the Scot Curle honest and true.
MARY. As such I knew him. Only danger tests virtue.
    He thought to save himself, with scant harm to me.
BURGHLEY. He swore it freely.
MARY. Not to my face! What, sir?
    Those witnesses live yet! Let them be brought
Before me, let both testify to my face!
    I know from Talbot, once my keeper, of a
New measure passed providing that accuser
    Meet accused face to face. Is it not so,
Sir Paulet? I know you an honest man.
    In England there is such a law?
PAULET. There is such, Lady. That is law among us.
    I must speak truth.
MARY. How now, my Lord? If one
    Is strict where English law’s against me, may one
Evade a law turned in my favor? An answer!
    Wherefore was Babington not brought before me
According to law? Why not both my scribes,
    Who are yet living?
BURGHLEY. Not alone your collusion
    With Babington—
MARY. Alone that. That alone puts me to the law,
    That charge alone am I obliged to defeat.
BURGHLEY. It’s proven you had contact with the Spanish
    Ambassador—
MARY (heated). But you evade me, my Lord!
BURGHLEY. —and that you schemed to bring down our land’s religion,
You stirred up all the kings in Europe against us.

MARY. And if I did? I did not. But if I did?

My Lord! I am held here against all law
Of nations. A supplicant, I entered here,
Requiring sacred hospitality,
Asking protection of a queen of my kin.
They seized me, shackled me— Just tell me this!
Is my conscience bound to this state? Have I duties
Toward England? It is my most sacred right
To struggle against such bonds, meet force with force,
To raise all states in Europe to my defense.
All that is accepted, right and honest in war—
That I may do. Not murder. Pride and conscience
Forbid that. Murder dishonors me—dishonors,
Not damns me, does not subject me to justice.
Of justice there can be no question between
England and me. Force is our sole resort.

BURGHLEY (with meaning).
Do not presume the awful rights of raw power,
My Lady. For they little favor a prisoner.

MARY. Quite right. I am the weak one, she the strong.
So be it. Let her use her power, let
Her kill me, bring such victim to her safety.
But let her then confess that she has used
Force and not justice. Let no claim noise abroad,
Fooling the world, that it’s a lawful sword
She wields to rid herself of her hated foe!
Murder me—that she can, but not judge me.
She cleanse her face of the paints of virtue’s charade
And show herself to the world just as she is made.
(She goes off.)
Scene Eight

Burghley. Paulet.

BURGHLEY. She spites us, will spite us until she reaches
The scaffold steps. She will not let us break her.
Was she surprised to hear the verdict? Did you
See her face change? She has no need of our pity.
She knows the doubts of England’s Queen and our
Fears give her courage.

PAULET. This defiance will vanish
When it has lost its grounds. We’ve not proceeded
Faultlessly here, sir, if I may say so.
Tichbourne and Babington ought to have been brought
Before her, and her scribes.

BURGHLEY (quickly). Oh, no! One dared not!
Her influence and the force of woman’s tears
Are too great. Curle, obliged to speak against
Her to her face, would retract his confession—

PAULET. And England’s foes will fill the world with rumors
And make a shameless crime of her solemn trial.

BURGHLEY. Exactly what our Queen fears. Had this trouble-
Maker but died before she set foot in England!

PAULET. Amen to that!

BURGHLEY. Or sickness in prison snatched
Her away!

PAULET. That had spared us much.

BURGHLEY. Or pure chance
Removed her. — They’d still call us murderers though.

PAULET. True. Men will always think whatever they please.

BURGHLEY. No one could prove it. It would raise less noise—

PAULET. Let it! One fears not loud but just reproach.

BURGHLEY. Why even holy justice does not escape blame.
The sword of justice, ornament in a man’s hand,
Abhorrent wielded by a woman, becomes
Abomination used against a woman.
The world believes woman never just toward woman.
We judges spoke our conscience in vain. Mercy is a
King’s right. She dare not let the law run its course.

PAULET. The Lady then—

BURGHLEY *(quickly)*. Should live? No! Not at all!

She cannot live. Just that is what our Queen fears.

I read her struggle in her eyes. She’ll not speak;

Her eyes ask: Is there none among my servants

To spare me the choice: or fear and trembling on

My throne or royal kin put to the knife?

PAULET. Such is necessity. It’s not to be changed.

BURGHLEY. It would be changed were her servants attentive.

PAULET. Attentive!

BURGHLEY. Acting on a silent charge.

PAULET. A silent charge!

BURGHLEY. Not keeping a poisonous snake

Like treasure.

PAULET *(with meaning)*. Good name is a treasure like none.

One guards the Queen’s unspotted name like gold.

BURGHLEY. Back at the time one took the Lady from Shrewsbury,

Confided her to Paulet’s keeping, the thought was—

PAULET. The thought, I hope, was to entrust the hardest

Task to the cleanest hands. By God! I’d have never

Taken this odious office, did I not think it

Required the best man in all England. Let me

Not think it owed to other than my good name.

BURGHLEY. One spreads abroad she is failing, lets her become

More and more sick, then vanish in all stillness—

Thus she will die in the memory of men—

And your name is ever spotless.

PAULET. Not my conscience.

BURGHLEY. If you’ll not lend your own hand, just not block—

PAULET *(interrupts)*. Under my roof no murderer shall come near her.

My house gods keep her, her head’s sacred to me.

That of the Queen of England is no more so.

You are the judges! So judge! Break the staff!

And when the time comes, let your workmen with axe and

Saw enter and erect the scaffold. Sheriff

And headsman shall find my castle’s gates open.
Act One

She’s given me to keep safe. Safe I shall keep her. 
No evil shall she do, and no evil reach her.

(They go off.)
Elizabeth I of England, ca. 1580, oil on panel. English School. Wikimedia, public domain, https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:English_School_Elizabeth_I_of_England_c._1580.jpg
Act Two

The Palace of Westminster

Scene One

Earl Kent and Sir William Davison meet.

DAVISON. Is that you, Lord Kent? Back from the lists so soon?

The festival’s done?

KENT. Were you not at the games?

DAVISON. I could not get away.

KENT. A brilliant spectacle!

A feat of good taste and good manners. Just listen!

A virginal stronghold of Beauty is Assaulted by Desire. Lord Marshal, Chief Judge,

The Seneschal and other knights of the Queen Defend it. France’s cavaliers attack.

A Herald in a madrigal had called out

The fortress, the Chancellor answered from the wall.

Artillery now comes into play, fires bouquets and perfumes.

In vain! The storm repulsed, Desire must withdraw.

DAVISON. An evil augury for the French suit, I fear.

KENT. Oh, only jest. The fort will yield in the end.

DAVISON. You think so? I doubt it.

KENT. The difficult points are Settled, admitted all: Monsieur will worship

In a closed chapel, honor our Church, defend it Abroad. Had you but seen how all men rejoiced!
Eternal fear in this Kingdom is that she
Die without issue and this Stuart, a Catholic,
Succeed her.

DAVISON. England need fear such a succession
No longer. She goes into the bridal chamber,
My Lady Mary to the steps of the scaffold.

KENT. The Queen is coming!

Scene Two

As above. Elizabeth, escorted by Leicester. Count Aubespine,
Bellievre, Earl Shrewsbury, Lord Burghley, with other French and
English Lords, enter.

ELIZABETH (to Aubespine). Count! I do lament
These noble lords, whom gallant zeal has brought us
Across the waters, that they not find the courtly
Glories of Saint Germain here at my Court.
Magnificent feasts of the gods the Queen Mother
Of France invents are all beyond me. A
Contented, mannerly folk thronging my litter
Wherever I appear—this spectacle I
Can offer strangers’ gaze with some pride. Brilliance
Of noble damsels all abloom in Catherine’s
Gardens of beauty simply would eclipse my
Less glorious deserts along with their author.

AUBESPINE. Westminster’s court shows but one lady, to the
Stranger’s surprise, but all that pleases in
The charming sex is gathered up in this one.

BELLIEVRE. Exalted Majesty of England, grant
That we take leave, to delight Monsieur, our royal
Lord, with the much-desired news. His heart’s impatience
Has driven him from Paris. He awaits
The messengers of his good fortune in Amiens,
And he has sent his posts as far as Calais
To bring acceptance that your royal mouth speaks
With lightning speed to his ecstatic ear.
ELIZABETH. Count Bellievre, do not press me. It is not time, I
Repeat, to light the wedding torch. A cloud
Hangs over England, mourning would become me
Far more than blinding bridal display. A painful
Blow is about to strike my heart and my House.

BELLIEVRE. A promise to be honored in happier times, then.

ELIZABETH. Kings are the slaves of their rank, never free
To follow their heart. Ever have I wished
To die unmarried, have inscribed on my tomb:
“Here lies the virgin Queen.” That had been fame!
My subjects will have none of it. They only
Think of when I am gone. Not enough that now
Blessing lies on this land. I’m taxed with their future.
My virgin freedom I’m to give for my people,
A lord and master they would force on me, too.
He will make clear that I am a mere woman,
And I thought I’d ruled like a man and a king.
I understand God is not served when one
Departs from Nature’s order. All praise to those
Before me who opened cloisters, restored whole thousands
To Nature’s duties.37 But a queen who does
Not spend her days in idle reflection, rather
Takes up the heaviest duties undiscouraged—
Let her be excepted from the natural purpose
That makes one half our kind submit to the other.

AUBESPINE. With every virtue glorified on your throne,
My Queen, you need but light the way of the sex
Of which you are the glory by offering it
A model of its signal deserts. To be sure,
There lives no man on earth who is worthy of
Your bringing him the sacrifice of your freedom.
But if high birth, high rank, heroic virtues
And manly beauty should make a mortal worth
That honor—

ELIZABETH. There’s no doubt, Ambassador,
That marriage to a royal son of France does
Me honor! I confess most frankly if it
Must be, if I must yield to my people’s insistence,
Which, as I fear, will prove yet stronger than I am,
I know no prince in Europe whom I would give
My greatest treasure, freedom, with less reluctance.
Let this confession be enough for you.

BELLIEVRE. It is the loveliest of hopes but only
A hope. My Lord would wish more—

ELIZABETH. What would he wish?

(She draws a ring from her finger and contemplates it.)
In nothing the queen exceeds the commoner’s wife!
One and the same sign points to one same duty,
And one same servitude. A ring makes a marriage.
It’s rings, too, that make chains. Present His Highness
This gift. It is no chain yet, does not bind me,
But it can yet become a link that does bind.

BELLIEVRE (kneeling to receive the ring).
In his name, great Queen, I receive this gift
And press the kiss of homage on my Queen’s hand.

ELIZABETH (to Earl Leicester, at whom she gazed throughout this last speech).

My Lord, permit me!
(She removes his blue sash and drapes it on Bellievre.)
Drape this ornament
About His Highness as I drape you here and
Receive you into the duties of my Order.

Honny soit qui mal y pense! All suspicion
Between our nations vanish, let a sash
Of trust embrace the Crowns of France and Britain!

AUBESPINE. Great Queen, this is a day of joy for all.
May no afflicted soul on this Island feel pain!
Mercy shines on your brow. Oh, that a glimmer
Of its joyful light fall upon an unhappy
Princess of equal interest to both Britain
And France—

ELIZABETH. No more, Count. Let us not mix two
Affairs that can in no way be related.
If France desires alliance with me in earnest,
It must take part in every concern of mine.
It cannot be the friend of my foe—

AUBESPINE. Unworthy
In your eyes, too, were it, should it forget in
This bond an unhappy soul of its confession
And widow of its king. Mere honor, human
Feeling—

ELIZABETH. In this sense I know how to value
Its plea. France answers to its duty of friendship.
It shall be granted me to act as a queen.

(\textit{She bows to the French Lords, who withdraw respectfully with the other Lords.})

\textbf{Scene Three}

\textit{Elizabeth. Leicester. Burghley. Talbot.}

The Queen takes her seat.

BURGHLEY. Most glorious Queen! Today you answer the wishes
Of all your people. Now at last we can
Enjoy the blessed days you grant us, no longer
Staring into a stormy future. But one
Thing more would all demand. Grant this and today
Has founded England’s welfare for all time.

ELIZABETH. What more do my people want? Tell me, my Lord.

BURGHLEY. They
Demand the head of Mary Stuart. If you
Would give them precious freedom, the light of Truth,\textit{She} must no longer be. If we are not to
Fear for your life, your foe must perish. You know

Not all our Britons think alike. Full many
Pay secret tribute to Roman idolatry. Sworn to the brothers Lorraine, they have vowed you
War to the death. The Bishop’s seat at Reims is
Their arsenal. There they forge hot thunderbolts, Teach regicide and send out missions, fanatics
In all kinds of disguise. Three times they’ve attempted
Your life. They hatch more of their likes in this pit.
At Fotheringhay sits the Ate of this war,
Enflaming the Realm with the torch of love.

She flatters youths with hope, to certain destruction.
The lure is to free her, to replace you their purpose.
Lorraine believes you a usurper, crowned by chance.
They led the foolish Mary to call herself queen.
There’ll be no peace with her, none with her House!
Or you must strike the blow or you must receive it.
Her life is death to you, her death your life!

ELIZABETH. My Lord, yours is a dismal office. I know
Your chaste zeal, know the solid wisdom you speak.
This wisdom, though, demands blood, which I loathe.
Find milder counsel. Lord Shrewsbury, what say you?

TALBOT. You justly praise the zeal inspiring loyal
Burghley’s breast. I, though far less eloquent,
Nurture a heart no less true. Long live my Queen,
The joy of her folk, long live the peace that she brings us!
This Island has not seen such days since ruled
By its own princes. May it not redeem its
Good fortune at the price of its good name.
May Talbot’s eyes be closed if ever this be!

ELIZABETH. God save us if we ever blot our good name!

TALBOT. You then will think of other means of saving
The Realm. For executing Mary Stuart
Is no lawful means. You cannot pronounce
Judgment against one who is not your subject,
As she is not.

ELIZABETH. My Council of State then
Is wrong, and wrong my Parliament and the law courts
Of England, which all recognized this right—

TALBOT. Vote of majority is no proof of justice.
England is not the world, your Parliament
No union of all humankind. Nor is

Present-day England to be our England in future
As it is not the England of the past.
As inclination rises, then falls, so judgment, 
Too, rises and falls, a wandering wave on the sea. 
Do not claim you must yield to what is needful, 
To your people’s clamor. Every moment you 
Can prove your will free. But try it. Declare 
That you loathe blood, wish to see your sister saved. 
Show those of different counsel truth of king’s anger. 
Necessity you’ll see vanish, justice become 
Injustice. You must judge, you only. You 
Cannot lean on this broken reed. Heed your goodness. 
God laid no rigor in a woman’s heart, 
Our Forebears, who let women rule, too, decreed 
That rigor be no virtue among our kings. 

ELIZABETH. Lord Shrewsbury gives warm counsel for my foe. 
I would hear counsel in my favor instead. 

TALBOT. One granted her no counsel, no one dared speak 
In her behalf, expose himself to your wrath. 
Grant me, an old man on the brink of the grave 
Whom earthly hope no longer seduces, right to 
Protect her now she is abandoned. Let 
One not say passion and self-seeking spoke 
Loudly in your State Council, mercy was silent. 
The world entire unites in league against her, 
And you yourself have never seen her face. 
Nothing in your heart speaks for this stranger. 
I do not speak here in defense of her guilt. 
They say she had her husband murdered. Proven 
Is that she wed the murderer—a grave crime! 

These things took place in dark times—civil war. 
Beset by hostile vassals, in her weakness 
She threw herself into a bold man’s strong arms. 
Who knows what artful force had mastered her? 
For woman is but weak and easily broken. 

ELIZABETH. Woman is not weak. There are strong souls among us. 
I’ll not hear weakness spoken of in my presence. 

TALBOT. Ill fortune served you as a hard school. You saw 
No far-away throne, but a grave at your feet.
Maria Stuart

At Woodstock, in the Tower you were brought up
In sorrow, without flatterers. Far from the world,
You learned reflection, insight, life’s true goods.
She, still a child, was brought to France, to the court
Of thoughtless pleasure and frivolity,
Dazzled by brilliant vice and swept toward ruin.
She had received the idle gift of beauty,
She outshone all her kind in rank and figure—

ELIZABETH. Come to yourself, Lord Shrewsbury! We sit in Council.
What charms must they be to enflame an old man!
Lord Leicester, you alone are silent? What

Makes him so eloquent, does it strike you dumb?

LEICESTER. Surprise dumbfounds me, Queen. One fills your ear
With horrors, tales that terrify the riffraff
Of London’s back lanes make their way into your
State Council, occupy the minds of grave men.
Amazement seizes me that the landless Queen
Of Scotland, powerless to keep her own throne,
Derision of her vassals, dregs of her land,
Should terrify you now she is in prison!
What makes her so frightful? That she claims your realm? That

The House of Guise will not know you as Queen?
Can their dispute reach a right yours from birth?
Confirmed by act of Parliament? Is she
Not silently refused by Henry’s last will?
Will England, content in this new Light, now throw
Itself into a papist’s arms, desert its
Adored Queen for the one who murdered Darnley?
What do they want, these men who torment you, yet
Alive, with this heir? Cannot marry you soon
Enough to save both Church and Kingdom from danger?
Are you not still in the first bloom of youth?
Does she not fade daily into the grave?
By God! I hope you tread that grave yet many
A year without having to cast her into it.

BURGHLEY. Lord Leicester has not always judged things so.
Act Two

LEICESTER. It’s true, before the court I voted her death. In Council I say otherwise. We speak Here not of justice but of our advantage. Is now the time to fear her? France, her sole shield, Deserts her, now that you would give the king’s son Your hand and hope of new heirs blooms in the land. Why kill her? She is dead! Contempt is true death. Beware lest pity bring her back to life! My counsel: Let the sentence stand in full force. She live, but under the keen blade of the axe. An arm raised in her behalf and the axe falls.

ELIZABETH (rising). My Lords, I thank you. I have heard your counsel. With God’s help, who lights kings’ way on this earth, I shall consider and choose what seems best.

Scene Four

As above. Knight Paulet with Mortimer.

ELIZABETH. Here’s Amias Paulet. What do you bring, sir?

PAULET. My glorious Queen, my nephew, newly returned from Far travels, throws himself at your feet and swears Allegiance. Pray receive him into your favor.

MORTIMER (dropping to one knee).

Long live my royal Lady, crowned in glory!

ELIZABETH. Stand up. I welcome you in England, sir. You have made the Grand Tour, crossed France to Rome, And stopped at Reims. What are our foes plotting now?

MORTIMER. Confusion fog their minds and turn their arrows Back on their bowmen!

ELIZABETH. You saw Morgan and Ross?

MORTIMER. I met all Scottish exiles plotting against us At Reims and gained their trust.

PAULET. They gave him letters In cipher for the Scottish Queen. He has Delivered them all into our hands, my Queen.
ELIZABETH. And what are they preparing for us now?
MORTIMER. They were all thunderstruck that France forsakes them
And binds itself to England. They put their hopes now
In Spain.
ELIZABETH. As Walsingham has written me.\textsuperscript{44}
MORTIMER. A bull against you, hurled from Rome by the Pope,
Arrived at Reims just as I left. The next ship
Brings it to England.\textsuperscript{45}
LEICESTER. England fears such no longer.
BURGHLEY. A fearful weapon in fanatics’ hands.
ELIZABETH (\textit{with a searching look at Mortimer}).
At Reims, they say, you studied and converted?
MORTIMER. I’ll not deny that I gave myself the air.
My great desire to serve you went so far!
ELIZABETH (\textit{to Paulet, who presents papers}).
What’s this?
PAULET. A letter from the Queen of Scotland.
BURGHLEY (\textit{reaching for the letter}). Give it to me.
PAULET (\textit{giving the letter to the Queen}).
\begin{quote}
Pardon, my Lord High Treasurer! Into the Queen’s
Own hands. These are my orders. She always says
That I am her foe. I am not. I oppose
Only her vices. What agrees with my duties
I gladly render her.
\end{quote}
\begin{quote}
(\textit{While the Queen reads the letter, Mortimer and Leicester speak secretely.})\textsuperscript{46}
\end{quote}
BURGHLEY (\textit{to Paulet}). What’s in that letter?
Complaints that should be spared the Queen’s soft heart.
PAULET. That she has told me. She begs as a great favor
To see the Queen face to face.
BURGHLEY (\textit{quickly}). Not on my life!
TALBOT. Why not? She asks for nothing unlawful.
BURGHLEY. The favor of the Queen’s face she has undone
As one who plotted murder. No true and faithful
Counsel would give such treasonous advice.
TALBOT. If our Queen wishes to oblige her, would
Act Two

You hamper such a merciful impulse?

BURGHLEY. She is condemned. Her head is under the axe.
It ill becomes Her Majesty to see 
A head condemned to death. And judgment cannot 
Be carried out. The royal presence brings mercy—

ELIZABETH (having read the letter, drying her tears).
Oh, what is man? What earthly happiness? 
How far this queen has fallen, who set out 
With proud hopes, was called to the oldest throne 
In Christendom, and thought to wear three crowns!47 
How different her words from when she assumed 
The arms of England and let herself be called 
Queen of the British Isles!48 Your pardon, my Lords. 
Sorrow and sadness seize me, seeing earthly 
Things stand no faster, feeling human fate, 
The terrifying, brush just past my head. 

TALBOT. Oh, merciful Queen, God has touched your heart. 
Obey this heavenly urging! Gravely she has 
Atoned a grave crime. Let her trials now end! 
Give her your hand, descend, a light in her darkness. 

BURGHLEY. Stand fast, great Queen. Let no grand feeling mislead you. 
Do not rob yourself of your freedom to do 
What must be. Pardon her you cannot, nor save her. 
Do not invite blame that you looked in triumph 
Upon your victim, feasted on the sight. 

LEICESTER. Let’s keep ourselves in proper bounds, my Lords. 
The Queen has no need of our wisdom to choose 
The worthiest course. Meeting of the two queens 
Is unrelated to proceedings at court. 
Mary’s condemned by England’s law, not the Queen’s will. 
Becoming to Elizabeth’s great soul 
Is that she follow urgings of her heart, 
So far the law keeps to its proper course. 

ELIZABETH. Go now, my Lords. Leave us to find means, duly 
To join requirements mercy makes of us 
With what necessity imposes upon us. 
Now take your leave.
(The Lords go off. She calls Mortimer back from the threshold.)

Sir Mortimer! One word!

Scene Five

Elizabeth. Mortimer.

ELIZABETH (having measured him with her gaze).
You showed bold courage and rare self-restraint for
Your years. A man who masters arts of deception
So young matures soon, shortens his probation.
Destiny calls you to a grand career.
I prophesy it of you and, to your
1090
Good fortune, I can make my prophecy come true.

MORTIMER. Exalted Mistress, what I am and can do
Is dedicated to your service only.

ELIZABETH. You, who have come to know the enemies of England,
Know, too, their fierce hate cannot be reconciled,
Nor can their murderous projects be exhausted.
Almighty God has shielded me until now, but
The crown on my head trembles while she lives,
Giving fanatics a pretext, feeding their hopes.

MORTIMER. She lives no longer once you give the order.

1100
ELIZABETH. I believed that once and I have gotten no further.
I wanted to let the law act and keep
My hands clean. Judgment has been passed. What have
I gained? A verdict must be executed.
And I must give the order. Mine is the deed.
It’s I must own it. There’s no saving appearance.

MORTIMER. What harm appearance where the cause is just?

ELIZABETH. How little you know the world, Knight!
What one appears has everyone for a judge,
What one is has none. Of my justice I’ll
1110
Persuade no one. My part in this must be doubtful.
Darkness alone protects so double a deed.
Most foolish of all is to own to a thing.
One does not lose what one does not give away.

MORTIMER (feeling his way).
The best thing then would be—

ELIZABETH (swiftly). Of course it would!
My guardian angel speaks through you. Go on!
You grasp the matter, unlike Paulet, your uncle.

MORTIMER (startled). You put it to the Knight?

ELIZABETH. To my great regret.

MORTIMER. Forgive the old man. Age makes him uncertain.
Such daring demands youth.

ELIZABETH (quickly). From you I may—

MORTIMER. I lend you my hand. Save your name as you’re able—

ELIZABETH. If you should wake me with the news one morning:
The Stuart Queen has gone out of this life—

MORTIMER. Count on me.

ELIZABETH. When shall I sleep peacefully again?

MORTIMER. Let the next new moon bring you peace.

ELIZABETH. Farewell, sir.
My gratitude must take the colors of night.
But silence is the god of men of good fortune.
Secrecy fastens tenderest bonds warm and tight. (She goes off.)

Scene Six
Mortimer alone

Go now, dissembling Queen. As you, the world
Just so will I deceive you. Do I look like
A murderer? Is there ruthlessness in my face?
Just you trust in my arm, hold yours back, take on
A merciful air, and wait for my aid—
And we’ll gain time to join force for her rescue!
Advance me, dangle a great prize— And were you
That great prize—you and all your woman’s favors!
Who are you? What can you give? The one highest good,
Life’s greatest ornament, when one heart, self-
    Forgetting, rapt, gives itself to another—
This crown of womanhood you’ve never known
Nor ever been the happiness of a man.
    I must await Lord Leicester—odious errand!
I’ll save her, I alone, by my design,
    Danger, fame and the prize— They shall be mine!

(As he is about to go, Paulet enters.)

Scene Seven

Mortimer. Paulet. Then Leicester.

PAULET. What did the Queen say?
MORTIMER. Nothing, Uncle, nothing
    At all important.
PAULET (fixing him). Listen, Mortimer!
    You’re stepping onto a slippery slope. A king’s
    Favor seduces, youth craves honor. Don’t let
    Ambition draw you down the wrong path!
MORTIMER. But Uncle—
    Were you not the one who brought me to court?
PAULET. And how I wish I had not! Our house did not
    Gain its good name at this Court. You stand firm,
    My nephew. Do not pay too high a price!
    Do not offend your conscience!
MORTIMER. What are you thinking?
PAULET. However great the Queen would make you, mistrust
    Her flatteries. When you have done her bidding, she will
    Deny you and avenge the bloody deed
    To keep her name spotless.
MORTIMER. You say, bloody deed—
PAULET. Enough such shamming! I know what she has
    Presumed of you. She hopes to find your youthful
    Ambition willing as my brittle old age
    Was not. Did you consent? Did you?
MORTIMER. My uncle!
LEICESTER (entering).

Good sir, permit a word with your nephew here.
The Queen is well-disposed toward him, she wishes
That Lady Stuart’s person be committed
To him without condition. She puts her trust
In his good faith.

PAULET. In his good faith—well, fine!

LEICESTER. You say—

PAULET. Her trust in his good faith! And I,
My Lord, put my trust in my two open eyes. (He goes off.)

Scene Eight

Leicester. Mortimer.

LEICESTER (astonished). What has come over the Knight?

MORTIMER. I do not know. The unexpected trust—

LEICESTER (with a searching gaze).

Tell me, Knight, do you deserve to be trusted?

MORTIMER (equally searching).

I put the same question to you, Lord Leicester.

LEICESTER. You wished to speak to me in confidence.

MORTIMER. Assure me first that I dare do so, my Lord.

LEICESTER. And who gives me assurance for you, sir?

Let my mistrust not be thought an insult! I
See you assume two faces at this Court.
One necessarily is false. Which is it?

MORTIMER. That is just as I find it with you, Earl Leicester.

LEICESTER. Who is to make a start?

MORTIMER. One with less to lose.

LEICESTER. Well, then. That’s you!

MORTIMER. It’s you. The witness of one
So eminent and powerful can destroy me.
Mine’s null and void against your rank and favor.

LEICESTER. Quite wrong! In all else I am powerful,
But not on the sore point I am about to
Betray to you. There I can be brought to fall.
MORTIMER. If almighty Lord Leicester condescends
To make such a confession to me, then I
Can think more highly of myself and set an
Example.

LEICESTER. Go before me. I will follow.

MORTIMER (producing the letter).
A letter sent you by the Queen of Scotland.

LEICESTER (starts and reaches for the letter).
Speak softly, sir. What’s this? Oh! It’s her likeness!
(He kisses it, then contemplates it in silence.)

MORTIMER (having observed Leicester sharply while he reads).
My Lord, I believe you now.

LEICESTER (having read). You know what this says?

MORTIMER. Not in the least.

LEICESTER. You know what this says?

MORTIMER. Nothing.

At all. I’m baffled that Elizabeth’s
Favorite, Earl Leicester, Mary’s sworn enemy,
One of her judges, is the man from whom
That Queen hopes rescue. Yet your eyes tell me
Too clearly what you feel for her.

LEICESTER. First tell me
Why her fate interests you so hotly, sir, how
You gained her trust.

MORTIMER. In few words: I was converted
At Rome, allied with the Guises, and commended
By the Archbishop to the Queen of Scotland.

LEICESTER. I know of your conversion. It stirred my trust.
Your hand, sir. Pardon my doubts. I cannot be
Too careful. Walsingham and Burghley hate me.
You could have been their tool—

MORTIMER. What small steps a great
Lord must take at this Court—

LEICESTER. What happiness to
Confess to a friend how I was constrained!

I never hated Mary. Force of events
Set me against her. Long before Darnley,
She was intended for me—favor I scorned.
I seek her now, imprisoned, at death’s door,
At risk of my life.

MORTIMER. An act that calls for courage.
LEICESTER. The shape of things has changed in the meanwhile, sir.
Ambition made me cold to youth and beauty.
I hoped yet to possess the Queen of England.
MORTIMER. And it is known to all that she preferred you.
LEICESTER. It seemed so. But after ten lost years of an

Unflagging courtship, hated constraint—Oh, sir,
My heart swells! Why, if only they knew what chains
They envy me for! After ten years of burning
Incense to her vanity, submitting
To every ripple in her sultan’s moods,
A plaything of her whims and stubbornness,
Caressed now by her tenderness, now repulsed
By her stiff pride, tormented equally
First by her favor, then by her cold rigor,
Watched like a prisoner by her Argus-eyed

Jealousy, cross-examined like a child,
Shamed like a servant—words fail for this hell—
I’m cheated at the post of my prize. Another
Comes and I lose my long-possessed rights to a
Blossoming young bridegroom, am pushed off the stage.
Her hand and favor I lose—he is lovable.

MORTIMER. He’s Catherine’s son and pupil. He knows to please.
LEICESTER. I look for a spar in this shipwreck and
Return to my first hope. Ambition drives me
No longer. Youth and beauty move me. I

Compare and see the treasure I have lost.
I see her plunged deep into wretchedness by
My fault. If I could save her now and possess her?
I reach her and reveal my changed heart. You bring
A letter saying she forgives and accepts me.
MORTIMER. But nothing have you done that would save her!
You let her be condemned and voted her death!
A miracle must happen, light of Truth
Must strike me, her guard’s nephew, Heaven must
Prepare a savior in Rome’s Vatican. Or
She’d not have found a way to contact you!

LEICESTER. It cost me quite enough! Just then they took her
From Talbot. Fotheringhay became her prison,
Paulet her warden. I was blocked. Before the
World I must prosecute her. Do not think
I’d let her die. I hoped, still hope to hinder
The worst until means can be found to free her.

MORTIMER. Means have been found. My secret given for yours. I
Shall be the one to free her. I’m here for that.
We’re ready. Your support assures our success.

LEICESTER. What’s that? You frighten me. You would—

MORTIMER. Throw open
Her prison by force. I have confederates, all’s—

LEICESTER. Confederates? Confidants? Who know my secret?
MORTIMER. Be unconcerned. Our plan was made without you,
It can be done without you.

LEICESTER. I am assured
My name will not be mentioned?

MORTIMER. Quite sure. So
Cautious, my Lord? You would save Lady Stuart,
Possess her? You find friends as if sent from Heaven,
And you show more unease than joy and relief?

LEICESTER. No use of force! Too dangerous!

MORTIMER. So is delay!

LEICESTER. Sir, I insist. It is not to be dared.
MORTIMER (bitter). No indeed! Not by you, who want to possess her!
We only want to save her, we don’t dither.

LEICESTER. Knight, you are hasty in a thorny cause.
MORTIMER. And you slow and cold in a case of honor.
LEICESTER. I see us caught up and entangled in nets.
MORTIMER. I feel the courage to cut all of them through.

LEICESTER. This courage is called madness, courage of fools.
MORTIMER. This prudence is less than true valor, my Lord.
LEICESTER. You’d like to find your way to Babington’s end?
Act Two

MORTIMER. And you’d not imitate Lord Norfolk’s great heart? LEICESTER. Norfolk’s fortune was not to lead a bride home. MORTIMER. He proved that he was worthy of doing so. LEICESTER. If we are lost in this, she is lost, too. MORTIMER. And if we shy back, she will not be saved. LEICESTER. You will spoil all that’s just now well underway. MORTIMER. A way, no doubt, that you’ve opened before us? What have you ever done to help or to save her? Were I rascal enough to murder her, as The Queen expects of me just as we speak, What measure had you taken to save her life? LEICESTER (astonished). The Queen gave you this murderous instruction? MORTIMER. She mistook me as Mary mistook you. LEICESTER. And you consented? Did you? MORTIMER. As you say. To stop her purchasing another’s hands I offered mine. LEICESTER. You have done well. We’ve won Breathing space. She depends on you. The sentence Lies idle. We gain time. MORTIMER (impatient). We’re losing time! LEICESTER. She counts on you. The less will she scruple to Assume an open air of clemency. I can perhaps lead her to come upon Her rival face to face. That binds her hands, As Burghley says. Yes! I’ll give it all I can! MORTIMER. And where do you arrive? If Mary lives, All goes on as before. It’s life-long prison, And will come to my bold attempt after all. Why not begin so? Bring an army together, Just arm the nobles in your many castles! Mary has countless secret friends, the houses Of Howard and Percy, rich in heroes still, Only attend a powerful lord’s example. Enough of this deception! Act openly! Defend, like a knight, the woman you love. You rule the person of the Queen of England,
If you wish to. Lure her to one of your castles,
Show her a man! Keep her your captive there
Until she release Mary Stuart again!

LEICESTER. What an extravagance! Do you know this ground?
This Court? How tight this female kingdom
Has bound our spirits? You just look for the
Heroic spirit that once ruled this land!
Crushed! Under lock and key! And to a woman!
Every heart’s mainspring unwound! Heed my example.
Nothing imprudent. — Someone’s coming. Go now!

MORTIMER. Mary has hopes! What am I to bring her?
LEICESTER. Bring her the vow of my undying love!
MORTIMER. Bring that yourself! I offered to serve in
Her rescue, not to serve you as your Cupid! (He goes off.)

Scene Nine

ELIZABETH. Leicester.

ELIZABETH. Who left you just now? I thought I heard talking.
LEICESTER (whirling around at her entrance).
It was Sir Mortimer.

ELIZABETH. What is it, my Lord?

LEICESTER (composing himself).

You’re startled?

At the sight of you, my Lady.
I’m dazzled by your beauty and your charm.
Ah, me!

ELIZABETH. You sigh?
LEICESTER. Have I not reason to sigh?
To see your beauty renews nameless pain, my
Sadness at coming loss.

ELIZABETH. But what do you lose?
LEICESTER. Your heart I shall lose and your lovable self.
Your youthful husband will hold you in fiery
Embrace. He will possess your heart entirely,
Though none on earth adores you as I do.
The Duc d’Anjou has never seen you, loves
Only your glory. In his place I’d lay down a crown.

ELIZABETH. Pity me, Dudley. Do not scold me. I
May not consult my heart. Oh, it had chosen
Otherwise. How I envy other women,
Those who may love as they choose. I may not
Award a crown to the man whom I treasure.
To Lady Stuart it was granted to give
Her hand as she chose, she permitted herself
Everything, drained pleasure’s cup to the lees.

LEICESTER. Now she must drain the cup of sorrow instead.

ELIZABETH. She scorned opinion, chose to live at her ease.
Never did she assume the yoke of duty
That I bent under. She won all men’s favor
Because her sole aim was to be a woman,
And she is courted by both young and old.
Such are men. All are mere slaves of their senses.
This Talbot—did he not become young again
Just as he came to speak of her great charm?

LEICESTER. Forgive him. He was once her keeper, and her
Flattery and fawning, her wiles turned his head.

ELIZABETH. And is she then the beauty that they say?
Portraits will flatter and descriptions lie.
Only my eyes would tell me what to believe.
Why the strange look?

LEICESTER. I pictured you next to Mary.
I’d like to have that pleasure, if it’s secret.
The pleasure of a victory then would be yours.
She, too, would see how you exceed her in
Your noble figure as in every virtue,
For envy has sharp eyes.

ELIZABETH. But she is the younger.

LEICESTER. Younger! Her suffering aged her before her time.
And then to see you as a bride—and bride of
The French king’s son—she who made so much of her
French marriage, boasts of help from mighty France.

ELIZABETH (with a shrug). They’re pressing me to see her.
LEICESTER (vivid).

Favor, grant it as penalty! When she sees
Your beauty, guarded by your honor, made more
Glorious by spotless reputation and heightened
Again by a bright crown, and graced by the chaste
Wreath of a bride, the hour of her destruction
Has struck. No, never were you better armed for
Triumph of beauty. If you went straight before her
Just as you are?

ELIZABETH. Now? No, oh no. Not now.

No. That I must think through, consult with Burghley—

LEICESTER (breaking in). Burghley! He reckons only reasons of state.

You have rights as a woman, too. A point so
Tender is for you only to judge. — But no!
Reasons of state also require that you meet—to
Persuade your people of your greatness of heart.
Then you can rid yourself of her as you please.

ELIZABETH. It’s unbecoming that I see her in want
And need. They say she is not royally kept.

LEICESTER. Chance

Comes to our aid. Today the great chase leads
Past Fotheringhay, and Lady Stuart can be
Found walking in the park. You happen by,
Nothing appears to have been planned in advance.
Should it offend you, you need not address her.

ELIZABETH. If this is foolishness, then, Leicester, it’s yours.

Today I’d not deny you any request.
Of all my subjects I’ve hurt you the most.

(Looking at him tenderly)

Even if it’s an idle notion of yours,

Honest affection shows itself by permitting
That which it knows neither wise nor befitting.

(Leicester throws himself at her feet.)

The curtain falls.
George Talbot, 6th Earl of Shrewsbury, 1580. Artist unknown. National Portrait Gallery, London. Wikimedia, public domain, https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:George_Talbot_6th_Earl_of_Shrewsbury_1580.jpg
Act Three

A park. Trees at the front, a wide prospect behind.

Scene One

Mary emerges from among the trees, walking swiftly. Hanna Kennedy follows more slowly.

KENNEDY. You’re rushing as if you had wings, my Lady. I cannot keep up with you. Wait for me!

MARY. Let me but feel new-found freedom’s full measure,

Let me be a child and you be one, too!

On this green carpet embrace a new pleasure,

Striding along in weightless, winged shoe.

Have I escaped the dark dampness of prison?

Does it entrap me no longer, that lair?

Let me run after, receive in my bosom,

Drink in deep drafts Heaven’s free air!

KENNEDY. Oh, but my Queen, your narrow prison has been widened by little. You do not see how a wall encloses us still, even here,

Because the trees’ thick foliage hides its cold heights.

MARY. Oh, endless thanks to each and every green tree,

For they conceal these prison walls from my sight.

I want to dream myself full happy and free,

Suffused as I am now in heavenly light.

Just over there, past fog-gray mountains’ display,

The capes of my own realm advance,
And these bright clouds, ships with sails set to midday,
Are seeking the fair coasts of France.
   Hurrying clouds! Ships sailing in air!
   Only to sail with you! With you to fare!
   I am a captive. I am bound tight here.
   I have no one else I can send right there.
   Carry my love to France, precious and rare.

KENNEDY. Dear Lady, you are beside yourself. Freedom,
   So painfully missed, makes you giddy with joy.
MARY. There a poor fisher steers his skiff toward land.
   That wretched small sailboat could take me away,
   Bring me to cities where my kinsmen hold sway.
   What a scarce living for so poor a man!
   Oh, how I’d like to load it with treasure,
   Have him land a catch great as ever he can,
   Find in his nets good fortune past measure,
   In return for the offered help of his hand.

KENNEDY. Vain wishes! Do you not see that from a distance
   Spies observe us and follow in our footsteps?
   Some evil spell scares pitying creatures away.
MARY. No, Hanna. Believe me! Not in vain has my
   Prison so suddenly been opened wide.
   So small a favor foretells grander joy.
   I cannot be wrong. This is love’s hand at work.
   I see Lord Leicester’s strong arm acting here.
   They want to widen my jail bit by bit,
   Until I see the face that frees me forever.

KENNEDY. I cannot make sense of this. Yesterday they
   Announced your coming death and today you
   Know such freedom as this. They say chains fall
   For those, too, whom eternal freedom awaits.
MARY. Just hear the hunting horn! How it sounds
   Its plangent voice over forest and heath!
   Longing now seizes me to ride to the hounds,
   Gallop up hillsides, down steep glens beneath.
   This voice I recall from first youth,
   Memory that sweetly pierces my heart.
I rode after the stag with high hopes,
Down the Highlands’ dark hollows, up its bright slopes,
Hearing the horn’s far call, after the hart.

Scene Two

Paulet. As above.

PAULET. Have I at last done right, my Lady? Have I
Deserved your thanks?
MARY. It’s you, sir, found me this favor?
You?
PAULET. And why not? I was at Court, I brought
Your letter—
MARY. Freedom is a gift of the letter—
PAULET (significantly).
And not the only one! Expect something greater—
MARY. Something greater?
PAULET. Surely you hear the horns—
MARY (shrinking back).
You frighten me!
PAULET. The Queen is chasing nearby.
MARY. What?
PAULET. And quite soon she will be standing before you.
KENNEDY (rushing to Mary, who is about to faint).
Dear Lady, what is wrong? You’re white as a sheet.
PAULET. Is this not right? Is it not what you asked?
Granted before you knew it! You who are
Always so quick with words, now find your words.
The moment has come!
MARY. Why was I not made ready?
I’m not prepared for this. Not now. What I
Requested as high favor now seems a fright—
Come, Hanna. Lead me back in—to recover—
PAULET. No, stay. You must wait for her here. Oh, I can
Believe it is frightening—coming before your judge.
Scene Three

_Earl Shrewsbury. As above._

1480  MARY. Oh, Shrewsbury! Sent me like an angel from Heaven!
       I cannot see her, cannot. Save me from this!
SHREWSBURY. Recover yourself, Queen. Take courage. Stand firm.
       This is the moment, the hour of decision.
MARY. I've waited years for this, prepared myself,
       Rehearsed, recited, learned by heart just how
       I wanted to move her, to touch her feelings.
       Forgotten, vanished! It all escapes me now.
       Only my suffering remains. My heart turns
       Against her, full of hatred. Hellish spirits
       Surround me, shaking their coiled, tangled hair.
SHREWSBURY. Master your bitterness, compose yourself.
       It brings no good when hate and hatred collide.
       She's the one who wields power. Humble yourself!
MARY. Before her? I cannot.
SHREWSBURY. Do so nonetheless.
       Speak with respect. Appeal to her great heart.
       Do not defy her. This is not the moment.
MARY. I have requested this thing to my ruin.
       Never, no, never should we see one another.
       I have been injured far too deeply. Her doing!
       We never ever can be reconciled!
SHREWSBURY. Calm yourself. Only see her face to face.
       Hard-hearted she is not. I saw that myself:
       She read your letter and she wept. Have trust.
       For this I came ahead: to guide and prepare you.
MARY (seizing his hand). Oh, Talbot, you were always fair and my friend.
       If only I'd remained safe in your keeping!
       It has been so hard—
SHREWSBURY. Do not think of that now.
MARY. Burghley is with her?
SHREWSBURY. Only Leicester—
MARY. Lord Leicester!
SHREWSBURY. You need fear nothing of him. He moved the Queen
To grant this meeting.

MARY. Oh, I knew it!

SHREWSBURY. What’s that?

PAULET. The Queen is coming!

(All move to the side. Only Mary remains, leaning on Kennedy.)

Scene Four

As above. Elizabeth. Earl Leicester. Retinue.

ELIZABETH (to Leicester). How is the country seat called?

LEICESTER. Fotheringhay, Madam.

ELIZABETH (to Shrewsbury). Send our hunting party Ahead to London. Crowds there throng the streets. Let us take refuge in this quiet park.

(Talbot dismisses the Retinue. Elizabeth fixes Mary, as she addresses Paulet.)

My people love me too much. They show their joy In excess, as if it were meant for an idol. Such worship is right for a god, not a woman.

(Mary, who has been leaning on Hanna, now stands straight. She meets Elizabeth’s steady gaze, shudders, and throws herself again into the arms of her Nurse.)

MARY. Dear God! No heart can be found in that face!

ELIZABETH. Who is the lady?

(General silence)

LEICESTER. You’re at Fotheringhay, Queen.

ELIZABETH (showing surprise, then glowering at Leicester). Who has done this to me? Lord Leicester!

LEICESTER. It Has happened, Queen. Now Heaven has directed You here, let pity and large mind prevail.

SHREWSBURY. Be so good, royal Mistress, as to turn Your eye upon misfortune here before you.
(Mary pulls herself together and starts toward Elizabeth, then stops halfway, unable to go forward.)

ELIZABETH. Who led me to expect a woman humbled?
Unsoftened pride is what I see.\(^\text{54}\)

MARY (resolved at last).     So be it!
I’ll submit even to this. Helpless pride of
A noble soul, be gone! I will forget who
I am and what I suffered at her hand.
(She turns to the Queen.)

1530
Heaven decided for you, Sister! Your head
Is crowned. I worship the Godhead that raised you.
(She drops to her knees.)
But you be noble-minded, too, my sister!
Extend your hand, the royal right hand, and
Raise me from these depths.

ELIZABETH (stepping back).  I see you at your right
Place, Lady Mary! And praise God, who would not
Put me at your feet, like you now at mine.

MARY (with rising emotion).
Think of the flux of all things that are human!
Fear the unyielding gods that punish pride!
It’s they who have thrown me down at your feet.

1540
Honor yourself in me before these nobles,
Honor the blood of Henry Tudor’s house,
The blood that flows through my veins as through yours.
Do not stand like a rock against the sea,
Against a castaway lost in a storm.
Extend your hand, touch my heart, let me touch yours
With words, with tears on which my life depends.
Your cold stare freezes my heart, words die in my throat.

ELIZABETH (cold and stern).
What have you to say to me, Lady Stuart?
I shall forget the queen, so deeply offended,

1550
To meet the duty of a sister to you.
You have the comfort of the sight of me.
I risk reproach for bounty such as this, for
You know it was your wish to have me murdered.

MARY. Where to begin? How to place words, so that
They seize your heart, yet do not offend you!
Since I cannot speak for myself and not
Gravely accuse you—something I would not do.
— You have treated me unjustly, for
I am a queen no less than you are a queen.

I came to you a supplicant, and you, a-
Gainst law and sacred hospitality,
Locked me behind walls, seized my servants and friends.
I am delivered over to sorry want,
Tried for my life before an unworthy court—
Enough! Eternal silence cover my suffering.
— But see! We’ll call it fate. An evil spirit
From the abyss enflamed our hearts with hate that
Estranged us. It grew as we grew, bad men fanned
The flame, zealots armed others. Such is the fate

Of kings: They, set at odds, loose Furies of discord.

(Approaching Elizabeth, confiding, flattering)
No stranger stands between us here. We have met.
Speak, Sister. Tell me my offense. I’ll give you
Full satisfaction. Had you heard me before!
It never would have come to this sad encounter.

ELIZABETH. Not fate should you accuse, but your black heart,

The wild ambition of your native house. Hear
Me! Unprovoked, your uncle, priest who reaches
For every crown in Europe, launched a feud.
He turned your head, led you to take up my arms,

Appropriate my royal title, enter
Battle against me, at the risk of your life.
What did he not call out against me! Priests’ words,
Civil war, arms of pious delusion deep in
My peaceful kingdom—fanatics’ weapons! Why,
My very head was threatened. God is with me.
Yours falls.

MARY. I am in God’s hands. You would not—
ELIZABETH. Who hinders me? At Saint Bartholomew
Your uncle set the example for all kings. Thus one makes peace with one’s foes! What is blood kinship?

What natural law? The Church breaks all bonds, sanctions perfidy, regicide. What pledge have I for You once I free you? What lock on your good faith That the keys of Saint Peter cannot open?

MARY. You’ve always seen me as a foe, a stranger. Had you declared me your heir, you would have found A friend, a kinswoman.

ELIZABETH. Out there, Lady Stuart, Is friendship for you. Your house is the papacy, The monk your brother, and your family that Church. You as my heir! Who in my lifetime seduced My people, caught the noble youth in the toils of Your charms, so that all turned to this rising sun—

MARY. Rule now in peace! I give up claim to this realm. I have been broken, you’ve wrecked me in my bloom! Now make an end, just say the word to release me. For surely you have not come here to gloat. Say, “Mary, I grant your freedom. You have felt my Power, now learn to honor my noble heart.” I will receive my freedom and my life as Gift from your hand. But if not, woe betide you!

ELIZABETH. Do you confess you have been defeated? Is there An end now to your scheming? No new murderer Dispatched? And no adventurer willing to risk This dismal knighthood for you ever again? Yes, Lady Mary, it is over. None more Will you seduce. The world has other concerns. No one longs to become your fourth husband—you Who kill your suitors as those husbands you killed!

MARY (taking offense). Oh, Sister, Sister! Oh, God give me restraint! ELIZABETH (gazing at her contemptuously).

Such are the charms that no man glimpses unpunished, Beside which no other woman dare stand.
Fame acquired at small price, Lord Leicester, for to
Be an uncommon beauty one need but be
A beauty common to all—

MARY. That is too much!

ELIZABETH (scornful).

There! The mask falls. You show me your true face!

MARY (furious, but with dignity).

My fault was human, was a fault of youth.
Power seduced me, I made it no secret.
I scorned appearance with king’s candor, and

The world knows the worst of me. I can safely
Say I am better than repute has me.
The worse for you should it draw back the cloak
Of honor from your many secret hot passions.
Honor’s not something you acquired from your mother.
The world all know why Anne Boleyn climbed the scaffold.

SHREWSBURY (stepping between the two Queens).

Oh, God in heaven! Must it come to this?
Is that restraint, submission, Lady Mary?

MARY. Restraint? I have endured beyond all endurance.

Enough lamb-like composure! Patient suffering!

Now break your bonds, cold rage, long stifled, burst from
Your pit! And you who gave the basilisk
Its gaze, arm my tongue—

SHREWSBURY. She is beside herself!

Forgive her! She’s mad, she’s too badly provoked!

(Elizabeth stares speechless at Mary.)

LEICESTER (anxiously trying to lead Elizabeth away).

Don’t listen. Come away from this grim place!

MARY. The throne of England is profaned by a bastard,
The noble British duped by a mountebank.
If justice ruled, you would be lying before me.
I am your king.

(Elizabeth goes off quickly. The Lords follow in dismay.)
Scene Five

Mary. Kennedy.

KENNEDY. What have you done? She goes away enraged.

MARY (still beside herself).

1650 She goes enraged! She carries death in her heart!

(Falling into Kennedy’s arms)

What a relief! At last! At last! Whole years
Of suffering, of abasement! Now at last
A moment of revenge, a moment of triumph!
It falls from my heart like an avalanche!

KENNEDY. Oh, no! You wounded her. She’ll not forgive you.

She carries thunderbolts, she is the queen.
You mocked her before her own chosen favorite!

MARY. Before him! He saw it. He witnessed my triumph!
His presence and his nearness gave me strength!

Scene Six

As above. Mortimer.

1660 KENNEDY. A fine outcome, sir!

MORTIMER. I heard everything!

(He signals the Nurse to keep watch and approaches. He is alight with desire.)

You’ve won! You were the queen and she the outlaw.
I am bewitched, adore you like a goddess.
Such courage!

MARY. You saw Leicester, brought my letter,

Gave him my gift? Oh, speak!

MORTIMER (observing her with burning eyes). Your royal anger

Shone all about you, transformed all your charms!

MARY. I beg you, sir! Do answer. What says my Lord?
What can I hope?

MORTIMER. Who? Him? He is a coward!

Hope nothing, not from him. Despise him, forget him!

MARY. What are you saying?

MORTIMER. He should save you? Possess you?
He, you? Just let him dare! He’ll have to do
With me, a battle at the risk of his life!
MARY. He does not have my letter? All is lost!
MORTIMER. He loves his life.
MARY. He will do nothing for me?
MORTIMER. No more of him. I, I alone can save you.
MARY. What can you do?
MORTIMER. Do not deceive yourself.
Now all is changed. The way the Queen just left you,
All is indeed lost, there will be no mercy.
A deed is what it takes now, boldness decides.
You’ll be delivered before daybreak tomorrow.

MARY. This very night?
MORTIMER. Just hear what is decided.
I gathered my companions in a secret
Chapel. A priest heard our confessions, gave us
Remission of sins committed, sins to come.
We have all taken the last sacrament and
Are ready to embark on our last journey.
MARY. What frightful preparations these all are!
MORTIMER. Tonight we scale these walls. I’ve gained the keys.
We’ll murder all your keepers, snatch you from
Your chamber by force. Every living soul must
Die by our hand, that no one live to betray us.
MARY. Paulet, your uncle, too? Your second father?
MORTIMER. Must die by my hand!
MARY. Bloody sacrilege!
MORTIMER. All sacrilege is pardoned. I can do my
Worst and I will.
MARY. Oh, dreadful, terrible—this!
MORTIMER. Even to have to run the Queen through— I’ve
Sworn on the Host—
MARY. Too much blood—
MORTIMER. What is all life
Against you and my love. The bonds of the world
May break, a second Flood sweep all away—
I’ll not give you up till the end of time!

MARY (stepping back).

What language, sir, what looks! They frighten me!

MORTIMER (expressing a quiet madness). Life

Is but one moment, death another! They may

Drag me to Tyburn, tear me apart with tongs

(rushing to her with open arms)

As long as I embrace you, my Beloved—

MARY (retreating). Back, madman—

MORTIMER. On this breast, this mouth that breathes love—

MARY. For God’s sake, let me go in!

MORTIMER. I will save you,

And I shall also possess you—

MARY. Wretched Fate,

You fling me from one horror to another!

Was I born only to stir rage? Love and hate?

MORTIMER. Commit to love what you must lose to hate,

Enchant a happy lover with these charms

No longer yours. This silken hair in the power

Of death—use to entwine your loving slave!

MARY. What words! My sorrows should be sacred to you,

If not my royal head.

MORTIMER. Your crown has fallen,

Nothing of earthly majesty remains.

Try it now, just speak like a ruler—if

A friend, a savior stands up? Nothing remains

But the high beauty of your touching figure.

It drives me on—

MARY. Who’ll save me from this madness?

MORTIMER. Life is life’s greatest good. A fool, one who’d waste it!

Let me first lie on life’s most comforting breast—

(He presses her against him.)

MARY. Must I seek help against him who would save me?

MORTIMER. You are not cold. You let that Bothwell carry

You off and trembled while you loved him.

MARY. Shameless!

MORTIMER. If only terror wins you, I’ll make you tremble—
KENNEDY (rushing in). Someone is coming. They are getting closer. Armed men are filling the garden.

MORTIMER (reaching for his sword). I shall defend you!

MARY. Oh, Hanna, save me from him! Where to turn? Out here is mayhem and in there is murder. 

(She flees toward the house. Kennedy follows.)

**Scene Seven**

Mortimer. Paulet and Drury rush in. Attendants run onto the stage.

1730

PAULET. Close all the gates! Draw up the bridges, all!

MORTIMER. Uncle, what is it?

PAULET. Where is she, that murderess? Into the darkest dungeon with her!

MORTIMER. What has happened?

PAULET. The Queen!

MORTIMER. What Queen?

PAULET. Of England! Murdered in London’s streets!

(He rushes into the house.)

**Scene Eight**

Mortimer. Then O’Kelly.

MORTIMER. Did someone say the Queen’s been murdered? Or Was it but a dream? I must have been dreaming. Who’s coming? It’s O’Kelly. Beside himself.

O’KELLY (rushing in). Flee, Mortimer! Flee! All is lost!

MORTIMER. What is lost?

O’KELLY. Don’t ask. Just run!

MORTIMER. What is it?

O’KELLY. Savage, the madman, Launched the attempt.

MORTIMER. It’s true?
O’KELLY. Too true!
MORTIMER. She’s murdered,

1740 Mary ascends the throne of England!
O’KELLY. Murdered?
She lives! And you and I and all will be dead!
MORTIMER. She lives?
O’KELLY. The blow failed. Got caught in her mantel.
And Shrewsbury disarmed the murderer.
MORTIMER. She lives!
O’KELLY. To destroy
Us all. They have the park surrounded.
MORTIMER. Who did it?
O’KELLY. The Toulon cleric with us in chapel, who looked
So thoughtful when the anathema against the Queen was read.62
He meant to take the short way to martyrdom.
Told only the priest who confessed and blessed us.
MORTIMER (after a silence, to himself).
Grim fate pursues you. Now, yes, now **you** must die.
Your very angel has prepared your fall.
O’KELLY. I go to hide in the forests of the North.
MORTIMER. God keep you. I stay, make one last effort to save.
Failing, I make my last bed on her grave.

(They go off to different sides.)63
Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, ca. 1564, oil on panel. Anglo-Netherlandish School. Waddesdon Manor. Wikimedia, public domain, https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Robert_Dudley_Leicester.jpg
Act Four

Antechamber

Scene One

Count Aubespine. Kent and Leicester.

AUBESPINE. How is Her Majesty? My Lords, you see me
Beside myself. How could this be, among her
Most loyal people?

LEICESTER. No one among the people
Did this thing. But a subject of your king,
A Frank.

AUBESPINE. A madman surely.

KENT. A papist, Count Aubespine.

Scene Two

As above. Burghley enters, speaking to Davison.

BURGHLEY. The writ of execution must be drawn up
And sealed. Be quick! Present it to the Queen to
Be signed. Now go.

DAVISON. It shall be done. (He goes off.)

AUBESPINE (acknowledging Burghley). My Lord,
My loyal heart shares in the rightful joy of
This Island. Heaven be praised, which turned the murderous
Blow from the royal head!

BURGHLEY. Praised, too, that it
Thwarted our enemies’ evil will.

AUBESPINE. May God
Condemn the doer of this evil deed!

BURGHLEY. Both
The doer and the author.

AUBESPINE (to Kent). Does it please
Your Honor to admit me to Her Majesty
That I may lay best wishes of my Lord
And King most humbly at her feet—

BURGHLEY. Don’t trouble,
Count Aubespine.

AUBESPINE (officious). I know my office, Lord Burghley.

BURGHLEY. Your office is to clear this Island at speed.
(In response to Aubespine’s expression of amazement)
Your rank shields you today, tomorrow no more.

AUBESPINE. What is my crime?

BURGHLEY. Named, it cannot be pardoned.

AUBESPINE. The right of missions, my Lord, I would hope—

BURGHLEY. Does not protect traitors—

LEICESTER and KENT. Ha! What’s this!

AUBESPINE. My Lord, Consider well—

BURGHLEY. A passport signed by your hand
Was found in the assassin’s pocket.

KENT. Indeed?

AUBESPINE. I issue many passports. Motives are hidden.

BURGHLEY. The murderer was confessed in your hotel.

AUBESPINE. My house is open.

BURGHLEY. To the enemies of England.

AUBESPINE. I demand inquest.

BURGHLEY. Fear one!

AUBESPINE. In my person
My King is injured. He’ll tear up our pact.

BURGHLEY. The Queen has torn it up already. England
Will not be wed to France. Lord Kent, you will bring
The Count in safety to the coast. The angry
Mob stormed his hotel; a great arsenal of weapons
Was found; they threaten to tear him limb from limb.
Conceal him well. I charge you with his life!
AUBESPINE. I leave a land where common rights are trampled
And treaties merely toyed with. My Monarch will seek
A bloody reckoning—
BURGHLEY. Let him come and fetch it!

(Kent and Aubespine go off.)

Scene Three

Leicester and Burghley

LEICESTER. Thus you dissolve the bond that you so busily
Buckled. You’ve earned yourself scarce thanks from England.
You’d better spared yourself the trouble, my Lord.
BURGHLEY. My goal was good. And God wrought otherwise.
Happy the man who knows no worse of himself!
LEICESTER. Yes, one knows Cecil’s dark and secretive bearing
When he makes chase after crimes of high treason.
It’s a fine season for you now, my Lord.
A truly monstrous misdeed has occurred and
Its authors still lie hidden deep in darkness.
A court of inquest will now be convened
And words and glances carefully weighed up.
Why, thoughts themselves will be called into court.
You are the very man there, our own Atlas
Of State who carries all England on his shoulders.
BURGHLEY. In you, my Lord, I recognize my master.
Such victory as your arts of persuasion gain
My powers never have brought home.
LEICESTER. Your meaning?
BURGHLEY. Were you not who, behind my back, knew to lure
The Queen to Fotheringhay?
LEICESTER. Behind your back!
When have I hidden my deeds from your knowledge?

BURGHLEY. You lured the Queen to Fotheringhay? Oh, no!
Surely it was the Queen who kindly lured you.

LEICESTER. What would you say, my Lord?

BURGHLEY. Oh, what a fine figure
You let the Queen cut there! The splendid triumph
Prepared her, unsuspecting. Gracious Princess!
Such shameless mockery, such unsparing exposure!
This therefore is the large mind and the mercy
That overcame you suddenly in Council!
That’s why this Stuart is a foe so feeble
And nil one does not spot oneself with her blood!

LEICESTER. Wretch! Come with me. You’ll answer me at the throne.

BURGHLEY. Expect me there. Let your persuasion not fail you!

(He goes off.)

Scene Four

Leicester alone, then Mortimer

I am discovered, seen through. How did he
Get on my track? If he has proofs, I am done.
And if the Queen learns of my understanding
With Mary—God! How guilty I’ll be in her eyes!
My counsel, leading her to Fotheringhay—it
Will all seem a ruse, a trick. And she will feel mocked,
Betrayed to her worst enemy! Never will she
Forgive me. It all seems a plot: the turn in
The conversation, Mary’s triumph and scorn,
Even the murder that surprised us—I will
Have set it up! It is hopeless! — Who is coming?

MORTIMER (entering, uneasy and wary).
Earl Leicester? We’ve no witnesses?

LEICESTER. What’s this?
What do you want?

MORTIMER. They’re on our track, on yours, too.
LEICESTER. Be gone!
MORTIMER. The secret meeting at Aubespine’s—
LEICESTER. Not my concern!
MORTIMER. The murderer’s presence there—
LEICESTER. Your care and not mine! Leave me out of this!
MORTIMER. But listen—
LEICESTER (very angry). Go to hell! Why hang yourself on my heels? I do not know you, with assassins I have no traffic.
MORTIMER. Your steps, too, are betrayed.
LEICESTER. Ha!
MORTIMER. The Lord High Treasurer was at Fotheringhay.
There was a great search, where they found—
LEICESTER. Found what?
MORTIMER. A letter to you that the Queen had begun—
LEICESTER. Ah!
MORTIMER. —asking you to keep your word, renewing
The promise of her hand, remembering the likeness—
LEICESTER. Death and damnation!
MORTIMER. Burghley has the letter—
LEICESTER. I’m lost!

(During Mortimer’s next speech Leicester walks up and down.)

MORTIMER. Act quickly! Act first! Save yourself! Save her!
Swear your way out of this. Invent excuses.
I myself can do nothing more. Our band is Scattered. I go to Scotland to find friends. It comes down to you. Use all your prestige,
Use quick wits—
LEICESTER (stands still, then, suddenly resolved).
I shall do exactly that.
(He goes to the door, opens it, and calls)
Hey! Guards! (To the Officer who enters with armed Guards)
A traitor! Seize him! Guard him well!
A foul plot come to light. Now straight to the Queen! (He goes off.)
MORTIMER (stunned at first, recovers himself and gazes after Leicester).
Scoundrel! But I deserve this! Who said to trust him?
I fall, become a bridge that he will walk over.
Save yourself! I’ll not take you down in my fall.
Even in death I do not like your league.
Life is the only good thing bad men have.
(To the Officer who steps forward to seize him)
Don’t touch me, you slave. I am free. (He draws a dagger.)
OFFICER. He’s armed!
Disarm him!

(They press around him, he fends them off.)

MORTIMER. Free, too, heart and soul, in death.
A curse on those who deny God and their Queen,
Turn from the earthly as from the heavenly Mary!
OFFICER. Treason and blasphemy! Lay hand on him!

1870
MORTIMER. Mary, my love, I could not bring you release.
Mary, sweet Mother, fold me into your peace.
(He stabs himself and falls into the arms of the Guard.)

Room of the Queen

Scene Five

Elizabeth, a letter in her hand. Burghley.

ELIZABETH. To take me there! Show me in triumph to
His mistress! Never such a betrayal, Burghley!

BURGHLLEY. I cannot grasp how he—by what arts—could
Surprise the good sense of my Queen so badly.

ELIZABETH. I’m dying of shame! How he must laugh at me!
I thought I would humiliate her, and myself
Became an object of scorn.

BURGHLLEY. Now you see how
Faithfully I advised you!

ELIZABETH. I am punished.

1880
But should I not have believed him? Who suspects
A trap among great oaths of love? Dear God!
Who can I trust? I raised him above all others,
Gave him the place next to my heart, let him
Carry himself like a king at this Court!

BURGHLEY. And he betrayed you to the false Queen of Scotland!
ELIZABETH. She'll pay with her blood! Is the warrant drawn up?
BURGHLEY. Done as you ordered.
ELIZABETH. She shall die! And he shall
See her fall and fall after. I have cast
Him from my heart, filled it with vengeance. Let him
Fall deep as he was lofty, monument to
My rigor as he was to my weakness.
Into the Tower! I shall name peers to judge him
After the strictest sense of the law.

BURGHLEY. Oh, but
He'll reach you, justify himself—

ELIZABETH. How so? The
Letter convicts him—

BURGHLEY. But your kindness, the mere
Sight of him—

ELIZABETH. Never will I see him again!
You've ordered him refused if he comes?

BURGHLEY. Just so.
PAGE (entering). My
Lord Leicester!

QUEEN. I am not to be seen. Tell him that.
PAGE. I dare not!

QUEEN. My servants fear him more than me!

BURGHLEY (to the Page). The Queen forbids his approach.

(The Page goes out reluctantly.)

QUEEN (after a pause). Could it be—if he justified himself—
Could it not be a trap to estrange us?
If Mary wrote the letter to make me
Suspect him? To bring him to fall—

BURGHLEY. But, my Queen—
Scene Six

As above. Leicester.

LEICESTER (tears open the door and strides in).

I’ll just see the one who forbids me my Queen!

ELIZABETH. Such insolence!

LEICESTER. To turn me away! If she is present for a Burghley, she’s present for me.

BURGHLEY. Quite bold, my Lord, to burst in here without asking.

LEICESTER. Quite pert, my Lord, to speak first. Asking!

There’s no one at this Court whom Leicester asks, whom he obeys. (Approaching Elizabeth, submissive)

I’ll hear from my own Queen—

ELIZABETH (refusing to look at him).

Out of my sight, worthless—

LEICESTER. I hear, not my kind Elizabeth, but this Lord, whose— My appeal is to my Elizabeth— You lent him your ear, I lay claim to nothing less.

ELIZABETH. Speak! Own or deny it!

LEICESTER. First let this burdensome third take his leave.

Step out, my Lord. What I have to discuss with My Queen requires no witness. Go now!

ELIZABETH (to Burghley). Stay here!

LEICESTER. What business has a third between you and me?

I claim the rights of my place—sacred rights!

The Lord remove himself!

ELIZABETH. How haughtiness becomes you!

LEICESTER. Becomes me well. I am the chosen One. Your great favor lent me this rank, and What love has given I shall assert. Two minutes—

ELIZABETH. Of chatter—

LEICESTER. Chatter is for him. I speak to Your heart! What I have dared do by your favor
I’ll justify to your heart. I know no court but
Your heart!
ELIZABETH. And that is what damns you. Lord Burghley,
I bid you show him the letter.
LEICESTER (reading the letter, unruffled). That is her hand.
LEICESTER (calmly). All appearance is
Against me. I hope not to be judged by that.
ELIZABETH. Do you deny a secret understanding
With Mary Stuart? You received her likeness
And gave her hope of rescue.
LEICESTER. I could discount
My enemy’s words if I felt guilty, but
My conscience is clear. What she writes is true.
ELIZABETH. Now then!
BURGHLEY. He damns himself!
LEICESTER. I am none.
My error was to make a secret of it.
This was my effort to discover—
ELIZABETH. Excuses!
LEICESTER. I’ve played a dangerous game. Only Earl Leicester
Could be so bold at this Court. All the world knows
How I hate Mary Stuart. My high rank, the
Trust of my Queen remove all doubt. The man picked
Out by your favor can risk a bold path.
BURGHLEY. And why the silence?
LEICESTER. You hang a bell on your deeds,
My Lord. I act, then talk.
BURGHLEY. You talk since you must.
LEICESTER (fixing him contemptuously).
You claim the fame of having put into action
A fabulous deed, saved your Queen, unmasked a
Great treason. You know it all, nothing escapes you.
Braggart! For all your keen nose, Mary Stuart
Were free as of today, had I not blocked it
BURGHLEY. You?
LEICESTER. I, my Lord. The Queen confided in Mortimer.
She went so far as to give him against
Mary a bloody charge the uncle refused.

(The Queen and Burghley look at one another, appalled.)

BURGHLEY. How did you—
LEICESTER. Is it not so? Where did you have
Your thousand eyes, not to see this Mortimer was
Double? He was a raging papist, a tool of
The Guises, Stuart’s creature, scheming fanatic
Come to free Stuart and to murder our own Queen—

ELIZABETH (utterly astonished).
Mortimer?
LEICESTER. He was go-between for Mary
With me. That’s how I came to know him. Today
Yet she was to be snatched out of her prison.
He told me himself. I had him arrested.
Despairing, he took his own life.

ELIZABETH. Deceived! Deception
Beyond words!
BURGHLEY. And all this just since I left you?
LEICESTER. A poor outcome. His witness would have cleared me.
That’s why I turned him over to the courts.
Strict justice was to prove my innocence.

BURGHLEY. He killed himself, you say—
LEICESTER. Unworthy suspicion!

Question the Guards—

(He goes to the door and calls. The Officer of the Bodyguard enters.)
Submit report to the Queen how

That Mortimer died!

OFFICER. I held the watch in the
Anteroom when my Lord threw open the door
And ordered me to seize the Knight as a traitor.
He pulled a dagger, raged, insulted the Queen,
And stabbed himself before we could stop him—
LEICESTER. That will do. You may go.

(The Officer goes off.)

ELIZABETH. What an abyss—
LEICESTER. Who was it saved you? Was it my Lord Burghley?

He saw the danger? And turned it aside?

BURGHLEY. This Mortimer died timely for you, my Lord.

ELIZABETH. What should I say? I believe you, I don’t believe you.

I believe you guilty, don’t believe it. Oh, hateful
Woman! To cause me such pain!

LEICESTER. She must die.

Now I, too, say so. Not till an arm is raised, I
Had said. That has now happened. Judgment must
Be executed forthwith. The Queen’s safety
Demands this bloody extreme, much as it grieves me.

BURGHLEY (to the Queen). Since my Lord’s meaning is so earnest and true

I would propose that execution of judgment

Be removed onto him.

LEICESTER. Me!

BURGHLEY. You! No better

Way to lay suspicion that rests on you than

That you, accused of loving her, should see her

Beheaded.

ELIZABETH (fixing Leicester). Well advised, Lord. Let it be so.

LEICESTER. My rank should free me of a charge so dismal,

Suited in all respects much better to Burghley.

One nearest my Queen ought do nothing baneful.

To prove my zeal and satisfy my Queen I

Renounce the privilege of my rank, assume

This loathsome duty.

ELIZABETH. Lord Burghley share it with you.

(To Burghley) See that the order be issued right away.

(Burghley goes off. Sounds of a disturbance off-stage.)
Scene Seven

Earl Kent to join the others

ELIZABETH. What is it Lord, Kent? What’s the noise?
KENT. The people Queen. They surround the palace, demand to see you.
ELIZABETH. What does my folk want?
KENT. Rumor goes through London That your life is threatened and assassins Are sent by Rome, that Catholics are in league to Free Lady Stuart by force, proclaim her queen. The mob believes it. They are demanding her head. They Refuse to go home until judgment is signed.
ELIZABETH. What? Shall I be forced to?

Scene Eight

Burghley and Davison with a writing. As above.

ELIZABETH. What’s this, Davison?
DAVISON (approaching, grave). Your orders, my Queen.
ELIZABETH (reaches for the sheet, then shrinks back). Oh, God!
BURGHLEY. Heed the voice of The people, it is the voice of God.
ELIZABETH (struggling with herself). Oh, but My Lords, who says if I indeed hear the voice Of all my people, of the world? Oh, how I fear, if I obey the voice of the mob, Another voice will make itself heard, those who Drive me to act now will blame me when it’s done.
Scene Nine

Hear Shrewsbury to join the others. Kent goes off.

SHREWSBURY (very aroused).
They’re rushing you, Queen. Stand fast—(He notices Davison with the writing.)

Is it too late?

Let that not come before the eyes of my Queen!

ELIZABETH. My noble Shrewsbury, they are forcing me!

SHREWSBURY. But who can force you? You are our ruler,

Now is the time to show your majesty!

Order those voices to fall silent that

Make bold to force your royal will, your judgment.

Fear moves the crowd; you, too, are beside yourself.

You are but human, cannot pass judgment now.

BURGHLEY. Judgment has long since been passed. No decision

Is to be reached, but executed rather.

KENT (returning). The crowd is growing, and the mob will not

Let itself be held back!

ELIZABETH (to Shrewsbury). See how they press me!

SHREWSBURY. Only delay. This pen stroke will decide your

Happiness and your peace. You’ve pondered for years;

A moment should rip you along? Collect

Yourself, attend a quiet hour.

BURGHLEY (impatient). Oh, wait

And hesitate, waste time, until the Realm

Stands in flames and your rival meets with success.

Three times a god has shielded you, today it

Came close. To invite a fourth is to tempt God.

SHREWSBURY. The God whose wonder-working hand has

Kept you four times and enabled this old man

To crush a madman—He is to be trusted!

I shall not speak of justice. This is not the moment.

Merely this: You tremble at the living

Mary and not before the dead one? She will

Rise from the grave, a goddess of strife, and swoop

Over your Kingdom, turn your people against you.

The Briton hates her now, soon he’ll avenge her,
Enemy no longer of his one true faith, but
Granddaughter of his kings and victim of hate.
Process through London when the deed is done,
Show yourself to your people—You’ll find them changed.
Your element is justice no longer, but fear,
Making a desert every street where you pass.
What head is safe if this one must fall!

ELIZABETH. Ah, Shrewsbury, you saved my life. To what effect?
All strife were at an end, all doubt resolved, and
Unstained by guilt, I would lie in my grave.
For truly! I have tired of living and ruling.
Must one queen fall? Can that not be me? Let
My people choose. I lived for it, God knows,
And not for myself. If it hopes for this Mary,
The younger queen, I’ll seek the stillness of Woodstock.
I am not born to rule—alas I am not!
A ruler must be hard and my heart is soft.
I’ve ruled this Island happily, needing but to
Make happy. Come the first hard royal duty,
And I feel my weakness—

BURGHLEY. By all that’s holy!
When I hear such unkinglike words from my Queen,
It were betrayal of my duty and land to
Keep silent here among you any longer.
You say you love your people more than yourself.
Show us that love. Do not choose peace for yourself
And give the Realm up to these raging storms.
Think of the Church. Is Mary Stuart to bring the
Old idols back? The Roman legate to come close
Our churches and dethrone our anointed kings?
I yet require your subjects of you—saved or lost
In consequence of what you choose to do now.
This is no time for soft heart and compassion.
Shrewsbury saved your life—I would save England!

ELIZABETH. Let me be left to myself! There’s no counsel
Among men in this matter. I go before
A higher Judge to do His bidding. Leave me,
My Lords! (To Davison) You, sir, I’d have remain close by.

(The Lords go off. Shrewsbury lingers before the Queen, then follows slowly, expressing great pain.)

Scene Ten

Elizabeth alone

Serving the people—slavery, bondage! How it Revolts me, flattering this false god I despise!
When shall I ever stand free upon this throne!
Honor opinion, court praise from the mob,
And make it right to those who want to be fooled!
Oh, he’s no king who still must please the world!

Why have I always been just, never despotic,
Only to tie my own hands at the first
Forced act of violence! My example damns me!
A tyrant like the Spanish Mary before me,
I could shed king’s blood. Did I so choose? I Am forced. Necessity imposes forbearance.
Surrounded by foes, I am held on my
Contested throne by public favor alone.
The powers of the Continent conspire to destroy me.
From Rome the Pope renews his ancient ban,

From France, betrayal in a Judas kiss, and
From Spain the threat of war on the high seas.
With spotless virtue I must mask a stain on
My birth, a defect in my rights. In vain!
The enemy sets this Stuart up against me.
Where I have planted pleasure or hope, I find her
Across my path, a snake sent me from Hell!
My lover she seduces, costs me my bridegroom,
My every sorrow is called Mary Stuart!
This fear must end. Her head must fall. I will have peace!

Once she’s removed from this world, I’m free as the wind.
(She falls silent.)
Bastard you’d call me? Your misfortune, that!
(She goes to the table and seizes a pen.)
Only as long as you live am I so,
If I destroy you, I destroy all doubt.
And when the Briton can no longer choose,
Then I was born and bred in lawful bed!
(She signs firmly and rapidly, drops the pen, and steps back, horrified. After a pause, she rings.)

Scene Eleven

Elizabeth. Davison.

ELIZABETH. Where are their lordships?

DAVISON. They have gone to calm the mob. It fell still when it saw Earl Shrewsbury.
He used soft words, reproached their violence,
And calmed them till they crept away from the square.

ELIZABETH. The fickle crowd! Do not lean on this reed!
You may go. Very good.

(As Davison turns toward the door)

Here, this. Take it back.

DAVISON (casting a glance at the writing she has given him).
My Queen! Your name here! You have decided?

ELIZABETH. I was to sign. I have signed. A sheet of paper does not decide yet. A mere name does not kill.

DAVISON. Your name, Queen, on this writing decides all,
Kills, is a thunderbolt. This sheet commands
The sheriff and commissioners to Fotheringhay to
The Queen of Scotland to announce her death and
To execute the warrant before day.

No respite. She has lived when I release this.

ELIZABETH. God lays a heavy fate in your weak hands.
Beseech Him that He shine the light of his
Wisdom on you. I’ll leave you to your duty.

DAVISON (blocks her path).
Tell me your wishes first, my Queen. Is
It wisdom just to follow your command? You
Give me this writing for swift execution?
ELIZABETH. That you with your good sense—
DAVISON (breaking in, frightened). Oh, not with mine!
That God forbid! Obedience is my good sense.
Your servant should be left to decide nothing.

A small mistake and a queen dies. Tell me
Clearly: What should I do with this death warrant?
ELIZABETH. Its name says it—
DAVISON. You wish it executed right away?
ELIZABETH (hesitating). That I don’t say and tremble to think it.
DAVISON. You want me then to keep it for the moment?
ELIZABETH (quickly). What? At your peril! You answer for it.
DAVISON. Me? Holy God! Speak, Queen! What is it you want?
ELIZABETH (impatient). I want this foul case never thought of again,
I want to have peace at last and forever!

DAVISON. It costs you only one word. Tell me, decide:
What is to be done with this writing, my Queen?
ELIZABETH. I’ve said it. Torment me no further with this.
DAVISON. You’ve said it? You’ve said nothing to me. It please
My Queen to recall—
ELIZABETH (stamping her foot). Unbearable!
DAVISON. Have patience
With me. I came into this office only
A few months ago. I do not know the language
Of court and kings. I grew up with plain manners.
Have patience, teach me what my duty is—

(He approaches her, entreating; she turns her back;
he stands despairing; then, in a firm tone)

Take this back! Take it! It burns my hands. Do not
Choose me to serve you in this frightful business.
ELIZABETH. You do your duty! (She goes off.)
Scene Twelve

Davison. Then Burghley.

DAVISON. She’s gone. What shall I do?

Am I to keep it? Am I to hand it over?

(To Burghley, who enters)

Oh, good! Good that you come, my Lord. It was you
Who brought me to this office. Free me of it!
I did not know its reach. Let me go back
Into obscurity. I do not belong here.

BURGHLEY. What’s this? Compose yourself. Where is the warrant?

The Queen had you called.

DAVISON. She left me in a rage.

Advise me! Help me! Here is the warrant. It’s signed.

BURGHLEY (in haste).

2170 Signed? Give it here! Give here!

DAVISON. I’m not allowed.

BURGHLEY. What?

DAVISON. She has not told me clearly what she wants—

BURGHLEY. Not told you? She has signed it. Give it here!

DAVISON. I am to have it executed, not have

It executed—God knows what I’m to do.

BURGHLEY (pressing).

Right now, this minute have it executed.

Give here! You’re lost forever if you delay.

DAVISON. I’m lost if I rush ahead and act too soon.

BURGHLEY. You are a fool! Give here!

(He snatches the writing from Davison and rushes off.)

DAVISON (hurrying after). Oh, stop! I’ll be ruined!
William Cecil, 1st Baron Burghley, late 1580s. Attributed to the Workshop of Marcus Gheeraerts, the Younger. Wikimedia, public domain, https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:William_Cecil_Lord_Burghley_Gheeraerts_Workshop.jpg
Act Five

The scene is that of Act One.

Scene One

Hanna Kennedy, dressed in deep mourning, her eyes red with weeping, is tying up packets and sealing letters. Her work is often broken by grief and pauses for prayer. Paulet and Drury, also in black, enter, followed by servants carrying gold and silver vessels, mirrors, paintings, and other treasures, which then fill the background. Paulet delivers a jewelry case to Hanna and a list of its contents, as he indicates by gestures. The sight renews the Nurse’s pain. The others withdraw. Melvil enters.

KENNEDY (cries out as she sees him).

Melvil! It’s you! I see you once again!

MELVIL. Dear Kennedy, yes. We meet here again.

KENNEDY. After a long, long painful separation!

MELVIL. A sorrowful and painful meeting again!

KENNEDY. Oh, God! You’ve come—

MELVIL. To take last leave of my Queen.

KENNEDY. Now at last, on the morning of her death,

It’s granted her to see her people again.

Oh, I’ll not ask how you have fared meanwhile,

Nor will I tell how we have suffered since

The long-ago day you were torn from our side.

There will be time for that yet. Oh, Melvil, that we

Should have to see the dawn of this day!

MELVIL. Let us
Not weaken one another. I shall weep
As long as I live, no smile brighten these cheeks,
Nor shall I lay aside black mourning. Always
Shall I mourn. But today I would stand firm.
Promise me you will master your grief and,
When others give way to despair, let us go
Before her, her staff on the way to her death!

KENNEDY. Melvil, you are mistaken if you believe
The Queen needs our support to go to her death. She
Sets an example for us. Never fear!
For Mary Stuart dies a heroine and a queen.

MELVIL. And how did she receive the news of her death?
I heard it said she had not been prepared.

KENNEDY. She had not. Wholly different fears disturbed her,
Not death but rescue. Mortimer had promised
To free her last night, and between hope and fear—
Whether she trust him with her honor and person—
The Queen awaited him and looked for the morning.
A sudden thud of footsteps, hammering and knocking.

We think we hear our rescuers come at last.
Hope beckons, will to live assails us— The door
Opens, Sir Paulet comes to say carpenters
Are setting up a scaffold down below us.

(She turns away, overcome by grief.)

MELVIL. Dear God in heaven! How did Mary respond?

KENNEDY (after a pause in which she steadies herself).
One does not lay life aside slowly. All
At once, swift, in an instant must come the change
From Time to the Eternal. And God granted
My Lady in this moment strength to cast off
All earthly hope with a firm spirit and

Attach herself to Heaven full of faith.
No sign of fear, no complaint tarnished her honor.
Only on learning of Lord Leicester’s bad faith,
Of the fate of that boy who gave his life
For her, on seeing the old knight’s distress,
Whose last hope had died for her cause and for her,
Did she shed tears. She passed the rest of the night
In prayer, wrote to her dearest friends, and made
Her will with her own hand. She’s resting now, her
Last sleep.

MELVIL. Who’s with her?
KENNEDY. Her physician, her women.

Scene Two

As above. Margaret Curle enters.

KENNEDY. Mistress, what news? The Lady is awake?
CURLE (drying her eyes).

Already dressed. And asking for you.
KENNEDY. I’m coming.

(To Melvil, who is about to follow)

Not yet. Wait till I have prepared the Lady. (She goes off.)
CURLE. It’s Melvil, our old steward!
KENNEDY. Yes, it’s me.
CURLE. Oh, this house needs no steward anymore!

You come from London? Have you news of my husband?

MELVIL. He’s to be freed when—
CURLE. When the Queen is no more!

And it’s his witness that condemned her?

MELVIL. Just so.
CURLE. He gave false witness—
MELVIL. But consider, Mistress—
CURLE. I’ll swear to it in court, swear to his face.

She dies without guilt.

MELVIL. God grant it be so!
Scene Three

As above. Burgoyne enters, then Hanna Kennedy.

BURGOYNE (seeing Melvil).

Ah, Melvil!

MELVIL (embracing him). Burgoyne!

BURGOYNE (to Margaret Curle). Bring us a glass of wine for

Our Lady. Quickly!

(Curle goes off.)

MELVIL. Is the Queen not well?

BURGOYNE. She believes herself strong and she will not eat, but

Hard struggle awaits her. Let no one say

Fear blanched her cheek, when it was Nature’s weakness.

MELVIL (to the Nurse, who enters). Will she see me?

KENNEDY. She'll be here right away. —

You look about, see these magnificent things?

In life we suffered need, in death we have plenty.

Scene Four

As above. Two other waiting women enter, dressed in mourning.

Seeing Melvil, they burst into tears.

MELVIL. What a reunion! Gertrude! Rosamond!

SECOND ATTENDANT. She sent us out, to speak with God alone.

(Two more waiting women enter, in mourning and expressing deep
grief.)
Scene Five

Margaret Curle returns. She carries a golden cup of wine, sets it on the table, and supports herself on a chair.

MELVIL. What is it, Mistress?
CURLE. Oh, God!
BURGOYNE. What is wrong?
CURLE. Oh, what I saw!
MELVIL. Be calm. Tell us what it is.
CURLE. As I came up the grand stair with this wine cup,
The door sprang open in the hall. Oh, God!
MELVIL. You saw what?
CURLE. Walls draped in black. Before them
A scaffold hung in black rose from the floor.
A block, a cushion, both black, a gleaming axe,
The room of men with greedy, blood-thirsty looks.
THE WOMEN. God bless our Lady!
MELVIL. Steady now! She is coming.

Scene Six

As above. Mary. She is dressed in festive white, an Agnus Dei hangs on a chain at her neck, a rosary at her belt. She carries a Crucifix and, in her hair, a diadem. Her long black veil is thrown back. At her entrance all present step back to both sides, with expressions of pain. Melvil instinctively sinks to his knees.

MARY (looking about, poised and calm).

Why do you weep? Why grieve? Be joyful with me.
The end of all my sorrow is here at last,
My fetters fall, my prison doors swing open,
And my soul mounts toward freedom on angels’ wings.
When I was in the power of my proud rival,
Suffering disgrace, what a great queen is spared—
That was the proper time to weep for me.
Beneficent and healing, Death now approaches,
That grave friend. With his dusky wings he will cover
Base pain. Last fate ennobles fallen mankind.
I feel the crown on my head, pride in my soul!
(Advancing a few steps)
What? Melvil here? Not thus, brave Knight! Stand up!
You’ve come to your Queen’s triumph, not her death.
I had not hoped to know such happiness:
My history will not rest in enemies’ hands,
One friend, of my faith witnesses my death.
Tell me, Knight, how you fared in this hostile land
Since they took you away from me.

MELVIL. I suffered
No want but care for you, whom I could not serve.

MARY. And Didier, my old chamberlain? He sleeps an
Eternal sleep? He was advanced in years.

MELVIL. He’s not so blessed. He lives to mourn your youth.
MARY. Had I but lived to embrace my loved kinsmen!
I die among strangers, see your tears only.
Last wishes for my own I lay in your hands.
I bless the Most Christian King, my brother,
The royal house of France, my uncle the Cardinal,
And Henry Guise, my cousin. I bless the Pope,
Vicar of Christ, who blesses me, and the
Catholic King, who wished to be my savior.

They all are named in my will and testament,
They will not scorn my gifts, however poor.
(Turning to her servants)
You I commend all to my brother in France.
He’ll give you a new country. Honor my last
Request: Do not remain in England, let
The Briton not feed on your sorrow. (Showing her Crucifix) By
The Savior, promise me not to remain in
This wretched land.

MELVIL (touching the Crucifix). I swear in the name of all.
MARY. What I possessed once I give to you all. My
Last will be honored. What I wear to my death
Is yours, too. Grant me once more to enjoy
An earthly brilliance on my way to Heaven!
(To the Attendants)
To you, my Alix, Gertrude, Rosamond,
My pearls and my clothes. Young, you love fine things.
You, Margaret, have next claim upon my bounty.
I leave you behind unhappiest of all.
My will shows I do not impose your husband’s
Guilt on you. You, my Hanna, find no charm
In gold or stones. Your treasure is my memory.
This cloth is yours. I’ve worked it for you with my
Own hands in hours of sorrow, woven my tears
Into it. Bind my eyes with this when it’s time.
I would receive this at the last from my Hanna.
KENNEDY. Oh, Melvil, I can’t bear it!
MARY. Come, one and all!
Come and receive my last farewell.

(She extends her hands. One after another they kneel and kiss the offered hand, weeping.)

Farewell!
Margaret, farewell. Alix, goodbye. My thanks,
Burgoyne, for faithful service all these years.
Gertrude, your lips burn. Much loved and much hated
I was. Your glowing heart, Gertrude, demands love.
A worthy husband seal your happiness.

Berta, chaste bride of Heaven, take your vows soon!
The goods of this world deceive. Learn from your Queen.
No more! Farewell! Farewell! Forever farewell!

(She turns away. All except Melvil go off.)
Scene Seven

Mary. Melvil.

MARY. All temporal things are now in order. I hope
To leave this world as debtor to no man. But
One thing weighs on my soul, holds it earthbound.

MELVIL. Tell a true friend. And lighten your burdened heart.

MARY. I stand at the edge of Eternity
And have not reconciled the Holy One yet.
A priest of my Church is denied me. I

Refuse the service of another. I would
Die faithful to my sole redeeming Church.

MELVIL. For Heaven the wish is as good as the deed.
Tyranny binds the hands but not the heart.

MARY. Melvil, the heart alone is not enough.
Faith needs a token. God thus became flesh,
Invisible gifts in the visible.
The Universal Church, the Catholic Church,
Builds a great ladder heavenward, for faith
Strengthens faith where ten thousands kneel to pray,

Coals become flame and the winged spirit takes flight.
Happy who gather in the House of the Lord!
The bishop in white vestments stands at the altar,
Where candles flicker, incense rises, bells sound.
He takes the chalice, blesses it, proclaims
The wonder of the bread and the wine, and
The faithful people, believing, drop to their knees
Before God present. I alone am shut out!

MELVIL. You are received and God is present. Trust him.
For a dry rod can put forth green shoots and the

One who struck water from the rock can prepare
An altar in your prison, turn this earthly
Vessel into a holy chalice for you.71
(He takes up the wine cup from the table.)

MARY. I understand you. The Redeemer said:
When two are gathered in my name, I am
Present among you. What consecrates a priest? A Pure heart and spotless life. Thus you are a priest Sent me by God to give me comfort. To You would I make my last confession and learn From your mouth of forgiveness and salvation.

MELVIL. Then know, my Queen, that God can also perform A miracle to comfort you. You err: Here is a priest and God is present here, too. (He uncovers his head and presents a Host in a golden vessel.) I am a priest. To hear your last confession And give you peace now on your way to death, I Have taken holy orders and I bring you This Host sent by the Holy Father, who blessed it.

MARY. God’s joy is given me on the threshold of death! Like the apostle whom the angel led From prison, whom no lock and no sword held— He strides through closed gates and stands shining in jail— I am surprised by Heaven’s herald when All earthly rescuers have failed me and foundered. And you, my servant once, are now God’s and His holy mouth. Your knee bent once before me, I now bend mine before you. (She kneels before him.)

MELVIL (making the sign of the Cross). In the name of The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost! Mary, Queen, have you well examined your heart? And swear to confess truth before the true God?

MARY. My heart is open before Him and you.

MELVIL. What sin does conscience reproach you since you Were reconciled last with your God?

MARY. My heart was filled with envious hate and wish For revenge on my rival. I hoped God would Forgive me and myself could not forgive her.

MELVIL. Do you rue it and wish to die reconciled?

MARY. As surely as I hope God will forgive me.

MELVIL. What other sin does your heart accuse you of?

MARY. Oh, not by hate alone, by sinful love I have offended highest God yet more.
My empty heart was drawn to a man who
Deceived me shamelessly and deserted me. MELVIL. Do you rue it? And has your heart turned away?
MARY. My hardest struggle. The last bond is broken.
MELVIL. What other guilt does conscience yet reproach you?
MARY. An early blood guilt, long ago confessed,
Returns with terrors like none known before,
Now that I settle my accounts before dying.
Darnley, my husband, I worked to have murdered,
Then gave my seducer my hand in marriage.
I have atoned with proper penalties, but
It gnaws at my soul and gives me no peace.
MELVIL. Your heart accuses no sin not yet confessed?
MARY. You now know everything that burdens my heart.
MELVIL. Think of the nearness of all-knowing God!
Think of the penalties for sins not confessed.
That is the sin of eternal death. Committed
Against the Holy Spirit, it condemns you.
MARY. Then let eternal mercy grant me victory
In the last struggle. I have hidden nothing.
MELVIL. You would conceal from God the crime of which
All men accuse you? Nothing here of your part
In Babington’s and Parry’s high treason?
You die a temporal death for this deed. Would
You also die eternal death for it?
MARY. I shall appear in the presence of God
Before the minute hand has turned a full round,
And I repeat: I have confessed all things.
MELVIL. The heart deceives. Have you evaded the word
While the will took part in the crime? His eye,
Which sees the deepest things, will not be deceived.
MARY. I called all princes, charged them to free me
Of unworthy bonds. Never by intention
Or deed did I attempt the life of my rival!
MELVIL. Your scribes both gave false witness, you would say?
MARY. It is as I have told you. God be their judge!
MELVIL. You climb the scaffold believing you are guiltless?
MARY. God finds me worthy to atone early crime by
Dying, this last, a death I have not deserved.75

MELVIL (making the sign of the Cross).

Go now, repent. Blood can redeem blood crime.
You erred of weakness. Mortal weakness does not
Follow the soul into death’s transfiguration.
By the power vested in me to loose and to bind
I grant you remission of all your sins.
May coming events accord with your faith.
(He offers her the Host.)
This is the Body given for you. Take, eat.
(He lifts the chalice from the table, consecrates it in silent prayer and offers it to her.)
This is the Blood shed for you.

(She hesitates with a gesture of refusal.)76
Take it. Accept!
The Pope extends this favor, gives you in death
The priest’s privilege and the anointed king’s.

(She receives the chalice.)

Just as your earthly body now is joined to God,
Just so you join eternal Godliness in Heaven,
Where there is no guilt, where there is no weeping.

(He sets down the chalice. A noise at the door. He covers his head and
goes to answer. Mary kneels still in silent devotion.)

MELVIL (returning). A hard test lies before you. Are you strong
Enough to conquer all hate, all bitterness?
MARY. I fear no lapse. I’ve given both to God.
MELVIL. Prepare yourself to receive Lords Leicester and Burghley.
Scene Eight

As above. Burghley, Leicester and Paulet.

Leicester remains at a distance and does not look up. Burghley, noticing his state, places himself between Leicester and the Queen.

BURGHLEY. I am here, Lady Stuart, to receive Your last orders.

MARY. I thank you.

BURGHLEY. It is the wish of My Queen that nothing meet be denied you.

MARY. My testament names my last wishes. I Have laid it in Knight Paulet’s hands and ask That it be executed faithfully.

PAULET. You may depend on it.

MARY. I bid you to release my servants unharmed To France or Scotland, as they require to go.

BURGHLEY. It shall be as you wish.

MARY. Since my body Is not to lie in hallowed ground, I ask that This faithful servant (indicating Melvil) bring my heart to my friends in France. It was ever there!

BURGHLEY. That, too, shall be done.

MARY. To the Queen of England A sister’s greetings. Tell her I forgive her My death with all my heart and rue and regret my Hot words of yesterday. God keep her and grant her A happy reign!

BURGHLEY. Have you not reconsidered? Will you still not accept the deacon’s attendance?

MARY. I have been reconciled with God. Knight Paulet! Guiltless, I’ve greatly pained you, robbed your comfort In old age. I hope you will not think of me With hatred.

PAULET (gives her his hand). God be with you! Go in peace!
Scene Nine

As above. Hanna Kennedy and the Queen’s other women enter, showing horror; the Sheriff follows, carrying a white staff; behind them, through the open door, one sees armed Guards.

MARY. What is it, Hanna? — Ah, yes. It’s time. The sheriff comes now to lead us to death. Now we must part.

(Her women cling to her, weeping.)

Farewell! Farewell! (To Melvil) You, sir, and my Hanna shall go with me on this last walk. You, my Lord, would not deny me this last favor, I hope.

BURGHLEY. I’ve no authority.

MARY. You would deny me this last? Respect my sex, sir. Who is to render me this last service? Never would my sister intend our sex insulted by men’s rough hands!

BURGHLEY. No woman at the block! Her wailing—

MARY. There will be no wailing. You, my Lord, would not remove me in death from my nurse. Her arms brought me into life, her hand lead me into death.

PAULET (to Burghley). Permit it.

BURGHLEY. So be it.

MARY. Now I have nothing more in this world— (She raises the Crucifix and kisses it.) My Savior! My Redeemer!

As you spread your arms on the Cross, now open them wide and receive me in grace.

(She turns to go and her eye falls on Earl Leicester, who has looked up at her departure. Mary shudders, her knees give way, and she is about to fall when Leicester catches her. She gazes at him long and steadily; he cannot meet her gaze; finally she speaks.)

You keep your word, Lord Leicester, you who promised your arm on which to lead me from my prison.
(He stands as if destroyed. She continues softly)
Not only freedom would I credit your hand.
You were to make my freedom precious to me.

And now on the way out of this world, tempted
No more by earthly longing, I admit,
With no shame, weakness I have overcome.
Farewell. Live happy, too, if you are able!
Your fortune was to sue for two queens; one,
A loving heart, you spurned, to win a proud one.
Kneel at the feet of your Elizabeth!
May your reward not become your punishment.
Farewell! Now I have nothing more in this world!

(She goes off, led by the Sheriff, Melvil and her Nurse at her side.
Burghley and Paulet follow; the others, grieving, follow her with their eyes until she is out of sight. They then go off through two other doors.)

Scene Ten

Leicester alone

And I still live! Endure yet to live on!
This roof does not fall? No abyss opens?
What have I not lost! What divine happiness!
She goes, pure spirit now. I stay behind, damned.

And what of my resolve to stifle my heart?
To see her head fall with a steady gaze?
Must she, in death, catch me again in love’s toils?

Wretch! You have no more claim to womanish feelings!
There’ll be no love on your path anymore!
Armor your breast with steel, your brow be a rock!
Would you not lose the prize of this shameful deed,

You must hold to it boldly and complete it.
Silence, soft feelings! Turn to stone, you eyes!
I shall see her fall, I will be witness.

(He strides toward the door Mary went out, then stops.)
No use. Hellish dread holds me. I cannot look.
   Listen! What was that? They are down there already,
Beneath my feet. Yes. I hear voices. Away from
This house of death!
(He wants to go out by another door and finds it locked.)
What binds me to this floor?
Must I hear what I cannot bear to see?
The deacon’s voice, he cautions her, she breaks in,
She prays in a loud voice, a steady, loud voice.
Stillness and silence. Only sobbing—the women.
She’s being disrobed. The stool is placed. She kneels.
(He speaks these last words with mounting anxiety, then stops. One
sees him start and shudder, then sink to the floor. A murmur of
voices rises from below and lasts long.)

Elizabeth’s room in Act Four

Scene Eleven

Elizabeth enters from the side, visibly uneasy.

No one here. Still no word. Will evening not come?
A torment, waiting this way. Has it happened?
Has it not? Both fill me with dread. I daren’t ask.
No sign of Leicester, none of Burghley either.
If they’ve left London, then the arrow’s in flight.
Cost it my realm, I’ve cannot stop it. — Who’s there?

Scene Twelve

Elizabeth. A Page.

ELIZABETH. You come back all alone? Where are their lordships?
PAGE. My Lord Earl Leicester and the Lord High Treasurer—
ELIZABETH (in suspense). Where are they?
PAGE. They are not in London.
ELIZABETH. Where are they then?

PAGE. That no one knew to tell me.

It’s said that they left London before dawn,
In a great hurry and quite secretly.

ELIZABETH (exclaiming). I am Queen of England! (Pacing up and down) Go and call—
No. Stay here. — She is dead! At last I have space
On earth. Why do I tremble? Why so anxious?
The grave hides it. Who dares say I did it? (To the Page)
Are you still here? My scribe shall come this instant.
Send for Earl Shrewsbury. — Here he is himself!

(The Page goes off.)

Scene Thirteen

Elizabeth. Earl Shrewsbury.

2540 ELIZABETH. Welcome, my Lord. What brings you here so late?

SHREWSBURY. Great Queen, my worried heart, concerned for your fame,
Compelled me to the Tower today, where
Mary’s scribes Curle and Nau are held.78 The Guard
Refused me entry. Only threats brought me in.
God! What a sight! Curle lay, his hair wild, his eyes
Crazed. Hardly has he seen me, he grasps my knees,
Demands to know his Queen’s fate. Rumor had reached him.
When I confirmed his witness had condemned her,
He fell on Nau, to throttle him, then turned his
Rage on himself, beat his breast, cursed them both. His
Witness was false, he said. The letters he’d sworn
Were true—they were false. He’d written words he
Never heard spoken. Nau had led him to it.
He rushed to the sill, cried into the street,
So that a great crowd gathered: He was the Queen’s
Scribe, had accused her falsely, was a villain.

ELIZABETH. You said he’d lost his mind. All this proves nothing.
SHREWSBURY. It proves the more. Oh, Queen, use caution. Order

A new inquiry into everything.

ELIZABETH. I shall. Because you wish it, not because

I doubt the peers who tried her. To assure you

We renew inquiry. Good that there’s still time.

Scene Fourteen

Davison to join the others

ELIZABETH. The warrant, sir, that I put into your hand—

Where is it?

DAVISON (utterly astonished). Warrant?

ELIZABETH. That I gave you to

Keep yesterday—

DAVISON. Gave me to keep?

ELIZABETH. The people

Clamored for me to sign. I did its will.

I did so under duress and placed the sheet

In your hand—to gain time. You know what I said.

SHREWSBURY. Return it, sir. The matter has changed. Inquiry

Must be reopened.

DAVISON. Reopened? Merciful God!

ELIZABETH. Don’t take so long. Where is the sheet?

DAVISON (despairing). I am lost!

As good as dead!

ELIZABETH (breaking in). Let me not think, sir—

DAVISON. I’m lost!

I do not have it anymore.

ELIZABETH. What’s this?

SHREWSBURY. God!

DAVISON. Burghley has it. Since yesterday.

ELIZABETH. You wretch!

Is that how you obey me? Did I not

Command you strictly to keep it?

DAVISON. You did not,
My Queen.

ELIZABETH. You call me a liar, do you, you rogue?
When did I tell you to give Burghley the sheet?

DAVISON. Not in clear words, but—

ELIZABETH. Good-for-Nothing! You dare

**Interpret** my words? Woe betide you if this

Ends in disaster. You shall pay with your life.

Earl Shrewsbury, you see how my name is misused!

SHREWSBURY. I see—oh, God!

ELIZABETH. What is it you’re saying?

SHREWSBURY. If

The squire has acted without your knowledge, he must

Be called before a court of peers. He has

Exposed your name to the contempt of all time.

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**Last Scene**

As above. Burghley. Then Kent.

BURGHLEY (**drops to one knee before the Queen**).
Long live my royal Mistress, Queen of England!
May all foes of this Isle end like this Stuart!

*(Shrewsbury covers his face. Davison wrings his hands.)*

ELIZABETH. Tell me, my Lord. Did you have warrant from me?

BURGHLEY. No, Mistress. I had it from Davison here.

ELIZABETH. Davison gave it to you in my name?

BURGHLEY. No! He did not—

ELIZABETH. You executed it

Not knowing my will? It was just, the world
Cannot blame us. But you had no right to
Encroach upon my royal kindness. You are
Banned from our presence. *(To Davison)* Worse awaits you, who
Exceeded your brief and betrayed a trust.
To the Tower! He’ll be tried for his life.
My noble Talbot, you alone I find just
Among in my counsel. Be my guide and my friend.

SHREWSBURY. Queen, do not ban your most loyal friends. Do not
Throw into prison those who acted for you,
Who now keep silent for you. — From me, however,
Receive the Seal you entrusted me twelve years.

ELIZABETH (stricken). No, Shrewsbury. You would not desert me now—
SHREWSBURY. Pardon me. I am old and this right hand is
Too straight and too stiff to seal your deeds to come.

ELIZABETH. The man who rescued me—

SHREWSBURY. I did but little,
Could not save your nobler part. Live, rule content!
Your enemy is dead. From now on you have nothing
More you must fear and nothing you need respect. (He goes off.)

ELIZABETH (to Earl Kent, who enters).
Earl Leicester come here!

KENT. His Lordship begs your pardon.
He is at sea and on his way to France.

(She forces herself and stands calm.)

The curtain falls.
