

**KING JAMES THE
FIRST; AN HISTORICAL
TRAGEDY**

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King James the First; an historical tragedy by David Graham

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DAVID GRAHAM

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FIRST; AN HISTORICAL
TRAGEDY**

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KING JAMES THE FIRST

An Historical Tragedy

BY
DAVID GRAHAM
AUTHOR OF 'ROBERT THE BRUCE'

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
AND NEW YORK
1887

PR
1263
G76h

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JAMES THE FIRST, *King of Scotland.*
THE EARL OF ATHOLE, *uncle to the King.*
SIR ROBERT STUART, *grandson to Athole.*
SIR ROBERT GRAHAM
SIR JOHN HALL
THOMAS HALL
THOMAS CHAMBERS
CHRISTOPHER CHAMBERS, } *conspirators against*
son to Thomas. } *the King.*
THE EARL OF ANGUS.
THE ABBOT OF THE DOMINICANS OF PERTH.
SIR DAVID DUNBAR.
SIR WILLIAM CRICHTON, *Chancellor of Scotland.*
THOMAS GREAVES, *an armourer.*
WALTER STRAITON, *a page.*
JOANNA, *Queen of Scotland.*
LADY CATHERINE DOUGLAS.
LADY ELIZABETH DOUGLAS.
A HIGHLAND SIBYL.
Courtiers, Servants, Conspirators, etc.

The Scene is laid principally in Edinburgh and Perth.

KING JAMES THE FIRST

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Edinburgh: a Room in Holyrood. The KING, the QUEEN and COURTIERS are discovered variously grouped,—some playing chess, some cards, etc. Enter LADY CATHERINE DOUGLAS and SIR DAVID DUNEAR.*

LADY CATHERINE.

HAD I to plead that blessed day is light,
And nobly fitted to forerun the night ;
Had I to plead night's welcome though 'tis dark,
And is not serenaded by the lark ;
Had I to plead frost freezes and fire burns,
And that the day and night mount thrones by turns ;
That spring ne'er fails to wake, though e'er so deep,
Old Nature from her dreary winter sleep,
And decks the old dame in a garb so green

That she doth seem both young and fair again,—
Then might I plead of man's inconstancy.

SIR DAVID.

O constant slanderer of constant man!
How shall I combat that bad constancy?

LADY CATHERINE.

That is no slander which doth speak the truth.

SIR DAVID.

That is no truth which is most slanderous.
Yet——!

LADY CATHERINE.

What follows "yet" ?—

SIR DAVID.

Ah! thou wouldst mock me.

LADY CATHERINE.

Nay, Sir, I would not mock thee—
Unless thou utter—folly, which I know
Most men are given to.

SIR DAVID.

I knew it, I knew it.

LADY CATHERINE.

Thy conscience, then, convicts thee of intent
To utter folly? Ha! ha! Take heed to it.
I do commend thy conscience: it speaks truth.
Listen to its behests and say no wrong.

SIR DAVID,

Ah me!—

LADY CATHERINE (*mockingly*).

Ah me!

SIR DAVID,

But tell me wherefore sighs your ladyship?—

LADY CATHERINE.

I sigh

To hear a poor youth sigh so grievously:
I sigh for very pity—out of the depths
Of my compassion for thee.

SIR DAVID,

Sigh again, fair lady.

'Tis sweeter than the breath of gentle May
Breathing across a bed of violets,
'Tis sweeter—

LADY CATHERINE.

Save us, fair Sir,
You'll shame your schoolmaster :—

SIR DAVID.

You mock me, Lady. Ah me !

LADY CATHERINE.

What ! More sighing ?

SIR DAVID.

Cruel !

It is the language of my deadly wound.

LADY CATHERINE.

What a strange wound ! Deadly it is, not fatal ;
And withal, it is a sighing wound !
Is it well known at Paris or Bologna ?
Is it oft known to sigh ?

SIR DAVID.

Nightly ! nightly !

O listen, Catherine, fair Catherine !
It deeply sighs whene'er I think of thee :

Such sighs !
Sighs that would waft big ships across the sea——

LADY CATHERINE.

Kind Heavens !—

No wonder that doors bang and windows rattle
When thou dost sleep under this roof o' nights.
Ha ! ha ! Come, listen to me : —
We'll to the King ; the King knows medicine ;
Relate to him your singular complaint :
He may prescribe for you.

SIR DAVID.

O cruel Kate !

Yet rather would I listen to the scorn
That gaily ripples from those lovely lips,
Than to the most devoted tender vows
That ever crossed the lips of other women.

LADY CATHERINE.

I pray thee, goose, no more :
The Queen is looking.

THE QUEEN (*approaching*).

Well, Kate,