

Friedrich Schiller  
Mary Stuart



*Friedrich Schiller.*

*Fresh bolts and bars against her*  
*PAULET.*

*No iron-grate is proof against he*  
*How do I know these bars are no*  
*How that this floor, these walls, t*  
*Without, may not be hollow from*  
*And let in felon treachery when I*  
*Accursed office, that's intrusted t*  
*To guard this cunning mother of*  
*Fear scares me from my sleep; an*  
*I, like a troubled spirit, roam and*  
*The strength of every bolt, and p*  
*Each guard's fidelity:—I see, with*  
*The dawning of each morn, which*  
*My apprehensions:—yet, thank C*  
*That all my fears will soon be at*  
*For rather would I at the gates o*  
*Stand sentinel, and guard the de*  
*Of damned souls, than this decei*  
*KENNEDY.*

*Here comes the queen.*

*PAULET.*

*Christ's image in her hand.*

*Pride, and all worldly lusts withi*

## SCENE II.

*The same. Enter MARY, veiled, and KENNEDY (hastening toward her)*  
*O gracious queen! they tread us  
No end of tyranny and base oppr  
Each coming day heaps fresh ind  
New sufferings on thy royal head*  
MARY.

*Be calm—*

*Say, what has happened?*

KENNEDY.

*See! thy cabinet*

*Is forced—thy papers—and thy o  
Which with such pains we had se  
Poor remnant of thy bridal orna*

*From France, is in his hands—no  
Of royal state—thou art indeed b  
MARY.*

*Compose yourself, my Hannah! a  
'Tis not these baubles that can m  
Basely indeed they may behave to  
But they cannot debase us. I have  
To use myself to many a change i  
I can support this too. Sir, you ha  
By force what I this very day desi  
To have delivered to you. There's  
Amongst these papers for my roy  
Of England. Pledge me, sir, your  
To give it to her majesty's own ha  
And not to the deceitful care of B  
PAULET.*

*I shall consider what is best to do  
MARY.*

*Sir, you shall know its import. In  
I beg a favor, a great favor of her*

*That she herself will give me audience  
Whom I have never seen. I have brought  
Before a court of men, whom I cannot  
Acknowledge as my peers—of me  
My heart denies its confidence. I am  
Is of my family, my rank, my sex;  
To her alone—a sister, queen, and  
Can I unfold my heart.*

*PAULET.*

*Too oft, my lady,  
Have you intrusted both your father  
To men less worthy your esteem than  
I am.*

*MARY.*

*I, in the letter, beg another favor.  
And surely naught but inhumanity  
Can here reject my prayer. These  
Have I, in prison, missed the church  
The blessings of the sacraments—  
Who robs me of my freedom and  
Who seeks my very life, can never*