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This documentary edition has been edited to provide an accurate and transparent transcription of a single copy of the earliest surviving print edition of this play. Further material, including editorial policy and XML files of the play, is available on the EMED website. EMED texts are edited and encoded by Meaghan Brown, Michael Poston, and Elizabeth Williamson, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH's Division of Preservation and Access.



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ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

ln 0006

THE
SPANISH TRAGE
die, Containing the lamentable
end of *Don Horatio*, and *Bel-imperia*:
with the pittifull death of
olde *Hieronimo*.

ln 0007

ln 0008

Newly corrected and amended of such grosse faults as
passed in the first impression.

ln 0009

ln 0010

ln 0011

AT LONDON
Printed by *Edward Allde*, for
Edward White.

img: 2-a
sig: A1v

wln 0001

ACTVS PRIMVS.

wln 0002

Enter the Ghoast of *Andrea*, and with him
Reuenge.

wln 0003

wln 0004

Ghoast.

wln 0005

When this eternall substance of my soule,

wln 0006

Did liue imprisond in my wanton flesh:

wln 0007

Ech in their function seruing others need,

wln 0008

I was a Courtier in the Spanish Court.

wln 0009

My name was *Don Andrea*, my discent

wln 0010

Though not ignoble, yet inferiour far

wln 0011

To gracious fortunes of my tender youth:

wln 0012

For there in prime and pride of all my yeeres,

wln 0013

By duteous seruice and deseruing loue,

wln 0014

In secret I possest a worthy dame,

wln 0015

Which hight sweet *Bel-imperia* by name.

wln 0016

But in the haruest of my sommer ioyes,

wln 0017

Deaths winter nipt the blossomes of my blisse,

wln 0018

Forcing diuorce betwixt my loue and me.

wln 0019

For in the late conflict with Portingale,

wln 0020

My valour drew me into dangers mouth,

wln 0021

Till life to death made passage through my wounds.

wln 0022

When I was slaine, my soule descended straight,

wln 0023

To passe the flowing streame of Acheron:

wln 0024

But churlish *Charon* only boatman there,

wln 0025

Said that my rites of buriall not performde,

wln 0026

I might not sit amongst his passengers.

wln 0027

Ere *Sol* had slept three nights in *Thetis* lap,

wln 0028

And slakte his smoaking Charriot in her flood:

wln 0029

By *Don Horatio* our knight Marshals sonne,

wln 0030

My funerals and obsequies were done.

A2

Then

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 0031 Then was the Feriman of hell content,
wln 0032 To passe me ouer to the slimie strond,
wln 0033 That leades to fell *Auernus* ougly waues:
wln 0034 There pleasing *Cerberus* with honied speech,
wln 0035 I past the perils of the formost porch.
wln 0036 Not farre from hence amidst ten thousand soules,
wln 0037 Sate *Minos*, *Eacus*, and *Rhadamant*,
wln 0038 To whome no sooner gan I make approch,
wln 0039 To craue a pasport for my wandring Ghost:
wln 0040 But *Minos* ingrauen leaues of Lotterie,
wln 0041 Drew forth the manner of my life and death.
wln 0042 This knight (quoth he) both liu'd and died in loue:
wln 0043 And for his loue tried fortune of the warres,
wln 0044 And by warres fortune lost both loue and life.
wln 0045 Why then said *Eacus*, conuay him hence,
wln 0046 To walke with louers in our fields of loue:
wln 0047 And spend the course of euerlasting time,
wln 0048 Vnder greene mirtle trees and Cipresse shades.
wln 0049 No, no, said *Rhadamant*, it were not well,
wln 0050 With louing soules to place a Martialist,
wln 0051 He died in warre, and must to martiall fields:
wln 0052 Where wounded *Hector* liues in lasting paine,
wln 0053 And *Achilles* mermedons do scoure the plaine.
wln 0054 Then *Minos* mildest censor of the three,
wln 0055 Made this deuice to end the difference.
wln 0056 Send him (quoth he) to our infernall King:
wln 0057 To dome him as best seemes his Maiestie:
wln 0058 To this effect my pasport straight was drawne.
wln 0059 In keeping on my way to *Plutos* Court,
wln 0060 Through dreadfull shades of euer glooming night:
wln 0061 I saw more sights then thousand tongues can tell,
wln 0062 Or pennes can write, or mortall harts can think.
wln 0063 Three waies there were, that on the right hand side,
wln 0064 Was ready way vnto the foresaid fields,
wln 0065 Where louers liue, and bloudie Martialists,
wln 0066 But either sort containd within his bounds.
wln 0067 The left hand path declining fearfully,

Was

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 0068 Was ready downfall to the deepest hell.
wln 0069 Where bloudie furies shakes their whips of steele,
wln 0070 And poore *Ixion* turnes an endles wheele.
wln 0071 Where Vsurers are choakt with melting golde,
wln 0072 And wantons are imbraste with ougly snakes:
wln 0073 And murderers grone with neuer killing wounds,
wln 0074 And periurde wights scalded in boyling lead,
wln 0075 And all soule sinnes with torments ouerwhelmd.
wln 0076 Twixt these two waies, I trod the middle path,
wln 0077 Which brought me to the faire Elizian greene.
wln 0078 In midst whereof there standes a stately Towre,
wln 0079 The walles of brasse, the gates of Adamant.
wln 0080 Heere finding *Pluto* with his *Proserpine*,
wln 0081 I shewed my pasport humbled on my knee.
wln 0082 Whereat faire *Proserpine* began to smile,
wln 0083 And begd that onely she might giue my doome.
wln 0084 *Pluto* was pleasd and sealde it with a kisse.
wln 0085 Forthwith (*Reuenge*) she rounded thee in th'eare,
wln 0086 And bad thee lead me through the gates of **Hor**:
wln 0087 Where dreames haue passage in the silent night.
wln 0088 No sooner had she spoke but we were heere,
wln 0089 I wot not how, in twinkling of an eye.
wln 0090 *Reuenge.*
wln 0091 THen know *Andrea* that thou art ariu'd,
wln 0092 Where thou shalt see the author of thy death:
wln 0093 *Don Balthazar* the Prince of Portingale.
wln 0094 Depriu'd of life by *Bel-imperia*:
wln 0095 Heere sit we downe to see the misterie,
wln 0096 And serue for *Chorus* in this tragedie.
wln 0097 Enter Spanish King, *Generall*, *Castile*, *Hieronimo*.
wln 0098 *King.*
wln 0099 NOW say L. Generall, how fares our Campe?
wln 0100 *Gen.* All wel my soueraigne Liege, except some few,
wln 0101 That are deceast by fortune of the warre.
wln 0102 *King.* But what portends thy cheerefull countenance,
wln 0103 And posting to our presence thus in hast?
wln 0104 Speak man, hath fortune giuen vs victorie?

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 0105 *Gen.* Victorie my Liege, and that with little losse.
wln 0106 *King.* Our Portingals will pay vs tribute then.
wln 0107 *Gen.* Tribute and wonted homage therewithall.
wln 0108 *King.* Then blest be heauen, and guider of the heauens,
wln 0109 From whose faire influence such iustice flowes.
wln 0110 *Cast.* *O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat æther,*
wln 0111 *Et coniuratae curuato **poplito** gentes*
wln 0112 *Succumbunt: recti soror est victoria iuris.*
wln 0113 *King.* Thanks to my louing brother of Castile.
wln 0114 But Generall, vnfolde in breefe discourse,
wln 0115 Your forme of battell and your warres successe.
wln 0116 That adding all the pleasure of thy newes,
wln 0117 Vnto the height of former happines,
wln 0118 With deeper wage and greater dignitie,
wln 0119 We may reward thy blisfull chialrie.
wln 0120 *Gen.* Where Spaine and Portingale do ioynly knit
wln 0121 Their frontiers, leaning on each others bound:
wln 0122 There met our armies in their proud aray,
wln 0123 Both furnisht well, both full of hope and feare:
wln 0124 Both menacing alike with daring showes,
wln 0125 Both vaunting sundry colours of deuce,
wln 0126 Both cheerly sounding trumpets, drums and fifes.
wln 0127 Both raising dreadfull clamors to the skie,
wln 0128 That valleis, hils, and riuers made rebound,
wln 0129 And heauen it selfe was frighted with the sound.
wln 0130 Our battels both were pitcht in squadron forme,
wln 0131 Each corner strongly fenst with wings of shot,
wln 0132 But ere we ioynd and came to push of Pike,
wln 0133 I brought a squadron of our readiest shot,
wln 0134 From out our rearward to begin the fight,
wln 0135 They brought another wing to incounter vs:
wln 0136 Meane while our ordinance plaid on either side,
wln 0137 And Captaines stroue to haue their valours tride.
wln 0138 *Don Pedro* their chiefe horse mens Colonell:
wln 0139 Did with his Cornet brauely make attempt,
wln 0140 To break the order of our battell rankes.
wln 0141 But *Don Rogero* worthy man of warre,

Marcht

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 0142 Marcht forth against him with our Musketers,
wln 0143 And stopt the mallice of his fell approch.
wln 0144 While they maintaine hot skirmish too and fro,
wln 0145 Both battailes ioyne and fall to handie blowes.
wln 0146 Their violent shot resembling th'oceans rage,
wln 0147 When roaring lowd and with a swelling tide,
wln 0148 It beats vpon the rampiers of huge rocks,
wln 0149 And gapes to swallow neighbour bounding lands.
wln 0150 Now while *Bellona* rageth heere and there,
wln 0151 Thick stormes of bullets ran like winters haile,
wln 0152 And shiuered Launces darke the troubled aire.
wln 0153 *Pede pes & cuspidē cuspis,*
wln 0154 *Armi sonant armis vir petiturque viro.*
wln 0155 On euery side drop Captaines to the ground,
wln 0156 And Souldiers some ill maimde, some slaine outright:
wln 0157 Heere falles a body scindred from his head,
wln 0158 There legs and armes lye bleeding on the grasse,
wln 0159 Mingled with weapons and vnboweld steeds:
wln 0160 That scattering ouer spread the purple plaine.
wln 0161 In all this turmoyle three long hovres and more,
wln 0162 The victory to neither part inclinde,
wln 0163 Till *Don Andrea* with his braue Launciers,
wln 0164 In their maine battell made so great a breach,
wln 0165 That halfe dismaid, the multitude retirde:
wln 0166 But *Balthazar* the Portingales young Prince,
wln 0167 Brought rescue and encouragde them to stay:
wln 0168 Heere-hence the fight was eagerly renewd,
wln 0169 And in that conflict was *Andrea* slaine.
wln 0170 Braue man at armes, but weake to *Balthazar*.
wln 0171 Yet while the Prince insulting ouer him,
wln 0172 Breathd out proud vaunts, sounding to our reproch,
wln 0173 Friendship and hardie valour ioynd in one,
wln 0174 Prickt forth *Horatio* our Knight Marshals sonne,
wln 0175 To challenge forth that Prince in single fight:
wln 0176 Not long betweene these twaine the fight indurde,
wln 0177 But straight the Prince was beaten from his horse,
wln 0178 And forcst to yeeld him prisoner to his foe:

When

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 0179

When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
And our Carbines pursued them to the death,
Till *Phæbus* wauing to the western deepe,
Our Trumpeters were chargde to sound retreat.

wln 0180

wln 0181

wln 0182

wln 0183

King. Thanks good Lord Generall for these good newes,
And for some argument of more to come,
Take this and weare it for thy soueraignes sake.

wln 0184

wln 0185

wln 0186

Giue him his chaine,

wln 0187

But tell me now, hast thou confirmd a peace?

wln 0188

Gen. No peace my Liege, but peace conditionall,

wln 0189

That if with homage tribute be well paid,

wln 0190

The fury of your forces wilbe staide.

wln 0191

And to this peace their Viceroy hath subscribde.

wln 0192

Giue the K. a paper.

wln 0193

And made a solemne vow that during life,

wln 0194

His tribute shalbe truely paid to Spaine.

wln 0195

King. These words, these deeds, become thy person wel.

wln 0196

But now Knight Marshall frolike with thy King,

wln 0197

For tis thy Sonne that winnes this battels prize.

wln 0198

Hiero. Long may he liue to serue my soueraigne liege,

wln 0199

And soone decay vnlesse he serue my liege.

wln 0200

A tucket a farre off.

wln 0201

King. Not thou nor he shall dye without reward,

wln 0202

What meanes this warning of this trumpets sound?

wln 0203

Gen. This tels me that your graces men of warre,

wln 0204

Such as warres fortune hath reseru'd from death,

wln 0205

Come marching on towards your royall seate,

wln 0206

To show themselues before your Maiestie,

wln 0207

For so I gaue in charge at my depart.

wln 0208

Whereby by demonstration shall appeare,

wln 0209

That all (except three hundred or few more)

wln 0210

Are safe returnd and by their foes inricht.

wln 0211

The Armie enters, *Balthazar* betweene *Lorenzo*

wln 0212

and *Horatio* captiue.

wln 0213

King. A gladsome sight, I long to see them heere.

wln 0214

They enter and passe by.

The Spanish Tragedle.

wln 0215
wln 0216
wln 0217
wln 0218
wln 0219
wln 0220
wln 0221
wln 0222
wln 0223
wln 0224
wln 0225
wln 0226
wln 0227
wln 0228
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wln 0230
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wln 0249
wln 0250
wln 0251

Was that the warlike Prince of Portingale,
That by our Nephew was in triumph led?

Gen. It was my Liege, the Prince of Portingale.

King. But what was he that on the other side,
Held him by th'arme as partner of the prize?

Hiero. That was my sonne my gracious soueraigne,
Of whome, though from his tender infancie,
My louing thoughts did neuer hope but well:
He neuer pleasd his fathers eyes till now,
Nor fild my hart with ouercloying ioyes.

King. Goe let them march once more about these walles,
That staying them we may conferre and talke,
With our braue prisoner and his double guard.

Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth vs,
That in our victorie thou haue a share,
By vertue of thy worthy sonnes exploit.

Enter againe.

Bring hether the young Prince of Portingale,
The rest march on, but ere they be dismiss,
We will bestow on euery souldier two duckets,
And on euery leader ten, that they may know
Our largesse welcomes them.

Exeunt all but *Bal. Lor. Hor.*

Welcome *Don Balthazar,* welcome Nephew,
And thou *Horatio* thou art welcome too:
Young Prince, although thy fathers hard misdeedes,
In keeping backe the tribute that he owes,
Deserue but euill measure at our hands:
Yet shalt thou know that Spaine is honorable.

Balt. The trespasse that my Father made in peace,
Is now controlde by fortune of the warres:
And cards once dealt, it bootes not aske why so,
His men are slaine, a weakening to his Realme,
His colours ceaz'd, a blot vnto his name,
His Sonne distrest, a corsiue to his hart,
These punishments may cleare his late offence.

King. I *Balthazar,* if he obserue this truce,

B

Ou[*]

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 0252
wln 0253
wln 0254
wln 0255
wln 0256
wln 0257
wln 0258
wln 0259
wln 0260
wln 0261
wln 0262
wln 0263
wln 0264
wln 0265
wln 0266
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wln 0271
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wln 0274
wln 0275
wln 0276
wln 0277
wln 0278
wln 0279
wln 0280
wln 0281
wln 0282
wln 0283
wln 0284
wln 0285
wln 0286
wln 0287
wln 0288

Our peace will grow the stronger for these warres:
Meane while liue thou though not in libertie,
Yet free from bearing any seruile yoake.
For in our hearing thy deserts were great,
And in our sight thy selfe art gracious.

Balt. And I shall studie to deserue this grace.

King. But tell me, for their holding makes me doubt,
To which of these twaine art thou prisoner.

Lor. To me my Liege.

Hor. To me my Soueraigne.

Lor. This hand first tooke his courser by the raines.

Hor. But first my launce did put him from his horse.

Lor. I ceaz'd his weapon and enioyde it first.

Hor. But first I forc'd him lay his weapons downe,

King. Let goe his arme vpon our priuiledge.

Let him goe.

Say worthy Prince, to whether didst thou yeeld?

Balt. To him in curtesie, to this perforce:

He spake me faire, this other gaue me strokes:

He promisde life, this other threatned death:

He wan my loue, this other conquerd me:

And truth to say I yeeld my selfe to both.

Hiero. But that I know your grace for iust and wise,

And might seeme partiall in this difference,

Inforc't by nature and by law of armes,

My tongue should plead for young *Horatios* right.

He hunted well that was a Lyons death,

Not he that in a garment wore his skin:

So Hares may pull dead Lyons by the beard.

King. Content thee Marshall thou shalt haue no wrong,

And for thy sake thy Sonne shall want no right.

Will both abide the censure of my doome?

Lor. I craue no better then your grace awards.

Hor. Nor I, although I sit beside my right.

King. Then by my iudgement thus your strife shall end,
You both deserue and both shall haue reward.

Nephew, thou tookst his weapon and his horse,

His

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 0289
wln 0290
wln 0291
wln 0292
wln 0293
wln 0294
wln 0295
wln 0296
wln 0297
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wln 0299
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wln 0320
wln 0321
wln 0322
wln 0323
wln 0324
wln 0325

His weapons and his horse are thy reward.
Horatio thou didst force him first to yeeld,
His ransome therefore is thy valours fee:
Appoint the sum as you shall both agree.
But Nephew thou shalt haue the Prince in guard,
For thine estate best fitteth such a guest.
Horatios house were small for all his traine,
Yet in regarde thy substance passeth his,
And that iust guerdon may befall desert,
To him we yeeld the armour of the Prince.
How likes *Don Balthazar* of this deuice?

Balt. Right well my Liege, if this prouizo were,
That *Don Horatio* beare vs company,
Whome I admire and loue for chiuallrie.

King. *Horatio* leaue him not that loues thee so,
Now let vs hence to see our souldiers paide,
And feast our prisoner as our friendly guest.

Exeunt.

Enter *Viceroy, Alexandro, Villuppo.*

Vice. Is our embassadour dispatcht for Spaine?

Alex. Two daies (my Liege) are past since his depart.

Vice. And tribute paiment gone along with him?

Alex. I my good Lord.

Vice. Then rest we heere a while in our vnrest.
And feed our sorrowes with some inward sighes,
For deepest cares break neuer into teares.
But wherefore sit I in a Regall throne,
This better fits a wretches endles moane.
Yet this is higher then my fortunes reach,
And therefore better then my state deserues.

Falles to the ground.

I, I, this earth, Image of mellancholly,
Seeks him whome fates adiudge to miserie:
Heere let me lye, now am I at the lowest.
Qvi iacet in terra non habet vnde cadat,
In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo,
Nil superest vt iam possit obesse magis.

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 0326 Yes, Fortune may bereaue me of my Crowne:
wln 0327 Heere take it now, let Fortune doe her worst,
wln 0328 She will not rob me of this sable weed,
wln 0329 O no, she enuiues none but pleasant things,
wln 0330 Such is the folly of dispightfull chance:
wln 0331 Fortune is blinde and sees not my deserts,
wln 0332 So is she deafe and heares not my laments:
wln 0333 And could she heare, yet is she wilfull mad,
wln 0334 And therefore will not pittie my distresse.
wln 0335 Suppose that she could pittie me, what then?
wln 0336 What helpe can be expected at her hands?
wln 0337 Whose foot standing on a rowling stone,
wln 0338 And minde more mutable then fickle windes.
wln 0339 Why waile I then wheres hope of no redresse?
wln 0340 O yes, complaining makes my greefe seeme lesse.
wln 0341 My late ambition hath distaind my faith,
wln 0342 My breach of faith occasiond bloudie warres,
wln 0343 Those bloudie warres haue spent my treasure,
wln 0344 And with my treasure my peoples blood,
wln 0345 And with their blood, my ioy and best beloued,
wln 0346 My best beloued, my sweet and onely Sonne.
wln 0347 O wherefore went I not to warre my selfe?
wln 0348 The cause was mine I might haue died for both:
wln 0349 My yeeres were mellow, his but young and greene,
wln 0350 My death were naturall, but his was forced.
wln 0351 *Alex.* No doubt my Liege but still the Prince suruiues.
wln 0352 *Vice.* Suruiues, I where?
wln 0353 *Alex.* In Spaine, a prisoner by mischance of warre.
wln 0354 *Vice.* Then they haue slaine him for his fathers fault.
wln 0355 *Alex.* That were a breach to common law of armes.
wln 0356 *Vice.* They recke no lawes that meditate reuenge.
wln 0357 *Alex.* His ransomes worth will stay from foule reuenge.
wln 0358 *Vice.* No, if he liued the newes would soone be heere.
wln 0359 *Alex.* Nay euill newes flie faster still than good.
wln 0360 *Vice.* Tell me no more of newes, for he is dead.
wln 0361 *Villup.* My soueraign pardon the Author of ill newes,
wln 0362 And Ile bewray the fortune of thy Sonne.

Vice.

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367
wln 0368
wln 0369
wln 0370
wln 0371
wln 0372
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wln 0374
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wln 0379
wln 0380
wln 0381
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wln 0397
wln 0398
wln 0399

Vice. Speake on, Ile guerdon thee what ere it be,
Mine eare is ready to receiue ill newes,
My hart growne hard gainst mischiefes battery,
Stand vp I say and tell thy tale at large, (seene.
Villup. Then heare that truth which these mine eies haue
When both the armies were in battell ioynd,
Don Balthazar amidst the thickest troupes,
To winne renowne, did wondrous feats of armes:
Amongst the rest I saw him hand to hand
In single fight with their Lord Generall.
Till *Alexandro* that heere counterfeits,
Vnder the colour of a duteous freend,
Discharged his Pistoll at the Princes back,
As though he would haue slaine their Generall.
But therewithall *Don Balthazar* fell downe:
And when he fell then we began to flie,
But had he liued the day had sure bene ours.
Alex. O wicked forgerie: O traiterous miscreant.
Vice. Holde thou thy peace, but now *Villuppo* say,
Where then became the carkasse of my Sonne?
Villup. I saw them drag it to the Spanish tents.
Vice. I, I, my nightly dreames haue tolde me this:
Thou false, vnkinde, vnthankfull traiterous beast,
Wherein had *Balthazar* offended thee,
That thou shouldst thus betray him to our foes?
Wast Spanish golde that bleared so thine eyes,
That thou couldst see no part of our deserts?
Perchance because thou art *Terseraes* Lord,
Thou hadst some hope to weare this Diadome,
If first my Sonne and then my selfe were slaine:
But thy ambitious thought shall breake thy neck.
I, this was it that made thee spill his bloud,
Take the crowne and put it on againe.
But Ile now weare it till thy bloud be spilt.
Alex. Vouchsafe (dread Soueraigne to heare me speak.
Vice. A way with him, his sight is second hell,
Keepe him till we determine of his death.

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 0400
wln 0401
wln 0402
wln 0403
wln 0404

wln 0405
wln 0406
wln 0407
wln 0408
wln 0409
wln 0410
wln 0411
wln 0412
wln 0413
wln 0414
wln 0415
wln 0416
wln 0417
wln 0418
wln 0419
wln 0420
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wln 0423
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wln 0425
wln 0426
wln 0427
wln 0428
wln 0429
wln 0430
wln 0431
wln 0432
wln 0433
wln 0434
wln 0435

If *Balthazar* be dead, he shall not liue.

Villuppo follow vs for thy reward.

Exit *Vice*.

Villup. Thus haue I with an enuious forged tale,
Deceiued the King, betraid mine enemy,
And hope for guerdon of my villany.

Exit.

Enter *Horatio* and *Bel-imperia*.

Bel. Signior *Horatio*, this is the place and houre,
Wherein I must intreat thee to relate,
The circumstance of *Don Andreas* death:
Who liuing was my garlands sweetest flower,
And in his death hath buried my delights.

Hor. For loue of him and seruice to your selfe,
I nill refuse this heauy dolefull charge.
Yet teares and sighes, I feare will hinder me.
When both our Armies were enioynd in fight.
Your worthie chiuallier amidst the thikst,
For glorious cause still aiming at the fairest,
Was at the last by yong *Don Balthazar*,
Encountred hand to hand: their fight was long,
Their harts were great, their clamours menacing,
Their strength alike, their strokes both dangerous.
But wrathfull *Nemesis* that wicked power,
Enuying at *Andreas* praise and worth,
Cut short his life to end his praise and woorth.
She, she her selfe disguise in armours maske,
(As *Pallas* was before proud *Pergamus*.)
Brought in a fresh supply of Halberdiers,
Which pauncht his horse and dinged him to the ground,
Then yong *Don Balthazar* with ruthles rage,
Taking aduantage of his foes distresse,
Did finish what his Halberdiers begun,
And left not till *Andreas* life was done.
Then though too late incenst with iust remorse,
I with my band set foorth against the Prince,
And brought him prisoner from his Halberdiers.

Bel. Would thou hadst slaine him that so slew my loue.

But

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 0436
wln 0437
wln 0438
wln 0439
wln 0440
wln 0441
wln 0442
wln 0443
wln 0444
wln 0445
wln 0446
wln 0447
wln 0448
wln 0449
wln 0450
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wln 0458
wln 0459
wln 0460
wln 0461
wln 0462
wln 0463
wln 0464
wln 0465
wln 0466
wln 0467
wln 0468
wln 0469
wln 0470
wln 0471
wln 0472

But then was *Don Andreas* carkasse lost?
Hor. No, that was it for which I cheefely stroue,
Nor stept I back till I recouerd him:
I tooke him vp and wound him in mine armes.
And welding him vnto my priuate tent,
There laid him downe and dewd him with my teares,
And sighed and sorrowed as became a freend.
But neither freendly sorrow, sighes nor teares,
Could win pale death from his vsurped right.
Yet this I did, and lesse I could not doe:
I saw him honoured with due funerall,
This scarfe I pluckt from off his liueles arme,
And weare it in remembrance of my freend.

Bel. I know the scarfe, would he had kept it still,
For had he liued he would haue kept it still,
And worne it for his *Bel-imperias* sake:
For twas my fauour at his last depart.
But now weare thou it both for him and me,
For after him thou hast deserued it best,
But for thy kindnes in his life and death,
Be sure while *Bel-imperias* life endures,
She will be *Don Horatios* thankfull freend.

Hor. And (Madame) *Don Horatio* will not slacke,
Humbly to serue faire *Bel-imperia*.
But now if your good liking stand thereto,
Ile craue your pardon to goe seeke the Prince,
For so the Duke your father gaue me charge.

Exit.

Bel. I, goe *Horatio*, leaue me heere alone,
For sollitude best fits my cheereles mood:
Yet what auailles to waile *Andreas* death,
From whence *Horatio* proues my second loue?
Had he not loued *Andrea* as he did,
He could not sit in *Bel-imperias* thoughts.
But how can loue finde harbour in my brest,
Till I reuenge the death of my beloued.
Yes, second loue shall further my reuenge.

Ile

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 0473
wln 0474
wln 0475
wln 0476
wln 0477
wln 0478
wln 0479
wln 0480
wln 0481
wln 0482
wln 0483
wln 0484
wln 0485
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wln 0488
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wln 0500
wln 0501
wln 0502
wln 0503
wln 0504
wln 0505
wln 0506
wln 0507
wln 0508
wln 0509

Ile loue *Horatio* my *Andreas* freend,
The more to spight the Prince that wrought his end:
And where *Don Balthazar* that slew my loue,
Himselfe now pleades for fauour at my hands,
He shall in rigour of my iust disdaine,
Reape long repentance for his murderous deed:
For what wast els but murderous cowardise,
So many to oppresse one valiant knight,
Without respect of honour in the fight?
And heere he comes that murdred my delight.

Enter *Lorenzo* and *Balthazar*.

Lor. Sister, what meanes this melanchollie walke?

Bel. That for a while I wish no company.

Lor. But heere the Prince is come to visite you,

Bel. That argues that he liues in libertie.

Bal. No Madame, but in pleasing seruitude.

Bel. Your prison then belike is your conceit.

Bal. I by conceit my freedome is enthralde,

Bel. Then with conceite enlarge your selfe againe[.]

Bal. What if conceite haue laid my hart to gage?

Bel. Pay that you borrowed and recouer it.

Bal. I die if it returne from whence it lyes.

Bel. A hartles man and liue? A miracle.

Bal. I Lady, loue can worke such miracles.

Lor. Tush, tush my Lord, let goe these ambages,
And in plaine tearmes acquaint her with your loue.

Bel. What bootes complaint, when thers no remedy?

Bal. Yes, to your gracious selfe must I complaine,

In whose faire answere lyes my remedy,
On whose perfection all my thoughts attend,
On whose aspect mine eyes finde beauties bowre,
In whose translucent brest my hart is lodgde.

Bel. Alas my Lord these are **hut** words of course.
And but devise to driue me from this place.

*She in going in, lets fall her Gloue, which Horatio
comming out takes vp.*

Hor. Madame, your Gloue.

Bel.

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 0510 *Bel.* Thanks good *Horatio*, take it for thy paines.
wln 0511 *Bal.* Signior *Horatio* stoopt in happie time.
wln 0512 *Hor.* I reapt more grace then I deseru'd or hop'd.
wln 0513 *Lor.* My Lord, be not dismaid for what is past.
wln 0514 You know that women oft are humerous:
wln 0515 These clouds will ouerblow with little winde.
wln 0516 Let me alone, Ile scatter them my selfe:
wln 0517 Meane while let vs devise to spend the time,
wln 0518 In some delightfull sports and reuelling.
wln 0519 *Hor.* The King my Lords is comming hither straight,
wln 0520 To feast the Portingall Embassadour,
wln 0521 Things were in readines before I came.
wln 0522 *Bal.* Then heere it fits vs to attend the King,
wln 0523 To welcome hither our Embassadour,
wln 0524 And learne my Father and my Countries health.

wln 0525 Enter the banquet, Trumpets, the *King* and *Embassadour*.
wln 0526 *King.* See Lord Embassador, how Spaine intreats
wln 0527 Their prisoner *Balthazar*, thy Viceroyes Sonne:
wln 0528 We pleasure more in kindenes then in warres.
wln 0529 *Embass.* Sad is our King, and Portingale laments,
wln 0530 Supposing that *Don Balthazar* is slaine.
wln 0531 *Bal..* So am I slaine by beauties tirannie.
wln 0532 You see my Lord how *Balthazar* is slaine.
wln 0533 I frolike with the Duke of *Castiles* Sonne,
wln 0534 Wrapt euery houre in pleasurs of the Court,
wln 0535 And graste with fauours of his Maiestie.
wln 0536 *King.* Put off your greetings till our feast be done,
wln 0537 Now come and sit with vs and taste our cheere.
wln 0538 Sit to the banquet.
wln 0539 Sit downe young Prince, you are our second guest:
wln 0540 Brother sit downe, and Nephew take your place,
wln 0541 Signior *Horatio* waite thou vpon our cup,
wln 0542 For well thou hast deserued to be honored.
wln 0543 Now Lordings fall too, Spaine is Portugall,
wln 0544 And Portugall is Spaine, we both are freends,
wln 0545 Tribute is paid, and we enioy our right.

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 0546
wln 0547
wln 0548

wln 0549
wln 0550
wln 0551
wln 0552
wln 0553
wln 0554
wln 0555
wln 0556
wln 0557
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wln 0577
wln 0578
wln 0579
wln 0580
wln 0581

But where is olde *Hieronimo* our Marshall,
He promised vs in honor of our guest,
To grace our banquet with some pompous iest.

Enter *Hieronimo* with a Drum, three Knights, each his Scut
chin, then he fetches three Kings, they take their
Crownes and them captiue.

Hieronimo, this maske contents mine eie,
Although I sound not well the misterie.

Hiero. The first arm'd Knight that hung his Scutchin vp,
He takes the Scutchin and giues it to the King.

Was English *Robert* Earle of Glocester,
Who when king *Stephen* bore sway in Albion,
Arriued with fiue and twenty thousand men,
In Portingale, and by successe of warre,
Enforced the King then but a Sarasin,
To beare the yoake of the English Monarchie.

King. My Lord of Portingale, by this you see,
That which may comfort both your King and you,
And make your late discomfort seeme the lesse.
But say *Hieronimo*, what was the next?

Hiero. The second Knight that hung his Scutchin vp,
He doth as he did before.

Was *Edmond* Earle of Kent in Albion,
When English *Richard* wore the Diadem.
He came likewise and razed Lisbon walles,
And tooke the King of Portingale in fight:
For which, and other such like seruice done,
He after was created Duke of Yorke.

King. This is another speciall argument,
That Portingale may daine to beare our yoake,
When it by little England hath beene yoakt:
But now *Hieronimo* what were the last?

Hiero. The third and last not least in our account,
Dooing as before.

Was as the rest a valiant Englishman,
Braue *John of Gaunt* the Duke of Lancaster.

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 0582
wln 0583
wln 0584
wln 0585
wln 0586
wln 0587
wln 0588
wln 0589
wln 0590
wln 0591
wln 0592
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wln 0600
wln 0601
wln 0602
wln 0603
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wln 0605
wln 0606
wln 0607
wln 0608
wln 0609

wln 0610

wln 0611

wln 0612
wln 0613
wln 0614

As by his Scutchin plainely may appeare.
He with a puissant armie came to Spaine,
And tooke our King of Castile prisoner.
Embass. This is an argument for our Viceroy,
That Spaine may not insult for her successe,
Since English warriours likewise conquered Spaine,
And made them bow their knees to Albion.
King. *Hieronimo*, I drinke to thee for this deuise.
Which hath pleasde both the Ambassador and me:
Pledge me *Hieronomo*, if thou loue the King.

Takes the Cup of *Horatio*.

My Lord, I feare we sit but ouer-long.
Vnlesse our dainties were more delicate.
But welcome are you to the best we haue.
Now let vs in that you may be dispatcht,
I think our councill is already set.

Exeunt omnes.

Andrea.

Come we for this from depth of vnder ground,
To see him feast that gaue me my deaths wound?
These pleasant sights are sorrow to my soule,
Nothing but league, and loue and banqueting?

Reuenge.

Be still *Andrea* ere we goe from hence,
Ile turne their freendship into fell despight,
Their loue to mortall hate, their day to night,
Their hope into dispaire, their peace to warre,
Their ioyes to paine, their blisse to miserie.

Actus Secundus.

Enter *Lorenzo* and *Balthazar*.

Lorenzo.

MY Lord, though *Bel-imperia* seeme thus coy,
Let reason holde you in your wonted ioy:

C2

In

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 0615 In time the sauage Bull sustaines the yoake,
wln 0616 In time all haggard Hawkes will stoope to lure,
wln 0617 In time small wedges cleaue the hardest Oake,
wln 0618 In time the flint is pearst with softest shower,
wln 0619 And she in time will fall from her disdaine,
wln 0620 And rue the sufferance of your freendly paine.
wln 0621 *Bal.* No, she is wilder and more hard withall,
wln 0622 Then beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall.
wln 0623 But wherefore blot I *Bel-imperias* name?
wln 0624 It is my fault, not she that merites blame.
wln 0625 My feature is not to content her sight,
wln 0626 My **wodres** are rude and worke her no delight.
wln 0627 The lines I send her are but harsh and ill,
wln 0628 Such as doe drop from *Pan* and *Marsias* quill.
wln 0629 My presents are not of sufficient cost,
wln 0630 And being worthles all my labours lost.
wln 0631 Yet might she loue me for my valiancie,
wln 0632 I but thats slaundred by captiuitie.
wln 0633 Yet might she loue me to content her sire:
wln 0634 I but her reason masters his desire.
wln 0635 Yet might she loue me as her brothers freend,
wln 0636 I, but her hopes aime at some other end.
wln 0637 Yet might she loue me to vpreare her state,
wln 0638 I, but perhaps she hopes some nobler mate.
wln 0639 Yet might she loue me as her beauteous thrall,
wln 0640 I, but I feare she cannot loue at all.
wln 0641 *Lor.* My Lord, for my sake leaue these extasies,
wln 0642 And doubt not but weele finde some remedie,
wln 0643 Some cause there is that lets you not be loued:
wln 0644 First that must needs be knowne and then remoued.
wln 0645 What if my Sister loue some other Knight?
wln 0646 *Balt.* My sommers day will turne to winters night.
wln 0647 *Lor.* I haue already found a stratageme,
wln 0648 To sound the bottome of this doubtfull theame.
wln 0649 My Lord, for once you shall be rulde by me,
wln 0650 Hinder me not what ere you heare or see.
wln 0651 By force or faire meanes will I cast about,

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 0652
wln 0653
wln 0654
wln 0655
wln 0656
wln 0657
wln 0658
wln 0659
wln 0660
wln 0661
wln 0662
wln 0663
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wln 0675
wln 0676
wln 0677
wln 0678
wln 0679
wln 0680
wln 0681
wln 0682
wln 0683
wln 0684
wln 0685
wln 0686
wln 0687
wln 0688

To finde the truth of all this question out.

Ho *Pedringano*.

Ped. Signior.

Lor. *Vien que presto.*

Enter *Pedringano*.

Ped. Hath your Lordship any seruice to command me?

Lor. I *Pedringano* seruice of import:

And not to spend the time in trifling words,

Thus stands the case; it is not long thou knowst,

Since I did shield thee from my fathers wrath,

For thy conueiance in *Andreas* loue:

For which thou wert adiudg'd to punishment,

I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment:

And since, thou knowest how I haue fauoured thee,

Now to these fauours will I adde reward,

Not with faire woords, but store of golden coyne,

And lands and liuing ioynd with dignities,

If thou but satisfie my iust demaund.

Tell truth and haue me for thy lasting freend.

Ped. What ere it be your Lordship shall demaund,

My bounden duety bids me tell the truth.

If case it lye in me to tell the truth.

Lor. Then *Pedringano* this is my demaund,

Whome loues my sister *Bel-imperia*?

For she repositeth all her trust in thee:

Speak man and gaine both freendship and reward,

I meane, whome loues she in *Andreas* place?

Ped. Alas my Lord, since *Don Andreas* death,

I haue no credit with her as before,

And therefore know not if she loue or no.

Lor. Nay if thou dally then I am thy foe,

And feare shall force what frendship cannot winne.

Thy death shall bury what thy life conceales.

Thou dyest for more esteeming her then me.

Ped. Oh stay my Lord.

Lor. Yet speak the truth and I will guerdon thee,

And shield thee from what euer can ensue.

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 0689
wln 0690
wln 0691
wln 0692
wln 0693
wln 0694
wln 0695
wln 0696
wln 0697
wln 0698
wln 0699
wln 0700
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wln 0721
wln 0722
wln 0723
wln 0724
wln 0725

And will conceale what ere proceeds from thee,
But if thou dally once againe, thou diest.

Ped. If Madame *Bel-imperia* be in loue.

Lor. What villaine ifs and ands?

Ped. O stay my Lord, she loues *Horatio*.

Balthazar starts back.

Lor. What *Don Horatio* our Knight Marshals sonne?

Ped. Euen him my Lord.

Lor. Now say, but how knowest thou he is her loue?

And thou shalt finde me kinde and liberall:

Stand vp I say, and feareles tell the truth.

Ped. She sent him letters which my selfe perusde,
Full fraught with lines and arguments of loue,
Preferring him before Prince *Balthazar*.

Lor. Swear on this crosse, that what thou saiest is true,
And that thou wilt conseale what thou hast tolde.

Ped. I swear to both by him that made vs all.

Lor. In hope thine oath is true, heeres thy reward,
But if I proue thee periurde and vniust,
This very sword whereon thou tookst thine oath,
Shall be the worker of thy tragedie.

Ped. What I haue saide is true, and shall for me,
Be still conceald from *Bel-imperia*.
Besides your Honors liberalitie,
Deserues my duteous seruice, euen till death.

Lor. Let this be all that thou shalt doe for me,
Be watchfull when, and where these louers meete,
And giue me notice in some secret sort.

Ped. I will my Lord.

Lor. Then shalt thou finde that I am liberall,
Thou knowst that I can more aduaunce thy state
Then she, be therefore wise and faile me not.
Goe and attend her as thy custome is,
Least absence make her think thou doost amisse.

Exit *Pedringano*.

Why so: *T am armis quam ingenio*:

Where words preuaile not, violence preuailes.

But

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 0726
wln 0727
wln 0728
wln 0729
wln 0730
wln 0731
wln 0732
wln 0733
wln 0734
wln 0735
wln 0736
wln 0737
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wln 0751
wln 0752
wln 0753

wln 0754

wln 0755
wln 0756
wln 0757
wln 0758
wln 0759
wln 0760

But golde doth more then either of them both.
How likes Prince *Balthazar* this stratageme?
Bal. Both well, and ill: it makes me glad and sad:
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my loue,
Sad, that I feare she hates me whome I loue.
Glad, that I know on whom to be reueng'd,
Sad, that sheele flie me if I take reuenge.
Yet must I take reuenge or dye my selfe,
For loue resisted growes impatient.
I think *Horatio* be my destinde plague,
First in his hand he brandished a sword,
And with that sword he fiercely waged warre,
And in that warre he gaue me dangerous wounds,
And by those wounds he forced me to yeeld,
And by my yeelding I became his slaue.
Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,
Which pleasing wordes doe harbour sweet conceits,
Which sweet conceits are lim'd with slie deceits,
Which slie deceits smooth *Bel-imperias* eares,
And through her eares diue downe into her hart,
And in her hart set him where I should stand.
Thus hath he tane my body by his force,
And now by sleight would captiuuate my soule:
But in his fall ile tempt the destinies,
And either loose my life, or winne my loue.
Lor. Lets goe my Lord, your staying staies reuenge,
Doe you **hut** follow me and gaine your loue,
Her fauour must be wonne by his remooue.

Exeunt.

Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia.

Hor. Now Madame, since by fauour of your loue,
Our hidden smoke is turnd to open flame:
And that with lookes and words we feed our thought
Two chiefe contents, where more cannot be had.
Thus in the midst of loues faire blandishments,
Why shew you signe of inward languishments.

Pedringano

The Spanish tragedie.

Pedringano sheweth all to the *Prince* and *Lorenzo*,
placing them in secret.

Bel. My hart (sweet freend) is like a ship at sea,
She wisheth port, where riding all at ease,
She **mad** repaire what stormie times haue worne:
And leaning on the shore may sing with ioy,
That pleasure followes paine, and blisse annoy.
Possession of thy loue is th'onely port,
Wherein my hart with feares and hopes long tost,
Each howre doth wish and long to make resort,
There to repaire the ioyes that it hath lost:
And sitting safe to sing in Cupids quire,
That sweetest blisse is crowne of loues desire.

Balthazar aboute.

Bal. O sleepe mine eyes, see not my loue prophande,
Be deafe my eares, heare not my discontent,
Dye hart, another ioyes what thou deseruest.

Lor. Watch still mine eyes, to see this loue disioynd,
Heare still mine eares, to heare them both lament,
Liue hart to ioy at fond *Horatios* fall.

Bel. Why stands *Horatio* speecheles all this while?

Hor. The lesse I speak, the more I meditate.

Bel. But whereon doost thou chiefly meditate?

Hor. On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue.

Bal. On pleasures past, and dangers to ensue.

Bel. What dangers, and what plesures doost thou mean?

Hor. Dangers of warre, and pleasures of our loue.

Lor. Dangers of death, but pleasures none at all.

Bel. Let dangers goe, thy warre shall be with me,
But such a warring, as breakes no bond of peace.
Speak thou faire words, ile crosse them with faire words,
Send thou sweet looks, ile meet them with sweet looks,
Write louing lines, ile answere louing lines,
Giue me a kisse, ile counterchecke thy kisse,
Be this our warring peace, or peacefull warre.

Hor. But gracious Madame, then appoint the field,
Where triall of this warre shall first be made.

Bal.

wln 0761
wln 0762
wln 0763
wln 0764
wln 0765
wln 0766
wln 0767
wln 0768
wln 0769
wln 0770
wln 0771
wln 0772
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wln 0780
wln 0781
wln 0782
wln 0783
wln 0784
wln 0785
wln 0786
wln 0787
wln 0788
wln 0789
wln 0790
wln 0791
wln 0792
wln 0793
wln 0794
wln 0795
wln 0796
wln 0797

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 0798
wln 0799
wln 0800
wln 0801
wln 0802
wln 0803
wln 0804
wln 0805
wln 0806
wln 0807
wln 0808
wln 0809
wln 0810
wln 0811
wln 0812
wln 0813
wln 0814

Bal. Ambitious villaine, how his boldenes growes!
Bel, Then be thy fathers pleasant bower the field,
Where first we vowd a mutuall amitie:
The Court were dangerous, that place is safe:
Our howre shalbe when *Vesper* ginnes to rise,
That summons home distresfull trauellers.
There none shall heare vs but the harmeles birds.
Happelie the gentle Nightingale,
Shall carroll vs a sleepe ere we be ware.
And singing with the prickle at her breast,
Tell our delight and mirthfull dalliance.
Till then each houre will seeme a yeere and more.
Hor. But honie sweet, and honorable loue.
Returne we now into your fathers sight,
Dangerous suspition waits on our delight.
Lor. I, danger mixt with ielous despite,
Shall send thy soule into eternall night.

Exeunt.

wln 0815
wln 0816
wln 0817
wln 0818
wln 0819
wln 0820
wln 0821
wln 0822
wln 0823
wln 0824
wln 0825
wln 0826
wln 0827
wln 0828
wln 0829
wln 0830
wln 0831
wln 0832
wln 0833

Enter *King of Spaine, Portingale Embassadour,*
Don Ciprian, &c.
King. Brother of Castile, to the Princes loue:
What saies your daughter *Bel-imperia*?
Cip. Although she coy it as becomes her kinde,
And yet dissemble that she loues the Prince:
I doubt not I, but she will stoope in time.
And were she froward, which she will not be,
Yet heerein shall she follow my aduice,
Which is to loue him or forgoe my loue.
King, Then Lord Embassadour of Portingale,
Aduise thy King to make this marriage vp,
For strengthening of our late confirmed league,
I know no better meanes to make vs freends.
Her dowry shall be large and liberall,
Besides that, she is daughter and halfe heire,
Vnto our brother heere *Don Ciprian,*
And shall enioy the moitie of his land.
Ile grace her marriage with an vnckles gift,

D

And

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 0834
wln 0835
wln 0836
wln 0837
wln 0838
wln 0839
wln 0840
wln 0841
wln 0842
wln 0843
wln 0844
wln 0845
wln 0846
wln 0847
wln 0848
wln 0849
wln 0850
wln 0851
wln 0852
wln 0853
wln 0854
wln 0855
wln 0856
wln 0857
wln 0858
wln 0859
wln 0860
wln 0861
wln 0862
wln 0863
wln 0864
wln 0865
wln 0866

wln 0867
wln 0868
wln 0869

And this it is, in case the match goe forward,
The tribute which you pay shalbe releast,
And if by *Balthazar* she haue a Sonne,
He shall enioy the kingdome after vs.
Embas. Ile make the motion to my soueraigne Liege,
And worke it if my counsaile may preuaile.
King. Doe so my Lord, and if he giue consent,
I hope his presence heere will honour vs,
In celebration of the nuptiall day,
And let himselfe determine of the time.
Em. Wilt please your grace command me ought besid?
King. Commend me to the King, and so farewell.
But wheres Prince *Balthazar* to take his leaue?
Em. That is perfourmd already my good Lord.
King. Amongst the rest of what you haue in charge,
The Princes raunsome must not be forgot:
Thats none of mine, but his that tooke him prisoner,
And well his forwardnes deserues reward.
It was *Horatio* our Knight Marshals sonne.
Em. Betweene vs theres a price already pitcht,
And shall be sent with all conuenient speed.
King. Then once againe farewell my Lord.
Em. Farwell my Lord of Castile and the rest.
King. Now brother, you must take some little paines,
To winne faire *Bel-imperia* from her will:
Young Virgins must be ruled by their freends,
The Prince is amiable and loues her well,
If she neglect him and forgoe his loue,
She both will wrong her owne estate and ours:
Therefore whiles I doe entertaine the Prince,
With greatest pleasure that our Court affoords,
Endeuour you to winne your daughters thoughts,
If she giue back, all this will come to naught.

Enter Horatio, Bel-imperia, and Pedringano.

Hor. Now that the night begins with sable wings,
To ouer-cloud the brightnes of the Sunne,

Exit

Exeunt.

And

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 0870
wln 0871
wln 0872
wln 0873
wln 0874
wln 0875
wln 0876
wln 0877
wln 0878
wln 0879
wln 0880
wln 0881
wln 0882
wln 0883
wln 0884
wln 0885
wln 0886
wln 0887
wln 0888
wln 0889
wln 0890
wln 0891
wln 0892
wln 0893
wln 0894
wln 0895
wln 0896
wln 0897
wln 0898
wln 0899
wln 0900
wln 0901
wln 0902
wln 0903
wln 0904
wln 0905
wln 0906

And that in darkenes pleasures may be done:
Come *Bel-imperia* let vs to the bower,
And there in safetie passe a pleasant hower.

Bel. I follow thee my loue, and will not backe,
Although my fainting hart controles my soule.

Hor. Why, make you doubt of *Pedringanos* faith?

Bel. No he is as trustie as my second selfe.

Goe *Pedringano* watch without the gate,
And let vs know if any make approach.

Ped. In steed of watching ile deserue more golde.
By fetching *Don Lorenzo* to this match.

Exit *Ped.*

Hor. What meanes my loue?

Bel. I know not what my selfe:

And yet my hart foretels me some mischaunce.

Hor. Sweet say not so, faire fortune is our freend,
And heauens haue shut vp day to pleasure vs.
The starres thou seest holde back their twinckling shine,
And *Luna* hides her selfe to pleasure vs.

Bel. Thou hast preuailde, ile conquer my misdoubt,
And in thy loue and counsell drowne my feare:
I feare no more, loue now is all my thoughts,
Why sit we nat, for pleasure asketh ease?

Hor. The more thou sitst within these leauy bowers,
The more will *Flora* decke it with her flowers.

Bel. I but if *Flora* spye *Horatio* heere,
Her ieaalous eye will think I sit too neere.

Hor. Harke Madame how the birds record by night,
For ioy that *Bel-imperia* sits in sight.

Bel. No *Cupid* counterfeits the Nightingale,
To frame sweet musick to *Horatios* tale.

Hor. If *Cupid* sing, then *Venus* is nor farre,
I thou art *Venus* or some fairer starre.

Bel. If I be *Venus* thou must needs be *Mars*,
And where *Mars* raigneth there must needs be warre.

Hor. Then thus begin our wars put forth thy hand,
That it may combat with my ruder hand.

Bel. Set forth thy foot to try the push of mine.

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 0942 No, no, it was some woman cride for helpe,
wln 0943 And heere within this garden did she crie.
wln 0944 And in this garden must I rescue her:
wln 0945 But stay, what murdrous spectacle is this?
wln 0946 A man hangd vp and all the murderers gone,
wln 0947 And in my bower to lay the guilt on me:
wln 0948 This place was made for pleasure not for death.

He cuts him downe.

wln 0950 Those garments that he weares I oft haue seene,
wln 0951 Alas it is *Horatio* my sweet sonne.
wln 0952 O no, but he that whilome was my sonne,
wln 0953 O was it thou that call'dst me from my bed,
wln 0954 O speak if any sparke of life remaine.
wln 0955 I am thy father, who hath slaine my sonne?
wln 0956 What sauadge monster, not of humane kinde,
wln 0957 Hath heere beene glutted with thy harmeles blood?
wln 0958 And left thy bloudie corpes dishonoured heere,
wln 0959 For me amidst this darke and deathfull shades,
wln 0960 To drowne thee with an ocean of my teares.
wln 0961 O heauens, why made you night to couer sinne?
wln 0962 By day this deed of darkenes had not beene.
wln 0963 O earth why didst thou not in time deuoure,
wln 0964 The vilde prophaner of this sacred bower.
wln 0965 O poore *Horatio*, what hadst thou misdoone?
wln 0966 To leese thy life ere life was new begun.
wln 0967 O wicked butcher what so ere thou wert,
wln 0968 How could thou strangle vertue and desert?
wln 0969 Ay me most wretched that haue lost my ioy,
wln 0970 In leesing my *Horatio* my sweet boy.

Enter *Isabell*.

wln 0971
wln 0972 *Isa.* My husbands absence makes my hart to throb,
wln 0973 *Hieronimo*.

wln 0974 *Hiero.* Heere *Isabella*, helpe me to lament,
wln 0975 For sighes are stopt, and all my teares are spent.

wln 0976 *Isa.* What world of grieffe, my sonne *Horatio*?
wln 0977 O wheres the author of this endles woe.

D3

Hiero.

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 0978
wln 0979
wln 0980
wln 0981
wln 0982
wln 0983
wln 0984
wln 0985
wln 0986
wln 0987
wln 0988
wln 0989
wln 0990
wln 0991
wln 0992
wln 0993
wln 0994
wln 0995
wln 0996
wln 0997
wln 0998
wln 0999
wln 1000
wln 1001
wln 1002
wln 1003
wln 1004
wln 1005
wln 1006
wln 1007
wln 1008
wln 1009
wln 1010
wln 1011
wln 1012
wln 1013
wln 1014

Hiero. To know the author were some ease of greefe,
For in reuenge my hart would finde releefe.

Isa. Then is he gone? and is my sonne gone too?
O gush out teares, fountains and flouds of teares,
Blow sighes and raise an euerlasting storme.
For outrage fits our cursed wretchednes.

Hiero. Sweet louely Rose, ill pluckt before thy time,
Faire worthy sonne, not conquerd but betrayd:
Ile kisse thee now, for words with teares are stainde.

Isa. And ile close vp the glasses of his sight,
For once these eyes were onely my delight,

Hiero. Seest thou this handkercher besmerd with blood,
It shall not from me till I take reuenge:
Seest thou thoss wounds that yet are bleeding fresh,
Ile not intombe them till I haue reueng'd:
Then will I ioy amidst my discontent,
Till then my sorrow neuer shalbe spent.

Isa. The heauens are iust, murder cannot be hid,
Time is the author both of truth and right.
And time will bring this trecherie to light.

Hiero. Meane while good *Isabella* cease thy plaints,
Or at the least dissemble them a while,
So shall we sooner finde the practise out,
And learne by whom all this was brought about.
Come *Isabell* now let vs take him vp,

They take him vp.

And beare him in from out this cursed place,
Ile say his dirge, singing fits not this case.

O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum var educet herbas.

Hiero sets his brest vnto his sword.

*Misceat & nostro detur, medicina dolori:
Aut si qui faciunt annum oblimia succos,
Prebeat, ipse metum magnam quicunque per orbem,
Gramina Sol pulchras effecit in luminis oras.
Ipse bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneri,
Quicquid & irraue uecæca menia nectit.
Omnia perpetiar, lethum quoque dum semel omnis,*

Noster

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 1015
wln 1016
wln 1017
wln 1018
wln 1019
wln 1020
wln 1021
wln 1022
wln 1023
wln 1024
wln 1025
wln 1026
wln 1027
wln 1028
wln 1029
wln 1030
wln 1031
wln 1032
wln 1033
wln 1034

*Noster in extincto moriatur pectora sensus:
Ergo tuos oculos nunquam (mea vita) videbo.
Et tua perpetuus sepeliuit lumina somnus:
Emoriar tecum Sic, sic iuuat ire sub vmbras,
Attamen absistam properato cedere **letho**,
Ne mortem vindicta tuam **tam** nulla sequatur.*

Heere he throwes it from him and beares the body away.

Andrea.

Broughtst thou me hether to increase my paine?
I lookt that *Balthazar* should haue been slaine:
But tis my freend *Horatio* that is slaine,
And they abuse faire *Bel-imperia*.
Or whom I doted more then all the world,
Because she lou'd me more then all the world.

Reuenge.

Thou talkest of haruest when the corne is greene,
The end is crowne of euery worke well done:
The Sickle comes not till the corne be ripe.
Be still, and ere I lead thee from this place,
Ile shew thee *Balthazar* in heauy case.

wln 1035

Actus Tertius.

wln 1036
wln 1037

Enter *Viceroy* of Portingale, *Nobles*, *Alexandro*, *Villuppo*.

wln 1038
wln 1039
wln 1040
wln 1041
wln 1042
wln 1043
wln 1044
wln 1045
wln 1046
wln 1047

Viceroy.
INfortunate condition of Kings,
Seated amidst so many helpeles doubts:
First we are plast vpon extreamest height,
And oft supplanted with exceeding heat,
But euer subiect to the wheele of chance?
And at our highest never ioy we so,
As we both doubt and dread our ouerthrow.
So striueth not the waues with sundry winds,
As fortune toyleth in the affaires of kings,

That

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 1048
wln 1049
wln 1050
wln 1051
wln 1052
wln 1053
wln 1054
wln 1055
wln 1056
wln 1057
wln 1058
wln 1059
wln 1060
wln 1061
wln 1062
wln 1063
wln 1064
wln 1065
wln 1066
wln 1067
wln 1068

wln 1069
wln 1070
wln 1071
wln 1072
wln 1073
wln 1074
wln 1075
wln 1076
wln 1077
wln 1078
wln 1079
wln 1080
wln 1081
wln 1082
wln 1083

That would be feard, yet feare to be beloued,
Sith feare or loue to Kings is flatteries
For instance Lordings, look vpon your King,
By hate depriued of his dearest sonne,
The onely hope of our successiue line.

Nob. I had not thought that Alexandros hart,
Had beene enuenomde with such extreame hate:
But now I see that words haue seuerall workes,
And theres no credit in the countenance.

Vil. No, for my Lord, had you behelde the traine,
That fained loue had coloured in his lookes,
When he in campe consorted *Belthazar*:
Farre more inconstant had you thought the Sunne,
That howerly coasts the center of the earth,
Then *Alexandros* purpose to the Prince.

Vice. No more *Villuppo*, thou hast said enough,
And with thy words thou slaiest our wounded thoughts.
Nor shall I longer dally with the world:
Procrastinating *Alexandros* death:
Goe some of you and fetch the traitor forth,
That as he is condemned he may dye.

Enter *Alexandro* with a Noble man
and Halberts.

Nob. In such extreames, will nought but patience serue.

Alex. But in extreames, what patience shall I vse?
Nor discontents it me to leaue the world,
With whome there nothing can preuaile but wrong.

Nob. Yet hope the best.

Alex. Tis Heauen is my hope.
As for the earth it is too much infect,
To yeeld me hope of any of her mould.

Vice. Why linger ye? bring forth that daring feend,
And let him die for his accursed deed

Alex. Not that I feare the extremitie of death,
For Nobles cannot stoop to seruile feare.
Doo I (O King) thus discontented liue.

But

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 1084
wln 1085
wln 1086
wln 1087
wln 1088
wln 1089
wln 1090
wln 1091
wln 1092
wln 1093
wln 1094
wln 1095
wln 1096
wln 1097
wln 1098
wln 1099
wln 1100
wln 1101
wln 1102
wln 1103
wln 1104
wln 1105
wln 1106
wln 1107
wln 1108
wln 1109
wln 1110
wln 1111
wln 1112
wln 1113
wln 1114
wln 1115
wln 1116
wln 1117
wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120

But this, O this torments my labouring soule,
That thus I die suspected of a sinne,
Whereof, as heauens haue knowne my secret thoughts,
So am I free from this suggestion.
Vice. No more I say, to the tortures, when?
Binde him, and burne his body in those flames,
They binde him to the stake.
That shall prefigure those vnquenched fiers,
Of Phlegiton prepared for his soule.
Alex. My guiltles death will be aueng'd on thee,
On thee *Villuppo* that hath malisde thus,
Or for thy meed, hast falsely me accuse.
Vil. Nay *Alexandro* if thou menace me,
Ile lend a hand to send thee to the lake,
Where those thy words shall perish with thy workes,
Iniurious traitour, monstrous homicide.
Enter *Embassadour.*
Stay hold a while, and heer with pardon of his Maiestie,
Lay hands vpon *Villuppo*. (trance?)
Vice. Embassadour, what news hath vrg'd this sodain en-
Em. Know soueraigne L. that *Balthazar* doth liue.
Vice. What saiest thou? liueth *Balthazar* our sonne?
Em. Your highnes sonne, L. *Balthazar* doth liue.
And well intreated in the Court of Spaine:
Humbly commends him to your Maiestie.
These eies beheld, and these my followers,
With these the letters of the Kings commends.
Giues him Letters.
Are happie witnesses of his highnes health.
The King lookes on the letters, and proceeds.
Vice. Thy sonne doth liue, your tribute is receiu'd,
Thy peace is made, and we are satisfied:
The rest resolute vpon as things proposde,
For both our honors and thy benefite.
Em. These are his highnes farther articles.
He giues him more Letters.
Vice. Accursed wretch to intimate these ills,

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 1121
wln 1122
wln 1123
wln 1124
wln 1125
wln 1126
wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133
wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139
wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
wln 1149
wln 1150
wln 1151
wln 1152
wln 1153
wln 1154
wln 1155
wln 1156
wln 1157

Against the life and reputation
Of noble *Alexandro*. come my Lord vnbinde him.
Let him vnbinde thee that is bound to death,
To make a quitall for thy discontent.

They vnbinde him.

Alex. Dread Lord, in kindenes you could do no lesse,
Vpon report of such a damned fact:
But thus we see our innocence hath sau'd,
The hopeles life which thou *Villuppo* sought,
By thy suggestions to haue massacred.

Vice. Say false *Villuppo*? wherefore didst thou thus
Falsly betray Lord *Alexandros* life?
Him whom thou knowest, that no vnkindenes els,
But euen the slaughter of our deerest sonne,
Could once haue moued vs to haue misconceaued.

Alex. Say trecherous *Villuppo*, tell the King,
Or wherein hath *Alexandro* vsed thee ill?

Vil. Rent with remembrance of so foule a deed,
My guiltie soule submits me to thy doome:
For not for *Alexandros* iniuries,
But, forreward and hope to be preferd:
Thus haue I shamelesly hazarded his life,

Vice. which villaine shalbe ransomed with thy deeth,
And not so meane a torment as we heere
Deuide for him, who thou saidst slew our sonne:
But with the bitterest torments and extreames,
That may be yet inuented for thine end:

Alex. seemes to intreat.

Intreat me not, goe take the traitor hence.
And *Alexandro* let vs honor thee,
With publique notice of thy loyaltie,
To end those things articulated heere,
By our great L. the mightie king of Spaine.

Exit *Vil.*

We with our councill will deliberate,
Come *Alexandro* keepe vs company.

Exeunt.

Enter *Hieronimo*.

Hiero. Oh eies, no eies but fountains fraught with teares,

Oh

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 1158 Oh life, no life, but liuely fourme of death:
wln 1159 Oh world, no world but masse of publique wrongs.
wln 1160 Confusde and filde, with murder and misdeeds
wln 1161 Oh sacred heauens, if this vnhalloved deed,
wln 1162 If this inhumane and barberous attempt,
wln 1163 If this incomparable murder thus,
wln 1164 Of mine, but now no more my sonne,
wln 1165 Shall vnreueald and vnreuenged passe,
wln 1166 How should we tearme your dealings to be iust,
wln 1167 If you vniustly deale with those, that in your iustice trust.
wln 1168 The night sad secretary to my mones,
wln 1169 With direfull visions wake my vexed soule,
wln 1170 And with the wounds of my distresfull sonne,
wln 1171 Solicite me for notice of his death.
wln 1172 The ougly feends do sally forth of hell,
wln 1173 And frame my steps to vnfrequented paths,
wln 1174 And feare my hart with fierce inflamed thoughts.
wln 1175 The cloudie day my discontents records,
wln 1176 Early begins to regester my dreames,
wln 1177 And driue me forth to seeke the murthurer,
wln 1178 Eies, life, world, heauens, hel, night and day,
wln 1179 See, search, shew, send, some man,
wln 1180 Some meane, that may:

A Letter falleth.

Whats heere? a letter, tush, it is not so,

A Letter written to *Hieronimo*.

Red incke.

Bel. For want of incke receiue this bloudie writ,

Me hath my haples brother hid from thee,

Reuenge thy selfe on *Balthazar* and him,

For these were they that murdred thy Sonne.

Hieronimo, reuenge *Horatios* death,

And better fare then *Bel-imperia* doth.

Hiero What meanes this vnexpected miracle?

My Sonne slaine by *Lorenzo* and the Prince.

What cause had they *Horatio* to maligne?

Or what might mooue thee *Bel-imperia*,

To accuse thy brother, had he beene the meane?

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 1195 *Hieronimo* beware, thou art betraide,
wln 1196 And to intrap thy life this traine is laide.
wln 1197 Aduise thee therefore, be not credulous:
wln 1198 This is deuised to endanger thee,
wln 1199 That thou by this *Lorenzo* shouldst accuse,
wln 1200 And he for thy dishonour done, should draw
wln 1201 Thy life in question; and thy name in hate.
wln 1202 Deare was the life of my beloued Sonne,
wln 1203 And of his death behoues me be reueng'd:
wln 1204 Then hazard not thine owne *Hieronimo*,
wln 1205 But liue t'effect thy resolution.
wln 1206 I therefore will by circumstances trie,
wln 1207 What I can gather to confirme this writ,
wln 1208 And harkning neere the Duke of Castiles house,
wln 1209 Close if I can with *Belimperia*,
wln 1210 To listen more, but nothing to bewray.

Enter *Pedringano*.

Hiero. Now *Pedringano*.

Ped. Now *Hieronimo*.

Hiero. Wheres thy Lady?

Ped. I know not, heers my Lord.

Enter *Lorenzo*.

Lor. How now, whose this, *Hieronimo*?

Hiero. My Lord.

Ped. He asketh for my Lady *Bel-imperia*.

Lor. What to doo *Hieronimo*? The Duke my father hath
Vpon some disgrace a while remoou'd her hence,
wln 1222 But if it be ought I may enforme her of,
wln 1223 Tell me *Hieronimo*, and ile let her know it.

Hiero. Nay, nay my Lord, I thank you, it shall not need,
wln 1225 I had a sute vnto her, but too late,
wln 1226 And her disgrace makes me vnfortunate.

Lor. Why so *Hieronimo*? vse me.

Hiero. Oh no my Lord, I dare not, it must not be.
wln 1229 I humbly thank your Lordship.

Lor. Why then farewell.

Hiero.

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 1231
wln 1232
wln 1233
wln 1234
wln 1235
wln 1236
wln 1237
wln 1238
wln 1239
wln 1240
wln 1241
wln 1242
wln 1243
wln 1244
wln 1245
wln 1246
wln 1247
wln 1248
wln 1249
wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252
wln 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257
wln 1258
wln 1259
wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262
wln 1263
wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267

Hiero. My grieffe no hart, my thoughts no tung can tell.

Exit.

Lor. Come hither *Pedringano*, seest thou this?

Ped. My Lord, I see it, and suspect it too.

Lor. This is that damned villain *Serberine*,
That hath I feare reuealde *Horatios* death.

Ped. My Lord, he could not, twas so lately done,
And since he hath not left my company.

Lor. Admit he haue not, his conditions such,
As feare of flattering words may make him false.

I know his humour, and therewith repent,
That ere I vsde him in this enterprise.

But *Pedringano*, to preuent the worst,
And cause I know thee secret as my soule,
Heere for thy further satisfaction take thou this.

Giues him more golde.

And harken to me, thus it is deuise:
This night thou must, and prethee so resolute,
Meet *Serberine* at *S. Liugis Parke*,
Thou knowest tis heere hard by behinde the house,
There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure,
For dye he must, if we do meane to liue.

Ped. But how shall *Serberine* be there my Lord?

Lor. Let me alone, ile send to him to meet
The Prince and me, where thou must doe this deed.

Ped. It shalbe done my L. it shall be done,
And ile goe arme my selfe to meet him there.

Lor. When things shall alter, as I hope they wil,
Then shalt thou mount for this, thou knowest my minde.

Exit Ped.

Che le Ieron.

Enter *Page*.

Page. My Lord.

Lor. Goe sirra to *Serberine*, and bid him forthwith,
Meet the Prince and me at *S. Liugis Parke*,
Behinde the house, this euening boy.

Page. I goe my Lord.

E3

But

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 1268
wln 1269
wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279
wln 1280
wln 1281
wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284
wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294
wln 1295
wln 1296
wln 1297
wln 1298
wln 1299
wln 1300
wln 1301
wln 1302
wln 1303
wln 1304

But sirra, let the houre be eight a clocke.
Bid him not faile.

Page. I flye my Lord.

Exit.

Lor. Now to confirme the complot thou hast cast,
Of all these practises, Ile spread the watch,
Vpon precise commandement from the king,
Strongly to guard the place where *Pedringano*
This night shall murder haples *Serberine*.
Thus must we worke that will auoide distrust,
Thus must we practise to preuent mishap,
And thus one ill, another must expulse. (tion,
This slie enquiry of *Hieronimo* for *Bel-imperia*, breeds suspi-
And this suspicion boads a further ill.
As for my selfe, I know my secret fault,
And so doe they, but I haue dealt for them.
They that for coine their soules endangered
To saue my life, for coyne shall venture theirs:
And better its that base companions dye,
Then by their life to hazard our good haps.
Nor shall they liue for me, to feare their faith:
Ile trust my selfe, my selfe shalbe my freend,
For dye they shall, slaues are ordeind to no other end.

Exit.

Enter *Pedringano* with a Pistoll.

Now *Pedringano* bid thy pistoll holde,
And holde on Fortune, once more fauour me,
Giue but successe to mine at tempting spirit,
And let me shift for taking of mine aime:
Heere is the golde, this is the golde proposde,
It is no dreame that I aduenture for,
But *Pedringano* is possest thereof.
And he that would not straine his conscience,
For him that thus his liberall purse hath stretcht,
Vnworthy such a fauour may he faile,
And wishing, want when such as I preuaile.
As for the feare of apprehension,
I know, if need should be, my noble Lord

Will

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 1305
wln 1306
wln 1307

Will stand betweene me and ensuing harmes.
Besides, this place is free from all suspect:
Heere therefore will I stay and take my stand.

wln 1308
wln 1309
wln 1310
wln 1311
wln 1312
wln 1313
wln 1314

Enter the watch.

1 I wonder much to what intent it is,
That we are thus expresly chargde to watch?
2 Tis by commandement in the Kings own name.
3 But we were neuer wont to watch and ward,
So neere the Duke his brothers house before.
2 Content your selfe, stand close, theres somewhat int.

wln 1315
wln 1316
wln 1317
wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326

Enter *Serberine*.

Ser. Heere *Serberine* attend and stay thy pace,
For heere did *Don Lorenzos* Page appoint,
That thou by his command shouldst meet with him.
How fit a place if one were so disposde,
Me thinks this corner is to close with one.

Ped. Heere comes the bird that I must ceaze vpon,
Now *Pedringano* or neuer play the man.

Ser. I wonder that his Lordship staies so long,
Or wherefore should he send for me so late?

Ped. For this *Serberine*, and thou shalt ha'te.

Shootes the Dagge.

So, there he lyes, my promise is performde.

The Watch.

1 Harke Gentlemen, this is a Pistol shot.
2 And heeres one slaine, stay the murderer.

Ped. Now by the sorrowes of the soules in hell,

He striues with the watch.

Who first laies hand on me, ile be his Priest,

3 Sirra, confesse, and therein play the Priest,
Why hast thou thus vnkindely kild the man?

Ped. Why, because he walkt abroad so late.

3 Come sir, you had bene better kept your bed,
Then haue committed this misdeed so late.

2 Come to the Marshals with the murderer.

wln 1327
wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 1340
wln 1341
wln 1342
wln 1343
wln 1344

wln 1345
wln 1346
wln 1347
wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353
wln 1354
wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372
wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375

I On to *Hieronimos*, helpe me heere,
To bring the mured body with vs too.
Ped. *Hieronimo*, carry me before whom you will,
What ere he be ile answere him and you,
And doe your worst, for I defie you all.

Exeunt.

Enter *Lorenzo* and *Balthazar*.

Bal. How now my Lord, what makes you rise so soone?
Lor. Feare of preuenting our mishaps too late.
Bal. What mischief is it that we not mistrust?
Lor. Our greatest ils, we least mistrust my Lord,
And in expected harmes do hurt vs most.
Bal. Why tell me *Don Lorenzo*, tell me man,
If ought concernes our honour and your owne?
Lor. Nor you nor me my Lord, but both in one.
For I suspect, and the presumptions great,
That by those base confederates in our fault,
Touching the death of *Don Horatio*:
We are betraide to olde *Hieronimo*.
Bal. Betraide *Lorenzo*, tush it cannot be.
Lor. A guiltie conscience vrged with the thought,
Of former euils, easily cannot erre:
I am perswaded, and diswade me not,
That als reuealed to *Hieronimo*.
And therefore know that I haue cast it thus:
But heeres the Page, how now, what newes with thee?
Page. My Lord, *Serberine* is slaine.
Bal. Who? *Serberine* my man.
Page. Your Highnes man my Lord.
Lor. Speak *Page*, who murdered him?
Page. He that is apprehended for the fact.
Lor. Who?
Page. *Pedringano*.
Bal. Is *Serberine* slaine that lou'd his Lord so well?
Iniurious villaine, murderer of his freend.
Lor. Hath *Pedringano* murdered *Serberine*?
My Lord, let me entreat you to take the paines,

To

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 1376
wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385
wln 1386
wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390
wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394
wln 1395

To exasperate and hasten his reuenge.
With your complaints vnto my L. the King.
This their dissention breeds a greater doubt.
Bal. Assure thee *Don Lorenzo* he shall dye,
Or els his Highnes hardly shall deny.
Meane while, ile haste the Marshall Sessions,
For die he shall for this his damned deed.

Exit Balt.

Lor. Why so, this fits our former pollicie,
And thus experience bids the wise to deale.
I lay the plot, he prosecutes the point,
I set the trap, he breakes the worthles twigs,
And sees not that wherewith the bird was limde.
Thus hopefull men that meane to holde their owne,
Must look like fowlers to their dearest freends.
He runnes to kill whome I haue holpe to catch,
And no man knowes it was my reaching fatch.
Tis hard to trust vnto a multitude,
Or any one in mine opinion,
When men themselues their secrets will reueale.

Enter a messenger with a letter.

wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399
wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
wln 1403
wln 1404
wln 1405
wln 1406
wln 1407
wln 1408
wln 1409
wln 1410
wln 1411

Lor. Boy.
Page. My Lord.
Lor. Whats he?
Mes. I haue a letter to your Lordship.
Lor. From whence?
Mes. From *Pedringano* that's imprisoned.
Lor. So, he is in prison then?
Mes. I my good Lord.
Lor. What would he with vs?
He writes vs heere to stand good L. and help him in distres.
Tell him I haue his letters, know his minde,
And what we may let him assure him of.
Fellow, be gone: my boy shall follow thee.

Exit Mes.

This works like waxe, yet once more try thy wits,

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 1412 Boy, goe conuay this purse to *Pedringano*,
wln 1413 Thou knowest the prison, closely giue it him:
wln 1414 And be aduisde that none be there about.
wln 1415 Bid him be merry still, but secret:
wln 1416 And though the Marshall sessions be to day,
wln 1417 Bid him not doubt of his deliuerie.
wln 1418 Tell him his pardon is already signde,
wln 1419 And thereon bid him boldely be resolued:
wln 1420 For were he ready to be turned off,
wln 1421 As tis my will the vttermost be tride:
wln 1422 Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still,
wln 1423 Shew him this boxe, tell him his pardons int,
wln 1424 But opent not, and if thou louest thy life:
wln 1425 But let him wisely keepe his hopes vnknowne,
wln 1426 He shall not want while *Don Lorenzo* liues: away.
wln 1427 *Page.* I goe my Lord, I runne.
wln 1428 *Lor.* But sirra, see that this be cleanly done.

Exit *Page*.

wln 1430 Now stands our fortune on a tickle point,
wln 1431 And now or neuer ends *Lorenzos* doubts.
wln 1432 One onely thing is vneffected yet,
wln 1433 And thats to see the Executioner,
wln 1434 But to what end? I list not trust the Aire
wln 1435 With vtterance of our pretence therein.
wln 1436 For feare the priuie whispring of the winde,
wln 1437 Conuay our words amongst vnfriendly eares,
wln 1438 That lye too open to aduantages.
wln 1439 *Et quel que voglio It nessun le sa,*
wln 1440 *Intendo io quel mi bassara.*

Exit.

wln 1441 Enter *Boy* with the Boxe.
wln 1442 My Maister hath forbidden me to looke in this box, and
wln 1443 by my troth tis likely, if he had not warned me, I should not
wln 1444 haue had so much idle time: for wee mens-kinde in our mi-
wln 1445 noritie, are like women in their vncertaintie, that they are
wln 1446 most forbidden, they wil soonest attempt: so I now. By my
wln 1447 bare honesty heeres nothing but the bare emptie box: were

it not

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 1448
wln 1449
wln 1450
wln 1451
wln 1452
wln 1453
wln 1454
wln 1455
wln 1456
wln 1457
wln 1458
wln 1459

it not sin against secrecie, I would say it were a peece of gentlemanlike knauery. I must goe to *Pedringano*, and tell him his pardon is in this boxe, nay, I would haue sworne it, had I not seene the contrary. I cannot choose but smile to thinke, how the villain wil flout the gallowes, scorne the audience, and descant on the hangman, and al presuming of his pardon from hence. Wilt not be an odde iest, for me to stand and grace euery iest he makes, pointing my finger at this boxe: as who would say, mock on, heers thy warrant. Ist not a scur- uie iest, that a man should iest himselfe to death. Alas poore *Pedringano*, I am in a sorte sorie for thee, but if I should be hanged with thee, I cannot weep.

Exit.

wln 1460
wln 1461
wln 1462
wln 1463
wln 1464
wln 1465
wln 1466
wln 1467
wln 1468
wln 1469
wln 1470
wln 1471
wln 1472
wln 1473
wln 1474
wln 1475
wln 1476
wln 1477
wln 1478
wln 1479
wln 1480
wln 1481
wln 1482
wln 1483

Enter *Hieronimo* and the *Deputie*.

Hiero. Thus must we toyle in other mens extreames,
That know not how to remedie our owne,
And doe them iustice, when vniustly we:
For all our wrongs can compasse no redresse.
But shall I neuer liue to see the day,
That I may come (by iustice of the heauens)
To know the cause that may my cares allay?
This toyles my body, this consumeth age,
That onely I to all men iust must be,
And neither Gods nor men be iust to me.

Dep. Worthy *Hieronimo*, your office askes,
A care to punish such as doe transgresse.

Hiero. So ist my duety to regarde his death,
Who when he liued deserued my dearest blood:
But come, for that we came for lets begin,
For heere lyes that which bids me to be gone.

Enter *Officers*, *Boy*, and *Pedringano*, with a letter
in his hand, bound.

Depu. Bring forth the Prisoner for the Court is set.

Ped. Gramercy boy, but it was time to come,
For I had written to my Lord anew,
A neerer matter that concerneth him,
For feare his Lordship had forgotten me:

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 1484
wln 1485
wln 1486
wln 1487
wln 1488
wln 1489
wln 1490
wln 1491
wln 1492
wln 1493
wln 1494
wln 1495
wln 1496
wln 1497
wln 1498
wln 1499
wln 1500
wln 1501
wln 1502
wln 1503
wln 1504
wln 1505
wln 1506
wln 1507
wln 1508
wln 1509
wln 1510
wln 1511
wln 1512
wln 1513
wln 1514
wln 1515
wln 1516
wln 1517
wln 1518
wln 1519
wln 1520

But sith he hath remembred me so well,
Come, come, come on, when shall we to this geere.
Hiero. Stand forth thou monster, murderer of men,
And heere for satisfaction of the world,
Confesse thy folly and repent thy fault,
For ther's thy place of execution.
Ped. This is short worke, well, to your Marshallship
First I confesse, nor feare I death therefore,
I am the man, twas I slew *Serberine*.
But sir, then you think this shalbe the place,
Where we shall satisfie you for this geare?
Depu. I *Pedringano*.
Ped. Now I think not so.
Hiero, Peace impudent, for thou shalt finde it so.
For blood with blood, shall while I sit as iudge,
Be satisfied, and the law dischargde.
And though my selfe cannot receiue the like,
Yet will I see that others haue their right.
Dispatch, the faults approued and confest,
Hand by our law he is condemnd to die.
Hang. Come on **sit**, are you ready?
Ped. To doo what, my fine officious knaue?
Hang. To goe to this geere.
Ped. O sir, you are to forward, thou wouldst faine furnish
me with a halter, to disfurnish me of my habit.
So I should goe out of this geere my raiment, into that geere
the rope.
But Hangman, now I spy your knauery, ile not change with-
out boot, thats flat.
Hang. Come Sir.
Ped. So then I must vp.
Hang. No remedie.
Ped. Yes, but there shalbe for my comming downe.
Hang. Indeed heers a remedie for that.
Ped. How? be turned off.
Hang. I truely, come are you ready.
I pray sir dispatch, the day goes away.

Ped.

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 1521
wln 1522
wln 1523
wln 1524
wln 1525
wln 1526
wln 1527
wln 1528
wln 1529
wln 1530
wln 1531
wln 1532
wln 1533
wln 1534
wln 1535
wln 1536
wln 1537
wln 1538
wln 1539
wln 1540
wln 1541
wln 1542
wln 1543
wln 1544
wln 1545
wln 1546
wln 1547
wln 1548
wln 1549
wln 1550
wln 1551
wln 1552
wln 1553
wln 1554
wln 1555
wln 1556
wln 1557

Ped. What doe you hang by the howre, if you doo, I may chance to break your olde custome.

Hang. Faith you haue reason, for I am like to break your yong neck.

Ped. Dost thou mock me hangman, pray God I be not preserued to break your knaues pate for this.

Hang. Alas sir, you are a foot too low to reach it, and I hope you will neuer grow so high while I am in the office.

Ped. Sirra, dost see yonder boy with **the** box in his hand?

Hang. What, he that points to it with his finger.

Ped. I that companion.

Hang. I know him not, but what of him?

Ped. Doost thou think to liue till his olde doublet will make thee a new trusse?

Hang. I, and many a faire yeere after, to trusse vp many an honest man then either thou or he.

Ped. What hath he in his boxe as thou thinkst?

Hang. Faith I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly. Me thinks you should rather hearken to your soules health.

Ped. Why sirra Hangman? I take it, that that is good for the body, is likewise good for the soule: and it may be, in that box is balme for both.

Hang. Wel, thou art euen the meriest peece of mans flesh that ere gronde at my office doore.

Ped. Is your roaguery become an office with a knaues name?

Hang. I, and that shall all they witnes that see you seale it with a theeues name.

Ped. I prethee request this good company to pray with me.

Hang. I mary sir, this is a good motion: my maisters, you see heers a good fellow.

Ped. Nay, nay, now I remember me, let them alone till some other time, for now I haue no great need.

Hiero. I haue not seen a wretch so impudent, O monstrous times where murders set so light,

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 1558
wln 1559
wln 1560
wln 1561
wln 1562
wln 1563
wln 1564
wln 1565
wln 1566
wln 1567
wln 1568
wln 1569
wln 1570
wln 1571
wln 1572
wln 1573
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wln 1585
wln 1586
wln 1587
wln 1588
wln 1589
wln 1590
wln 1591
wln 1592
wln 1593
wln 1594

And where the soule that should be shrinde in heauen,
Solelie delights in interdicted things,
Still wandring in the thornie passages,
That intercepts it selfe of hapines.
Murder, O bloody monster, God forbid,
A fault so foule should scape vnpunished.
Dispatch and see this execution done,
This makes me to remember thee my sonne.

Exit. *Hiero.*

Ped. Nay soft, no hast.

Depu. Why, wherefore stay you, haue you hope of life?

Ped. Why I.

Hang. As how?

Ped. Why Rascall by my pardon from the King.

Hang. stand you on that, then you shall off with this.

He turnes him off.

Depu. So Executioner, conuay him hence,
But let his body be vnburied.
Let not the earth be choked or infect.
With that which heauens contemnes and men neglect.

Exeunt.

Enter *Hieronimo.*

Where shall I run to breath abroad my woes,
My woes whose weight hath wearied the earth?
Or mine exclames that haue surcharged the aire,
With ceasles plaints, for my deceased sonne?
The blustering winds conspiring with my words,
At my lament haue moued the leaueles trees.
Disroabde the medowes of their flowred greene,
Made mountains marsh with spring tides of my teares,
And broken through the brazen gates of hell,
Yet still tormented is my tortured soule,
With broken sighes and restles passions,
That winged mount, and houering in the aire,
Beat at the windowes of the brightest heauens,
Solliciting for iustice and reuenge:
But they are plac't in those imperiall heights,

Where

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 1595
wln 1596
wln 1597

Where countermurde with walles of diamond,
I finde the place impregnable, and they
Resist my woes, and giue my words no way.

wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601
wln 1602
wln 1603
wln 1604
wln 1605
wln 1606
wln 1607
wln 1608
wln 1609

Enter Hangman with a Letter.

Hang. O Lord sir, God blesse you sir, the man sir *Petergade*,
Sir, he that was so full of merrie conceits.

Hiero. Wel, what of him?

Hang. O Lord sir, he went the wrong way, the fellow had
a faire commission to the contrary. Sir, heere is his pas-
port, I pray you sir, we haue done him wrong.

Hiero. I warrant thee, giue it me.

Hang. you will stand between the gallowes and me.

Hiero. I, I.

Hang. I thank your L. worship.

Exit *Hangmon.*

wln 1610
wln 1611
wln 1612
wln 1613
wln 1614
wln 1615
wln 1616
wln 1617
wln 1618
wln 1619
wln 1620
wln 1621
wln 1622
wln 1623
wln 1624
wln 1625
wln 1626
wln 1627
wln 1628
wln 1629
wln 1630

Hiero. And yet though somewhat neerer me concernes,
I will to ease the greefe that I sustaine,
Take truce with sorrow while I read on this.
My Lord, I write as mine extreames requirde,
That you would labour my deliuerie:
If you neglect, my life is desperate,
And in my death I shall reueale the troth.
You know my Lord, I slew him for your sake,
And was confederate with the Prince and you,
Wonne by rewards and hopefull promises,
I holpe to murder Don Horatio too.
Holpe he to murder mine *Horatio*,
And actors in th'accursed Tragedie.
Wast thou *Lorenzo*, *Balthazar* and thou,
Of whom my Sonne, my Sonne deseru'd so well,
What haue I heard, what haue mine eies behelde?
O sacred heauens, may it come to passe,
That such a monstrous and detested deed,
So closely smotherd, and so long conceald,
Shall thus by this be venged or reueald.
Now see I what I durst not then suspect,

That

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 1631 That *Bel-imperias* Letter was not fainde,
wln 1632 Nor fained she though falsly they haue wrongd,
wln 1633 Both her, my selfe, *Horatio*, and themselues.
wln 1634 Now may I make compare twixt hers and this,
wln 1635 Of euerie accident, I neere could finde
wln 1636 Till now, and now I feelingly perceiue,
wln 1637 They did what heauen vnpunisht would not leaue.
wln 1638 O false *Lorenzo*, are these thy flattering lookes?
wln 1639 Is this the honour that thou didst my Sonne?
wln 1640 And *Balthazar* bane to thy soule and me,
wln 1641 Was this the ransome he reseru'd thee for?
wln 1642 Woe to the cause of these constrained warres,
wln 1643 Woe to thy basenes and captiuitie,
wln 1644 Woe to thy birth, thy body and thy soule,
wln 1645 Thy cursed father, and thy conquerd selfe:
wln 1646 And band with bitter execrations be
wln 1647 The day and place where he did pittie thee.
wln 1648 But wherefore waste I mine vnfruitfull words?
wln 1649 When naught but blood will satisfie my woes:
wln 1650 I will goe plaine me to my Lord the King,
wln 1651 And cry aloud for iustice through the Court.
wln 1652 Wearing the flints with these my withered feet,
wln 1653 And either purchase iustice by intreats,
wln 1654 Or tire them all with my reuenging threats.

Exit.

Enter *Isabell* and her Maid.

wln 1655
wln 1656 *Isa.* So that you say this hearb will purge the eye
wln 1657 And this the head, ah but none of them wil purge the hart:
wln 1658 No, thers no medicine left for my disease,
wln 1659 Nor any phisick to recure the dead:

She runnes lunatick.

Horatio, O wheres *Horatio*.

wln 1661
wln 1662 *Maide.* Good Madam, affright not thus your selfe,
wln 1663 With outrage for your sonne *Horatio*.
wln 1664 He sleepes in quiet in the *Elizian* fields.

wln 1665 *Isa.* Why did I not giue you gownes and goodly things,
wln 1666 Bought you a whistle and a whipstalke too:

To

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 1667
wln 1668
wln 1669
wln 1670
wln 1671
wln 1672
wln 1673
wln 1674
wln 1675
wln 1676
wln 1677
wln 1678
wln 1679
wln 1680

To be reuenged on their villanies.
Maid. Madame these humors doe torment my soule.
Isa. My soule, poore soule thou talkes of things
Thou knowst not what, my soule hath siluer wings,
That mounts me vp vnto the highest heauens,
To heauen, I there sits my *Horatio*,
Backt with a troupe of fiery Cherubins,
Dauncing about his newly healed wounds
Singing sweet hymnes and chaunting heauenly notes,
Rare hermony to greet his innocence,
That dyde, I dyde a mirrour in our daies.
But say, where shall I finde, the men, the murderers,
That slew *Horatio*, whether shall I runne,
To finde them out, that murdered my Sonne.

Exeunt.

wln 1681
wln 1682
wln 1683
wln 1684
wln 1685
wln 1686
wln 1687
wln 1688
wln 1689
wln 1690
wln 1691
wln 1692
wln 1693
wln 1694
wln 1695
wln 1696
wln 1697
wln 1698
wln 1699
wln 1700
wln 1701
wln 1702

Bel-imperia at a window.
Bel. What means this outrage that is offred me?
Why am I thus sequestred from the Court?
No notice, shall I not know the cause,
Of this my secret and suspitious ils?
Accursed brother, vnkinde murderer.
Why bends thou thus thy minde to martir me?
Hieronimo, why writ I of thy wrongs?
Or why art thou so slacke in thy reuenge?
Andrea, O *Andrea* that thou sawest,
Me for thy freend *Horatio* handled thus,
And him for me thus causeles murdered.
Wel, force perforce, I must constraime my selfe,
To patience, and apply me to the time,
Till heauen as I haue hoped shall set me free.

Enter *Christophill*.

Chris. Come Madame *Bel-imperia*, this may not be,

Exeunt.

Enter *Lorenzo*, *Balthazar*, and the *Page*.

Lor. Boy, talke no further, thus farre things goe well,
Thou art assurde that thou sawest him dead?

Page. Or els my Lord I liue not.

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 1703
wln 1704
wln 1705
wln 1706
wln 1707
wln 1708
wln 1709
wln 1710
wln 1711
wln 1712
wln 1713
wln 1714
wln 1715
wln 1716
wln 1717
wln 1718
wln 1719
wln 1720
wln 1721
wln 1722
wln 1723
wln 1724
wln 1725

Lor. Thats enough.
As for his resolution in his end,
Leaue that to him with whom he soiourns now.
Heere, take my ring, and giue it *Chirstophill*,
And bid him let my Sister be enlarg'd,
And bring her hither straight.
This that I did was for a policie,
To smooth and keepe the murder secret,
Which as a nine daies wonder being ore-blowne,
My gentle Sister will I now enlarge.

Exit *Page*.

Bal. And time *Lorenzo*, for my Lord the Duke,
You heard enquired for her yester-night.

Lor. Why? and my Lord, I hope you heard me say,
Sufficient reason, why she kept away.
But thats all one, my Lord, you loue her?

Bal. I.

Lor. Then in your loue beware, deale cunningly,
Salue all suspitions, onely sooth me vp,
And if she hap to stand on tearmes with vs,
As for her sweet hart, and concealement so,
Iest with her gently, vnder fained iest
Are things concealde, that els would breed vnrest.
But heere she comes.

Enter *Bel-imperia*.

Lor. Now Sister.

Bel. Sister, no thou art no brother, but an enemy.
Els wouldst thou not haue vsde thy Sister so,
First, to affright me with thy weapons drawne,
And with extreames abuse my company:
And then to hurry me like whirlwinds rage,
Amidst a crew of thy confederates:
And clap me vp where none might come at me,
Nor I at any to reueale my wrongs.
What madding fury did possesse thy wits?
Or wherein ist that I offended thee?

Lor. Advise you better *Bel-imperia*,

wln 1726
wln 1727
wln 1728
wln 1729
wln 1730
wln 1731
wln 1732
wln 1733
wln 1734
wln 1735
wln 1736
wln 1737
wln 1738

For

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 1739
wln 1740
wln 1741
wln 1742
wln 1743
wln 1744
wln 1745
wln 1746
wln 1747
wln 1748
wln 1749
wln 1750
wln 1751
wln 1752
wln 1753
wln 1754
wln 1755
wln 1756
wln 1757
wln 1758
wln 1759
wln 1760
wln 1761
wln 1762
wln 1763
wln 1764
wln 1765
wln 1766
wln 1767
wln 1768
wln 1769
wln 1770
wln 1771
wln 1772
wln 1773
wln 1774
wln 1775

For I haue done you no disparagement:

Vnlesse by more discretion then deseru'd,

I sought to saue your honour and mine owne.

Bel. Mine honour, why *Lorenzo*, wherein ist,

That I neglect my reputation so,

As you, or any need to rescue it.

Lor. His highnes and my Father were resolu'd,

To come conferre with olde *Hieronimo*,

Concerning certaine matters of estate,

That by the Viceroy was determined.

Bel. And wherein was mine honour toucht in that?

Bal. Haue patience *Bel-imperia*, heare the rest.

Lor. Me next in sight as messenger they sent,

To giue him notice that they were so nigh:

Now when I came consorted with the Prince,

And vnexpected in an Arbour there,

Found *Bel-imperia* with *Horatio*.

Bel. How than?

Lor. Why then remembring that olde disgrace,

Which you for *Don Andrea* had indurde,

And now were likely longer to sustaine,

By being found so meanelly accompanied:

Thought rather, for I knew no readier meane,

To thrust *Horatio* forth my fathers way.

Bal. And carry you obscurely some where els,

Least that his highnes should haue found you there.

Bel. Euen so my Lord, and you are witnesse,

That this is true which he entreateth of.

You (gentle brother) forged this for my sake,

And you my Lord, were made his instruement:

A worke of worth, worthy the noting too.

But whats the cause that you concealde me since?

Lor. Your melancholly Sister since the newes,

Of your first faourite *Don Andreas* death,

My Fathers olde wrath hath exasperate.

Bal. And better wast for you being in disgrace,

To absent your selfe and giue his fury place.

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 1776
wln 1777
wln 1778
wln 1779
wln 1780
wln 1781
wln 1782
wln 1783
wln 1784
wln 1785
wln 1786
wln 1787
wln 1788
wln 1789
wln 1790
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wln 1792
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wln 1796
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wln 1798
wln 1799
wln 1800
wln 1801
wln 1802
wln 1803
wln 1804
wln 1805
wln 1806
wln 1807
wln 1808
wln 1809
wln 1810
wln 1811
wln 1812

Bel. But why had I no notice of his ire?
Lor. That were to adde more fewell to your fire.
Who burnt like *Aetne* for *Andreas* losse.
Bel. Hath not my Father then enquirde for me?
Lor. Sister he hath, and thus excusde I thee.
He whispereth in her eare.
But *Bel-imperia*, see the gentle prince,
Looke on thy loue, beholde yong *Balthazar*.
Whose passions by thy presence are increast,
And in whose melanchollie thou maiest see,
Thy hate, his loue: thy flight, his following thee.
Bel. Brother you are become an Oratour,
I know not I, by what experience,
Too pollitick for me, past all compare,
Since last I saw you, but content your selfe,
The Prince is meditating higher things,
Bal. Tis of thy beauty then that conquers Kings.
Of those thy tresses *Ariadnes* twines,
Where with my libertie thou hast surprisde.
Of that thine iuorie front my sorrowes map,
Wherein I see no hauen to rest my hope.
Bel. To loue, and feare, and both at once my Lord,
In my conceipt, are things of more import,
Then womens wits are to be busied with.
Bal. Tis I that loue.
Bel. Whome?
Bal. *Bel-imperia*.
Bel. But I that feare.
Bal. Whome?
Bel. *Bel-imperia*.
Lor. Feare your selfe?
Bel. I brother.
Lor. How? (loose.
Bel. As those, that what they loue, are loath, and feare to
Bal. Then faire, let *Balthazar* your keeper be,
Bel. No, *Balthazar* doth feare as well as we.
Est tremulo metus pauidum iunxere timorem,

Et

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 1813
wln 1814
wln 1815
wln 1816
wln 1817
wln 1818
wln 1819

Et vanum stolidæ proditiōnis opus. Exit.
Lor. Nay, and you argue things so cunningly,
Weele goe continue this discourse at Court,
Bal. Led by the loadstar of her heauenly lookes,
Wends poore oppressed *Balthazar*,
As ore the mountains walkes the wanderer,
Uncertain to effect his Pilgrimage. Exeunt.

wln 1820
wln 1821
wln 1822
wln 1823
wln 1824
wln 1825
wln 1826
wln 1827
wln 1828
wln 1829
wln 1830
wln 1831
wln 1832
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wln 1834
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wln 1836
wln 1837
wln 1838
wln 1839
wln 1840
wln 1841
wln 1842
wln 1843
wln 1844
wln 1845
wln 1846
wln 1847
wln 1848

Enter two Portingales, and *Hieronimo*
meets them.
1 By your leaue Sir.
Hiero. Good leaue haue you, nay, I pray you goe,
For ile leaue you, if you can leaue me so.
2 Pray you which is the next way to my L. the Dukes.
Hiero. The next way from me.
1 To his house we meane.
Hiero. O hard by, tis yon house that you see.
2 You could not tell vs, if his Sonne were there.
Hiero. Who, my Lord *Lorenzo*?
1 I Sir.
He goeth in at one doore and comes out at another.
Hiero. Oh forbear, for other talke for vs far fitter were.
But if you be importunate to know,
The way to him, and where to finde him out,
Then list to me, and Ile resolue your doubt.
There is a path vpon your left hand side,
That leadeth from a guiltie conscience,
Vnto a forrest of distrust and feare.
A darkesome place and dangerous to passe,
There shall you meet with melancholly thoughts,
Whose balefull humours if you but vpholde,
It will conduct you to dispaire and death:
Whose rockie cliffes, when you haue once behelde,
Within a hugie dale of lasting night,
That kindled with the worlds iniquities,
Doth cast vp filthy and detested fumes.
Not far from thence where murderers haue built,

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 1849
wln 1850
wln 1851
wln 1852
wln 1853
wln 1854
wln 1855
wln 1856
wln 1857
wln 1858
wln 1859

wln 1860
wln 1861

wln 1862
wln 1863
wln 1864
wln 1865
wln 1866
wln 1867
wln 1868
wln 1869
wln 1870
wln 1871
wln 1872
wln 1873
wln 1874
wln 1875
wln 1876
wln 1877
wln 1878
wln 1879
wln 1880
wln 1881
wln 1882
wln 1883

A habitation for their cursed soules:
There in a brazen Caldron fixt by *Ioue*,
In his fell wrath vpon a sulpher flame:
Your selues shall finde *Lorenzo* bathing him,
In boyling lead and blood of innocents.

1 Ha, ha, ha.

Hiero. Ha, ha, ha: why ha, ha, ha. Farewell good ha, ha, ha.

Exit.

2 Doubtles this man is passing lunaticke,
Or imperfection of his age doth make him dote.
Come, lets away to seek my Lord the Duke.

Enter *Hieronimo* with a Ponyard in one hand,
and a Rope in the other.

Hiero. Now Sir, perhaps I come and see the King,
The King sees me, and faine would heare my sute.
Why is not this a strange and seld seene thing.
That standers by with toyes should strike me mute.
Go too, I see their shifts, and say no more,
Hieronimo, tis time for thee to trudge.
Downe by the dale that flowes with purple gore,
Standeth a firie Tower, there sits a iudge,
Vpon a seat of steele and molten brasse:
And twixt his teeth he holdes a fire-brand,
That leades vnto the lake where hell doth stand.
Away *Hieronimo* to him be gone:
Heele doe thee iustice for *Horatios* death.
Turne down this path thou shalt be with him strait,
Or this, and then thou needst not take thy breth.
This way, or that way: soft and faire, not so:
For if I hang or kill my selfe, lets know
Who will reuenge *Horatios* murther then?
No, no, fie no: pardon me, ile none of that:

He flings away the dagger & halter.

This way ile take, and this way comes the King,

He takes them vp againe.

And

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 1884
wln 1885
wln 1886
wln 1887

And heere Ile haue a fling at him thats flat.
And *Balthazar* ile be with thee to bring,
And thee *Lorenzo*, heeres the King, nay, stay,
And heere, I heere, there goes the hare away.

wln 1888
wln 1889
wln 1890
wln 1891
wln 1892
wln 1893
wln 1894
wln 1895
wln 1896
wln 1897
wln 1898
wln 1899
wln 1900
wln 1901
wln 1902
wln 1903
wln 1904
wln 1905
wln 1906
wln 1907
wln 1908
wln 1909
wln 1910
wln 1911
wln 1912
wln 1913
wln 1914
wln 1915
wln 1916
wln 1917
wln 1918
wln 1919

Enter *King, Embassador, Castile, and Lorenzo.*
King. Now shew Embassadour what our Viceroy saith,
Hath hee receiu'd the articles we sent?
Hiero. Iustice, O iustice to *Hieronimo.*
Lor. Back, seest thou not the King is busie?
Hiero. O, is he so.
King. Who is he that interrupts our busines?
Hiero. Not I, *Hieronimo* beware, goe by, goe by.
Embas. Renowned King he hath receiued and read,
Thy kingly proffers, and thy promist league,
And as a man extreamely ouer-ioyd,
To heare his Sonne so Princely entertainde,
Whose death he had so solemnly bewailde.
This for thy further satisfaction,
And kingly loue, he kindly lets thee know:
First, for the marriage of his Princely Sonne,
With *Bel-imperia* thy beloued Neece,
The newes are more delightfull to his soule,
Then myrrh or incense to the offended heauens.
In person therefore will he come himselfe,
To see the marriage rites solemnized,
And in the presence of the Court of Spaine,
To knit a sure inexecrable band,
Of Kingly loue, and euerlasting league,
Betwixt the Crownes of Spaine and Portingale.
There will he giue his Crowne to *Balthazar*,
And make a Queene of *Bel-imperia.*
King. Brother, how like you this our Vice-roies loue?
Cast. No doubt my Lord, it is an argument
Of honorable care to keepe his freend,
And wondrous zeale to *Balthazar* his sonne?
Nor am I least indebted to his graece,

That

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 1920
wln 1921
wln 1922
wln 1923
wln 1924
wln 1925
wln 1926
wln 1927
wln 1928
wln 1929
wln 1930
wln 1931
wln 1932
wln 1933
wln 1934
wln 1935
wln 1936
wln 1937
wln 1938
wln 1939
wln 1940
wln 1941
wln 1942
wln 1943
wln 1944
wln 1945
wln 1946
wln 1947
wln 1948
wln 1949
wln 1950
wln 1951
wln 1952
wln 1953
wln 1954
wln 1955
wln 1956

That bends his liking to my daughter thus.
Em. Now last (dread Lord) heere hath his highnes sent,
Although he send not that his Sonne returne,
His ransome due to *Don Horatio*.
Hiero. *Horatio*, who cals *Horatio*?
King. And well remembred, thank his Maiestie.
Heere, see it giuen to *Horatio*.
Hiero. Iustice, O iustice, iustice, gentle King.
King. Who is that? *Hieronimo*?
Hiero. Iustice, O iustice, O my sonne, my sonne,
My Sonne whom naught can ransome or redeeme.
Lor. *Hieronimo*, you are not well aduisde.
Hiero. Away *Lorenzo* hinder me no more,
For thou hast made me bankrupt of my blisse:
Giue me my sonne, you shall not ransome him.
Away, ile rip the bowels of the earth,
He diggeth with his dagger.
And Ferrie ouer to th'Elizian plaines,
And bring my Sonne to shew his deadly wounds.
Stand from about me, ile make a pickaxe of my poniard,
And heere surrender vp my Marshalship:
For Ile goe marshall vp the feends in hell,
To be auenged on you all for this.
King. What meanes this outrage? will none of you re-
straine his fury?
Hiero. Nay soft and faire, you shall not need to striue,
Needs must he goe that the diuels driue.
Exit.
King. What accident hath hapt *Hieronimo*?
I haue not seene him to demeane him so.
Lor. My gracious Lord, he is with extreame pride,
Conceiued of yong *Horatio* his Sonne,
And couetous of hauing to himselfe,
The ransome of the yong Prince *Balthazar*.
Distract and in a manner lunatick.
King. Beleeue me Nephew we are sorie fort,
This is the loue that Fathers beare their sonnes:
But

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 1957
wln 1958
wln 1959
wln 1960
wln 1961
wln 1962
wln 1963
wln 1964
wln 1965
wln 1966
wln 1967
wln 1968
wln 1969
wln 1970
wln 1971
wln 1972
wln 1973
wln 1974
wln 1975
wln 1976

But gentle brother, goe giue to him this golde,
The Princes raunsome, let him haue his due,
For what he hath *Horatio* shall not want,
Happily *Hieronimo* hath need thereof.
Lor. But if he be thus helplesly distract,
Tis requisite his office be resignde,
And giuen to one of more discretion.
King. We shall encrease his melanchollie so.
Tis best that we see further in it first:
Till when, our selfe will exempt the place.
And Brother, now bring in the Embassador,
That he may be a witnes of the match.
Twixt *Balthazar* and *Bel-imperia*.
And that we may prefixe a certaine time.
Wherein the marriage shalbe solemnized,
That we may haue thy Lord the Vice-roy heere.
Em. Therein your highnes highly shall content,
His Maiestie, that longs to heare from hence.
King. On then, and heare you Lord Embassadour.

Exeunt.

wln 1977
wln 1978
wln 1979
wln 1980
wln 1981
wln 1982
wln 1983
wln 1984
wln 1985
wln 1986
wln 1987
wln 1988
wln 1989
wln 1990
wln 1991
wln 1992

Enter *Hieronimo* with a book in his hand.
Vindicta mihi.
I, heauen will be reuenged of euery ill,
Nor will they suffer murder vnrepaid:
Then stay *Hieronimo*, attend their will,
For mortall men may not appoint their time.
Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter.
Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offred thee,
For euils vnto ils conductors be.
And death's the worst of resolution.
For he that thinks with patience to contend,
To quiet life, his life shall easily end.
Fata si miseros iuuant habes salutem:
Fata si vitam negant, habes sepulchrum.
If destinie thy miseries doe ease,
Then hast thou health, and happie shalt thou be:

H

If

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 1993 If destinie denie thee life *Hieronimo*.
wln 1994 Yet shalt thou be assured of a tombe:
wln 1995 If neither, yet let this thy comfort be,
wln 1996 Heauen couereth him that hath no buriall,
wln 1997 And to conclude, I will reuenge his death,
wln 1998 But how? not as the vulgare wits of men,
wln 1999 With open, but ineuitable ils:
wln 2000 As by a secret, yet a certain meane,
wln 2001 Which vnder kindeship wilbe cloked best.
wln 2002 Wise men will take their oportunitie,
wln 2003 Closely and safely fitting things to time:
wln 2004 But in extreames aduantage hath no time.
wln 2005 And therefore all times fit not for reuenge:
wln 2006 Thus therefore will I rest me in vnrest,
wln 2007 Dissembling quiet in vnquietnes,
wln 2008 Not seeming that I know their villanies:
wln 2009 That my simplicitie may make them think,
wln 2010 That ignorantly I will let all slip:
wln 2011 For ignorance I wot, and well they know,
wln 2012 *Remedium malorum iners est.*
wln 2013 Nor ought auailles it me to menace them,
wln 2014 Who as a wintrie storme vpon a plaine,
wln 2015 Will beare me downe with their nobilitie.
wln 2016 No, no, *Hieronimo*, thou must enioyne
wln 2017 Thine eies to obseruation, and thy tung
wln 2018 To milder speeches, then thy spirit affoords,
wln 2019 Thy hart to patience, and thy hands to rest,
wln 2020 Thy Cappe to **cuttesie**, and thy knee to bow,
wln 2021 Till to reuenge thou know when, where, and how.
wln 2022 How now, what noise, what coile is that you keepe?

A noise within.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. Heere are a sort of poore Petitioners,
That are importunate and it shall please you sir,
That you should plead their cases to the King.

Hiero. That I should plead their seuerall actions,
Why let them enter, and let me see them.

Enter

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 2030
wln 2031
wln 2032
wln 2033
wln 2034
wln 2035
wln 2036
wln 2037
wln 2038
wln 2039
wln 2040
wln 2041
wln 2042
wln 2043
wln 2044
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wln 2056
wln 2057
wln 2058
wln 2059
wln 2060
wln 2061
wln 2062
wln 2063
wln 2064
wln 2065
wln 2066

Enter three Cittizens and an olde Man.

1 So I tell you this for learning and for law,
Theres not any aduocate in Spaine,
That can preuaile, or will take halfe the paine,
That he will in pursuite of equitie.

Hiero. Come neere you men that thus importune me,
Now must I beare a face of grauitie,
For thus I vsde before my Marshalship,
To pleade in causes as Corrigedor.
Come on sirs, whats the matter?

2 Sir an Action.

Hiero. Of Batterie?

1 Mine of debt.

Hiero. Giue place.

2 No sir, mine is an action of the case.

3 Mine an Eiectione firma by a Lease.

Hiero. Content you sirs, are you determind,
That I should plead your seuerall actions?

1 I sir, and heeres my declaration,

2 And heere is my band.

3 And heere is my lease.

They giue him paper:

Hiero. But wherefore stands yon silly man so mute,
With mournfull eyes and hands to heauen vprearde?
Come hether father, let me know thy cause.

Senex. O worthy sir, my cause but slightly knowne,
May mooue the harts of warlike Myrmydons,
And melt the Corsicke rockes with ruthfull teares.

Hiero. Say Father, tell me whats thy sute?

Senex. No sir, could my woes
Giue way vnto my most distresfull words,
Then should I not in paper as you see,
With incke bewray, what blood began in me.

Hiero. Whats heere? the humble supplication
Of *Don Bazulto* for his murdred sonne.

Senex. I Sir.

Hiero. No sir, it was my murdred sonne, oh my sonne.

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 2067
wln 2068
wln 2069
wln 2070
wln 2071
wln 2072
wln 2073
wln 2074
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wln 2091
wln 2092
wln 2093
wln 2094
wln 2095
wln 2096
wln 2097
wln 2098
wln 2099
wln 2100
wln 2101
wln 2102
wln 2103

My sonne, oh my sonne *Horatio*.
But mine, or thine, *Bazulto* be content.
Heere, take my hand-kercher and wipe thine eies,
Whiles wretched I, in thy mishaps may see,
The liuely portraict of my dying selfe,
He draweth out a bloudie Napkin.
O no, not this, *Horatio* this was thine,
And when I dyde it in thy deerest blood,
This was a token twixt thy soule and me,
That of thy death reuenged I should be.
But heere, take this, and this, what my purse?
I this and that, and all of them are thine,
For all as one are our extremeties.
1 Oh, see the kindenes of *Hieronimo*.
2 This gentlenes shewes him a Gentleman.
Hiero. See, see, oh see thy shame *Hieronimo*,
See heere a louing Father to his sonne:
Beholde the sorrowes and the sad laments,
That he deliuereth for his sonnes dicease.
If loues effects so striues in lesser things,
If loue enforce such moodes in meaner wits,
If loue expresse such power in poore estates:
Hieronimo, When as a raging Sea,
Tost with the winde and tide ore turnest then
The vpper billowes course of waues to keep,
Whilest lesser waters labour in the deepe.
Then shamest thou not *Hieronimo* to neglect,
The sweet reuenge of thy *Horatio*.
Though on this earth iustice will not be found:
Ile downe to hell and in this passion,
Knock at the dismall gates of *Plutos* Court,
Getting by force as once *Alcides* did,
A troupe of furies and tormenting haggas,
To torture *Don Lorenzo* and the rest.
Yet least the triple headed porter should,
Denye my passage to the slimy strond:
The *Thracian* Poet thou shalt counterfeite:

Come

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 2104
wln 2105
wln 2106
wln 2107
wln 2108
wln 2109
wln 2110
wln 2111
wln 2112
wln 2113
wln 2114
wln 2115
wln 2116
wln 2117
wln 2118
wln 2119
wln 2120
wln 2121
wln 2122
wln 2123

Come on olde Father be my *Orpheus*,
And if thou canst no notes vpon the Harpe,
Then sound the burden of thy sore harts greefe,
Till we do gaine that *Proserpine* may graunt,
Reuenge on them that murdred my Sonne,
Then will I rent and teare them thus and thus,
Shiuering their limmes in peeces with my teeth.

Teare the Papers.

1 Oh sir my Declaration.
Exit *Hieronimo* and they after.

2 Saue my bond.
Enter *Hieronimo*.

2 Saue my bond.
3 Alas my lease, it cost me ten pound,

And you my Lord haue torne the same.
Hiero. That can not be, I gaue it neuer a wound,
Shew me one drop of bloud fall from the same:
How is it possible I should slay it then,
Tush no, run after, catch me if you can.

Exeunt all but the olde man.

wln 2124
wln 2125
wln 2126
wln 2127
wln 2128
wln 2129
wln 2130
wln 2131
wln 2132
wln 2133
wln 2134
wln 2135
wln 2136
wln 2137
wln 2138
wln 2139

Bazulto remains till *Hieronimo* enters againe, who
staring him in the face speakes.

Hiero. And art thou come *Horatio* from the depth,
To aske for iustice in this vpper earth?
To tell thy Father thou art vnreueng'd,
To wring more teares from *Isabellas* eies?
Whose lights are dimd with ouer-long laments.
Goe back my sonne, complaine to *Eacus*,
For heeres no iustice, gentle boy be gone.
For iustice is exiled from the earth:

Hieronimo will beare thee company:
Thy mother cries on righteous *Radamant*,
For iust reuenge against the murderers.
Senex. Alas my L. whence springs this troubled speech?

Hiero. But let me looke on my *Horatio*:
Sweet boy how art thou chang'd in deaths black shade?

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 2140
wln 2141
wln 2142
wln 2143
wln 2144
wln 2145
wln 2146
wln 2147
wln 2148
wln 2149
wln 2150
wln 2151
wln 2152
wln 2153
wln 2154
wln 2155
wln 2156
wln 2157
wln 2158
wln 2159
wln 2160
wln 2161
wln 2162
wln 2163
wln 2164
wln 2165
wln 2166
wln 2167
wln 2168
wln 2169
wln 2170
wln 2171
wln 2172
wln 2173
wln 2174
wln 2175
wln 2176

Had *Proserpine* no pittie on thy youth?
But suffered thy fair crimson colourd spring,
With withered winter to be blasted thus?
Horatio, thou art older then thy Father:
Ah ruthlesse Father, that fauour thus transformess

Ba. Ah my good Lord, I am not your yong Sonne.

Hie. What, not my Sonne, thou then, a furie art,
Sent from the emptie Kingdome of blacke night,
To summon me to make appearance:
Before grim *Mynos* and iust *Radamant*.
To plague *Hieronimo* that is remisse,
And seekes not vengeance for *Horatioes* death.

Ba. I am a greeued man and not a Ghost,
That came for iustice for my murdered Sonne.

Hie. I, now I know thee, now thou namest my Sonne,
Thou art the liuely image of my grieffe,
Within thy face, my sorrowes I may see.
Thy eyes are gum'd with teares, thy cheekes are wan,
Thy forehead troubled, and thy muttring lips
Murmure sad words abruptly broken off,
By force of windie sighes thy spirit breathes,
And all this sorrow riseth for thy Sonne:
And selfe same sorrow feele I for my Sonne.
Come in old man, thou shalt to *Izabell*,
Leane on my arme, I thee, thou me shalt stay,
And thou, and I, and she will sing a song:
Three parts in one, but all of discords fram'd,
Talke not of cords, but let vs now be gone,
For with a cord *Horatio* was slaine.

Exeunt.

Enter *King of Spaine*, the *Duke*, *Vice-roy*, and *Lorenzo*,
Balthazar, *Don Pedro*, and *Belimperia*.

King. Go Brother it is the *Duke of Castiles* cause, salute the
Vice-roy in our name.

Castile. I go.

Vice. Go forth *Don Pedro* for thy Nephews sake,
And greet the *Duke of Castile*.

Pedro. It shall be so.

King.

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 2177
wln 2178
wln 2179
wln 2180
wln 2181
wln 2182
wln 2183
wln 2184
wln 2185
wln 2186
wln 2187
wln 2188
wln 2189
wln 2190
wln 2191
wln 2192
wln 2193
wln 2194
wln 2195
wln 2196
wln 2197
wln 2198
wln 2199
wln 2200
wln 2201
wln 2202
wln 2203
wln 2204
wln 2205
wln 2206
wln 2207
wln 2208
wln 2209
wln 2210
wln 2211
wln 2212
wln 2213

King. And now to meet these Portaguise,
For as we now are, so sometimes were these,
Kings and commanders of the westerne Indies.
Welcome braue Vice-roy to the Court of Spaine,
And welcome all his honorable traine:
Tis not vnknowne to vs, for why you come,
Or haue so kingly crost the Seas:
Suffiseth it in this we note the troth,
And more then common loue you lend to vs.
So is it that mine honorable Neice,
For it beseemes vs now that it be knowne,
Already is betroth'd to *Balthazar*:
And by appointment and our condiscent,
To morrow are they to be married.
To this intent we entertaine thy selfe,
Thy followers, their pleasure, and our peace:
Speak men of Portingale, shall it be so?
If I, say so: if not, say flatly no.

Vice. Renowmed King, I come not as thou thinkst,
With doubtfull followers, vnresolued men,
But such as haue vpon thine articles,
Confirmed thy motion and contented me.
Know soueraigne, I come to solemnize
The marriage of thy beloued Neece,
Faire *Bel-imperia* with my *Balthazar*.
With thee my Sonne, whom sith I liue to see;
Heere take my Crowne, I giue it her and thee,
And let me liue a solitarie life,
In ceaselesse praiers,
To think how strangely heauen hath thee preserued.

King. See brother, see, how nature striues in him,
Come worthy Vice-roy and accompany
Thy freend, with thine extremities:
A place more priuate fits this princely mood.

Vice. Or heere or where your highnes thinks it good.

Exeunt all but *Cast* and *Lor*.

Cas. Nay stay *Lorenzo*, let me talke with you,

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 2214
wln 2215
wln 2216
wln 2217
wln 2218
wln 2219
wln 2220
wln 2221
wln 2222
wln 2223
wln 2224
wln 2225
wln 2226
wln 2227
wln 2228
wln 2229
wln 2230
wln 2231
wln 2232
wln 2233
wln 2234
wln 2235
wln 2236
wln 2237
wln 2238
wln 2239
wln 2240
wln 2241
wln 2242
wln 2243
wln 2244
wln 2245
wln 2246
wln 2247
wln 2248
wln 2249
wln 2250

Seest thou this entertainement of these Kings?

Lor. I doe my Lord, and ioy to see the same.

Cas. And knowest thou why this meeting is?

Lor. For her my Lord, whom *Balthazar* doth loue,
And to confirme their promised marriage.

Cas. She is thy Sister?

Lor. Who *Bel-imprria*, I my gracious Lord,
And this is the day, that I haue longd so happily to see.

Cas. Thou wouldst be loath that any fault of thine,
Should intercept her in her happines.

Lor. Heauens will not let *Lorenzo* erre so much,

Cas. Why then *Lorenzo* listen to my words:
It is suspected and reported too,

That thou *Lorenzo* wrongst *Hieronimo*.

And in his sutes towards his Maiestie,
Still keepst him back, and seeks to crosse his sute.

Lor. That I my Lord?

Cas. I tell thee Sonne my selfe haue heard it said,
When to my sorrow I haue beene ashamed

To answeere for thee, though thou art my sonne,

Lorenzo, knowest thou not the common loue,

And kindenes that *Hieronimo* hath wone,

By his deserts within the Court of Spaine?

Or seest thou not the K. my brothers care,

In his behalfe, and to procure his health?

Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passions,

And hee exclaime against thee to the King,

What honour wert in this assembly,

Or what a scandale wert among the Kings,

To heare *Hieronimo* exclaime on thee.

Tell me, and looke thou tell me truely too,

Whence growes the ground of this report in Court.

Lor. My L. it lyes not in *Lorenzos* power,

To stop the vulgar liberall of their tongues:

A small aduantage makes a water breach,

And no man liues that long contenteth all.

Cas. My selfe haue seene thee busie to keep back,

Him

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 2251

Him and his supplications from the King.

wln 2252

Lor. Your selfe my L. hath seene his passions,

wln 2253

That ill beseemde the presence of a King,

wln 2254

And for I pittied him in his distresse,

wln 2255

I helde him thence with kinde and curteous words,

wln 2256

As free from malice to *Hieronimo*,

wln 2257

As to my soule my Lord.

wln 2258

Cas. *Hieronimo* my sonne, mistakes thee then,

wln 2259

Lor. My gracious Father, beleeeue me so he doth,

wln 2260

But whats a silly man distract in minde.

wln 2261

To think vpon the murder of his sonne:

wln 2262

Alas, how easie is it for him to erre?

wln 2263

But for his satisfaction and the worlds,

wln 2264

Twere good my L. that *Hieronimo* and I,

wln 2265

Were reconcilde, if he misconster me.

wln 2266

Cas. *Lorenzo* thou hast said, it shalbe so,

wln 2267

Goe one of you and call *Hieronimo*.

wln 2268

Enter *Balthazar* and *Bel-imperia*.

wln 2269

Bal. Come ***Bel-imperie***, *Balthazars* content,

wln 2270

My sorrowes ease and soueraigne of my blisse,

wln 2271

Sith heauen hath ordainde thee to be mine:

wln 2272

Disperce those cloudes and melanchollie lookes,

wln 2273

And cleere them vp with those thy Sunne bright eies,

wln 2274

Wherein my hope and heauens ***faiite*** beautie lies.

wln 2275

Bel. My lookes my Lord, are fitting for my loue,

wln 2276

Which new begun, can shew brighter yet.

wln 2277

Bal. New kindled flames should burne as morning Sun.

wln 2278

Bel. But not too fast, least heate and all be done.

wln 2279

I see my Lord my Father.

wln 2280

Bal. Truce my loue, I will goe salute him.

wln 2281

Cas. Welcome *Balthazar*, welcome braue Prince,

wln 2282

The pledge of Castiles peace:

wln 2283

And welcome *Bel-imperia*, how now girle?

wln 2284

Why commest thou sadly to salute vs thus?

wln 2285

Content thy selfe for I am satisfied,

wln 2286

It is not now as when *Andrea* liu'd,

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 2287
wln 2288
wln 2289
wln 2290

wln 2291
wln 2292
wln 2293
wln 2294
wln 2295
wln 2296
wln 2297
wln 2298
wln 2299
wln 2300
wln 2301
wln 2302
wln 2303
wln 2304
wln 2305
wln 2306
wln 2307
wln 2308
wln 2309
wln 2310
wln 2311
wln 2312
wln 2313
wln 2314
wln 2315
wln 2316
wln 2317
wln 2318
wln 2319
wln 2320
wln 2321
wln 2322

We haue forgotten and forgiuen that,
And thou art graced with a happier loue,
But *Balthazar* heere comes *Hieronimo*.
Ile haue a word with him.

Enter *Hieronimo* and a Seruant.

Hiero. And wheres the Duke?

Ser. yonder.

Hiero. Euen so: what new deuce haue they deuised tro?
Pocas Palabras, milde as the Lambe,
Ist I will be reueng'd? no, I am not the man.

Cas. Welcome *Hieronimo*.

Lor. Welcome *Hieronimo*.

Bal. Welcome *Hieronimo*.

Hiero. My Lords I thank you for *Horatio*.

Cas. *Hieronimo*, the reason that I sent
To speak with you, is this.

Hiero. What, so short?

Then ile be gone, I thank you fort:

Cas. Nay, stay *Hieronimo*, goe call him sonne.

Hieronimo, my father craues a word with you.

Hiero. With me sir? why my L. I thought you had done.

Lor. No, would he had. (Sonne,

Cas. *Hieronimo*, I hear you finde your selfe agreedued at my
Because you haue not accesse vnto the **Kiing**,
And say tis he that intercepts your sutes.

Hiero. Why, is not this a miserable thing my Lord?

Cas. *Hieronimo*, I hope you haue no cause,
And would be loth that one of your deserts,
Should once haue reason to suspect my Sonne,
Considering how I think of you my selfe.

Hiero. Your sonne *Lorenzo*, whome, my noble Lord?
The hope of Spaine, mine honourable freend?
Graunt me the combat of them, if they dare.

Drawes out his sword.

Ile meet him face to face to tell me so.
These be the scandalous reports of such,

As

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 2323
wln 2324
wln 2325
wln 2326
wln 2327
wln 2328
wln 2329
wln 2330
wln 2331
wln 2332
wln 2333
wln 2334
wln 2335
wln 2336
wln 2337
wln 2338
wln 2339
wln 2340
wln 2341
wln 2342
wln 2343
wln 2344
wln 2345
wln 2346
wln 2347
wln 2348
wln 2349
wln 2350

wln 2351
wln 2352
wln 2353
wln 2354
wln 2355
wln 2356
wln 2357
wln 2358

As loues not me, and hate my Lord too much.
Should I suspect *Lorenzo* would preuent,
Or crosse my sute, that loued my Sonne so well.
My Lord, I am ashamed it should be said.

Lor. *Hieronimo*, I neuer gaue you cause.

Hero. My good Lord, I know you did not.

Cas. There then pause, and for the satisfaction of the
Hieronimo frequent my homely house, (world,
The Duke of Castile *Ciprians* ancient seat,
And when thou wilt, vse me, my sonne, and it:
But heere before Prince *Balthazar* and me,
Embrace each other, and be perfect freends.

Hiero. I marry my Lord, and shall:
Freends (quoth he) see, Ile be freends with you all.
Specially with you my louely Lord,
For diuers causes it is sit for vs,
That we be freends, the world is suspitious,
And men may think what we imagine not.

Bal. Why this is freendly doone *Hieronimo*.

Lor. And that I hope olde grudges are forgot.

Hiero. What els, it were a shame it should not be so.

Cas. Come on *Hieronimo* at my request,
Let vs entreat your company to day.

Exeunt.

Hiero. Yor Lordships to commaund,
Pha: keep your way.
Mi. *Chi mi fa? Pui Correzza Che non sule*
Tradito viha o trade vule.

Exit.

Enter *Ghoast* and *Reuenge*.

Ghost.

Awake *Erictha*, *Cerberus* awake,
Sollicite *Pluto* gentle *Proserpine*,
To combat *Achinon* and *Ericus* in hell.
For neere by *Stix* and *Phlegeton*:
Nor ferried *Caron* to the fierie lakes,
Such fearfull sights, as poore *Andrea* see?

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 2359
wln 2360
wln 2361
wln 2362
wln 2363
wln 2364
wln 2365
wln 2366
wln 2367
wln 2368
wln 2369
wln 2370
wln 2371
wln 2372
wln 2373
wln 2374
wln 2375
wln 2376
wln 2377
wln 2378
wln 2379
wln 2380
wln 2381
wln 2382
wln 2383
wln 2384

wln 2385

wln 2386
wln 2387
wln 2388
wln 2389
wln 2390
wln 2391
wln 2392
wln 2393

Reuenge awake.

Reuenge.

Awake, for why?

Ghost.

Awake *Reuenge*, for thou art ill aduisde,
Thsleepe, away, what, thou art warnd to watch.

Reuenge.

Content thy selfe, and doe not trouble me.

Ghost.

Awake *Reuenge*, if loue as loue hath had,
Haue yet the power or preuailance in hell,
Hieronimo with *Lorenzo* is ioynde in league,
And intercepts our passage to reuenge:
Awake *Reuenge*, or we are woe **degone**.

Reuenge.

Thus worldlings ground what they haue dreamd vpon,
Content thy selfe *Andrea*, though I sleepe,
Yet is my mood solliciting their soules,
Sufficeth thee that poore *Hieronimo*,
Cannot forget his sonne *Horatio*.
Nor dies *Reuenge* although he sleepe a while,
For in vnquiet, quietnes is faind:
And slumbring is a common worldly wile,
Beholde *Andrea* for an instance how,
Reuenge hath slept, and then imagine thou,
What tis to be subiect to destinie.

Enter a dumme shew.

Ghost.

Awake *Reuenge*, reueale this misterie.

Reuenge.

The two first the nuptiall Torches boare,
As brightly burning as the mid-daies sunne:
But after them doth *Himen* hie as fast,
Clothed in sable, and a Saffron robe,
And blowes them out, and quenbeth them with blood,

As

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 2394
wln 2395
wln 2396
wln 2397
wln 2398
wln 2399
wln 2400
wln 2401
wln 2402

As discontent that things continue so.
Ghost.
Sufficeth me thy meanings vnderstood,
And thanks to thee and those infernall powers,
That will not tollerate a Louers woe,
Rest thee for I will sit to see the rest.
Reuenge.
Then argue not for thou hast thy request.

Exeunt.

wln 2403

Actus Quartus.

wln 2404

Enter *Bel-imperia* and *Hieronimo*.

wln 2405
wln 2406
wln 2407
wln 2408
wln 2409
wln 2410
wln 2411
wln 2412
wln 2413
wln 2414
wln 2415
wln 2416
wln 2417
wln 2418
wln 2419
wln 2420
wln 2421
wln 2422
wln 2423
wln 2424
wln 2425
wln 2426
wln 2427

Bel-imperia.
IS this the loue thou bearest *Horatio*?
Is this the kindnes that thou counterfeites,
Are these the fruits of thine incessant teares?
Hieronimo, are these thy passions?
Thy protestations, and thy deepe laments,
That thou wert wont to wearie men withall.
O vnkind Father, O deceitfull world,
With what excuses canst thou shew thy selfe?
With what dishonour, and the hate of men,
From this dishonour and the hate of men:
Thus to neglect the losse and life of him,
Whom both my letters, and thine owne beliefe,
Assures thee to be causles slaughtered.
Hieronimo, for shame *Hieronimo*:
Be not a History to after times,
Of such in gratitude vnto thy Sonne.
Vnhappy Mothers of such children then,
But monstrous Fathers, to forget so soone
The death of those, whom they with care and cost
Haue tendred so, thus careles should be lost.
My selfe a stranger in respect of thee,
So loued his life, as still I wish their deathes,

Nor

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 2428 Nor shall his death be vnreuengd by me.
wln 2429 Although I beare it out for fashions sake:
wln 2430 For heere I sweare in sight of heauen and earth,
wln 2431 Shouldst thou neglect the loue thou shouldst retaine,
wln 2432 And giue it ouer and deuise no more,
wln 2433 My selfe should send their hatefull soules to hel,
wln 2434 That wrought his downfall with extreamest death.

wln 2435 *Hie.* But may it be that *Bel-imperia*
wln 2436 Vowes such reuenge as she hath daind to say:
wln 2437 Why then I see that heauen applies our drift,
wln 2438 And all the Saints doe sit solliciting
wln 2439 For vengeance on those cursed murtherers
wln 2440 Madame tis true, and now I find it so,
wln 2441 I found a letter, written in your name,
wln 2442 And in that letter, how *Horatio* died.
wln 2443 Pardon, O pardon *Bel-imperia*,
wln 2444 My feare and care in not beleeuing it,
wln 2445 Nor thinke, I thoughtles thinke vpon a meane,
wln 2446 To let his death be vnreveng'd at full,
wln 2447 And heere I vow, so you but giue consent,
wln 2448 And will conceale my resolution,
wln 2449 I will ere long determine of their deathes,
wln 2450 That causles thus haue murderd my Sonne.

wln 2451 *Bel.* *Hieronimo*, I will consent, conceale,
wln 2452 And ought that may effect for thine auaile,
wln 2453 Ioyne with thee to reuenge *Horatioes* death.

wln 2454 *Hier.* On then, whatsoeuer I deuise,
wln 2455 Let me entreat you grace my practises.
wln 2456 For why, the plots already in mine head,
wln 2457 Heere they are.

wln 2458 Enter *Balthazar* and *Lorenzo*.

wln 2459 *Bal.* How now *Hieronimo*, what, courting *Bel-imperia*.

wln 2460 *Hiero.* Ay my Lord, such courting as I promise you
wln 2461 She hath my hart, but you my Lord haue hers. (helpe.)

wln 2462 *Lor.* But now *Hieronimo* or neuer we are to intreate your

wln 2463 *Hie.* My help, why my good Lords assure your selues of me.

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 2464
wln 2465
wln 2466
wln 2467
wln 2468
wln 2469
wln 2470
wln 2471
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wln 2486
wln 2487
wln 2488
wln 2489
wln 2490
wln 2491
wln 2492
wln 2493
wln 2494
wln 2495
wln 2496
wln 2497
wln 2498
wln 2499
wln 2500

For you haue giuen me cause, I by my faith haue you.

Bal. It pleasde you at the entertainment of the Embassa-
To grace the King so much as with a shew, (dour,
Now were your studie so well furnished,
As for the passing of the first nights sport,
To entertaine my Father with the like:
Or any such like pleasing motion,
Assure your selfe it would content them well.

Hiero. Is this all?

Bal. I, this is all.

Hiero. Why then ile fit you, say no more.
When I was youg I gaue my minde,
And plide my selfe to fruitles poetrie:
Which though it profite the professor naught,
Yet is it passing pleasing to the world.

Lor. And how for that?

Hiero. Marrie my good Lord thus.
And yet me thinks you are too quick with vs.
When in Tolledo there I studied,
It was my chaunce to write a tragedie, He shewes them a book.
See heere my Lords.
Which long forgot, I found this other day,
Now would your Lordships fauour me so much,
As but to grace me with your acting it,
I meane each one of you to play a part,
Assure you it will proue most passing strange,
And wondrous plausible to that assembly.

Bal. What would you haue vs play a Tragedie?

Hiero. Why *Nero* thought it no disparagement,
And Kings and Emperours haue tane delight,
To make experience of their wits in plaies?

Lor. Nay be not angry good *Hieronimo*,
The Prince but asked a question.

Bal. In faith *Hieronimo* and you be in earnest,
Ile make one.

Lor. And I another.

Hiero. Now my good Lord, could you intrear,

Your

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 2501
wln 2502
wln 2503
wln 2504
wln 2505
wln 2506
wln 2507
wln 2508
wln 2509
wln 2510
wln 2511
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wln 2531
wln 2532
wln 2533
wln 2534
wln 2535
wln 2536
wln 2537

Your Sister *Bel-imperia* to make one,
For whats a play without a woman in it?
Bel. Little intreaty shall serue me *Hieronomo*,
For I must needs be employed in your play.
Hiero. Why this is well, I tell you Lordings,
It was determined to haue beene acted,
By Gentlemen and schollers too,
Such as could tell what to speak.
Bal. And now it shall be plaide by Princes and Courtiers
such as can tell how to speak:
If as it is our Country manner,
You will but let vs know the argument.
Hiero. That shall I roundly: the Cronicles of Spaine
Recorde this written of a Knight of Rodes,
He was betrothed and wedded at the length,
To one *Perseda* an Italian dame.
Whose beauty rauished all that her behelde,
Especially the soule of *Soliman*,
Who at the marriage way the cheefest guest.
By sundry meanes sought *Soliman* to winne,
Persedas loue, and could not gaine the same.
Then gan he break his passions to a freend,
One of his Bashawes whom he held full deere,
Her had this Bashaw long solicited,
And saw she was not otherwise to be wonne,
But by her husbands death this Knight of Rodes.
Whome presently by trecherie he slew,
She stirde with an exceeding hate therefore,
As cause of this slew *Soliman*.
And to escape the Bashawes tirannie,
Did stab her selfe, and this the Tragedie.
Lor. O excellent.
Bel. But say *Hieronimo* what then became of him
That was the Bashaw?
Hiero. Marrie thus, moued with remorse of his misdeeds
Ran to a mountain top and hung himselfe.
Bal. But which of vs is to performe that parte,

H[]ro.*

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 2538
wln 2539
wln 2540
wln 2541
wln 2542
wln 2543
wln 2544
wln 2545
wln 2546
wln 2547
wln 2548
wln 2549
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wln 2568
wln 2569
wln 2570
wln 2571
wln 2572
wln 2573
wln 2574

Hiero. O, that will I my Lords, make no doubt of it.
Ile play the murderer I warrant you,
For I already haue conceited that.

Bal. And what shall I.

Hiero. Great *Soliman* the Turkish Emperour.

Lor. And I.

Hiero. *Erastus* the Knight of Rhodes,

Bel. And I.

Hiero. *Perseda*, chaste and resolute.

And heere my Lords are seuerall abstracts drawne,
For eache of you to note your partes,
And act it as occasion's offred you.
You must prouide a turkish cappe,
A black mustacio and a fauchion.

Giues a paper to *Bal.*

You with a crosse like to a Knight of Rhodes.

Giues another to *Lor.*

And Madame, you must attire your selfe,

He giueth *Bel.* another.

Like *Phæbe*, *Flora*, or the huntresse,
Which to your discretion shall seeme best.
And as for me my Lords Ile looke to one,
And with the raunsome that the Vice-roy sent,
So furnish and performe this tragedie,
As all the world shall say *Hieronimo*,
Was liberall in gracing of it so.

Bal. *Hieronimo*, me thinks a Comedie were better.

Hiero. A Comedie, fie, comedies are fit for common wits

But to present a Kingly troupe withall,
Giue me a stately written Tragedie.
Tragedia cothernato, fitting Kings,
Containing matter, and not common things.
My Lords, all this must be perfourmed,
As fitting for the first nights reuelling.
The Italian Tragedians were so sharpe of wit,
That in one houres meditation,
They would performe any thing in action.

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 2575
wln 2576
wln 2577
wln 2578
wln 2579
wln 2580
wln 2581
wln 2582
wln 2583
wln 2584
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wln 2595
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wln 2597
wln 2598
wln 2599
wln 2600
wln 2601
wln 2602
wln 2603
wln 2604
wln 2605
wln 2606
wln 2607

wln 2608
wln 2609
wln 2610

Lor. And well it may, for I haue seene the like
In *Paris*, mongst the French Tragedians.

Hiero. In *Paris*, mas and well remembred,
Theres one thing more that rests for vs to doo.

Bal. Whats that *Hieronimo* forget not any thing.

Hiero. Each one of vs must act his parte,
In vnknowne languages,
That it may breede the more varietie.
As you my Lord in Latin, I in Greeke,
You in Italian, and for because I know,
That *Bel-imperia* hath practised the French,
In courtly French shall all her phraises be.

Bel. You meane to trye my cunning then *Hieronimo*.

Bal. But this will be a meere confusion,
And hardly shall we all be vnderstoode.

Hiero. It must be so, for the conclusion
Shall proue the inuention, and all was good:
And I my selfe in an Oration,
That I will haue there behinde a curtaine,
And with a strange and wondrous shew besides:
Assure your selfe shall make the matter knowne.
And all shalbe concluded in one Scene,
For theres no pleasure tane in tediousnes.

Bal. How like you this?

Lor. Why thus my Lord we must resolute,
To soothe his humors vp.

Bal. On then *Hieronimo*, farewell till soone.

Hiero. Youle plie this geere.

Lor. I warrant you. *Exeunt* all but *Hiero*.

Hiero. Why so, now shall I see the fall of Babilon,
Wrought by the heauens in this confusion.
And if the world like not this tragedie,
Hard is the hap of olde *Hieronimo*.

Exit.

Enter *Isabella* with a weapon.

Tell me no more, O monstrous homicides,
Since neither pietie nor pittie moues

The

img: 38-b
sig: K2r

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 2611
wln 2612
wln 2613
wln 2614
wln 2615
wln 2616
wln 2617
wln 2618
wln 2619
wln 2620
wln 2621
wln 2622
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wln 2624
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wln 2635
wln 2636
wln 2637
wln 2638
wln 2639
wln 2640
wln 2641
wln 2642
wln 2643
wln 2644
wln 2645
wln 2646
wln 2647

The King to iustice or compassion:
I will reuenge my selfe vpon this place,
Where thus they murdered my beloued Sonne.

She cuts downe the Arbour.

Downe with these branches and these loathsome bowes,
Of this vnfortunate and fatall pine.
Downe with them *Isabella*, rent them vp,
And burne the roots from whence the rest is sprung:
I will not leaue a root, a stalke, a tree,
A bowe, a branch, a blossome, nor a leafe,
No, not an hearb within this garden Plot.
Accursed complot of my miserie,
Fruitlesse for euer may this garden be.
Barren the earth, and blislesse whosoever,
Immagine not to keep it vnmanurde:
An Easterne winde comixt with noisome aires,
Shall blast the plants and the yong saplings,
The earth with Serpents shalbe pestered
And passengers for feare to be infect,
Shall stand aloofe, and looking at it, tell
There murdred dide the sonne of *Isabell*.
I heere he dide, and heere I him imbrace,
See where his Ghoast solicates with his wounds,
Reuenge on her that should reuenge his death,
Hieronimo make haste to see thy sonne,
For sorrow and dispaire hath scited me,
To heare *Horatio* plead with *Radamant*,
Make haste, *Hieronimo* to holde excuse.
Thy negligence in pursute of their deaths,
Whose hatefull wrath bereu'd him of his breath.
Ah nay, thou dost delay their deaths,
Forgiues the murderers of thy noble sonne,
And none but I bestirre me to no end,
And as I curse this tree from further fruit,
So shall my wombe be cursed for his sake,
And with this weapon will I wound the brest,
The haples brest that gaue *Horatio* suck.

{She stabs
her selfe.

Enter

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 2648

Enter *Hieronimo*, he knocks vp the curtaine.

wln 2649

Enter the *Duke of Castile*.

wln 2650

Cas. How now *Hieronimo* wheres your fellows,
That you take all this paine?

wln 2651

wln 2652

Hiero. O sir, it is for the Authors credit,
To look that all things may goe well:

wln 2653

wln 2654

But good my Lord let me intreat your grace,
To giue the King the coppie of the plaie:

wln 2655

wln 2656

This is the argument of what we shew.

wln 2657

Cas. I will *Hieronimo*.

wln 2658

Hiero. One thing more my good Lord.

wln 2659

Cas. Whats that?

wln 2660

Hiero. Let me intreat your grace,
That when the traine are past into the gallerie,
You would vouchsafe to throwe me downe the key.

wln 2661

wln 2662

Cas. I will *Hieronimo*.

Exit *Cas*.

wln 2663

wln 2664

Hiero. What are you ready *Balthazar*?
Bring a chaire and a cushion for the King.

wln 2665

wln 2666

Enter *Balthazar* with a Chaire.

wln 2667

Well doon *Balthazar*, hang vp the title.

wln 2668

Our scene is Rhodes, what is your beard on?

wln 2669

Bal. Halfe on, the other is in my hand.

wln 2670

Hiero. Dispatch for shame, are you so long?

wln 2671

Exit *Balthazar*.

wln 2672

Bethink thy selfe *Hieronimo*,
Recall thy wits, recompt thy former wrongs,
Thou hast receiued by murder of thy sonne.

wln 2673

wln 2674

And lastly, not least, how *Isabell*,

wln 2675

wln 2676

Once his mother and thy deerest wife:

wln 2677

All woe begone for him hath slaine her selfe.

wln 2678

Behoues thee then *Hieronimo* to be reueng'd,

wln 2679

The plot is laide of dire reuenge,

wln 2680

On then *Hieronimo* pursue reuenge,

wln 2681

For nothing wants but acting of reuenge.

wln 2682

Exit *Hieronimo*.

Enter

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 2683
wln 2684

Enter *Spanish King, Vice-roy, the Duke of Castile,*
and their traine.

wln 2685
wln 2686
wln 2687
wln 2688
wln 2689
wln 2690
wln 2691
wln 2692
wln 2693
wln 2694
wln 2695

King. Now Viceroy, shall we see the Tragedie,
Of *Soliman* the Turkish Emperour:
Performde of pleasure by your Sonne the Prince,
My Nephew *Don Lorenzo*, and my Neece.

Vice. Who, *Bel-imperia*?

King. I, and *Hieronimo* our Marshall.
At whose request they deine to doo't themselues.
These be our pastimes in the Court of Spaine.
Heere brother, you shall be the booke-keeper.
This is the argument of that they shew.

He giueth him a booke.

wln 2696
wln 2697
wln 2698
wln 2699

*Gentlemen, this play of Hieronimo in sundrie Languages, was
thought good to be set downe in English more largely,
for the easier vnderstanding to euery
publique Reader.*

wln 2700

Enter *Balthazar, Bel-imperia, and Hieronimo.*

wln 2701
wln 2702
wln 2703
wln 2704
wln 2705
wln 2706
wln 2707
wln 2708
wln 2709
wln 2710
wln 2711
wln 2712
wln 2713
wln 2714
wln 2715

Balthazar.

BAshaw, that Rhodes is ours, yeeld heauens the honor,
And holy *Mahomet* our sacred Prophet:
And be thou grac't with euery excellence,
That *Soliman* can giue, or thou desire.
But thy desert in conquering Rhodes is lesse,
Then in reseruing this faire Christian Nimph
Perseda, blisfull lamp of Excellence:
Whose eies compell like powerfull Adamant,
The warlike heart of *Soliman* to wait.

King. See *Vice-Roy*, that is *Balthazar* your Sonne,
That represents the Emperour *Solyman*:
How well he acts his amorous passion.

Vice. I *Bel-imperia* hath taught him that.

Castile. That's because his mind tunnes all on *Bel-imperia*

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 2716 *Hiero.* What euer ioy earth yeelds betide your Meiestie.
wln 2717 *Balt.* Earth yeelds no ioy without *Persedaes* loue.
wln 2718 *Hiero.* Let then *Perseda* on your grace attend.
wln 2719 *Balt.* She shall not wait on me, but I on her,
wln 2720 Drawne by the influence of her lights, I yeeld.
wln 2721 But let my friend the Rhodian knight come foorth,
wln 2722 *Erasto*, dearer then my life to me,
wln 2723 That he may see *Perseda* my beloued.

Enter *Erasto*.

wln 2724 *King.* Heere comes *Lorenzo*, looke vpon the plot,
wln 2725 And tel me brother what part plaies he?
wln 2726 *Bel.* Ah my *Erasto*, welcome to *Perseda*.
wln 2727 *Lo.* Thrice happie is *Erasto*, that thou liuest,
wln 2728 Rhodes losse is nothing to *Erastoes* ioy:
wln 2729 Sith his *Perseda* liues, his life suruiues.
wln 2730 *Balt.* Ah *Bashaw*, heere is loue betweene *Erasto*
wln 2731 And faire *Perseda* soueraigne of my soule.
wln 2732 *Hiero.* Remooue *Erasto* mighty *Solyman*,
wln 2733 And then *Perseda* will be quickly wonne.
wln 2734 *Balt.* *Erasto* is my friend, and while he liues,
wln 2735 *Perseda* neuer will remooue her loue.
wln 2736 *Hiero.* Let not *Erasto* liue, to greeue great *Soliman*.
wln 2737 *Balt.* Deare is *Erasto* in our Princly eye.
wln 2738 *Hiero.* But if he be your riuall, let him die.
wln 2739 *Balt.* VVhy let him die, so loue commaundeth me.
wln 2740 Yet greeue I that *Erasto* should so die.
wln 2741 *Hiero.* *Erasto*, *Solyman* saluteth thee,
wln 2742 And lets thee wit by me his highnes will:
wln 2743 VVhich is, thou shouldst be thus imploid. *Stab him.*
wln 2744 *Bel.* Ay me *Erasto*, see *Solyman Erastoes* slaine.
wln 2745 *Balt.* Yet liueth *Solyman* to comfort thee.
wln 2746 Faire Queene of beautie, let not fauour die,
wln 2747 But with a gracious eye beholde his grieffe,
wln 2748 That with *Persedaes* beautie is encreast.
wln 2749 If by *Persedaes* grieffe be not releast.
wln 2750 *Bel.* Tyrant, desist solicensing vaine sutes,
wln 2751

Relentles

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 2752
wln 2753
wln 2754
wln 2755
wln 2756
wln 2757
wln 2758
wln 2759
wln 2760
wln 2761
wln 2762
wln 2763
wln 2764
wln 2765
wln 2766
wln 2767
wln 2768
wln 2769
wln 2770
wln 2771
wln 2772
wln 2773
wln 2774
wln 2775
wln 2776
wln 2777
wln 2778
wln 2779
wln 2780
wln 2781
wln 2782
wln 2783
wln 2784
wln 2785
wln 2786
wln 2787
wln 2788

Relentles are mine eares to thy laments,
As thy butcher is pittillesse and base,
VVhich seazd on my *Erasto*, harmelesse knight.
Yet by thy power thou thinkest to commaund,
And to thy power *Perseda* doth obey:
But were she able, thus she would reuenge
Thy treacheries on thee ignoble Prince: *Stab him.*
And on herselfe she would be thus reuengd *Stab herselfe.*
King. VVell said olde Marshal, this was brauely done.
Hiero. But *Bel-imperia* plaies *Perseda* well.
Vice. were this in earnest *Bel-imperia*,
You would be better to my Sonne then so.
King. But now what followes for *Hieronimo*?
Hiero. Marrie this followes for *Hieronimo*.
Heere breake we off our sundrie languages,
And thus conclude I in our vulgare tung.
Happely you think, but bootles are your thoughts,
That this is fabulously counterfeit,
And that we doo as all Tragedians doo.
To die to day, for (fashioning our scene)
The death of *Aiux*, or some Romaine peere,
And in a minute starting vp againe,
Reuiue to please to morrowes audience.
No Princes, know I am *Hieronimo*,
The hopeles Father of a haples Sonne,
Whose tung is tun'd to tell his latest tale,
Not to excuse grosse errors in the play,
I see your lookes vrge instance of these words,
Beholde the reason vrging me to this,
Shewes his dead sonne.
See heere my shew, look on this spectacle:
Heere lay my hope, and heere my hope hath end:
Heere lay my hart, and heere my hart was slaine:
Heere lay my treasure, heere my treasure lost:
Heere lay my blisse, and heere my blisse bereft.
But hope, hart, treasure, ioy, and blisse:
All fled, faild, died, yea all decaide with this.

From

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 2789 From forth these wounds came breath that gaue me life,
wln 2790 They mured me that made these fatall markes:
wln 2791 The cause was loue, whence grew this mortall hate,
wln 2792 The hate, *Lorenzo* and yong *Balthazar*:
wln 2793 The loue, my sonne to *Bel-imperia*.
wln 2794 But night the couerer of accursed crimes,
wln 2795 With pitchie silence husht these traitors harmes,
wln 2796 And lent them leaue, for they had sorted leasure,
wln 2797 To take aduantage in my Garden plot,
wln 2798 Vpon my Sonne, my deere *Horatio*:
wln 2799 There mercillesse they butcherd vp my boy,
wln 2800 In black darke night, to pale dim cruell death.
wln 2801 He shrikes, I heard, and yet me thinks I heare,
wln 2802 His dismall out-cry eccho in the aire:
wln 2803 With soonest speed I hasted to the noise,
wln 2804 Where hanging on a tree, I found my sonne.
wln 2805 Through girt with wounds, and slaughtred as you see,
wln 2806 And greeued I (think you) at this spectacle?
wln 2807 Speak Portugaize, whose losse resembles mine,
wln 2808 If thou canst weep vpon thy *Balthazar*,
wln 2809 Tis like I wailde for my *Horatio*.
wln 2810 And you my L. whose reconciled sonne,
wln 2811 Marcht in a net, and thought him selfe vnseene,
wln 2812 And rated me for brainsicke lunacie,
wln 2813 With God amend that mad *Hieronimo*,
wln 2814 How can you brook our plaies catastrophe?
wln 2815 And heere beholde this bloudie hand-kercher,
wln 2816 Which at *Horatios* death I weeping dipt,
wln 2817 Within the riuier of his bleeding wounds.
wln 2818 It as propitious, see I haue reserued,
wln 2819 And neuer hath it left my bloody hart,
wln 2820 Soliciting remembrance of my vow.
wln 2821 With these, O these accursed murderers,
wln 2822 Which now perform'd, my hart is satisfied.
wln 2823 And to this end the Bashaw I became,
wln 2824 That might reuenge me on *Lorenzos* life,
wln 2825 Who therefore was appointed to the part,

And

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 2826 And was to represent the Knight of Rhodes,
wln 2827 That I might kill him more conueniently.
wln 2828 So *Vice-roy* was this *Balthazar* thy Sonne,
wln 2829 That *Soliman*, which *Bel-imperia*,
wln 2830 In person of *Perseda* murdered:
wln 2831 Solie appointed to that tragicke part,
wln 2832 That she might slay him that offended her.
wln 2833 Poore *Bel-imperia* mist her part in this,
wln 2834 For though the story saith she should haue died,
wln 2835 Yet I of kindenes, and of care to her,
wln 2836 Did otherwise determine of her end.
wln 2837 But loue of him whom they did hate too much,
wln 2838 Did vrge her resolution to be such.
wln 2839 And Princes now beholde *Hieronimo*,
wln 2840 Author and actor in this Tragedie:
wln 2841 Bearing his latest fortune in his fist:
wln 2842 And will as resolute conclude his parte,
wln 2843 As any of the Actors gone before.
wln 2844 And Gentles, thus I end my play,
wln 2845 Vrge no more words, I haue no more to say.

He runs to hang himselfe.

King. O hearken *Vice-roy*, holde *Hieronimo*,
wln 2847 Brother, my Nephew, and thy Sonne are slaine.

Vice. We are betraide, my *Balthazar* is slaine,
wln 2849 Breake open the doores, runne saue *Hieronimo*.

Hieronimo, doe but enforme the King of these euent,
wln 2851 Ypon mine honour thou shalt haue no harme.

Hiero. *Vice-roy*, I will not trust thee with my life,
wln 2853 Which I this day haue offered to my Sonne: (to die?)
wln 2854 Accursed wretch, why staiest thou him that was resolu'd

King. Speak traitor, damned, bloody murderer speak,
wln 2856 For now I haue thee I will make thee speak:
wln 2857 Why hast thou done this vndereruing deed?

Vico. Why hast thou murdered my *Balthazar*?

Cas. Why hast thou butchered both my children thus?

Hiero. O good words, as deare to me was my *Horatio*,
wln 2861 As yours, or yours, or yours my L. to you.

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 2863
wln 2864
wln 2865
wln 2866
wln 2867
wln 2868
wln 2869
wln 2870
wln 2871
wln 2872
wln 2873
wln 2874
wln 2875
wln 2876
wln 2877
wln 2878
wln 2879
wln 2880
wln 2881
wln 2882
wln 2883
wln 2884
wln 2885
wln 2886
wln 2887
wln 2888
wln 2889
wln 2890
wln 2891

wln 2892
wln 2893
wln 2894
wln 2895

wln 2896
wln 2897

My guiltles Sonne was by *Lorenzo* slaine,
And by *Lorenzo* and that *Balthazar*,
Am I at last reuenged thorowly.
Vpon whose soules may heauens be yet auenged,
With greater far then these afflictions.
Cas. But who were thy confederates in this?
Vice. That was thy daughter *Bel-imperia*.
For by her hand my *Balthazar* was slaine
I saw her stab him.
King. Why speakest thou not?
Hiero. What lesser libertie can Kings affoord
Then harmeles silence? then affoord it me:
Sufficeth I may not, nor I will not tell thee.
King. Fetch forth the tortures.
Traitor as thou art, ile make thee tell. (Sonne,
Hiero. Indeed thou maiest torment me as his wretched
Hath done in murdring my *Horatio*.
But neuer shalt thou force me to reueale,
The thing which I haue vowd inuiolate:
And therefore in despight of all thy threats,
Pleasde with their deaths, and easde with their reuenge:
First take my tung, and afterwards my hart.
King. O monstrous resolution of a wretch,
See Vice-roy, hee hath bitten fourth his tung,
Rather then to reueale what we requirde.
Cas. Yet can he write.
King. And if in this he satisfie vs not,
We will deuise the'xtreamest kinde of death,
That euer was inuented for a wretch.

Then he makes signes for a knife to mend his pen.

Cas. O he would haue a knife to mend his Pen.

Vice. Heere, and aduise thee that thou write the troth,
Looke to my brother, saue *Hieronimo*.

He with a knife stabs the Duke and himselfe.

King. What age hath euer heard such monstrous deeds?

My

The Spanish Tragedie.

wln 2898
wln 2899
wln 2900
wln 2901
wln 2902
wln 2903
wln 2904
wln 2905
wln 2906
wln 2907
wln 2908
wln 2909
wln 2910
wln 2911
wln 2912

My brother and the whole succeeding hope,
That Spaine expected after my discease,
Go beare his body hence that we may mourne,
The losse of our beloued brothers death.
That he may be entom'd what ere befall,
I am the next, the neerest, last of all.

Vice. And thou *Don Pedro* do the like for vs,
Take vp our haples sonne vntimely slaine:
Set me with him, and he with wofull me,
Vpon the maine mast of a ship vnmand,
And let the winde and tide hall me along,
To *Sillas* barking and vntamed greefe:
Or to the lothsome poole of *Acheron*,
To weepe my want for my sweet *Balthazar*,
Spaine hath no refuge for a Portingale.

wln 2913
wln 2914
wln 2915

The Trumpets sound a dead march, the King of Spaine mourning after his brothers body, and the King of Portingale bearing the body of his Sonne.

wln 2916
wln 2917
wln 2918
wln 2919
wln 2920
wln 2921
wln 2922
wln 2923
wln 2924
wln 2925
wln 2926
wln 2927
wln 2928
wln 2929
wln 2930
wln 2931
wln 2932

Enter *Ghoast* and *Reuenge*.

Ghoast.

I, now my hopes haue end in their effects,
When blood and sorrow finnish my desires:
Horatio murdered in his Fathers bower,
Vilde Serberine by *Pedringano* slaine,
False *Pedringano* hangd by quaint deuice,
Faire *Isabella* by her selfe misdone,
Prince *Balthazar* by *Bel-imperia* stabd,
The Duke of Castile and his wicked Sonne,
Both done to death by olde *Hieronimo*.
My *Bel-imperia* falne as *Dido* fell,
And good *Hieronimo* slaine by himselfe:
I these were spectacles to please my soule.
Now will I beg at louely *Proserpine*,
That by the vertue of her Princely doome,
I may consort my freends in pleasing sort,

L2

And

The Spanish tragedie.

wln 2933 And on my foes worke iust and sharpe reuenge.
wln 2934 Ile lead my freend *Horatio* through those feeldes,
wln 2935 Where neuer dying warres are still inurde.
wln 2936 Ile lead faire *Isabella* to that traine,
wln 2937 Where pittie weepes but neuer feeleth paine.
wln 2938 Ile lead my *Bel-imperia* to those ioyes,
wln 2939 That vestal Virgins, and faire Queenes possesse,
wln 2940 Ile lead *Hieronimo* where *Orpheus* plaies,
wln 2941 Adding sweet pleasure to eternall daies.
wln 2942 But say *Reuenge*, for thou must helpe or none,
wln 2943 Against the rest how shall my hate be showne?
wln 2944 *Reuenge.*
wln 2945 This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell,
wln 2946 Where none but furies, bugs and tortures dwell.
wln 2947 *Ghoast.*
wln 2948 Then sweet *Reuenge* doo this at my request,
wln 2949 Let me be iudge and doome them to vnrest.
wln 2950 Let loose poore *Titius* from the vultures gripe,
wln 2951 And let *Don Ciprian* supply his roome,
wln 2952 Place *Don Lorenzo* on *Ixions* wheele,
wln 2953 And let the louers endles paines surcease:
wln 2954 *Iuno* forgets olde wrath and graunts him ease.
wln 2955 Hang *Balthazar* about *Chineras* neck,
wln 2956 And let him there bewaile his bloody loue,
wln 2957 Repining at our ioyes that are aboue.
wln 2958 Let *Serberine* goe roule the fatall stone,
wln 2959 And take from *Siciphus* his endles mone.
wln 2960 False *Pedringaeo* for his trecherie,
wln 2961 Let him be dragde through boyling *Acheron*,
wln 2962 And there liue dying still in endles flames,
wln 2963 Blaspheming Gods and all their holy names.
wln 2964 *Reuenge.*
wln 2965 Then haste we downe to meet thy freends and foes,
wln 2966 To place thy freends in ease, the rest in woes.
wln 2967 For heere, though death hath end their miserie,
wln 2968 Ile there begin their endles Tragedie. *Exeunt.*

wln 2969

FINIS.

img: 34-b
sig: [N/A]

Textual Notes

1. **86 (3-b)**: The regularized reading *Horn* is amended from the original *Hor*.
2. **111 (4-a)**: The regularized reading *poplito* comes from the original *poplito*, though possible variants include *poplite*.
3. **154 (4-b)**: The regularized reading *Armi* comes from the original *Armi*, though possible variants include *Arma*.
4. **491 (9-a)**: The regularized reading . is supplied for the original [-].
5. **505 (9-a)**: The regularized reading *but* is amended from the original *hut*.
6. **626 (11-a)**: The regularized reading *words* is amended from the original *wodres*.
7. **752 (12-b)**: The regularized reading *but* is amended from the original *hut*.
8. **765 (13-a)**: The regularized reading *made* comes from the original *mad*, though possible variants include *may*.
9. **900 (14-b)**: The regularized reading *not* is amended from the original *nor*.
10. **924 (15-a)**: The regularized reading *They* is amended from the original *Thy*.
11. **1006 (16-a)**: The regularized reading *pulchrum* is amended from the original *pulcbrum*.
12. **1011 (16-a)**: The regularized reading *pulchras* is amended from the original *pulcbras*.
13. **1013 (16-a)**: The regularized reading *irravi* comes from the original *irraui*, though possible variants include *herbarum*.
14. **1013 (16-a)**: The regularized reading *nenia* is amended from the original *menia*.
15. **1019 (16-b)**: The regularized reading *letho* is amended from the original *letbo*.
16. **1020 (16-b)**: The regularized reading *tum* is amended from the original *tam*.
17. **1027 (16-b)**: The regularized reading *Or* comes from the original *Or*, though possible variants include *On*.
18. **1101 (17-b)**: No speech prefix given, speaker indicated by stage direction.
19. **1137 (18-a)**: Some editions remove the word *Or*.
20. **1183 (18-b)**: *Red incke* describes the letter read on stage.
21. **1439 (22-a)**: This passage in Italian varies significantly from modern editions. No effort has been made to provide corrections.
22. **1503 (23-a)**: The regularized reading *And* is amended from the original *Hnd*.
23. **1504 (23-a)**: The regularized reading *sir* is amended from the original *sit*.
24. **1530 (23-b)**: The regularized reading *the* is amended from the original *tbe*.
25. **1609 (24-b)**: The regularized reading *Hangman* is amended from the original *Hangmon*.
26. **1919 (28-b)**: The regularized reading *grace* is amended from the original *grae*.
27. **2020 (30-a)**: The regularized reading *courtesy* is amended from the original *cuttessie*.
28. **2145 (32-a)**: Bazulto, Senex, and Old Man are all names for the same character.
29. **2220 (33-a)**: The regularized reading *Bel-imperia* is amended from the original *Bel-imprria*.
30. **2269 (33-b)**: The regularized reading *Bel-imperia* is amended from the original *Bel-imperie*.
31. **2274 (33-b)**: The regularized reading *fair* is amended from the original *faite*.
32. **2306 (34-a)**: Speech prefix for Lorenzo is missing.

33. **2310 (34-a)**: The regularized reading *King* is amended from the original *Kiing*.
34. **2338 (34-b)**: The regularized reading *fit* is amended from the original *sit*.
35. **2349 (34-b)**: This Italian passage is problematic, and has not been systematically corrected.
36. **2364 (35-a)**: The regularized reading *Th'sleep* comes from the original *Thsleepe*, though possible variants include *To sleep*.
37. **2372 (35-a)**: The regularized reading *begone* is amended from the original *degone*.
38. **2500 (36-b)**: The regularized reading *entreat* is amended from the original *intrear*.
39. **2609 (38-a)**: Stage direction acts as speech prefix.
40. **2715 (39-b)**: The regularized reading *runs* is amended from the original *tunnes*.
41. **2960 (43-a)**: The regularized reading *Pedringano* is amended from the original *Pedringaeo*.